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THE  
Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.*

VOL. VII.--SECOND SERIES.



SAN FRANCISCO:  
No. 120 SUTTER STREET.  
1886.

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VOL. VII. (SECOND SERIES.)—JANUARY, 1886.—No. 37.

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## GOLDEN GRAVES.

You have often asked me to tell you about my Christmas in the mines. I fear that in looking forward to my story you are anticipating something very different from its reality. Christmas has always been so pleasantly associated with mirth and revelry, with dancing and feasting, with the interchange of gifts and the formation of friendships, with the burial of deeply-cherished animosities, and the return of long-lost loved ones, that it becomes hard to believe there can be any corner of the world in which the day brings only trial and suffering. Even in the mines of California it would seem as though there must be festive gatherings in the place of labor, and an interchange of stories about the dear ones at home, and much jovial drinking of their healths; and that, for the day at least, all sickness, and weariness, and poverty, and hardship must either be absent, or, through some heroic exercise of the will, be disregarded. But that was not in my experience at the Lowber Bar.

The story properly begins in the early part of the preceding fall, and with the trial of Mark Sintley, the gambler. He had appeared at Lowber Bar about a month before, and from the first had been considered by most of the miners a very undesirable acquisition.

The disturbances into which his professional vocation threw us were many; and when, at last, his resort to the pistol, in a quarrel over the faro-board, put him into the power of the law, the deed was accepted almost with acclamation, as furnishing a welcome opportunity to rid ourselves of an unpleasing element. I think that scarcely an hour had elapsed before Mark Sintley was in custody, a judge elected, and a jury formed; for legal proceedings, when necessary, seldom suffered much delay in those stirring times of 1849.

As I gazed at the prisoner, sitting upon a camp-stool in front of the jury, I could not resist a sentiment of regret as for a choice piece of nature unappropriately assigned.

He was such a handsome fellow—not much over thirty-five years of age, tall and shapely, with dark, curling hair, bright eyes, and something in his expression that indicated a faculty of unusual fascination whenever he was disposed to exert it; having withal a not unpleasing dare-devil look, which now had full delineation as he sat smoking his cigar, with his head thrown back in a not altogether unsuccessful affectation of unconcern, though from the very first he must have known full well that his case was hopeless. But I felt regretfully how gallantly,

had he been born with station and family honors to uphold, he might have sat his steed and thundered down upon an enemy's battery of guns; and it seemed the work of a cruel and perverted fate that such a glorious destiny had failed him, and that, instead, he had grown up a mere social waif and scourge.

In all that little crowd there was only one person who tried to intercede for him. This was a young fellow of fourteen or fifteen years, bright-eyed and smooth-faced, whom Mark had brought into the camp as his sole companion. Some thought that the boy was his son or younger brother—certainly he did not appear in any way to be a hired assistant in the gambler's business, for he had never been seen near the card-board, and generally kept studiously out of sight. At times he might have been noticed peeping cautiously out at the tent door, and more rarely met in the early dusk, strolling about the camp, but never very far away. Now the emergency of the great question of life or death had tempted him from his seclusion, and he clung frantically to the doomed man's side, piteously gazing around the crowd for mercy. It was an affecting sight, and I saw tears glistening in the eyes of two or three of the miners; but of course, all thought of pity must be vain, for Mark Sintley's offense had been too rank for forgiveness. So, mutely pleading, the boy remained until the verdict was pronounced; at which, with a struggle, he seemed about to break away, as though to throw himself forward at the judge's feet. But Mark restrained him. "It's no use, Charley," he said. "You see that it must go on. Judge Conley!"

"Well?"

"I want you to see to Charley after this is over. You must know very well that he has no part in any thing that has happened, and should not be punished for my misdoings. As to my past life, he could not help it. Will you assist him from here when he wants to go?"

"We will do that, Mark. Make your mind easy."

"Right. I leave him my tent and all

that is in it. There isn't much, but it may help him to get home. When he wants to go, perhaps he will tell you who he is. That is for him to say.—And now, Charley, —"

Trembling and sobbing, the boy crept still closer to his companion, who put him upon one knee and drew an arm about him, and for a few minutes whispered in his ear, apparently trying to comfort him, as well as to give directions for the future. Gradually, Charley, under the other's magnetic influence, and perhaps from having been already somewhat exhausted by his emotions, ceased from sobbing and sat motionless, with his head upon Mark's shoulder. Then Mark kissed him upon both cheeks, and arose.

"You can take him away now," he said. "I don't suppose you care about having him wait here to see it."

With that two of the miners lifted the poor boy in their arms, and gently carried him off to his own tent, there placed him tenderly inside, and closing the front, stood on guard, as it were, to prevent any chance of his looking out. Meanwhile a rope was run over the lower bough of a red cedar tree, and one of the ends fitted snugly around the gambler's neck. Not seeming especially to regard what was being done, he lighted a fresh cigar, carefully selecting it from a number that stuck out of his vest pocket, puffed it into active service without betraying any especial nervousness, and, in fact, in the judgment of all present, exhibited a masterly faculty of self-control.

It was all over in a very little while. While it was being done, a few of the miners looked steadily forward, some of them composedly, but others with blanched cheeks. Many turned aside or gazed fixedly upon the ground until they knew by the rustle of the little concourse that the thing was at an end. Others strayed off to a distance, nor again turned their heads; a great many had already slipped away, and now only looked back furtively from afar.

But there were enough left to carry out the judgment of the court, and speedily. It was all so quickly done, in fact, that for a

moment I felt dazed, and unable exactly to comprehend it. In less than half an hour all that remained of Mark Sintley was a something that lay on the ground beneath a weather-stained sail-cloth. Could it be that this motionless form was the gallant looking fellow, who, if the Fates had conducted things aright, should have been a dashing life-guardsmen? It was indeed very difficult to realize it, especially as the little crowd that had given background to the late picture had now nearly all dispersed, and there remained, besides myself, only the Judge and perhaps half a dozen miners, who did nothing but stand and gaze, as though under the spell of some fascination that rendered it impossible for them to tear themselves away.

"He must be buried somewhere," said the Judge in a low tone. "No use waiting, of course. Michigan"—this was my name in the mines—"will you attend to it? You were not on the jury, nor took a hand at the rope. It seems as though every one should have some part in the—"

"May I help find a place for him to lie in?" spoke a low voice at our elbow. It was Charley's voice. With the close of the execution, the young fellow had been released from any surveillance at the tent, and had now softly stolen in among us. I noticed that there were no longer any tears in his eyes nor trembling in his limbs. It seemed as though he had taken a new character upon himself—gathering together with manifest difficulty his poor little strained faculties to exercise his dutiful part in controlling what remained to be done.

"Certainly, my boy," said the Judge. "I don't know any one who seems to have a better right to be here than yourself; Michigan, take some one along with you to help, and let Charley go to choose a proper spot; and so let the whole matter be ended as soon as possible."

For my companion I selected a dull, thick-set Dutchman, with plenteous muscle, and vacant face, and so we set off, the boy Charley falling silently behind. It proved, at first, not very easy to choose a proper bur-

ial place. There was none to be found in the whole length and breadth of the plain, which everywhere was hard and stony, and cut up with excavations, or staked out into claims for future work. Nor near the stream, which was entirely occupied by flumes and rockers. Nor on the slope of the surrounding hills, which was even more stony than the plain, besides offering scarcely any secure foothold. But on the other side of the lowest range of hills, and about half a mile from the main camping ground, the land sloped down pleasantly towards a gulley, and there formed a level plateau some twenty feet broad. It seemed a place especially adapted for the purpose required. It was evidently unoccupied for any mining operation. In one or two spots along the gulley, as well as within it, were traces of slight excavations; but these had, no doubt, been abandoned almost as soon as made, so unpromising of gold had they proved. Apart from such considerations, it was a very attractive place. The bed of the gulley was about thirty feet wide, almost as smooth as a floor, and paved with white pebbles. Doubtless, in the season of the spring freshets, a stream would be running through it, and this would account, probably, for the condition of the banks. For the level of the land, some five or six feet above the gulley, was covered with a thick turf, in which, here and there, some secretions or deposits of moisture had left a few sprigs or tufts of green grass, showing that, in the proper season, the whole surface of the sward must be bright with fresh verdure, and dotted, perhaps, with flowers. Here and there were large trees of the redwood cedar, and through a gap in the hills the pink tops of the Sierras gloamed against the sky, some thirty miles or so away.

"It is as pretty a spot as we can find," I said, suggestively.

"Yes, and in the spring, maybe the running of the streams close at hand will sound pleasant to him," was the boy's response, in a low and almost inaudible tone, as though more in soliloquy than in attempt at conversation. I could not help looking a little askance at him, as I heard this piece of senti-

ment, for poesy did not flourish at the Lower Mine, and it was rather startling, in fact, when abruptly introduced. But, after all, it might not be so unnatural under the circumstances of a young fellow preparing to bury his father or brother, and so I attempted no comment, but wisely came at once to the business of the moment.

"Well, then, since we are agreed, we might as well go to work," I responded.

The Dutchman had brought a spade, and I a pick. The turf was tolerably free from stones, and could easily be lifted off; beneath were loose stones mingled with the earth, and gradually growing more and more thickly embedded as the grave became deepened. There was plenty of work for both of us; one loosening the stones with his pick, and the other throwing them out, while Charley stood motionless on the bank. For two hours we thus worked, having again fallen into silence. At the end of that time, we had excavated a grave nearly seven feet long and about five feet deep. Little by little, the labor became more severe, as the character of the soil changed for the worse, and, finally, I began to think that we had gone far enough.

"Seeing that we are near the water mark of the stream, when there is any stream at all," I said.—The Dutchman and I were both resting for the moment, still standing in the grave; I looking down, while carelessly prodding a little around my feet with the pick, he following with his eyes the last spadeful of earth and stones which he had thrown up to the surface. Suddenly I found myself giving a little start, immediately, however, recovering myself; and with an almost imperceptible motion, in obedience to what might be called a quick instinct, I let a little shower of loose earth fall from the side of the pit upon the bottom. "And yet," I added, in an indifferent sort of tone, "if you think it should be made a little deeper—See, here, Charley! You two had better go back for the body, and while you are away, I will cut the grave down a little further. Will save time, you see."

"We will all three go back together," the boy responded, in a steady, decided tone, for

which one would scarcely have given him credit, judging him only from that pale, weak-looking face. Whatever spirit of enforced determination had hitherto been gathered into his expression, somehow, now seemed marvelously increased. "No one but yourself must help us."

For the moment I studied him intently, as though to determine, once for all, how much he really knew or suspected, and thereby definitely mark out my own course of action. My survey was unsatisfactory—at least unfavorable to any further insistence upon my first proposed intention. And after all, might it not be best to humor the matter a little? A quarrel now might spoil everything; but if I chanced to be wrong in supposing that his keen glance had penetrated my secret, there would be abundant opportunity to make it right in the future, at my own sweet leisure, and for my sole benefit, as well.

"All right," I said, dropping my pick, "Let us all go, then."

So we went back to the camp, leaving our implements behind. The body had meanwhile been prepared for burial as suitably as possible. There were no pine boards in the settlement, out of which a coffin could be made—not even a cracker box. But the canvas, which at the first had been loosely thrown over the remains, was now bound tightly around them in many folds, and closed up at the head and feet, the whole being neatly sewed in place, so that the body was prepared for its interment pretty much as if made ready to be buried at sea. Meanwhile, a sort of bundle of boughs, with out-reaching handles, had been manufactured, and the body was placed on this, for easy transport to its last resting place. Several of the miners volunteered for this last duty, but I declined their assistance. Two men could comfortably bear all the load, I said, and it seemed proper that those who had already dug the grave should be left to finish the business to its end. There was little logic in the argument, but there was no one interested to refute it. So all the volunteers for the funeral—none of them were very urgent in the matter—cheerfully relinquished

participation in it, with something like a quiet laugh at my queer taste; and the Dutchman and myself, nothing regarding them, lifted the hurdle by its long handles, and soon wended our way out of sight behind the slope of the hills, and to the newly dug grave. There we set our burden down beside the brink, and for the first time since leaving the camp, Charley and I looked each other in the eye. His face was still nervous in expression, and yet behind it all, cool and determined beyond any supposable conception of him.

"See here!" I whispered, drawing him one side, so that the Dutchman could not hear us, "I think, Charley, that we might as well have a little talk about this matter before going any further. You seem to understand this thing as well as I do, so there can be no use in fooling around it. I won't deny that when I first saw the gold down there,"—pointing to the bottom of the grave—"I had it in my mind to keep still about it, and capture the whole pile. That's natural, after all; for I was the discoverer, and I wasn't called upon to divide. But since you seem to have seen it too—well, all we have got to do is to put him aside for a little while, and send the Dutchman away upon some pretext, until we can take out the gold share and share alike, as they say."

"It shall not be taken out at all," the boy responded. "The grave must stay as we have made it. It is his—just as nature intended it—and it shall not be plundered."

I stood somewhat astounded, and for a moment too much overpowered to answer.

"But do you know what you are talking about?" at length I gasped forth. "This is no little matter, that you can throw aside without thinking any more about it. Do you realize what's in that hole? Something more than a few flakes of gold—thousands, maybe; and only waiting for us to stoop down and pick them up. "He"—pointing to the dead man—"is not buried yet, and there is no harm done, so far. Of course, you have some sentiment about him. I suppose it is natural, but it is scarcely worth while to give everything away. He would not have you do

so, if he could speak to you about it. For that matter, we can make some pretense to choose another burial place. And then we will have enough, perhaps, to send us both home rich for life."

"And what do I care for that? There is only this thing to think of, that he is gone, and that we have chosen this spot for his grave, and it shall not be despoiled. He can't use the money, but all the same it is his. And if any one—you or any one else, I care not who—tries to take it from him, I'll——"

"You'll what, Charley?"

"I will shoot him down like a dog."

The boy's face, ordinarily so mild and passive, and up to this point merely resolute, now seemed to blaze with passion. It was pretty evident that he meant what he said. I stood for a moment in increasing amazement. It is not a pleasant thing to be threatened; but I am rather an even-tempered man, and not one to take offense even under more direct provocation of violence. Moreover, the relation in which the young fellow seemed to stand to the dead man took away from me all possibility of any other feeling than of compassion for his weakness and over-strained sensibility. That he could be so utterly senseless as to refuse his share of the fortune lying at our feet, and simply through some spirit of childish sentimentality, was a thing very hard to comprehend. But would it be worth while to get up any quarrel about it at all?

I stopped for a moment and reflected. A great deal of thinking can be done in a second or two, upon an emergency, and this was the almost instant purport of mine. In one sense, I had the remedy in my own hands. I had only to reveal my secret to Judge Conley, who was the leading spirit in the settlement, and under the prevailing mining law, all my rights in the discovery would be reserved to me. The find of gold would be adjudged too valuable to give way for a bit of sentiment, and the body of the gambler would be laid elsewhere, and the claim be allowed to be worked for all that it was worth. But in that case the Dutchman,

as one who had helped open the hole, would be given his part; and Charley, too, if he desired it. This would leave me only a third. Moreover, other claims would be staked out on either side, as near as the mining law would permit, and possibly the whole stratum for many rods each way might be rich in ore. Why might I not reserve the whole to myself, if I had only the discretion to hold my tongue, and seem to give way? In a few days the matter would probably pass from the boy's mind, he would have moved away from the Bar, and then—

"I believe you are crazy, Charley," I said, "But I won't try to stand out against you. And as for threats, one would think that there had been already enough shooting for one day. I, for my part, do not care to begin it again. And very likely there may not be as much gold here as at first seemed. As for that matter it is all around us, only waiting to be scraped up; so perhaps it is just as well to let this man keep his own. He loved it dearly enough in his lifetime to be treated to a little of it now. So, after all, we might as well lift him over, and be done with it."

The Dutchman and myself then lowered the body into the grave; and alternately taking turns with the spade, threw back the loose earth and stones until there was again a level surface. Then we turned to go, and in silence; only that as we left, the boy once more uttered his warning threat.

"Mind you," he said "if ever I find you disturbing the grave—"

"And mind you as well, Charley, what I have already told you—that to threaten is an ugly thing, and scarcely necessary in this matter. As far as I am concerned, it is ended. What more can I say?"

With that we walked back to the camp without further interchange of words, but with the manner of declared enemies. And, of course, it soon turned out as might have been anticipated, that in one respect I had deceived myself in my forecasts. The boy did not in the least forget or disregard what had transpired, nor give the slightest evidence of preparing to leave the mine. In fact, I

saw almost at once that he had determined to remain and keep a watch upon me, and indeed, it was pretty evident that it had become our policy to watch each other. For could anything be more probable than that, as soon as his first grief for his lost companion should become deadened, he should begin to think as regretfully as I did about the buried gold, and so be led to invent artful plans for its secret acquisition by himself alone? Certainly I did not feel disposed to allow a march to be stolen upon me; and therefore, he, as well as myself, must be well watched. This mutual espionage might have seemed a difficult thing to maintain in the confusion of mining life, but it became a very easy thing, after all, with that one interest in the mind of each of us absorbing all others. The reality of the watchfulness became apparent that very afternoon, indeed. I had not gone back to my claim, concluding that the hour or two of daylight which remained could scarcely be worth saving, and apart from that, finding my appetite for immediate labor somewhat blunted by the unusual excitement of the day. But it chanced that fate, or some other subtle fascination which I felt powerless to resist, led me in almost a direct course toward the gambler's grave. It was not that I had any present purpose of plundering it of its hidden store of wealth: that must remain for some better opportunity, when espionage or opposition might no longer be apprehended. But for all that, the place was now a perfect loadstone to my steps; I could at least gaze upon the fresh soil, and revel in the thought of what lay concealed there. Yet when I had nearly reached the spot, happening to turn, I saw the boy Charley at a fair distance behind, craftily keeping me in sight. And so, diverging from my route, with a very unsuccessful pretense of not knowing that I was being watched, I returned to my tent. The next morning the same thing; creeping slowly towards the grave as drawn by an irresistible fascination; only that this time I saw that the boy had anticipated me, and been attracted in the same direction, in his turn now diverging and returning homeward

by a more circuitous route upon noticing that he was being observed.

So, almost daily, for a week, and then for another, and again another. Meanwhile our singular conduct began to attract the attention of the rest of the miners. It seemed very strange that I should have so suddenly abandoned labor at my claim; and that the boy, instead of taking the earliest opportunity to leave the mine, in which he could no longer have any interest, and going off to his own place, wherever that might be, should still linger around. And why, whenever we strolled away, did we always take the same direction; and why was one so constantly followed by the other—neither of us by any chance speaking, yet both of us invariably bending our steps toward the same point, as though attracted by some common interest? It seemed all very strange indeed. And yet, as time ran on, and the mystery remained unsolved, new objects of attention of course came up, and so discussion of the matter gradually dropped, until even private speculation was at last abandoned. It grew to be an old story, in fact; and among that gathering of all kinds of character, personal eccentricities were too common to command long continued attention.

So for a month—and then another. The fall of the year was now well advanced, and there were symptoms of an approaching movement among the miners. It was not a large settlement,—had been the creation of a single source of attraction—was ten miles removed, and by only a mule path at that, from the nearest of the more permanent mining centers; thence it was more than eighty miles by wagon road from Stockton. It behooved any who might intend to remain during the winter to begin making themselves comfortable with log huts instead of tents, and with such a plentiful stock of provisions as might probably be within the means of very few. Possibly it did not happen to be within the means of any, for during the first week of November, there seemed to be a very general stirring about on the part of all to get out of the place. First, a few Chileans, whom nobody missed,

slipped silently away. Then came boisterous good byes and farewell drinks among the American settlers; and daily, white tents that here and there had dotted the plain, disappeared, and heavily laden mules were seen struggling up the path that led to the higher land above. Now and then, too, a single miner with a blanket on his back, and a few light implements in his hand, could be seen plodding away muleless, in the insignificance of his destitution, stealing away almost as unregarded as the Chileans. Among the last to go was our elected Judge. He had been detained, closing up some rather extensive interests in a flume; and now, being ready to leave, came to me.

“I am a little anxious, Michigan, about that boy—Charley, as he is called. In one way he is nothing to me, of course, and yet he seems so weak and unprotected—in fact, he should have gone home, wherever that is, weeks ago. You seem to know as much about him as any one. Can’t you look to him a little, if you stay much longer?”

“I don’t know how much longer I shall stay here, Judge Conley. But I will promise to do what I can to help the boy, if he will let me, and that I will not leave the mine before he does.”

“Right: I suppose that is all anybody can ask. Well, good bye, and luck to you.”

He turned off, and was gone that same afternoon. Others almost immediately followed him, and within a day or two—it had come to about the middle of the month—nearly the whole population of the mine had melted away. There was nothing left standing upon the whole plain, in fact, except the two small tents about a quarter of a mile apart, from which Charley and I still kept our solitary watch upon each other.

We had never spoken together since we had parted after the gambler’s funeral; we had scarcely ever met, and if by any chance a meeting was threatened, had mutually avoided it by some divergence upon one side or the other. Not that there was any actual quarrel between us: but when men are moved by different and diverse interests, it is perhaps as well that they should keep

apart ; and when those interests naturally lead to unceasing watchfulness upon each other's actions, merging often into unpleasant espionage, it becomes instinctively felt that any meeting, however accidental, might give rise to bloodshed. Therefore, we, not unwisely, kept apart ; and now, that we were the only persons left in all the settlement, it might have seemed a very difficult thing to do, so necessary to every one is the possession of some manifestation of human sympathy, however slight. Still, we persevered all the same in our self-imposed relation, more difficult to be maintained by me than ever, as the days slowly loitered, or because, with the nearer approach of winter, the diversion of occupation became more than ever lost. For the first snow came ;—in the distant Sierras deep and drifting, turning the blue mountain tops to a dazzling white ; in the Lowber valley only a few inches as yet, but a disagreeable foretaste of the heavier falls that were sure to come in time. Little as it was, however, with the first wind it drifted into the gulches, and filled them to the exclusion of continuous labor, even in some few places obliterating the markings out of claims. The air, too, became colder, and the ground somewhat frozen, though not as yet very far down. There seemed nothing now left for me to do but to make myself as comfortable as I could for the time, and await, if possible, the far-off spring.

The more I thought it over, the more uncertain and uneasy I felt. I had not calculated to be detained so long at my weary vigil—my opponent had shown himself more enduring and more plucky than could have been deemed possible, judging from his small, delicate features and slight frame ; and the contest of patience might be destined to go on for some time longer. Not having foreseen such a state of things, I had neglected to replenish my stores for a winter's stay, and now began dolefully to eye my half barrel of biscuit and fifty pounds of pork with exceedingly faint hope of their lasting me through. How, meanwhile, did the boy stand upon that question ? Which of us would first break down and retire from the field ? There

was no way of knowing. Each day I wandered around in the neighborhood of my tent, and broke off chunks from the rotting logs that lay close at hand, and lighted my little fire and boiled my single cup of coffee ; and always at about the same hours I looked across and saw Charley gathering up stores of half rotted wood and making an answering fire. Perhaps that blue smoke curled up over more abundant supplies than I could dream of possessing—perhaps even over what in the mines would rank as the delicacies of the season. Who could tell ?

Meanwhile, the autumn slowly traveled on into winter ; the air gained a few degrees in cold. There came a new fall of snow upon the Sierras, making them seem, in the full blaze of the sun, whiter even than before, were that possible ; a few inches more snow in the valley ; then a mild day or two, during which the sharp air became more endurable, and the snow already fallen began slightly to soften. This was something of a relief to me, for I could now sit and smoke at the entrance of my tent without begirting myself with all my blankets. But there was no relief to be gained in gazing into the fast increasing vacuity of my biscuit barrel ; and now I began not merely to suspect, but to realize for a certainty, that before many days I must be starved into giving up the strife, and retire from the field. And how with the boy ?

For the hundredth time I had asked myself that question, when one day towards evening I saw that his camp fire was not lighted. I had noticed it blazing as usual in the morning and at noon, and that Charley was diligently employed around it ; but now no longer did it gleam against the thick clump of firs beyond. Could it be possible that at last, in spite of all watchfulness, he had stolen a march upon me, rifling the rich grave, and fleeing unperceived with the plunder ?

Roused into activity by this suspicion, I immediately made a long circuit around his tent, and saw with satisfaction that there were no footprints in the snow leading from it. So far, well. Then, little by little, con-



tracting my circle, I made new circuits, still finding no recent footsteps, until, at last, I came to the very tent door.

The fire was still unlighted—had evidently been so for hours. Then, in a somewhat undefinable apprehension of encountering an unpleasant sight, I peeped through the partially closed doorway of the tent—thence felt encouraged to throw the curtain entirely back, and enter.

The boy was lying upon an old pile of blankets and sacking which constituted his bed, and which was somewhat imperfectly protected from the wet ground by a few layers of pine needles. He was so motionless at first, that he might have been asleep or dead, but revived a little as I coughed. A moment more, and with difficulty he scrambled into a sitting posture. Then I noticed how wan and thin and pale he had become—almost starved in appearance—at the very door of death, it might be, if one could judge from the way his poor body shivered and shook beneath the thin blanket feebly held around his shoulders. It was not starvation as yet; it was not death; but it was the next thing leading to it—extreme physical and nervous weakness, engendered by watchfulness, anxiety, solitude, and privation. His eyes gleamed out of his pinched face almost as of a hunted wild beast, and the tangled, uncut locks that hung over his forehead and through which he gazed did not at all diminish the similitude. Looking down at him, I now felt no triumph as over a fallen foe—only pity for his miserable condition. Had I realized it, there could have been little difference in my own condition. The old blanket feebly held around my shoulders in place of a coat, my shrivelled flesh and tangled locks—all were there, excepting that, as yet, the weak, sickly, deathlike aspect had not found me out. That might come, perhaps, before long, if matters continued as they were; but at present it was the boy who seemed to need all the sympathy.

“Well, Charley,” I said, in a kindly tone.

“I am sick; I suppose I am going to die. You have conquered. You will have it all your own way soon.”

“Not yet, Charley. Nor should I wish to win in such a manner as this. But first let us see what we can do for you.”

With that I stirred around, and rekindled the fire in front of the tent, and made a cupful of coffee, which I put to the boy's lips; got out a biscuit or two for him, and in that way somewhat revived his failing strength. Then I sat down beside him for conversation.

“For I don't see, Charley, why we can't have a little talk together, and perhaps, after all, we can settle matters agreeably. For there must be some reason in you, if one could get at it; and even a compromise of our claims will be better than to wait here and starve to death; and that should be sufficient for you, since I can't, for the life of me, see why you should hold out so stubbornly, or what that grave yonder may be to you, that you should have any sentiment about it. And yet, all the same, it may possibly be—now, tell me, Charley, is there any real reason for your acting as you do? I mean, anything independent of the gold, and of your wanting it all for yourself? You needn't tell me what it is; but is it something that would seem all right and proper to me if I knew it? something, too, that would make me feel mean if I took advantage of you now, as of course you know very well I could if I felt so inclined?”

He nodded. It was his only answer; but there seemed a kind of wistfulness in his expression, as though wishing that he could tell me everything; and that, not being able to do so, he would fain have me believe and trust him all the same. It set me thinking, and moved me more than anything else, all the time wondering a little that I felt myself so ready to relent. For many long weeks I had waited for this moment. It was the moment of victory; for, in his feeble state, I could not possibly longer apprehend opposition by him. He would probably die; but if he did not, he could no more frustrate me. Whether he lived or died, it now depended only on myself whether I should take the gold or leave it alone. But, all the same, I felt myself relenting from my purpose.

"It is a queer thing for me to do, Charley," I said. "It's rather weak in me, I suppose—must even seem weak to you—and, of course, I don't even know the circumstances of the case, nor ever shall. But that's neither here nor there. All I've got to say now is, that as you have so much feeling about it—I—well, I'll give in to you and have done with it."

"You mean it, sir?"

"Sure as I live, Charley. You said a moment ago that I had it all my own way. So I have. But, somehow, I don't like to take a piece of good luck in such a style as that. If you were well and strong, we might still fight it out; but now that you are sick, it would be a kind of mean thing—and there must be other chances of good luck in the world for all of us, I suppose—and so—let the infernal old gold go, then, Charley. I'll give it up, rather than fight for it against anyone who can't stand up for himself against me. So all we've got to do is to see how we can get out of this place alive, and pass the rest of the winter among Christian people again. Let us put our forces together for a clear and early start tomorrow. In a couple of days it will be Christmas. This is no place for us to keep the day in, is it? Let us get out of it as soon as we can, and perhaps, with good luck, we may yet eat our Christmas dinner among civilized beings. And now, how much provision have you?"

He had a little flour left, about three pounds of dried beef, and a box of sardines. I had about double the amount of flour, some pork and crackers, and a pound or two of tobacco. All was soon arranged. There was enough between us for a journey of three or four days. In less than that time we might plod through the intervening mud and snow, and reach the nearest mining camp. We must sleep out at night, but a spell of warm weather had evidently set in, and we had three blankets between us, beneath which we could huddle quite comfortably. Our tents and all our equipments must, of course, be left behind, but that was a small sacrifice compared with the necessity of saving our lives by a speedy retreat. I

would come over for him early in the morning, and together we would start off amicably upon our route.

All this having been arranged, I returned to my own tent and made my preparations. This was soon done, consisting of putting up provisions for a few days in the most portable shape, and sorting out my warmest clothing. After that I thought I would stroll off for a mile or so, and take an observation of the route in advance; to learn at first whether there was any chance of the snow having obliterated or confused the trail, and then how far the thaw had as yet made the footing difficult.

For the warm spell, though it had so far lasted only a day, had already softened the snow, and in some places the frost had oozed out of the hardened crust of the earth, making progress somewhat difficult. But after toiling on for about half a mile, I discovered with some satisfaction that the mule path was still intact, and that, in any event, the ineffaceable landmarks of mountain and forest would amply serve, as heretofore, to point out the route. I therefore started to return to my own tent, diverging a little from my former path, so as to give myself the advantage of a thorough examination of the neighborhood.

It was now dark, and for a few hundred yards I stumbled on with very little knowledge of my new direction, except as I knew by certain landmarks that I was approaching my own tent. Suddenly there came a rift in the clouds, and the broad face of the full moon shone down, turning the gloom into light—into dazzling brightness, indeed, as the white rays gleamed down upon the glittering snow, making the whole scene distinct almost as at noonday. Then I was a little startled to see that in my somewhat random divergence, I had unwittingly come up to the gambler's grave from behind, and was at that very moment standing directly upon it. It seemed as though it must be a fated spot for me, so often hitherto visited by me through some sort of uncontrollable fascination, and now again drawing me resistlessly to itself, when I had so honestly determined

not to think about it any more. Here, as elsewhere, of course, there was a bed of three or four inches of snow, hiding so much deeper the dead man and the gold he guarded; and here, as elsewhere, also, the glittering crust was softening and melting away. The heretofore dry channel of the stream was now beginning to show the result of the melting in other places, for a small current of water was slowly working its way down the center of the bed, and even as I gazed, it seemed to increase in volume. If so, it must come from the distant Sierras, whose deep snows, if suddenly released, would be sufficient for a flood.

For a few moments I stood still, and wondered whether the stream were really increasing; and if so, whether it were not the most prudent measure for me to arouse Charley, so that we might begin our journey at once, and gain a few hours before the swelling of other streams made the country impassable. Then, all at once, I heard a sharp cry from the direction of his tent, and clearly outlined against the snow I saw a small, weak, and tattered figure scarcely forty feet off, and urging his way excitedly towards me. In that desolation of life all around, it could be only one person; nor amid a hundred others could that thin, unkempt, disjointed, half-clad figure, with its single torn blanket bound about it, be mistaken for that of any one else.

"I have you now," cried the boy, drawing nearer with tottering pace, yet rapidly, as inspired with insane passion, and throwing his voice before him with an almost unearthly yell. "I have you at last! You promised that you would play me fair, and you have deceived me! I knew that you would try to deceive me, and I have watched you. I told you that if you undertook it, I would shoot you down in your tracks, and so I will!"

Stimulated by that wild fury, without which it is doubtful whether he could have even walked with more than feeble tottering, he crossed the bed of the stream, and stood at last upon the grave within six feet of me. And I saw that he held one of Mark Sintley's pistols in his hand, and that his eyes

were glaring with insane, murderous passion. It was evident that he did not realize what he was doing—that long privation, and solitude, and brooding over his fancied wrongs had at last, for the moment, perverted his reason; that, under some wild, unwarrantable suspicion of unfair play, he had followed me; and that now he had thrown aside all self-control, in his desire for revenge. It seemed scarcely worth while to attempt arguing with him, and yet for the instant I did so.

"Put up your pistol, Charley. No one has injured you. I am here only through accident. We will both go away tomorrow. You will think better of me when we are gone from here. Put up your pistol, I say!"

"Will you not fight?" was his mad cry. "I might shoot you down like a dog, but will give you a chance. Not that you deserve it; and yet"—

"Put up your pistol, I say!" was my response. "I have no weapon here, nor if I had would I use it. Are you mad? Can you not see that I am your friend—that"—

While I spoke the pistol was still pointed at me, and seemingly with more deliberate aim than before; then slowly began to lower, then exploded, and I fell, a sharp sensation shooting through my leg, like the touch of a red-hot iron. With every effort, I could not repress a cry of pain. In an instant the pistol fell from the boy's hand, the angry passion faded from his face, as with return of reason, and he threw himself on his knees beside me.

"You are not hurt?" he cried. "I did not mean it—indeed I did not. I was already trying not to fire. It seemed to go off by itself. I—"

"No, Charley," I gasped; "I do not think you meant it. A mere flesh wound, I hope. I shall be better shortly. It may put off our journey for a day or two; that is all. Leave me here and go back to your tent. I shall not mind it, for it is warm. Tomorrow you may come again, and help me to my own tent. I shall then be better able to move."

"I will not leave you at all," he cried, sob-

bing. "It is I who have injured you, and I will stay by you until you are ready to go."

I could not resist; I could scarcely speak, indeed, for the pain. It was shooting through my limb with such an acute thrill that I could hardly restrain myself from shrieking out; while, as it seemed to localize itself I began to realize the full misery of it. A fractured knee bone; not fatal, probably, but all the same a mass of splintered bone and severed tendons, beyond the power of any surgeon to restore.

"A cripple for the rest of my life!" I murmured to myself.

For awhile I lay still, and then, from the intensity of pain, mingled with exhaustion, became insensible. In the middle of the night I awoke. As Charley had told me, he had remained with me and was stretched close at my side. For a moment, I thought that he was asleep, but then I felt him softly stir, and his breathing came fitfully, like one awake and troubled. And then I spoke lowly, calling his name. I could hear him sobbing like a child.

"I did not mean to do it, sir. I was crazy, crazy for the moment, I think,—and yet at last I do not know that—"

"Never mind, Charley, we will not talk about it any more, now. We will go to sleep again, and in a few days we will get out of this and be in a condition to laugh it all over by ourselves."

He answered nothing, still sobbing, and it was with that sad lullaby that I myself again dropped off into unconsciousness. A second time I awoke, for the pain would not let me sleep. Charley was no longer weeping. I could scarcely hear his breathing now, it was so light. By the bright moonlight I could see that he was lying motionless upon his back, and that his blanket had fallen from him. Raising myself with difficulty upon one arm, I drew the covering softly over him again.

Then, for the third time, I fell asleep, if that could be called sleep, where, though there might be some approach to insensibility, it scarcely reached the pass where

the only partially deadened pain could not be felt. Only this relief, therefore:—a few minutes during which the pain would slightly succumb to torpor, and not be realized in its intensity; then a revival of its full acuteness, of all my capacity for suffering. Many times during the night did this partial forgetfulness of my misery overcome me, and then as often was I aroused to the real bitterness of my situation. At last, with the bright morning came my final awakening. As before, it was only pain and misery. The pleasant sunshine that gleamed down upon me,—the air so warm and genial, even more temperate than it had been the day before,—all nature so filled with exhilaration and invitation to enjoyment—what now were all these to me? Better that I should still have slept on; better, it seemed, that I should never have awakened again.

I turned over again painfully upon my elbow, to look at Charley. He appeared to be yet sleeping, and I thought how much more fortunate he was than myself, to be able to do so. Then I wondered a little that he had remained so immovable during the night, still lying upon his back, and the blanket not in the least moved from the adjustment I had given it. And then, looking into his face, I saw that his eyes were wide open, with that steady glare in them that belongs not to life. At once the truth flashed upon me; Charley was dead.

At what hour of the night it had happened I could not be told. It mattered little, indeed, so long as the fact remained, that his young, troubled life was over. Nor could I tell what might have been the cause of this sudden end of all. Toil, privation, anxiety, loneliness, a constant breaking down of the spirit, never-ceasing aggravations of bitter fate, poisoning all the springs of cheerfulness, at the last, one wild excitation of distrust and passion—were not these enough to snap the long-strained thread of existence in that poor, feeble body? Whatever the reason, Charley was dead; and I found myself for the moment still poised upon my elbow, gazing down into his face with less of wonderment that the end had come so quickly to him,

than of envy that it had not happened to myself instead.

Then, as I looked, there came a new and startling suggestion. At first it seemed to dawn upon me with a slow approach, as of a thing not even to be allowed a thought except in some stealthy, irregular way; then suddenly it flashed upon me in full-gathered intensity, as though I had reached the brink of a discovery which not only I, but every one else, should have perceived from the very first. There was no reason, indeed, that we should ever have done so, never having looked upon other than that wretched disguise of coarse, ill-fitting attire, inclosing a soul attuned to rebellion against the whole world, and doubtless inflamed with frequent discontent. But now the hand of death had affixed the seal of new expression to the whole face, softening every line, and bringing back into each feature something that spoke of sweet memories of a long-forgotten, happy past. Something in the curve of the lip and the still lingering softness of the eye; something in the outline of the head, whose shape was not altogether hidden by those short, tangled locks—how plain and undisguised it all seemed now! Could I longer doubt? Yet, for a moment, I still paused upon the brink, trying to shut out from my perception the light of the fast-dawning truth.

Then a thread around the neck, just peeping into sight from above the tattered vest, attracted me. Without much effort I drew it forth, and at the end a small gold locket. It opened with a spring. Within was the portrait of a beautiful young girl, bright-eyed and full-lipped, and with light brown curls clustering around the soft, white neck. Who could ever have thought that it was the likeness of the poor, faded victim who lay lifeless beside me? And yet, as I compared the two, I could see that there was sufficient similarity left to mark the identity. Doubtless, at the first, Mark Sintley had worn the locket; it was, perhaps, the earliest gage of her love. Perhaps, as his passion for her had wasted away, he had left off wearing it; possibly, he had faithfully kept it to the end, and she was now retaining it, not as a mere

reminiscence of what she had lost, though that was not impossible, but as a tender memory of him. Ah, me! it is a cruel and a heartless world, and in its wretchedness so filled with startling surprises. By what strange fascination had the destroyer lured such beauty—for I could see, even amid the waste of all, that there had been beauty in no sparing degree—from her home and kindred, to carry her away with him into these desert wilds, even here to be obliged to take upon herself an ignoble disguise, so as to avoid, as much as possible, any chance of recognition? It could not have been very long ago. Somewhere in the world there were probably a mother and sisters still mourning for her, and vainly hoping for her return in penitence. And here she lay, stark and dead, beneath the pitiless staring of the sun, with no one to tell her name, or press one farewell kiss upon her upturned face; destined, perhaps, to lie there for months to come, hopelessly awaiting the burial that even a pauper out-cast gains from his fellow man.

I put the locket in my pocket. Some day, I thought, I might succeed in tracing out her friends, and could then restore it to them, with the story of her death—a bitter story, indeed, but still one that should be told, if possible, so that the long uncertainty about her fate might at last be ended. And then, again, I struck my forehead wildly, aghast with the one terrible reflection that forced itself upon me, known indistinctly before, of course, but not until that moment fully realized. What chance could there ever be for me to go about the world, and search for the mourning kindred of the poor, dead girl? How long could be the remaining tenure of my own life, now that I was bereft of even her feeble aid? A ruined man, almost unable to move, ten miles from any other human being, lying in mid-winter upon a snow-bank, without food, and with such insufficient covering from the cold! Even were I able to crawl slowly along the ground, enduring all the while that ever-increasing torture from my wound, how could I hope to regain my tent, that fast-swelling stream rolling the angry torrent between? And even if,

after many days, the current should subside, and I should be able to drag myself once more to shelter, what help could there be from the slight provision that still remained to me? what help from any quarter, indeed?

The air was still warm—there was only that one thing in my favor; perhaps for a day or two I might not freeze to death. And yet, that very warmth was all the while swelling the stream at my feet, and more surely cutting off every chance of escape. As I lay stretched out within a foot of the bank, I could plainly see that the floods descending from the Sierras were constantly, more and more, heaping up the waters below me; could almost mark it with closed eyes, from the increase of their angry uproar as they surged past me, every moment rising still higher, until, at last, the surface ran foaming past within a foot of the level of the bank. Would it still gather height, until it swept across the snow-bed where I lay, and carried me onward and downward in the deadly rush? Why, that, in truth, would be mercy to me—so I could not resist thinking; for there would be merely the one struggle of a minute, and after that, rest. Under the impulse of that perception, I felt tempted to drop myself at once into the flood, and so meet my doom, and have done with it. But still, life is sweet, and even in the most desperate circumstances hope will sometimes utter its faint whisperings of possible succor. Therefore, I still lay motionless, afraid to take the desperate needed action for relief from the world and life, and awaiting, in all the calmness that I could muster, the worst that Fate might do to me.

Slowly the hours loitered onward; noon, afternoon, and again the coming of evening, with the full, unclouded moon beaming down and showing the whole scene with almost the brilliancy of day. To me, an age of hopeless waiting; pain and hunger assailing me with ever increasing intensity. Meanwhile, the stream, which had spread into a river, had ceased in its rise, though it had not yet begun to fall. But now its waters became sprinkled here and there with driftwood, the surface far above having reached

some point of level from which a deposit of fallen timber had been gathered up and swept along. Here a rotting log; again a clump of brushwood, bound together with interlacing branches, and so tossing onward merrily. Once, a small red-wood cedar, which had fallen into the stream from an undermined bank, came into sight, floating along like a drifted boat. Its roots and one or two remaining branches held it in position, so that it did not roll from side to side, but glided onward with a certain dignity of position, sometimes for an instant stopping to tear its way into the nearest bank, carrying with it thence deposits of turf and earth, then drifting along more swiftly, yet all the while remaining unmoved in its center—so again, passing on, until finally lost to view behind a lower bend. Then, too late, I realized that perhaps there had been a chance of rescue thrown away. If, when the cedar had passed in its course so close to me, I had had the wit to roll myself off the bank and upon the trunk, and there, grasping one of the outstretched branches secure myself from being washed away, might I not safely have been carried down, miles away perhaps, but all the same into some lower mining settlement, where, being seen, I could be rescued?

I would wait another chance—one might come again. And so I strained my gaze over the seething water. There came more brushwood and small logs; after two hours waiting, another torn-up cedar, but sweeping to the other side of the stream, not for an instant tarrying in its course. After that, for a long time, only an unbroken expanse of water, as though the whole deposit had been at last swept away, and there was nothing left to be gathered in. So for many long hours, until at last the morning dawned again—that Christmas morning that I had so eagerly anticipated.

Alas! it was no day of joy or revelry to me. The friends who might offer congratulations and gifts were now thousands of miles away. And yet, there was one gift still within my reach—the gift of death, with its cessation from all suffering. Why should I not

hasten to accept it, and so rest in peace? I could not but know that at last the time had come for me to end the struggle. For nearly two days I had been lying upon the bank, and watching the gathering of the flood at my feet. My only chance of rescue—if it it could be called a chance—had been passed by, and I felt that none other would be given. Soon the water would fall—already it seemed to be receding; but were it to diminish to a mere brook, never again could I find strength to cross it. And now a cold blast began to sweep from the north, betokening an end to the winter thaw. It brought new pain to my shattered limb; hunger was gnawing me; there could be no rescuing hand within many miles; at my side, for sole companionship, with open eyes staring upward at the sky, lay the dead girl, and she once more changed, and into a kind of terrible repulsion, as though even there as elsewhere in the world, all suggestions of beauty must be taken away, leaving nothing but deformity before mine eyes on every side. The face had fallen away, the rounded cheeks again become thin, the staring eyes grew dim and unloving, the complexion had lost its momentary freshness, and once more assumed the yellow hue of death. Nothing was left that could give to any one the suspicion that here lay anything else than the half starved boy that he had assumed to be. It was as though there had been that transient revival into the other beauty, so that I might for some subtle purpose penetrate the long concealed secret, and then a relapse into deformity, so that the world, which I was about to leave, might present no claim of any kind to tempt me longingly to cling to it. These terrors were all that could remain with me thenceforth, until death might choose to bring relief. Would it be a sin for me to hasten that hour?

The night before I had striven to repress that thought. But why should I now delay? The flood at my feet would give me almost instant peace; while on the cold bank might be many more days of hopeless agony. Then slowly, and with pain, I twisted myself closer to the brink and gazed down. A single mo-

ment more, and the work would be done, and then would come rest forever. Could it be wrong to yield to the temptation? The sun gilded the water with brightness—there was even invitation in the purling and lapping of the waves. Again I twisted myself a little closer; there was now only an inch nearer for me to move, and the work would be done. And I tried to mutter a prayer.

“Heaven will surely pardon me,” I faintly whispered in that last moment, before preparing to let myself be swept away upon the torrent, uttering strange minglings of prayer and quaint conceit, as I looked first at the blazing sky, and then let my glance fall for an instant upon the dead body at my side. “What else is there left for me to do? Must I remain and starve, fainting all the while with pain? And what, after all, is my life, that I should longer try to save it? If there were any hope at all—even the faintest—but here I am, so far away from succor, so wounded and helpless. Charley, you have won after all, for you will be last at the Bar. Perhaps you will never be found at all, and so will always lie here and keep guard over the gold, while I—I, far away—God forgive —”

As I painfully raised my head to take one last look at the sky and earth, what was it that I saw slowly working its way through the gap in the hills, half a mile off—large, white, and rounded, swaying heavily from side to side, but all the while pressing steadily onward? Behind it another and similar object, and yet a third. Faintness came over me with the thought that the sight was all too good to be true, and that in my dying moments my eyes were being deceived with a false appearance, as of a mirage. But, little by little, the rounded white objects, still swaying toilsomely from one side to the other, worked themselves toward me, and I knew that I could not be deceived, that I was looking upon no unsubstantial vision. They were real; they were substantial—those three white-topped wagons, long belated on their way from Independence, and now struggling forward to reach some settlement before the sharper intensity of the winter

should set in. Painfully I raised myself still further; for want of any other signal, snatched the blanket from the poor dead girl's body, and waved it with all my strength; then fell back fainting.

When I recovered, I found myself stretched at full length in one of the wagons, upon which the loading had been adjusted to make for me as level a bed as possible. I was in pain, but it was something to have recovered my senses, and to know that I had been rescued from what had seemed certain death. As I now groaned aloud in my return to consciousness, the pleasant, kindly face of some one walking beside the wagon looked in, and greeted me with a smile of sympathy.

"All right again, pard?" said the man. "We found you almost gone, but I am a bit of a surgeon myself, and have bound up your knee as well as I could, and in a day or two we may reach some place where it can be better done. Don't speak now, if it hurts you; but I will tell you how I think the whole thing happened, and you can answer if I am not right. You had stayed too long at the mine—you and the boy—and were trying to get out of it. That was so, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I answered.

"And you would have got out of it, too, if you hadn't happened to hurt yourself with your own pistol, so as not to be able to go any further. Wasn't that the fact?"

"Yes."

"And the boy—he was weaker than you, and so he died first, only a little earlier than you would have done, if we hadn't happened to come along. Was he any relation to you?"

"None."

"Poor little fellow; it was hard on him to die so, wasn't it? And I say, we buried him just where he lay. That was right, wasn't it? We had to do something; and it was as pretty a spot as one could find for miles around, perhaps. It wasn't as hard work as you would have thought, for the ground was kind of soft and loose, as though it had been turned over before, though, of course, that wasn't likely. We couldn't consult you about it, you know, for you were

out of your head; nor could we wait. But it was all right, what we did, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

I turned my head away, and tried again to sleep, and through the rest of that journey, once in a while, at long intervals, I managed to do so. And so we plodded on, until after three days we reached a settlement, and I was enabled to be lifted down and lie by, awaiting in quiet whatever cure could be effected.

What now remains for me to tell? That everything was done for me that kindness could suggest, but that, though my life was saved, my injuries were too severe to be entirely repaired,—this scarcely needs recital. And now I must always remain crippled, and am very poor; doomed to go through life, hopeless of anything better than to linger on, a useless wreck. But there was the gold, you say? And why should I not have taken it, needing it so much? For what, after all, was Charley to me, that I should have made the sacrifice for her?

All through that winter, when I lay suffering upon my back, I thought about that treasure hidden in the lonely grave at Lowber Bar; and it tempted me in my dreams, as well. I saw it lie there useless; gleaned up by me, it would mean competence and a restoration to my home and kindred. I had given my word that I would not molest that grave; should I always be able to resist? Were it only Mark Sintley who lay buried there, I knew that I would succumb. But how—I reflected—could I ever have the heart to disturb poor little Charley, who in her restful repose so close to him whom, in spite of every indignity and wrong, she had loved, seemed with her faithful presence to be tenderly guarding him, and all the while, with pleading eyes, to be gazing up at me, in trustful reminder of my promise to her?

When the spring came, and I had painfully got again upon my feet, I started for Lowber Bar. I did not then know what I might be tempted to do when there. I only knew that, as heretofore, I was being drawn by an invisible impulse to the grave, and must submit. When there, then the drama



might in some manner complete itself. I found the way there was long and lonely. It had become known that the mine was a failure, and few or none had gone back to it in the spring. The trail had all but grown over, and when I reached the top of the hill, from where I could look down into the valley, I saw only desolation. The old trenches were there, no longer worked, and in the middle of the plain only the two tents that Charley and myself had abandoned six months before. And after a moment I wound my way to the lonely grave; there, while gazing down upon the green turf, to resolve upon my final course.

And there, God help me! came to me the grievous shock—such as I had never felt before! There was no longer any green-covered grave, but only a gaping trench extending for many yards upon either side, and dug down clear to the gray foundation rock! Where had the despoilers laid Charley and her cruel lover? I could not tell. I shall never know. It was enough that they had been removed and cast into some nameless grave, and that the treasure which they had thought to guard had all been torn from their violated place of rest.

Gazing into the plain, I distinguished a

single figure moving in front of my old tent, and drawing nearer, saw that it was the Dutchman who had helped me to dig the grave. That man of the lacklustre eye and stolid expression, who had seemed so stupid and unregarding; he it was who had shown himself the most crafty and patient of us all. For he, without a start or tremor of the eye, had seen evidences of the gold, and believing that he alone held the secret, had cunningly gone away, knowing that the treasure would not diminish or melt away during his absence, and that it only remained for him to hold it in memory and bide his time. There was nothing that I could do—he had won the day and left me penniless. And so, not revealing myself, I turned away from Lowber Bar forever.

I have said that Christmas Day was not for me a scene of festivity and joy. But why, after all, should I think reproachfully of it? Each of those incidents that led up, one by one, to misfortune and to the final misery of all, had been of the preceding days. It was Christmas Day that, in the midst of misery and hopelessness, dawned upon me with rescue and safety. Is not this something for which I should look back upon it with gratitude?

*Leonard Kip.*

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#### A CAMEO.

SHE bowed her head above a book,  
 I saw her face in shade;  
 The beauty of her tranquil look  
 The book's reflection made.

Her hand lay white upon the page,  
 Her hair, dull gold, hung low;  
 Or whether bard she read, or sage,  
 Little I cared to know.

A pleasant picture, purely set;  
 Its mood, all fair, though grave,  
 The virtue of an amulet  
 To my remembrance gave.

*I. H.*

## THE VOYAGE OF THE URSULINES.

IF San Francisco should today be afflicted by the visit of some epidemic, with which her citizens should find themselves unable to cope except through aid from other sources and from other people, an appeal to France for trained nurses might bring from the *Congregation des Sœurs de St. Vincent de Paul*, in Paris, or from some similarly organized community, volunteers, who within less than three weeks from the time that the call was made, might find themselves engaged in the work to which they had been summoned. The voyage across the ocean and the transit across the continent would scarcely cause the sensation of fatigue. The change in the modes of life of the Sisters would scarcely be greater, than if they had been called from Paris to some sister city in France. Their knowledge of the events occurring daily in Paris would probably be fully equal in San Francisco to what they would have in the Provinces. Their journey would occasion no alarm to themselves nor to their friends. No fears of pirates nor of robbers would intimidate them. No doubts about the character of the place to which they were going would harass them. They would leave one field of Christian work for another, where they would be gratefully received and kindly treated; and beyond the perils incident to their vocation, would know no cause for fear in making such a journey.

How different the circumstances which surrounded the little band of Ursulines, which, but a little over a century and a half ago, founded the convent at New Orleans. How difficult it is to realize the changes which have taken place in so brief a time. It is only when we chance upon some bit of history, like the Voyage of the Ursulines, that we are able by juxtaposition to bring out the strong lines of contrast between the conditions of now and then.

The adoption by the Company of the Indies of New Orleans as their head-quarters,

in 1722, gave that place its first vitality; and very soon after this event the colonists in the growing village felt the need of a hospital for their sick, and of a school for their children. In September, 1726, the Company of the Indies entered into a contract with the Ursulines of Rouen, whereby these nuns undertook to send out six sisters, who would establish a school in the infant city, in which they would act as teachers, and who would also perform the duties of nurses in the hospital which the company was to build. In October, the nuns and novices who were to expatriate themselves in the performance of this humane service assembled at Paris, at the residence of the Ursulines of St. Jacques. They were detained at Paris until the eighth of December, when they started for Lorient, where they were to embark for Louisiana.

Marie Madelaine Hachard, whose letters to her father furnish the materials for this sketch, was admitted to her novitiate the day she left Rouen, and took the veil while the little company waited at the convent at Hennebon. Accompanying the first letter which she forwarded from New Orleans, was a *Relation* of the voyage, to which she signed her name as if she were the author. A *Relation* closely resembling this has been attributed to the Lady Superior of the convent. The suggestion has been made that "Hachard de Saint Stanislas," as she signs herself, acted as the amanuensis of her Lady Superior, and therefore felt at liberty to enclose the *Relation* to her parents.

The pages of the letters of this young girl are full of earnest devotion for the religious work to which she has consecrated her life. Her regrets at the painful and permanent separation from her friends find compensation in the thought of the glorious work in store for her. She knew that she was to endure hardships and encounter dangers; that her labor was to be among negroes and Indians; but it may well be doubted if in the

innocence of her youth and the seclusion of the convent at Rouen, she had heard of the character of the emigration which had been forced upon the Colony of Louisiana, during the days when the Company and the government of France were almost synonymous terms. Among the older sisters of this devoted band, there must have been some who fully appreciated the fact that the prisons and the hospitals of Paris had been called upon to furnish a part of the colonists among whom they were to labor. The gossipy French memorialists of the day spare a few lines from their descriptions of the debaucheries of the Court, to depict the sufferings of these miserable emigrants, in their forced marches from Paris to the ports where they embarked. Goaded on by troops of archers, dependent for food upon the charity of the country through which they passed, all provision for their suitable shelter neglected, their sufferings while *en route* attracted universal attention, and drew forth, even in those days, words of sympathy from those who seldom wasted pity on the unfortunate.

Shut off from communication with the outer world, the Ursulines generally could have known but little of what agitated the people of France; but there were scattered along the route from Paris to the sea-port towns, convents of the order, and knowledge of these events must have come to the ears of their inmates. Probably at some of the towns at which this little company stopped on its way to Lorient, the resident sisters had helped in alleviating the sufferings of some part of these forced emigrants, and it is but natural to suppose that some among the company were aware of this addition to the weight of labor which was before them. However that may be, no other thought than earnest desire to reach the seat of their labor, and to begin the work which they had set for themselves, seems to have possessed their souls.

They were nine days on the road from Paris to Hennebon. The condition of the highways, especially after leaving Alençon, was shocking. They were often obliged to walk for miles, and their carriage, even when relieved of the weight of its inmates, would

sink in the mire, so that the numerous cattle and horses which were attached to it could only drag it along at a snail's pace. Starting, perhaps, before dawn, they often did not reach their sleeping place till late at night. They were the guests, in some of the towns, of the resident sisters of their order; but they did not accept all such offers of hospitality, through fear of disturbing the ordinary arrangement of the affairs of their would-be hosts. Gaping crowds of provincials gathered at some places, to see the nuns who were about to make this perilous sacrifice make their morning start.

Finally the tedious journey was ended, and the little party, consisting of eight professed nuns, two novices, one lay sister, and two servants, were gathered together, but a few miles from Lorient, beneath the roof of the convent of Hennebon. Here they were obliged to wait upwards of two months before the vessel in which they were to sail, and which they expected to have found ready for them on arrival, was announced to be fitted for sea. It was on the 19th of January, 1727, while the party was thus waiting at Hennebon, that Madelaine Hachard, with much solemnity, took the name of Saint Stanislas. On this occasion Madame Tranchepain, the Lady Superior of the New Orleans company, entertained the whole community of Hennebon. The day after that on which Madelaine took the veil, they gave her a black veil, which she was to keep during the entire voyage. When the time drew near for sailing, the party went down to Lorient. During their stay there they were the guests of a wealthy merchant, in whose house they found accommodations for seclusion and worship almost as great as they would have found in a community.

On the 22d of February, Madelaine closes the letter describing the foregoing events: "The wind is fair," she says, "and we have just been told that we must go on board in an hour." And then, as the memory of home and friends poured in upon her, affection asserted itself, and the conflict between her regret at leaving her parents, and joy that the opportunity will soon be afforded her to en-

ture and to perform in the great work which she has undertaken, may plainly be discerned in her letter. She describes the joy of the community at the summons on board as too great to be told; as for herself, it is moderated by her sorrow at leaving her father and her dear mother, whose lively memory she will preserve all her life. Nothing but the voice of God could separate her from parents whose tenderness she has proved a thousand times. Her last words to them must have wrung their hearts, as they thought of the dread uncertainty of the fate before her—danger from shipwreck; danger from savages; danger from climate; a voyage to a region concerning which so little was known that her father could not purchase a chart which showed the location of the little city to which his daughter had gone; a land which, however full of promise for adventurers and laborers, must prove full of hardships for those whose experience had been confined within convent walls. Even if the stories of danger were exaggerated, there was enough of doubt in the situation to stir up the hearts of these parents, as they read the closing lines of this letter:

“Adieu, my dear father. I beg of you, send me dear news. There is nothing in the world dearer to me than yourself and my dear mother. Rest assured that nothing less than the glorification of God and the salvation of his poor savages could separate me from your dear selves. I assure you that I shall only be separated from you in body. In spirit and heart I shall always be united with you; but as I can do nothing myself, I address myself to heaven, the source of all blessings. I pray each day for the preservation of your health and the sanctification of your souls. I beseech you not to forget a daughter who will all her life entertain for you the most profound respect and perfect gratitude.”

The “Gironde” was slow, but she was a strong and well built vessel. Her captain may have been a competent sailor, but some of the disasters which occurred during the voyage were plainly chargeable to the neglect of precautions which would have averted

them. Of her crew we hear no complaints. They responded promptly and willingly to the demands upon them, and their only fault seems to have been that in times of excitement they flavored their conversation with too much profanity to suit the tastes of a community of nuns.

The fair wind which caused the closing up of letters, and the hurrying aboard of passengers, on the 22d of February, soon drew ahead, and a postponement of the hour of starting gave the nuns an opportunity, before they plunged into the Atlantic swell, to settle down in the little cabin, eighteen feet long, and seven or eight wide, which had been partitioned off for them between decks. Six bunks had been built on each side this narrow space, in tiers of three. Here, for the next five months, a large part of which was to be spent in the tropics, were to be packed thirteen people. One of the party had to sleep on the deck.

On the 23d, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the day being fair and the wind propitious, the “Gironde” weighed anchor and started on her voyage. Their first experience of the character of the ship and of its manager was to be felt while still in sight of Lorient. The nuns were assembled on the poop, taking their last look at their native land. The ship had reached a point where she began to feel the ocean swell, when all felt a sharp shock, and twice the vessel struck on a rock. All was dismay and confusion among the spectators on the shore, as well as among the inmates of the ship. A hasty examination was made, and upon its being discovered that no serious harm was done, the vessel started once more on her tedious voyage. The strain occasioned her to leak somewhat, but not enough to make them apprehend serious danger.

Unfortunately, rumors of the disaster, magnified and distorted by repetition, as such rumors always are, reached the ears of those left behind, and it was to be many a weary month before they should learn the truth.

The fair wind soon deserted them, and they were tossed about for a fortnight, baffled by tempestuous weather and contrary

winds, in their attempts to get ahead. At the end of that time, they were not three days' sail from Lorient. Forty-nine of the sheep, and nearly all the fowls which had been placed on board, in order that the passengers and crew might have fresh provisions, had been drowned or smothered, and were thrown overboard. They were reduced to a diet of particularly bad salt provisions, and had made so little headway that it was evident that they had not water enough on board to supply their wants during the passage to Louisiana.

For the purpose of renewing supplies, the captain put into the Island of Madeira, on the 12th of March. The news that there was a company of nuns on board spread through the city soon after the "Gironde" had dropped anchor. The Fathers of the Company of Jesus, connected with a college in the city, were among the first to come and pay their respects to the Jesuit Fathers who were escorting the Ursulines to Louisiana. Presents of fruit and fresh provisions were sent on board, and cordial invitations were extended the nuns to come on shore. The Ursulines determined, however, to remain on board; and at the end of three days, during which the captain renewed his supply of water, they set sail once more.

The monotony of the voyage was relieved by a fair wind which lasted two days, when it again drew ahead, so that they were a long while making two hundred leagues. Here they met a strange vessel, which they took to be a pirate. The "Gironde" was cleared for action. The guns were loaded, and everybody took his station. The secular women were dressed like men to give an appearance of greater numbers. The nuns, armed with their beads, were shut up between decks. Thanks to the Lord, they were not sad. None of the company showed signs of weakness. The officers and passengers who had seemed ready to fight were not, however, brought to a critical test. The hostile ship, after having sailed about the "Gironde" several times, evidently concluded that the encounter was not worth while, and left them at liberty to pursue the voyage.

On Good Friday they arrived "under the Tropic, or the line of the Sun," but on account of the holiness of the day, the nonsense of the sailors, peculiar to the occasion, was postponed until Saturday, after dinner. Exemption was purchased for the Ursulines, the Reverend Fathers, and their servants, by payment of two pistoles. Those passengers who could not pay had several bucketfuls of water poured over them.

A few days after, they met another vessel, apparently a corsair. Again they put themselves on the defensive, and as the vessel hovered about for several hours, now approaching, now retiring, they kept sharp watch all night; but no attack was made on them.

Except the bare mention of their narrow quarters and of the execrable character of the food, there is no word of complaint, and nothing to impress upon the mind of the reader the sufferings of these delicate women, while drifting beneath a tropical sun through this region of calms and light winds, packed away like sardines in their wretched little cabin. What did trouble them, however, was the fact that they had no chance for seclusion. There was no time nor place for private spiritual exercises. They were in the midst of a class of people whose every thought was of some method of enjoyment by means of which to while away time.

Notwithstanding this lack of seclusion and this too close contact with the worldly, some consolation was found in the fact that the holy sacrifice of the mass was celebrated every day, and they had thus the good fortune frequently to fortify themselves with the sacred body of Jesus. They had sermons, too, from the chaplain of the ship, and from the Reverend Fathers, their companions. Prayers four times a day, at four and at eight o'clock in the morning, at five and at eight in the evening, helped to keep them in a comfortably religious frame of mind. Grand mass and vespers were chanted every Sunday and on fête days. On Good Friday they adored the cross after the passion in a very devout manner. The Ursulines were the first to adore the cross, with naked feet;

afterward, the Reverend Fathers, the officers, the passengers, and the crew, in a very respectful manner. At the time of the Holy Sacrament, they made a procession around the capstan. Nor did they fail to say the Angelus four times a day. Thus their pious devotions helped divert their minds from the weary monotony of the days, as they drifted by—days which came to be counted by weeks, and finally became months, and still they saw no land.

Yearning more and more for the wished-for land of promise, they redoubled their vows and prayers for favorable weather. At last the Lord granted a few intervals of fair winds, taking advantage of which they reached the island of Saint Domingo on or about the 4th of May. Here the poor creatures had a chance once more to procure fresh provisions, and to meet some of their fellow countrymen. There was no hospitable convent to welcome them within its walls, but the Company placed a warehouse at their service, of which they joyfully took possession. During the fifteen days which they spent on this island, they were hospitably entertained by the officers in charge. The narrative acknowledges the grateful appreciation of this treatment.

On the 19th of May they reëmbarked, and the "Gironde" again started with a fair wind, only to lose it in a short time, and to encounter again the calms and head winds which had characterized the weather during the greater part of this voyage. While thus drifting about, they found themselves in company with three privateers, who hung around for three days without molesting them. A boat was then lowered from one of the privateers, and came alongside the "Gironde," under pretense of desiring to purchase some wine; but the captain ordered it off, without permitting any of these questionable characters to come on board. Apparently the pirates saw enough to convince them that it was the part of prudence not to follow the matter further, and drew off, thus relieving the passengers on the "Gironde" from further apprehension.

Head winds and the currents of the Gulf

forced them out of their course towards an island called Blanche. Their joy at sight of this land was at first very great, and after dinner they assembled upon the poop, to watch it as they should approach. While congratulating each other that the voyage was so nearly ended, the ship struck, and was forced into the sand with such sharp and repeated shocks, that they gave themselves up as lost. With beads in hand, every nun said her *In manus*, thinking that all was over, and that they had reached the place where would be found the only establishment which their company would make in America. The captain, who was below at dinner, thus leaving his vessel in charge of his subordinates while boldly approaching an unknown coast, came on deck. Sails were clewed up, and their position examined. The ship had burrowed her way into the sand, and was helpless. The rudder swung to and fro with the waves. The crew then set to work to lighten the ship. First, all the ballast, consisting of stones, lead, and old iron, was thrown into the sea. Then all the sugar which had been bought or given to passengers or crew, at Saint Domingo, was thrown overboard. Then a lot of brandy was sent after the sugar. Meantime, as part after part of the ship's cargo was thrown into the ocean without effect, the captain hungrily eyed the personal baggage of the passengers, and several times it was concluded that this must go next. While all this was going on, tales were interchanged between the passengers of the character of the savages whom they might expect to encounter on the island, in case they were compelled to abandon the ship and make a landing. The nuns were told that these Indians not only ate the whites, but made them suffer torments beforehand a thousand times worse than death. The passengers were, however, spared the impending loss of their wearing apparel and the threatened torture from the savages. The ship, after being aground for nearly twenty-four hours, at last yielded to the efforts of the sailors, and floated off.

When the tide was favorable for their further progress, the captain made sail again,

but before he had gone a quarter of a league the "Gironde" brought up again on the bottom. Here she was thumped by the waves upon the sand with such force that all hope on the part of the Ursulines was lost. The sailors got out boats and anchors to try and keged the ship off. The passengers dropped on their knees, and offered prayer to their patron saints. Notwithstanding all this maltreatment, the staunch ship still floated, and was successfully relieved from her dangerous position. Then the captain seemed to have learned that the lead might be of use to him, for he sent his long boat ahead to take soundings, and profiting by what was thus disclosed, made deep water.

Meanwhile, they had been so long making the trip that they were running out of fresh water. Their entire allowance, under the burning summer sun of the Gulf, was but a pint a day. Wine, also, was reduced to the same ratio, which the Ursulines exchanged for water, bottle for bottle. For more than fifteen days after this, they spent the greater part of the time at anchor; raising it at every favorable breeze, but dropping it again when the wind died out, to avoid being swept back by the currents. Their course brought them toward the coast of Florida, near Pensacola, and here they secured some drinking water, by landing on an island and digging in the sand near the shore. They were detained here several days by head winds, and were several days more in reaching Dauphin Island, where the ship was boarded by friends from the shore, and news of the progress of affairs at New Orleans was thus conveyed to them. From this point to the mouth of the river, they were apparently fanned with a fair wind; and on the 23d of July, 1717, five months from the day of starting, they reached the point where they were to abandon the "Gironde" and take to boats.

No provision had been made for their transportation from this place to New Orleans, and they were obliged to wait until boats could be sent down to them. They were invited by the officer in charge of the port, to make his house their home during this detention, and on the twenty-sixth day

they left the "Gironde." Their boat was over-loaded, a head wind sprang up, and for a short time they were probably in the gravest peril that had threatened them since their departure from home. They succeeded, however, in making a landing on one of the little mud islands at the mouth of the river, where they spent the night. From this point *Sieur Duvergé*, their escort and host, made signals and sent messengers for boats. Three dug-outs were sent to them, in which they succeeded in reaching Balize without further adventure.

They remained here, the guests of *Sieur Duvergé*, six days. Meantime, news of their arrival had reached New Orleans and created a great sensation. Their long voyage had greatly alarmed everybody, and many had concluded that they were lost. A boat and two dug-outs were sent down, and the party was distributed among them. "It must be admitted," says the author of the *Relation*, "that all the fatigues of the 'Gironde' were not to be compared with those we had on this little journey of only thirty leagues, from Balize up the river to New Orleans, which is ordinarily made in six days." The dug-out, in which *Madame Tranchepain* and *Madelaine Hachard* took passage, was some days in reaching New Orleans. The rest of the party arrived the next day. Exhausted by the fatigues of their protracted sea voyage, the discomforts of their journey by boat told upon their worn-out frames, and stamped it upon their memories as a period of torture and suffering. Unable to sit upright or move about in the dug-outs, the journey by day was tedious and painful. But little relief was experienced at night; for an hour before sundown they would land on the low, muddy banks of the river and warm their salt provisions for supper in the boatmen's saucepan. The sailors would then prepare shelters for them, by cutting canes and fixing them in the earth so as to form little huts, into each of which two of the nuns would creep, and then the sailors would cover them over with a sail to keep the mosquitoes and other insects out. Twice during the trip they woke up to find themselves flooded in their beds;

and during all this exposure by day and by night, they were unable to change their clothes. It is not to be wondered at, that these last few days of their journey broke many of the sisters down, and that they arrived at New Orleans having among their number several suffering invalids.

The Ursuline Convent was not ready for their reception, and indeed, was not finished for several years after; but the Company had secured the house which Bienville had built for himself, and there the Ursulines were lodged, until their convent should be built. They were at once ready for work, and that part of their work which related to instruction was ready for them.

Their seclusion was so complete, that they saw but little of New Orleans itself, and knew but little of its inhabitants. Nine months after their arrival, Madelaine Hachard wrote her father: "Our city is very pretty, well-built, regularly laid out, so far as I know, and as it seemed to me the day that we arrived, for since that day we have remained in seclusion." The inhabitants were proud of the place, and claimed that, in appearance, it rivaled Paris, but this opinion was not endorsed by the nuns so recently from that metropolis.

There was as much display and politeness as in France. Women cared but little for what concerned their salvation, but were alive to what affected their vanity. Velvets, damasks, and ribbons were common, although their cost was three times the price in France. Rouge and patches were used there as elsewhere. The market furnished an abundance of fruits and vegetables. Hunters brought in from the forests and prairies, deer and bears and buffaloes, ducks and wild turkeys, partridges and quail. Fishermen furnished a large variety of excellent fish, most of which were new to the Ursulines.

In short, after the trials of the voyage, a great variety of nourishing food was always at their command when the fasts of the Church permitted them to enjoy it; but from much of it they abstained for fear of becoming fastidious.

Their Reverend Father was full of zeal, but the work that he had to accomplish staggered these gentle Christians; for the place was full of "debauchery, bad faith, and all the other vices." In their own special work, they were shocked at the moral condition of the young girls, whom it was the custom to marry at the age of twelve or fourteen years, when they did not even know how many Gods there were. Raised in the country, five or six leagues from the city, some of their scholars had never been confessed, had never been at mass, had never heard God spoken of.

The ground was fallow which they had undertaken to work, and, as the time approached for Madelaine Hachard's profession, we can appreciate the sincerity with which she says: "I cannot tell you the pleasure I shall take in pronouncing my vows in a foreign land, where Christianity is almost unknown."

This glimpse at the condition of New Orleans, as it appeared to the French Ursulines, in the Spring of 1728, which has just been brought before our eyes, is taken from the last of the letters of Madelaine Hachard in the little collection which has furnished the material for this article. While the whole atmosphere of the letter is filled with the same sweetness, and tender, respectful affection for her parents which characterized her farewell letter from France, she is not appalled at the magnitude of the work which has been revealed to her; but the further she advances, the more she thanks the Lord for having chosen her for so holy a vocation.

*Andrew McFarland Davis.*



## FOR MONEY.

## I.

It is undeniable that the golden calf is the sole idol of the nineteenth century. In the vanishing of our ideals, we cling frantically to something tangible, and money has become our standard and our God. We forgive insults to honor and family for money damages; we go to war because we hold bonds; we worship the money getters and despise the money losers, for the man that makes money is good, but the man that keeps it is better. A heart sickness for our lost ideals may rise feebly, sometimes; then we drug it with gold, and the troublesome pang is stilled.

The poor we have always with us, and they are divided into two great classes: those who deify a man with money, for the love of it; and those to whom a rich man is a devil, for the hate of it, which is the love of it turned wrong side out, because gold has passed them by. Let Plutus come wooing, and they would not repulse.

Mrs. Lennard belonged to the latter class. She was the faded, overworked, overstrung wife of the Episcopal clergyman in the little town with the soft Spanish saint's name, across the water from the city. As the second wife, she had tried to do her duty to the two boys and the baby girl left by her predecessor; but when six of her own, of whom two scarcely lived to see the light, successively appeared to keep them company, her overtaxed nerves frequently gave way, and she sought to give them relief by railing at those to whom it was not a matter nearly of life and death that Frances' dress should be too worn out to make over for Julia or Susy. Being a clergyman's wife, she held, as often is the case, to the uttermost letter of her form of church government; but the vital principles of her faith did not seem to afford her much satisfaction or consolation, and the necessity of acknowledging the authority of

the Church was with her apparently greater than the necessity of acknowledging the Head of that church.

The thing in life that she lived for and worshiped, was her eldest child, Louise. Louise's beauty, her eyes, her hands, her playing, her cleverness, were held up before the other children with such judiciousness and sincerity that they fell into line, and with all their hearts adored their sister. She took all their incense very sweetly, though as a matter of course; and the one thing that kept her unselfish was the intensity of her devotion to her sister Frances, two years younger than herself, and suffering since early childhood with a painful form of heart-disease.

The two eldest boys, Gilbert and Harry, young men now, had left their small employments at the East when their father was called to California, and for three months of their stay had as yet, contrary to their too sanguine expectations, found nothing in place of them. About this time, Gilbert, who had a lively imagination and a taste for scribbling, began to drift into newspaper work, and finding the life exciting and the work regularly paid for, announced in the course of a few weeks that he had accepted a regular position on one of the city dailies.

"My son," exclaimed his father, "rather than have you do such a thing, I —"

"Gilbert, how could you without consulting us!" interrupted his step-mother, coming to her husband's relief, as she saw him floundering for an alternative.

"You needn't be distressed, mother," he answered gayly. Gilbert was never long cast down, and at present was elated with his success. "I'm very proud of it myself. All the Harvard fellows go into journalism. It's a grand profession, and it is to be the coming one."

"And you can run to fires, and have all the theater tickets you want!" exclaimed

Louise, with a sigh of envy and congratulation mixed. The theater was Louise's heaven. She had gone once, when a friend of her mother's had invited her to spend a few days in New York, though the fact had caused much severe criticism of her father by the inhabitants of the little Eastern village where he was preaching at the time.

Gilbert laughed, and kissed her. He knew that whatever his father's feeling might be, Mrs. Lennard was undeniably relieved that he was, after a fashion, provided for.

"With two of us gone, you will have more room and more money, mother," he added, still with a laugh; though his remark was seriously meant, for Mrs. Lennard, just though she tried to be, had made him feel sometimes that the three elders were *de trop*, a state of things to which he and his brother were quite sensitive in their enforced idleness.

Mrs. Lennard and Rose both blushed, though for different reasons.

"Your father's heart and purse are always open and welcome to you, Gilbert, and my big boy must not lay up too seriously against his mother what she says when she is tired and worried," said Mrs. Lennard, so gently that Gilbert felt slightly ashamed.

"I am only afraid my marriage will make a difference in the family income the wrong way," said Rose, eagerly.

"Don't you fret," said her step-mother, cheerfully. "Louise will take your place."

For Rose, with an independence of character worthy of Gilbert's sister, had on her arrival canvassed the village well, both the permanent residents and the summer boarders, and had started a flourishing little school, which added not inconsiderably to the gaping household treasury. She was proud of her success, though she knew that the number of her pupils would dwindle away pitifully when the autumn should send the city people back to their homes.

But beside this success, she had made another in the legitimate feminine fashion. On the first Sunday after their arrival she and the children had sat just in front of Dr. Jack Percy, the son and partner of the village

doctor; and he thought he had never seen a more charming picture than the pretty figure, the shining roll of hair under the little straw bonnet, and the curve of cheek and chin, of which he caught an occasional glimpse during the prayers. To every woman in the congregation her dress proclaimed aloud its cheap material, and her bonnet was hopelessly home-made; but Dr. Jack, as he was popularly called, decided that she was rather out of the common way, though Louise, the beauty, let her wonderful eyes rest on him as they went out.

He was not bad at all to look at; a little undersized, perhaps, with a good figure and a well developed chest, a finely cut, intelligent face, and alert movements. His father was an old man, and had given up most of his practice into Dr. Jack's hands. On this particular morning, though he was nothing of a church-goer, he had accompanied his mother to hear the new minister. He might never have thought of Rose again, if he had not happened to be at home when she called on his mother one afternoon, and on a nearer acquaintance he found that she lived up to her bright ways and sunny eyes.

Mrs. Lennard, on the occasions of his frequent visits, decided of course that Louise was the attraction, and Louise accepted the implication without any undue fluttering. It fell to her naturally to receive him, as her mother was often busy and Rose was not unfrequently detained at her school; that is, when he was able through absence of professional duties to call in the afternoon. He often came in the evening, when Rose and her mother were free; but neither Mrs. Lennard nor Louise were aware how often Dr. Jack met the pretty teacher opportunely on her way home from school, nor how many walks began to make the woods beyond the village enchanted ground.

Rose felt that it was not quite right for her to be silent about more than three-fourths of these walks and meetings, but as time went on it became a difficult thing for her to speak of him at all. She listened with eager interest to others when his name was mentioned, and it was rapidly becoming a

household word ; she often turned the conversation so that it would be sure to drift into that channel ; but her reticence about him grew so marked that Frances spoke of it one day to Louise.

The next time she saw Dr. Jack, Louise came to certain conclusions in her own mind, and adopted a certain winning sisterliness towards him, and a pretty, caressing manner towards Rose, that had its influence in hastening Dr. Jack's destiny by perhaps a week.

Mrs. Lennard was surprised and deeply disappointed. Her heart had been set on Louise's marriage, and for Rose to have supplanted her seemed selfish and unsisterly. Dr. Jack was not rich, but he could give his wife certain small comforts such as the Lennards had never dreamed of enjoying.

Much to Louise's delight, Rose made a confidant of her, and she learned on good authority in what a Paradise of dainty flattery, idealization, and happy dreams, walks a young girl with a young lover. And Rose and Jack were pretty lovers. He was twenty-eight and she was twenty-three, and they were as delighted with each other and themselves as if two young people had never been engaged before. Indeed, they believed that nobody could appreciate that blissful state as they did, or extract all the finer flavors from an engagement in which nothing was romantic except themselves.

It had been arranged that they were to be married in October ; it was now early in August, and Louise was to take the school from Rose two weeks before the wedding. Mrs. Lennard expressed a confidence in the experiment that Louise herself was far from feeling, though at the same time the mother resented the necessity of her darling's overworking for the benefit of other mothers' darlings. Still, the girl was anxious to be independent and to help the others.

As to Louise's feelings on the subject of Rose's engagement, she never thought that her sister had supplanted her. She had liked Dr. Jack's attentions while she had supposed they were addressed to her, but she did not grudge him to Rose, and it may

be doubted whether she was willing to give up her liberty just at present. She looked forward to a time when she, too, should walk in Paradise, and feed on honey-dew, but the time had not come yet.

## II.

GILBERT generally spent his Sundays with his family, and these Sundays were the bright spots in Louise's life. Ever since she could remember, she had chafed at the limitations of her existence, as a clergyman's daughter, and so debarred from certain innocent enjoyments ; as living in a country village ; as feeling all the inflictions of grinding poverty ; knowing besides that her beauty, her brains, her capacity for accomplishments, entitled her to something better than she was ever likely to have. Her mother's *credo* of fortune—all the poor, people of refinement, taste, and cultivation, but unable to make any impression on account of one fatal lack ; all the rich, coarse-minded, thick-skinned, illiterate, yet prized and coveted on the sole account of their fatal abundance—took a deep root in her mind and became an equally devout article of faith with her. But here was Gilbert, a man who enjoyed life in spite of poverty, who was a part of men and things, who, poor himself, wielded power over the rich by virtue of his employment.

"They've got to be civil, you know," said Gilbert to the sympathizing Louise, "because we can hurt them more than they can us."

On one of these Sunday visits, while talking of people and their doings in the city, he happened to mention that Marion Waring, the banker, had bought the Ripley place.

This was a large ranch of several hundred acres, with a beautiful house in the midst of lawn and woodland. It had belonged to an ambitious lawyer with a flourishing practice, and during the building of the house and laying out of the grounds, wise people had shaken their heads, and said Ripley had spent more on architects and solid wood than he could ever get back, not to speak of the original cost of the land, nor the sums he had

expended on fancy stock for his dairy, or choice varieties of trees for his orchard. No one was much surprised when, after five years' enjoyment of his folly, Mr. Ripley was stricken with paralysis, from which he did not recover, and the widow was left with two young daughters and the place on her hands. Two or three life insurance policies had been found, but they had all expired some time before; and to make the ranch profitable, a further outlay of money was necessary. It was a difficult place to sell, every one said, manifestly cheering the widow with every repetition; but at last, after having been on the market more than two years, it had been taken by Marion Waring, one of the richest and most influential men in San Francisco.

"What did he give for it?" was Mr. Lennard's natural inquiry.

"About one-third of its value, I suppose. Those rich men always take advantage of everything, because they can," said Mrs. Lennard, in a matter-of-fact tone, through which some bitterness was discernible. "And he will make another fortune out of it, while those poor women that need the money—"

"Nobody knows anything about it," said Gilbert. "He refused to make the price public."

"Ashamed, I've no doubt," commented Mrs. Lennard.

"He told me he was coming over here pretty soon to look at it thoroughly, because his impression was that there was too much ground wasted in lawn and flowers, and he could enlarge either the orchard or the wheat land."

"What a shame!" cried Louise. "But it's just like those people. They are never satisfied, always want to make more. I wonder they don't live in tents, because houses don't bring in anything."

"And you know him, Gilbert?" asked Frances, in some excitement.

"Yes, to speak to. He is a big, jolly fellow, anywhere between forty-five and fifty, and what he wants of a great house in the country, all full of stained glass and solid wood, I don't know, and nobody knows."

"Doesn't his wife like the country?" inquired Frances, again.

"He hasn't a wife. The women are crazy to get him to their parties, but he never goes anywhere. He always has a box whenever there is an opera, and he calls on two or three old married ladies without daughters," Gilbert answered.

One evening during the next week, Mr. Lennard came home to dinner, announcing that he had met Mr. Waring.

"I was at the station when the train came in," he said, with some importance, greatly impressing the younger children thereby, "and Mr. Waring was with the very people I went to meet. He is coming over every night now, and will live here in San Manuel until October or November."

"I suppose he didn't trample on your prostrate form," remarked Louise.

"You had better call on him, Henry," said his wife, thoughtfully. "I know the men don't go to church much here, but still—"

She glanced at Harry, who sat as far from the others as he could get in the small room. Julia and Susy had received private warnings from the other girls that he was not to be disturbed. Every available means of procuring something to do being apparently exhausted, he had answered some advertisements as a last resource, and was awaiting results in a highly nervous state, that made him an object of terror and commiseration to his sisters.

Not long after, Mr. Lennard called on the new land-holder, but found, to his regret, that Mr. Waring had not come over that evening.

The next Sunday, Frances and Louise walked down to the five o'clock train, which was to take Gilbert back to the city. The station was full of the usual Sunday crowd going home, and Gilbert suddenly cried, in an eager undertone, to his sisters: "There he is—there's Waring!"

Frances turned with interest, Louise with a show of haughty indifference. A large, powerfully built man, with gray hair, and the slightly obscured outlines of the figure that belong to middle age, stood in the center of

a little knot of gentlemen, whom he had evidently been entertaining. He caught Gilbert's eye and nodded jovially; then making some excuse to his guests, he came towards him, and before she knew it, Louise found herself on bowing and speaking terms with a man she had been teaching herself to hate ever since she first heard his name mentioned.

She permitted Frances to do all the talking that the five minutes' lateness of the train allowed, becoming acutely conscious, as the glance of millions rested on her, of her blue calico dress and the shabbiness of her belt, which defined an exceptionally pretty figure.

Mr. Waring did not see it. Men are not apt to be critical in detail, unless they are finical, or in love, and Marion Waring only knew that he saw a very pretty girl in blue, with a pair of unusual eyes; he could not have told the next moment whether the dress was silk or cotton.

Then the train came in sight, puffing, snorting, groaning, as if over-weighted with a sense of its own importance, like some human beings; and then Mr. Waring left them, to see the last of his guests. The girls kissed their brother good-bye for another week, and were left alone at the station, as the empty carriages turned and drove away. Not alone long, though, for soon Mr. Waring joined them and walked up the street with them, signing to his carriage to drive away, since they declined the use of it.

At their own little gate, Louise paused for him to say good-bye, but Frances, who was unusually ready and officious, her sister thought, gave him a cordial invitation to enter.

He accepted, saying in the hearty way he generally spoke:

"I hope I shall not miss your father, as I did when he called the other evening."

"Father is right in here," said Frances, with a kind of urgency that rather surprised Mr. Waring, until she fell against Louise, murmuring, brokenly, "Get me away, quick!"

"What is the matter? Faint?" said Mr. Waring, as he supported her by a sudden, strong movement.

"No, heart disease. She has walked too far and too fast. Oh, I knew it, but she *will!*" cried Louise.

"Where shall I take her for you?" he inquired, lifting Frances as if she had been a child. Louise opened the door of the little dining-room, and he set his burden on a chair, and stood looking at her in a helpless, sympathizing way, like a big Newfoundland dog.

"I know what to do, but so many people about her make her worse. That door opens into the parlor, where you will find mother and father. Won't you please go?" said Louise, lifting her eyes, swimming with tears that the sight of Frances's suffering always brought.

The room did seem larger when Mr. Waring closed the door behind him, and the next moment Mrs. Lennard came in softly and swiftly. The paroxysm passed off in a few moments, and then both Frances and her mother implored Louise to go in and tell Mr. Waring that she was better, as he was making apologies for his intrusion in such a manner, declaring that he would only stay until they would let him know if he might be of any assistance.

"Do go in, and be more civil to him than you were, Louise," said Frances, with an agitated insistence, accounted for by her condition, "and mother will be in after a little while. He must not spoil his visit on my account, and if he goes before he ought, I shall think it is your fault."

Thus adjured, Louise went back to make herself agreeable to the unwelcome guest, who stayed a few minutes longer, and finally departed, begging them to make use of him whenever they required his services.

"What a delightful man! So different from what I expected! So genial!" ejaculated Mrs. Lennard, as the gate clicked. "Did you see what beautiful boots he wore, and what fine cloth his coat was made of, Louise?"

"I saw that he had a most malignant taste in neckties," responded that young person, tranquilly.

"It's allowable," said Harry, unexpectedly

taking part in the conversation. "A man's dress is so very plain and somber, that a bit of bright color in a necktie is not at all out of place, and his was not glaring."

"Of course, father always likes everybody," Louise remarked to Rose when they were alone; "but I did not believe that mother would have given way so easily, without even a struggle. And Harry, too! The man has nothing but his money. It is perfectly mortifying that people have so little strength of mind."

She did not soften even the next day, when a basket of beautiful hot-house flowers appeared for Frances, with Mr. Waring's card.

"It's all so big and showy," said Louise, in an accent of strong objection, though the blossoms were so exquisite that she regretted the words before they were more than out of her mouth.

"Well, I don't think I would slander my own taste for the sake of keeping up my character for independence," answered Frances calmly, gloating over her treasure. "The flowers are simply perfect; and you don't know the man well enough to know whether he is ostentatious or not," she concluded.

Louise shrugged her shoulders. She seldom argued with Frances, except when she forgot herself. Marion Waring was too unimportant to quarrel about, and his flowers had given Frances too much pleasure.

### III.

ONE evening towards the close of August, Louise was sitting on the wide, vine-covered hotel veranda, watching the face on the mountain sharply outlined against the sunset flush that stained the sky behind it, and faded by imperceptible gradations through orange, faint yellow, and green into the evening blue, pierced here and there by a silver point of light. The purple and gray shadows of the mountains looked full of mystery, and Louise was dreamily happy as she lay back in her big summer chair, unspeakably soothed by the peace and beauty before her.

There are some natures, and hers was one, which are almost too high-strung; the keen-

ness of their sensations amounts to pain, and they suffer from many things that leave no mark on duller souls; but they have their compensation in their sensitiveness to impressions of scenery for certain moods. A fine view was an event to the girl, and a sunset or a cloudless summer sky, seen through quivering green leaves above her, was a consolation for much of the insignificant, yet none the less acute, sufferings of her sordid life.

On this occasion she had been invited to dine at the hotel with Mrs. Valentine, a middle-aged lady from the city, who was one of the temporary summer pillars of the church, and had taken a great fancy to her.

Mrs. Valentine believed that society and matrimony were the end, and should be the aim, of every girl, and she acted up to her belief. She had been a Washington belle, had married and entertained there, and consoled herself for glory past by being the most indefatigable entertainer in San Francisco. Young girls adored her, and she reciprocated. She generally had at least two visiting her, and her weekly receptions were crowded by all the pleasure-loving of her set. At least ten marriages had been made mainly through her efforts, and she was never happier than when conducting the preliminaries of an engagement.

She was fond of San Manuel, and generally spent the summer there, as it was near the city, easily reached by a ferry and a short railway ride, patronized by many of her friends, and last, but not least, healthy for her young grandchildren.

Being an ardent churchwoman, she soon came to know the Lennards well, and was struck by Louise's qualifications for a success in society: her beauty, and a certain fluency in conversation that did not conceal a real reserve in the girl, which was piquant and attractive. The only thing she lacked was money, but Mrs. Valentine believed that with proper guardianship the absence of that talisman might be counteracted.

"Give me Louise Lennard for one winter, with three dresses, and I could show you a first-rate marriage before Lent," she said one

day to her daughter-in-law, a stout, quiet little woman, devoted to her three small boys, and utterly incapable of understanding, much less appreciating, the elder lady's unabated vigor of interest in the social fray. But she had a way of putting a perfectly matter-of-fact question in a manner that sometimes precipitated a crisis.

"Why don't you invite her for the winter, then?" she drawled, turning the baby's sock wrong side out.

Mrs. Valentine pursed up her mouth, and invited Louise to dinner the next day. This was the first of several invitations; and so it happened that on the evening before mentioned, Louise sat watching the sunset with an absorption that made her forget how Rose and her mother were stitching themselves blind under a lamp on Rose's wedding clothes, and Frances was trying to finish a set of aprons for the children before Saturday, a vision that had haunted her all through dinner, reproaching her for having shirked her share. She even forgot Mrs. Valentine's abrupt question—

"Well, Louise, now that Rose is safely launched, when are you going to announce your engagement?" that had annoyed her as she came up the steps before the usual loungers on the veranda. Mrs. Valentine's remarks were startling at times, from their extreme personality, not always warranted by the degree of intimacy; but she was so thoroughly good-hearted and kindly in her actions that her free speech and curiosity were condoned.

The glow was fading out of the sky, as a pretty open carriage drew up before the hotel, and Mr. Waring's big voice called out:

"Who wants a moonlight drive?"

"Here's a young lady that's dying for one, and so am I," said Mrs. Valentine, rising with alacrity.

Louise blushed with mingled annoyance and pleasure. A drive was an unusual luxury for her, and she enjoyed it as she did everything beyond her reach; but to take her pleasure from Mr. Waring's hands, to be forced upon him against her will and without his recognition—for she was sure he

did not know her again until Mrs. Valentine mentioned her name—irritated her into silence.

"Mrs. Valentine never goes anywhere without me, Mr. Waring," spoke out a gay voice from a dark corner.

"Is that you, Miss Lily? In with you all, then. The moon will be just right."

Lily Swift was at present the reigning social success. She had come from the East accredited as a great flirt, and no entertainment, small or large, was considered complete without her. She had troops of men friends, was obliged to divide her dances at parties, and was charming to women when there were no men present; but one shrewd youth expressed the suspicions of many, when he declared to Mrs. Valentine, Jr., who did not like Lily, that general admiration, while flattering to her vanity, was not the only thing she aspired to, and a man with money was the object of her western campaign.

"She is clever, but they are wary," continued the young man, who knew his subject well, "and she's got to make hay while the sun shines, for her looks will go to pieces before many years are over."

"She doesn't look to me as if she would fade," remarked the lady, who wished to be strictly just.

"No, she isn't the fading kind," he answered, "but her face will spread away, and her features will get coarse."

Mrs. Valentine was not specially fond of Lily. In spite of her popularity and affectionate manners, there was something cold-hearted and calculating about her that caused women to speak of her vaguely as "insincere," and that precluded any friendship with her in the real sense of the word; but since she was the momentary sensation, the elder lady made a great pet of her, and knew that her presence insured that of most of the young men about town.

To Louise she was absolutely hateful, because she simply ignored the poor child's existence. A country girl who had never been to a ball, whose father was unknown, who dressed so plainly as to be conspicuous, who had only a villager's bowing acquaintance

with the hotel and cottage people, naturally had nothing to commend her to Miss Swift's memory. Though she had been introduced several times, Lily always met her with the same affable smile, and "Happy to meet you, Miss Lennard," that she accorded to all strangers, and at other times she passed her by with utter forgetfulness. The last time this had happened, Louise had related the whole matter to Frances with tears of rage.

"I'll make her remember me, though, some day," she cried, with the impotent threat of a sore and angry girl. "I'll never know her again, anyway."

Frances joined in abuse until her sister was calmer, and the vague vengeance lay in abeyance.

Naturally, Louise was not reconciled to the drive by this addition to the party, but she stood silently in the background, feeling awkward and out of place, as she always did in Lily's presence. Kind little Mrs. Valentine, Jr., who had gone for wraps, now came back and cloaked her mother and Louise, while Lily made a good deal of laughter by the way she and Mr. Waring managed to put on her shawl; then Mrs. Valentine settled herself in the carriage, and Lily made a move towards the front seat, but before she knew what he was doing, Mr. Waring had placed her beside Mrs. Valentine, and swung up Louise to the seat she had meant for herself. He was not a man of much penetration where women were concerned, but he was thoroughly independent, and he knew that Miss Swift had all the pleasure she wanted, while he had talked over the Lennards' privations several times already with Mrs. Valentine, and when he found Louise that evening, he determined that she should enjoy herself as much as he could make her.

She was very quiet at first, while the occupants of the back seat leaned forward, talking and laughing, and occasionally winning a word from Mr. Waring, who kept a sharp eye on his horses. Lily was determined to have what attention he had to bestow, in spite of the disadvantage of her position, and kept him laughing at her sallies,

if he could not respond to them very frequently.

Mr. Waring had given Louise credit for shyness, which she did not possess, and having allowed time enough, as he supposed, for her to become used to the situation, he suddenly asked her if she would like to drive, as if she were a child to be coaxed out of a fright.

"Oh, yes!" she cried eagerly. "But am I strong enough? I'm afraid I don't know how."

"They are gentle, and I will help you," he answered good-naturedly, and the reins were transferred to her hands. Gentle as the horses were, they gave an occasional pull that drew her to her feet, but never loosened her hold. Excitement raised her spirits, and for the half hour or so that she felt the strong, living wills under her power and guidance, she forgot everything in the world except that she was happy. Lily Swift did not exist for her; Marion Waring, favored by the darkness, was only the beneficent means of giving her one of the pleasantest sensations of her life. When he gave her the reins, he turned round, and devoted himself to keeping up a brisk fire of conversation with Mrs. Valentine and Lily, who was "taking her innings"; but Louise was conscious that he watched both her and the horses carefully, as his occasional directions to her about them and the road proved. At last he took the reins from her, saying:

"Do you enjoy it?"

"Oh, I should think I did! Oh, thank you!" she answered, with such a deep-drawn sigh of delight as pleased him to the bottom of his kind heart.

"You shall have them again presently," he said, "but you can't drive and talk too, I see, and I want you to talk to me. How is your little sister, the one I saw the other day?"

"Quite well. She always is the next day. That wasn't a very bad attack, either. I have known her to roll on the floor with the pain. We never can tell when she will have one. She ought to keep quiet, and not get excited or overtire herself, but, of course, that is impossible in a house like ours."



The next moment she could have bitten her tongue out for that last unlucky phrase. It seemed as if she were ashamed of her poverty, and appealing to his pity or challenging his contempt. She knew rich people put their liking on a money basis.

But Marion Waring had not been a rich man's son; he remembered his mother and sister, and respected the little creature who took her share of the household tasks at the risk of her life.

Quite ignorant of her hostile mental attitude towards him, on account of the very thing that made him admired and sought by the rest of the world, he continued to question her about her old home at the East, her father, and his prospect of remaining with his present church; then he spoke of Gilbert in a way that thawed her reserve, and at last she herself questioned him as to what he thought of Harry's chances with the advertisements, from none of which he had yet heard.

The impression she made on him was peculiar. He saw her pride and her ignorance of the world's ways, her own and her family's hard struggle with adverse circumstances, and a certain coldness yet naturalness of manner that pleased him, from its contrast with the efforts that other young women made visibly to attract his attention. The unspoiled girl of twenty had a charm for him that Lily Swift, with all the dexterity gained by long practice on many different specimens of the *genus homo*, had so far failed to exert.

Yet the world, taking its usual privilege of coupling names, had already selected Lily Swift for the future Mrs. Waring. It was thought very convincing of the proof of the rumor, that he should have bought his country place the same year that Miss Swift and her mother spent the summer in San Manuel; whereas the fact was that Mr. Waring had never been farther from matrimony in his life than that evening when, after setting down Louise at home, he said good-night to Mrs. Valentine and Lily at the hotel, and drove to his own newly-acquired domicile.

"I shouldn't wonder if Lily got him in the end, Hattie," said Mrs. Valentine to her son's wife, as they indulged in their usual discussion of matters for the night. "She's a woman of the world; she speaks two or three languages; and she is very pretty now, whatever she may be five years from now, as Phil Carter suggests."

"Well, I never could see any particular beauty about her," said Mrs. Valentine, Jr. "Red hair and green eyes. I know she calls one golden and the other gray; but that doesn't make them so. She goes out too much, besides. She is getting baggy under the eyes."

"She would make just the wife for Marion Waring," the elder lady pursued, continuing her meditations undisturbed by this protest. "I wonder if that couldn't be brought about this month? I believe I—"

"Mother!" implored Mrs. Hattie, "do for pity's sake leave things alone. The man is old enough to know what he wants, and to ask for it, too. It's Lily Swift that wants him, not he that wants Lily—I can see that; and I like him too much to think of any plan to give him such a fate. Now let him alone, won't you?"

"It would be just the thing," repeated Mrs. Valentine, undeterred. In her own mind she was persuaded that the marriage would come about in a short time, but she could not reconcile herself to the idea that it should take place without her intervention; an event which would set all San Francisco talking, like Marion Waring's marriage, must have her name connected with it.

It was several days before she saw him again. When she did meet him, he was coming out of church, like herself. He was evidently a little nervous, and anxious to avoid some one; for when she spoke to him he joined her eagerly, and walked with her to the hotel, where he seemed more at ease, and seated himself beside her on the veranda for a long talk. They had been great friends for several years, and she had taken him to task not a few times already about his matrimonial prospects; but he always laughed it off in one way or another, his fa-

vorite excuse being that he knew no young girls, and he did not want to marry a widow.

"Now, listen to me," began Mrs. Valentine, before he had actually drawn a long breath after their walk; "do you think it is fair for you to live in that big house all alone? When are you going to show us Mrs. Waring? Because everybody expects it of you, and you had no right to buy that place unless you meant to do it."

"Well, to tell the truth, Mrs. Valentine, "I didn't know that one involved the other, or else I shouldn't have made such a reckless plunge into real estate. Can't you make my excuses?"

"Come, now, why don't you confide your engagement to me? I think I am entitled to know before any body else," was Mrs. Valentine's reply.

"So you are," he answered, quietly.

"What an accomplished girl Lily Swift is," she began, after a short silence.

"They say she is," he replied absently. "I understand that she speaks French and German like a native. She has told me several times that she was educated in France and Germany both."

"It is a great advantage to a girl," said Mrs. Valentine, tentatively.

"I'm not so sure of that," returned Mr. Waring, thoughtfully pulling his grizzled moustache. "I like an American bringing up for an American girl."

Was Mrs. Valentine's castle beginning to totter?

"What a handsome queen she will make over some man's establishment," she began afresh.

"H'm, yes, for a man who wants a figure-head and nothing more. Some men like that sort of thing; but most of us who have any fancy for a home—and more men have than you are apt to give us credit for—want more of a wife than that. Then Lily snubs her mother, and that is a bad sign for a husband; and I've seen her trample on that little Lennard girl once or twice in a way I didn't like at all. The little thing doesn't know how to defend herself. Can't you show her how?"

Mrs. Valentine's castle lay flat with the ground.

#### IV.

THAT same Sunday a jubilate was being sung in the Lennard household. The day before, Harry had called by appointment on Mr. Waring at the bank, and although he knew that his family's curiosity was strung up to concert pitch, he stayed in town all night on the strength of the interview. The brothers came over together on the morning boat, and were found in possession of the house on the return of the others from church.

"Gilbert, you have some good news to tell us, I can see by your eyes," said Louise, who always thought of him before any one but Frances, and held the first place, she knew, in his affections, thanks to Mrs. Lennard's successful education of her flock.

"What do you think of this man being in Waring's bank? Starts in tomorrow," said Gilbert, lifting his sister off her feet with a hearty hug.

"Was that it? No! It's too good to be true!" cried Mrs. Lennard, dropping into a chair, pale with agitation.

"It is true," said Harry, who felt as if this was his reward for his superhuman patience during all those weeks of waiting, when nobody else could see that he exercised any patience whatever. "He said he had a vacancy, and had been thinking a good deal about me, and took a great interest in me. Of course, he was overrun with applications from people he knew, but he had decided to give me a trial."

"Harry, you work yourself to skin and bone to please that man!" cried Frances.

"It is almost unheard of, for he scarcely knows you. It seems like a special dispensation of Providence. Rosie, you can set up housekeeping for yourself with a clear conscience," said her father affectionately.

"You needn't take the school now, Duddu," said Rose, hastily, the pretty color fluttering up in her cheeks.

"But I shall, though," said Louise with decision.

"Waring says there are plenty of chances

for me to rise, if I work," said Harry, "and I mean to; I mean to show him that I appreciate his confidence and generosity."

"I wonder if he thought we knew, and that was the reason he almost ran away from us with Mrs. Valentine," said Louise, who was always aware of his movements, as people generally watch those whom they either like or dislike extremely.

"Oh, Harry!" cried Frances nervously; "Why didn't you come home and tell us last night? He must think us so heartless and ungrateful, not even to look at him."

"I will go over and thank him this afternoon," said Mr. Lennard, and departed immediately, though it went against his conscience to do such a deed on Sunday. But he had only his walk for his pains—a long, hot two miles' walk. While he was wiping his forehead and handing in his card, Mr. Waring, cool and comfortable on the vine-wreathed hotel veranda, was discussing Lily Swift and his own daughter with Mrs. Valentine.

Two or three evenings later, Mr. Waring called with the carriage to take Mrs. Lennard and two of the girls for a drive. Frances, of course, would go. Louise wanted to stay at home in favor of Rose, but Dr. Jack was coming, and would be disappointed if he found only Louise to entertain him, and, if the truth were told, Rose would much prefer talking with Dr. Jack to driving with Mr. Waring; so, for the second time, Louise held the reins of his thorough-breds. Coming home, she changed places with Frances, who was too timid and too delicate to drive, but who was evidently ecstatic in her enjoyment.

"Isn't he perfectly delightful?" she said to Louise, as they indulged in the feminine luxury of talking it over on their return.

"No," said Louise, slowly, "I don't think he is. He doesn't strike me as particularly brilliant in conversation. I know he has been very generous and kind, but I wish he wouldn't; I feel weighed down by obligation. We never can do anything to repay him, and he seems to be telling us all the time that he has so much he doesn't need anything from us. I like people more—"

"You go out of your way to misjudge him, I believe," interrupted Frances with some temper. "I never knew you to be as unjust to anybody as you are to that poor man, because he happens to have a little money and tries to make people happy with it, instead of keeping it all for himself. And, after all, what has he done? Taken Harry into the bank, which is as good a thing for him as for us, because Harry is clever and honest; and given us a drive, that anybody might—only they don't," added Frances, recklessly mixing her pronouns in her excitement.

"It seems to me that we can't talk peaceably about the man, so we had better change the subject," said Louise, controlling her irritation by a strong effort. "Let us be thankful, for father's sake, that he finds it fashionable to come to church every Sunday, as they say that in the city men generally stay away. Two weeks from Monday I take Rose's school."

The friendship of the Lennard family was becoming very pleasant to Mr. Waring. He acquired the habit of visiting them almost every evening, seldom without books or flowers for Louise or Frances, and returning home by way of the hotel, to lounge away a few minutes, and amuse himself with Lily Swift's polyglot chatter. In deference to Frances's feelings and her own instincts and education as a lady, Louise received him without any of her previous hauteur, and permitted herself to appear her own sparkling, original self. She was always charming with her brothers and sisters, and her relations with her father and mother were not of the nature Mr. Waring so deprecated in Lily Swift. A comfortable home feeling grew over him, as he witnessed an occasional delicate little demonstration of affection towards Frances on her part. The children, at first still and watchful as little wild animals, at last began to emerge from the corners where they used to ensconce themselves, and ended by hanging about him and sitting in his lap, so that he felt quite fatherly, and stroked Julia's brown, hanging hair with pleasurable sensations that a month or two ago he would not have supposed himself capable of feeling.

"Are your Sunday principles too strong to allow your daughter to make one of a lunch party, chaperoned by Mrs. Valentine, at my house some Sunday?" he inquired of Mrs. Lennard one evening.

Mrs. Lennard was sorely tempted. It was a great thing for Louise to have a chance of seeing the world; but still, she had always refused Mrs. Valentine's Sunday dinner invitations for Louise, though accompanied by that indefatigable woman's most potent inducement: "Lots of young men on Sundays, you know." So principle carried the day, and she regretfully but firmly declined.

Mr. Waring did not seem much cast down, but took his departure, saying:

"We must try Saturday, then, for I want some young people over there before I go back to town for the winter."

So the lunch party was arranged for Saturday. Louise and Gilbert, who had secured a "day off" for the purpose, Lily Swift, and several other young girls from the hotel and the city, and a goodly array of young men to preserve the divine harmony of the sexes, were ready and willing to be chaperoned by Mrs. Valentine. With the exception of the Lennard brother and sister, they were all of her "set"; they knew her of old, and had all danced and flirted too often in her parlors to fear much in the way of dragonship.

Louise donned her little Sunday suit and her best pair of gloves, already a trifle worn at the fingers, in the highest expectation of enjoyment. Some of the men she had met when she was with Mrs. Valentine, and she felt elated with the idea of taking her first social plunge.

"Gilbert," said the anxious mother, as Louise stood at the gate fretting to start, "take good care of her. Keep near her all the time, because she may not have all the attention she expects, poor child, and she must not appear to be alone."

Gilbert promised to do his best and they started. As many of the guests were coming from town, it had been agreed that they were all to meet at the station, and from there they would be driven to Mr. Waring's place. Gilbert and Louise reached the station just as the train came in, and were warmly wel-

comed by Mr. Waring and pleasantly greeted by the others, as everybody was made known to each other; and Louise felt that her fun had begun. She was driven up to the house with a girl to whom she had just been introduced, and two men, one of whom she had met at the hotel. The other was a stranger to her, but none were strangers to each other. They kept up a lively chatter in which Louise joined at first, but from ignorance of most of the topics discussed, she soon got a subtle influence of being excluded in some way, she could scarcely tell how; yet she knew that she had made cleverer remarks than the other girl, and had proof of it after they had reached the house, through having one of her own witticisms retailed as original by this young lady, and seeing the immense success it made. Comparing the two methods of delivering it, she found that her own had been too simply done, while the air of conscious brilliancy, on the part of the other, had made it telling. Louise jotted down a mental note, and proceeded to further discoveries.

It was undeniable that among all the prettily dressed girls she looked rather shabby. She felt it with all the keenness of a woman, and Gilbert felt it with all the jealousy of a brother; but she stood her ground manfully, and had a smile and a word and a turn of her wonderful eyes for every man and woman that came near her. Her anguish was that they would not stay. They were delighted with her as they talked to Mrs. Valentine, but they had their own friends, to whom they drifted back, thinking, if they thought at all, what a pity it was that bright girl never would have any show.

One of them, Phil Carter, who liked to keep up a reputation for eccentricity among his friends, declared that he had "struck a bonanza" in her, though she did dress like a last year's governess; and he took her in to lunch. He liked clever people, and did not care where he found them.

Mrs. Valentine had begun to have doubts of her own penetration, as she saw Louise left on her hands time after time; but she took heart again, for Phil was fastidious in his tastes, and only eccentric where people

would afterwards confess he had been right in his eccentricity. Again she felt that nothing but money was lacking in her protégée.

Louise was far from being grateful to Phil for his attention. On the contrary, she had a good opinion of her own value, and with two brothers to judge from, she knew very well that he would not stay by her side if he did not like it. Phil was quite captivated in a cold-blooded, society sort of a way. She was by far the prettiest girl at the table; and in spite of her unhappy clothes, looked a little aristocrat to the tips of her shapely fingers. She had plenty to say for herself, and spirit to hold her own with the girls who snubbed her, and vaunted their popularity in the hundred tacit ways women have of parading before each other.

Lily Swift was radiant. She sat at Mr. Waring's right hand, serene in the consciousness of a most becoming and appropriate dress, and of the fact that the little curls on her forehead looked more like a crayon drawing than ever. That end of the table seemed like the personification of convivial enjoyment, and made the rest of the table envy the occupants.

It was a proud moment for Lily. She felt that she had only to turn over her hand to be the hostess on many such an occasion, and she knew she would grace the position. Mr. Waring had never been so unreserved, so almost boyish. Everbody voted him delightful, and Mrs. Valentine a darling; and Lily arrested several glances that seemed to couple her with her host, some of approval, some of resentment at her good fortune.

"Our host has not an unenviable position, has he?" murmured Carter to Louise, as one of Mr. Waring's remarks was greeted by a chorus of applauding laughter. "They seem to be enjoying themselves, don't they?"

"I think some of it sounds very silly," said Louise, frankly.

"This is your first appearance on any stage," returned Carter. "You will find a good deal of it very silly. A girl of your mental calibre always does. For all that, what man wouldn't change places with Marion Waring—for a while?"

"Would you?" asked Louise, in some

surprise. "Tell me why." For Carter was much younger, better looking, far more finely educated, and altogether more agreeable, and the only advantage Mr. Waring possessed was longed-for, sinned-for money.

"Because money is everything," returned her new acquaintance, not with the bitterness that her mother showed in speaking of it, but with the quiet accent of unshakable conviction. "To be sure, Waring is not young, and he is self-made and self-assertive, but he has everything his own way. He can get what he wants, every time. He has position, influence, flattery, devotion, which he buys from men and women. There isn't a girl at this table who wouldn't spring to answer 'Yes, thank you,' if he said, 'Will you?'"

"I think you are very unjust!" exclaimed Louise. "There are some women who would not sell themselves just for money."

"Wait until you have seen a little more," said Carter. "Of course, it shocks you now, and I know there are some exceptions, but they only prove the rule. You will see how much respect and real esteem a good bank account brings most people, and you will come to think it is right, after all. Women, in general, haven't much heart, and they are perfectly happy with material comfort. You couldn't open their eyes to anything better."

Louise began an indignant protest, but he only laughed as if he were wiser than to believe her, and added:

"Take my advice, Miss Lennard, and keep us poor men to amuse you, but laugh in our faces if we pretend to compete as husbands with the rich bankers and brokers. It is a blunder to fall in love at all, but it is a crime to fall in love with a poor man."

"And the men?" asked Louise. "Is it a crime for them to fall in love with poor girls? You see I want to learn my lesson well."

"A rich man may do it, as he can afford other luxuries, but it is a great piece of extravagance on his part, and the girl must have something—beauty, or family, or style. But for a poor man and a poor girl—well, most of us like to find out that a girl has a few thousands of her own, before we promise to endow her with the worldly goods that we haven't got."

"You have the theory complete; supposing the end of life is marriage," observed Louise. "Are there any marriages with all the drawbacks you have told me about? I want to be prepared."

"Oh, yes; some poor girls become intimate with rich ones, and the friendship throws a glamor over them, so that they often do better matrimonially speaking than the rich friends they have been using; but that takes a great deal of *finesse*, and it isn't sure to be successful."

"What makes you such a cynic?" said Louise.

"God knows I have less reason than most men to be cynical," he answered, with an expression in his eyes that Louise liked. "There are some wonderful, saving exceptions; I have known them; they keep—"

Here Mrs. Valentine rose and left the table with her flock. They wandered about the grounds a little, for the day was too lovely to stay in-doors, and Louise again found herself relegated to Mrs. Valentine, for she was too proud to join the groups that seemed complete without her.

"Oh, Mr. Waring," called Mrs. Valentine, as the gentlemen finally made their appearance; "we all want to see the house. You know you have the reputation of owning the completest house in California, and we want to go over it. Will you take us?"

"Nothing I should like better," said Mr. Waring, expansively; "only I'm not much used to doing the honors in this sort of thing. The dining room, I think, you have all seen enough of for the present, so we'll leave that out."

He led the way from room to room, each as beautiful as the other in its own appropriate way, and the views from the rooms upstairs, all different, had a variety not often attained from one spot of ground.

They all crowded out on a veranda, when Mr. Waring said to Mrs. Valentine in a voice loud enough for all to hear:

"Where's Miss Lennard? Is she lost? Keep them all here until I bring her back, and then we must start for the train."

He found Louise standing in the deep em-

brasure of a window, in one of the upper rooms, that looked out on the mountain. The severe, placid face that lies upturned to the sky, crowning the mountain, Nature's giant sculpture, stood out in bold relief against the deep blue enamel of a Californian summer sky, surrounded by its subject hills; and Louise stood alone, absorbed in it, freed for a moment from oppressive human presence, strengthened by the grandeur and silence of the eternal hills for the endurance of small pin-pricks, that once or twice today already had brought her near to tears of disappointment and wounded self esteem. The reality had been so different from her joyous expectations.

Mr. Waring paused a moment before he addressed her, involuntarily stilled by the calm pleasure he saw in her sensitive face. Then he came close to her, and said:

"How does all this please you?"

She did not start; her mood was too peaceful. She only turned her quiet eyes on him, and answered gently:

"Very, very much."

"Do you like it? Does it satisfy you?"

"Satisfy me?" she echoed, half annoyed. Was the man never easy unless his possessions were being praised? But he was her host, so she answered with a smile:

"I should think a person must be very stupid, not to be perfectly delighted with everything about it. It is simply perfection. Nobody with any taste could suggest a single change."

He came a step nearer, and said in a lower voice.

"Does it suit you? Would you like it for yours?"

Now she was startled in good earnest, and looked him in the face for one frightened second. She tried to speak, and put out a trembling little hand, that he took and held in both of his while he spoke again.

"Everything shall be yours, my child, if you will take its owner with it."

"Oh, don't ask it! I never dreamed of anything like this, indeed!" Louise forced her dry lips to articulate; while her breath came so fast, and her voice was so low, that

he bent his head to hear her—"I can't, oh, I cannot."

"I didn't mean to frighten you," said Mr. Waring, releasing her hand, as if he were giving her back something delicate and precious. "Take all the time you want to think about it. Talk it over with your father and mother. My dear, I think I can make you very happy, and you know that you will be the one object of my life. No, don't try to answer me now," he added, as she opened her lips to speak again, "I have too much at stake to let your words be final. I have seen you in your home life, and I want you to make my home for me. How could you be so surprised? I thought you knew it days ago."

"Why—" exclaimed Louise, and then stopped. A feeling of triumph over Lily Swift, that she would not have betrayed for worlds, mingled with loyalty to her sex, prevented her from yielding to the impulse that first prompted her to say that every one had supposed his preference to point definitely in a different direction.

"Will you go back to the others now? I came to find you and take you to them," said Mr. Waring, seeing that he was to hear nothing from her on that subject. "All this is suspended for a few days, remember, and then I will come for my answer. I don't want to take any advantage of you; I wouldn't have you think so for the world; and whatever you tell me when I see you again, I shall accept, no matter if you give me the bitterest disappointment of my life. One, thing though, you must tell me before I urge you any further. Is there any one else? In that case, I could only be sorry that I had spoken at all, and draw back now, once for all."

His voice had grown lower again, and he had taken her hand once more, as he bent down and looked in her eyes.

"No," she distinctly said, lifting them and looking full at him, while the tears rose slowly and brimmed over her lashes, and she trembled from head to foot. "There is no one else, Mr. Waring. It is only fair that you should know that. But I cannot, I know I never can do what you ask, and I

wish that you would give it up and let it go now."

"Shall I get you a glass of wine?" was his answer, in a way men have of completely ignoring the previous subject when they mean to have their own way. "You are shaking all over." He placed her in a chair, was gone and back before she realized she was alone, and made her drink the wine he had brought, though at first she refused it. It took away the nervous chill that was making her teeth chatter, and relieved the desire to bury her face in her hands and cry, so that presently she rose, and said in a steady voice:

"I can meet the others now, and it must be time to go."

They returned to the group on the veranda, and found the carriages ready to take them back to the train. Mr. Waring displayed more thought in the distribution of his guests on the return trip than he had shown in their coming. Then, he had only taken care that they should all be safely bestowed in the carriages, and left companionship to chance, which had put him in a phaeton with Lily Swift. But now he had put Gilbert and his sister into the phaeton, and he himself, with most of the others, occupied the *char-à-banc*; while Mrs. Valentine, Miss Swift, Phil Carter, and another young man, who all had the hotel for their destination, went in the carriage that had taken Louise on the way to the lunch.

"What possessed the child to go away by herself and cry about being neglected before she gets home, where nobody would see her red eyes!" thought Mrs. Valentine, impatiently, as she noticed Louise's altered face. "Well, she must learn better than to give way before a crowd. I don't believe there's as much in her as I thought."

But if Mrs. Valentine had known what really took place on that momentous occasion, she would have given Louise credit for a good deal of self-command. Not many girls of twenty could have received a proposal from Marion Waring, without having made the fact patent to all eyes—but their demeanor would scarcely have been of the downcast sort.

*Helen Lake.*

## THE TURNING OF ORPHEUS.

So they toiled upward in the narrow way;  
 And Orpheus felt the inclination grow  
 To turn and look upon her following.  
 For, through the crowded measure of his thoughts—  
 The weary quest, the pride of end attained—  
 The echo of her footsteps there behind,  
 Crept always in and out like undertone  
 In music. Ever and anon he heard  
 The rustle of her garments; saw before  
 Upon the gloomy slope her shadow go  
 Like frightened ghost fled from the fires behind,  
 And trembling more with each step toward release.

Once, where the way was dark and very steep,  
 She pressed so close that her long, fragrant hair  
 Swept like fresh, wind-blown leaves along his side;  
 And on his hand was her hot panting breath.  
 Then half he turned, with thought to comfort her:  
 Remembered and stood still; and trembling said:  
 "Not so, sweet love," and then again "Not so,"  
 And gathering all his sinews like a deer  
 Affrighted, ran, without a glance aside,  
 And left temptation toiling far behind.

Anon he took his lyre and let his hand  
 Go wandering here and there among the strings,  
 Touching long, dreamy chords of radiant sound.  
 And each recalled Eurydice. This strain  
 Had echoed her first kindling tones of love;  
 And that attuned their common hymn of praise  
 At many a ruddy morning sacrifice.  
 So, struggling in this net of vanished days—  
 Ah, days forever sweet for her sweet sake—  
 His feet went slower, and he did not heed  
 How she drew nearer, dragging leaden feet,  
 And weeping, half in weakness, half in fear.  
 Nor how she strove to reach him, seeing not  
 The roughness of the road, and stumbling oft;  
 Till as she stretched her hand to touch his cloak,  
 Her weary limbs forsook her and she fell,  
 And falling called to him—that panting cry  
 Cut like a knife the meshes of his dream;  
 And knowing only that she stood in need  
 And called him, he let fall the lyre and turned.

*Francis E. Sheldon.*



## AN AUTUMN RAMBLE IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

I STARTED early for a long walk, with old dog Leap and little boy Louis for companions. We are ready to forget that this is the season of decay: the sense of sadness that comes at the approach of autumn we have not yet felt, for we have just had a delightful rain, which has washed off all the foliage of the trees and shrubs, making them look fresh as early summer. It is pleasant to see the faces of the old brown hills again, without the veil of smoke that has hung over everything for weeks. The western breezes had freely wafted it to us from the Coast Range of mountains. But, thanks to the shower, the mountain fires are subdued for the present, and the air washed clear again.

Western people are so familiar with the ever-prevailing dust that they never, for pleasure, take a walk along a road, but choose the most obscure and least-traveled paths—those found by passing through meadows and following the streams, now crawling through or over fences, letting down bars, going through tangles of wild clematis, then dodging between thorn thickets. Wild asters nod at us as we brush past them; now and then a few lupine blooms show timidly on a long spike of withered flowers and already ripe seed-pods. Prairie chickens and pheasants startle us by their abrupt and noisy flight at our approach. They have fattened in the wheat fields, and are ready to be sacrificed to the cruel gun of the sportsman, who has impatiently waited for the expiration of the game law.

"What is that?" exclaims Louis in excitement; "*Toodlekins*, sure as can be. How did you find us?"

Our cat, "certain sure," giving an excited *meow* to express his delight at seeing us; determined, evidently, to enjoy the holiday with us. There were four of us now, all looking for amusement this beautifully still day.

We heard voices and saw a team, a load of wood, in a clearing.

"See here, old man, I think you ought to be satisfied with the drift wood that I told you to take and welcome. I never supposed you would cut down trees—my best timber at that! It does beat all—hauling it off, too!"

"What you say?" asked the teamster, making an ear-trumpet of one hand.

"I say for you to never take another stick of wood off my land."

"Wha-at? You know I'm hard o' hearin'. You've a right smart o' wood, oh, yes, right smart; lots of it goin' to waste by the acre."

"Leave as quick as you can, or I will prosecute you."

The farmer, with a red face, turns down a path, the wood-hauler mumbles and prepares to mount his load, saying loudly, "I'm willin' to do what's fair, ye know." Slipping a long, black plug of tobacco back into his pocket, he repeats to himself: "Some folks is awful stingy and particular."

The farmer turned to speak to me. I have seen him often—a very good man and neighbor.

"You heard us talkin', I 'spose. That fellow is aggravatin'! I let him live in one of my houses, rent free, give him what wood he burns, furnish him work when I have it, and then, don't you believe, he sneaked into the land office the other day to see if there was not some flaw in my deeds or entries, hopin' he could jump the place I'm livin' on. Let on he would make me give him twenty dollars an acre. At the same time he was workin' for me and boardin' with us, as friendly as possible. Is that human nature?"

With a "good day" and a smile at Louis, he left us. A short turn in the path brings us in view of the dizzy bluff, rising abruptly from the water's edge. It is terraced with cattle trails, for it is in a pasture, and dangerous enough to heedless cows and horses.

Presently we came to a farm-house, where

the farmer's wife was feeding her turkeys. We stopped to chat with her, and to hear how she had raised two hundred turkeys. She invited us to come into the house, and we went in with her. There we found her sister-in-law, Mrs. Pond, a sallow, sad-looking woman, who never felt well.

"How do you do?" I asked.

"O, just toler'ble. I'm sufferin' with er'esip'las just now." And indeed, an ugly swelling like a bee sting disfigured her temple.

Her husband, a nervous, anxious man, was near her, now and then feeling of her pulse, and insisting on bringing her a fresh drink. The doctor came, applied starch to the affected part, and prescribed cream of tartar and soda, "to be taken in syrup." At last, after the patient had been thoughtfully attended to, she startled us all by saying:

"It 'pears to me a yaller-jacket stung me. Now I come to remember, one did, right in that spot where the er'sip'las is. Shouldn't wonder if that wasn't hit after all."

A look of pleased relief passed over the anxious husband's face. But the sister-in-law was not so well pleased, and asked:

"What—did you let us sit up with you all night just for a *bee sting*? It's always that way. Henry has made a baby of you, and humors you, till you are ready to read about and buy every new patent medicine. The back yard is full of old bottles you've emptied. No wonder you are weak."

"Don't be hard, Susan," said Mr. Pond appealingly. "You know Hetty always was nervous"; while Mrs. Pond, whose feelings were hurt, found her handkerchief and wiped her eyes, which always seemed to have a ready supply of moisture behind them.

I had known this family for several years. Susan was an energetic and hard-working woman. Hetty had never kept house, but always lived with her sister-in-law.

Relieved as to Mrs. Pond's condition, we said good-bye, and walked on, turning to take a last look at this hillside farm, one edge of which came down to the river, while the other stood up almost in the clouds. We came after a while to a broken bridge,

which we could only reach by walking a shaky, dizzy board. The clear water bubbles and foams as it dashes over the rocks. It must be full of fish, for they are constantly leaping out of the water after flies and passing insects.

There is a house close by, and I humor my whim to go in and gossip with its inmates. They have been here a long time—thirteen years—but still there is no window in the rude log structure. A sliding board gives light. We went in, and were met with a cheerful "Good evenin'. How did you git here?" This was as far down the river as I had ever visited. I felt tired, and five-year-old Louis's red face and damp hair showed that he wanted a rest in the shade. Poor old Leap would come in, too, against my strenuous remonstrance. Mrs. Gaines, however, protested that she liked dogs, and "he would not be in the way a bit."

The room looked neat, and passably comfortable. The shelves, ornamented with notched newspapers, had a few books on them. I saw a file of magazines on one shelf. Over the fire-place hung two painted horse shoes—morning glories on a pink ground, and forget-me-nots on a white ground. Two "split-bottomed" rockers, inviting and comfortable, cushioned with chintz, and one clumsy, rudely made arm chair, that Mrs. Gaines said, "my old man made," were the luxuries of the room.

"Did you ever see Mrs. Sloan?" asked Mrs. Gaines, abruptly.

I told her that I had never seen the person. She looked ready to unfold a bit of history.

"Well, you need never want to see her. She is a queer critter, and a tough case. It is said that she swears, and is as rough as any man.

"She an' her old man used to have discussions. She always got the best of the quarrel, because she could talk the loudest and the fastest. You see, she was twenty years younger than her old man—both been married before; each had grown children, too.

"She wanted her children to have all the

property. He refused to make a will. And she left him, also their two children born since their present marriage—Sherman and Grant. They *were* spoiled; he couldn't make them mind, an' she wouldn't. He was a'most blind.

"She made him earn his board, though. He had to make what she called a 'pounding barrel.' She put in the water and clothes and let him pound out the worst of the dirt. He milked and churned, chopped wood, and brought it in.

"But, law me, he was no henpecked husband; he talked, an' jawed back as free an' unrestrained as a young man could.

"She threatened to leave him—started off. He cried and called her back; and in a few days she was selling off things in the house—sold everything but the beds and kitchen stove. Then she left; went to town and did house-work for a livin', leavin' Sherman and Grant to stay with their pa. The boys had things their own way more'n ever. Their pa couldn't see 'em three rods away.

"His wife seemed to discover, suddenly, that he was too old for her, any how. Said she would rather marry a man twenty-five years younger, than one as much older—"for men do get so powerful helpless after they are fifty-five or sixty. The reason they are so picktler about marryin' wimmen younger'n them is to have some one wait on' em, and make things cheerful for 'em. They want a woman to forget she has feelin's, or ever gits tired, and preach it's her duty.'

"After she left, the poor old man got so awful lonesome in the empty house, he nearly cried himself to death. It was pitiful, if he *had* been mean and silly. I sent him a loaf of bread or a pie every day. It pleased him wonderfully.

"But all things must come to an end some time. One Saturday morning he brought the churnin' over for me to work over an' salt. He always went to town Saturdays; stopped to visit his wife an' beg her to come back home, although he knew well enough that she would slam the door in his face, and threaten to call the police if he did not mind his own business. This time he harnessed

his team, expectin' to go to town as usual. But he commenced feelin' strange and ill. He was completely par'lyzed in less than three hours.

"Sherman came to our house after my old man, an' some more neighbors. So I went over to help.

"Go and get Ann as quick as you can. I know she'll come, if she knows I'm sick,' says he. My man started with a team to go after her—twenty miles away, the dust about eight inches deep, and the wind blowin' like everything.

"He kept gittin' worse, and died in two hours. I never want to see another as sad a death. The deserted house, not even a clean sheet in it; his and the boys' dirty clothes scattered around the house.

"But he was well cared for; they sent an order to the store for the finest suit of clothes; even ordered a fine handkerchief, which was not sent! The slippers were loose for him, but stayed on him all night. His wife took them off before he was put in his coffin, and sent them back to the store, as they were too large for her to wear.

"Well, as I told you, my old man went after the sick man's wife. He found her dressed in her Sunday clothes, just starting down to the photograph gallery to have some pictures taken. She gave up her photographs, and came out willin' enough.

"She was in good spirits; kept talkin' about the old man bein' so contrary an' set in his ways. 'I'll make him fish or cut bait now. It's likely he will be helpless for a long spell, an' I can make him sign any papers I want to, so my children can have something, instead of his worthless boys.'

"She was laughin' gay as a magpie, when along come a machine agent, that stopped here just a few minutes after the poor fellow died. The agent was acquainted with both families, knew of their awful disagreements, and laughed as he said, 'It will save a divorce bill.' When he met the folks comin' out, he drove out of the road and said, 'Well, the old man is dead.'

"You don't say so!' screamed the widow,

and she flopped down in the bottom of the wagon, and got up a respectable cry. Her eyes grew becomin'ly red, and so did her nose. By the time she got to our house, she looked the afflicted widow, which was all she pretended to be now.

"The next day was the funeral. Folks gathered in 'to look at the corpse and admire his new clothes'—so little Sherman said—the little heathen!

"Those two boys, Sherman, fourteen years old, and Grant, nine years old, made me so ashamed! In the front yard their pa's hat was stuck up for a target, an' them both shootin' at it with bows an' arrows. They agreed upon the division of the property: Sherman took the boots and Grant the pocket knife.

"After all was quiet, the funeral over, an' folks all gone, Mrs. Sloan, that's the widder, hunted around and found all the milk, just as the old man left it. Some of it stood on shelves in the kitchen. She skimmed it, and sold the butter he had churned. My man will never eat a pound of store butter since he knew of her sendin' that for sale!

"She has stayed on the place ever since. I wish it wasn't so near. Just across the lane, and our chickens mix. I can see an' hear everything they do."

The doors were open, and I looked across at the house, and saw Mrs. Sloan in the yard, sleeves rolled up, one hand shading her eyes.

"You Sherman and Grant, come here this minnit. I just wish I had *forty* like ye, an' I'd have a shootin' match."

"There," said our gossip Mrs. Gaines, "you see how it is. She always has such a time in finding her little boys. She says they never come near to help about anything, but when it is meal time they are always on time.

"Law me, folks that don't train their children when they are small to mind and be helpful, shouldn't expect much from them; nor they don't deserve any sympathy, either.

"There is our James: he never was quick to work when he was small, and I never expected much from him. He would build

fires an' milk the cow, and do chores willin' enough; but he never showed any love or fancy for work. I mean, he never hunted for it, or saw that it needed to be done.

"Now he's sixteen; he hates farm-work, he says, an' no special talent for any other occupation, professional or mechanical. I feel sorry for him.

"I will have to tell his secret, but I wouldn't have him know it. He saw a pictorial advertisement, describin' in such an allurin' way these photograph cameras. They seemed to sink deep down into his thoughts. He believed he could buy one for a'most nothin', start out takin' photographs for people, and make an endless fortune right off.

"He spent thousands of dollars in the month he waited for his camera to come. He built us a fine house and furnished it. I had a girl to do the work, and an endless lot of finery. He had a library stocked with the books he could not get, but had wanted so long. Then the books an' papers he bought for the poor children he knows! an' he finished the church-house, an' carpeted it. You know they have waited so long, expectin' to raise money by monthly subscriptions to complete the buildin'. His imagination was active and full of pleasure for a brief time. At last the camera came!

"He was so excited he could hardly wait to read the directions how to operate the instrument. He studied it, though, carefully, till he knew just what to do.

"Then we had to give up one of the bedrooms to him. He covered up every crack and knot-hole that let in sunshine; drove the children out of there; fixed up a dark lantern out of a cigar box; then came out, adjusted his camera, and went to work.

"He pointed it at me when I was washin' dishes, clapped on the cap over the tube, run into his dark room, holdin' his 'slide' he called it, shut the door, an' all the children thought he had gone crazy, he acted so queer and awfully mysterious.

"He used up all his negative plates—there was only six of 'em. Then he commenced developin' an' tonin.' Law me, you

ought to have seen 'em when he finished the work. Three of the plates were black blanks, not a thing else; one of the others showed a dim outline of a shadow, and the other was supposed to be poor little Willy. There was a cloud resting on one eye, a queer blotch on each shoulder. No one would ever known what it looked like.

"Poor James! his plates all gone, and no money to spend on the poor! not even enough to buy more chemicals and material for operatin' again. His pa found out about it; of course, the children had to tell him. Now, James has no ambition to become a photographer; he gave the camera to the children. They have it out in their play house now."

Mrs. Gaines had hospitably set an abundance of grapes and Bartlett pears before us before she sat down, and the stocking she was knitting grew fast, as she talked on and on. At last, she came to an end. It was time to turn homeward. It would be twilight before we could walk the distance. Louis, Leap, and Toodlekins were all impatient to start, as they saw my signs of departure.

Bidding farewell, we started, prepared to walk briskly.

Tinkling bells could already be heard out in the hills, as the cows wended their way homeward. Now and then a cricket chirruped, or a night hawk would whirr through the air. The little ground owls called out their familiar "*tahoo, tahoo*," which is easily made to sound like "*cuckoo, cuckoo*." A distant whistle heralds the approach of the evening train. We meet now and then some one hurrying home. Leap, impatient to get home, rushes on in advance. Louis thinks "this has been a long day"; he walks ahead, and looks back to see if I am coming.

The twinkling lights begin to appear in the windows; all is hushed and quiet as we pass on, wishing we had not stayed so long listening to Mrs. Gaines. Soon comes the welcome light of home. Louis is glad to have his clothes off and take his bath. His dreamy "Now I lay me down to sleep" is the last sound from his room. He has gone to sleep, to dream of the jack-rabbits, birds, and squirrels he saw today.

M. A. R.

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#### MR. GRIGG'S CHRISTMAS.

"'MERRY as a grig!' I've heard my mother say; *he* doesn't look very merry, does he?"

"No, not very happy, that's true."

The two girls passed on down the stairs, and as they paused in the wide doorway below, they both looked up the street, blankly unconscious of the pave, the people, and all else that lay between them and the street car a block away. One of them took the long braid of hair hanging down her back, and with her slender, ungloved fingers, swiftly pulled its brown and glossy strands into a looser mesh. That was little Jenny Brown.

"Those two girls probably belong to the score or more employed by Sansome & Co; you see they are just down from the printing-room, now," remarked one gentleman to another, passing by under the same

umbrella. "A year ago it was an experiment with the firm, and attracted considerable attention, but somehow the girls stuck by them. I don't see how it is, either, after all the outcry from the men about its lowering the wages, and the shiftlessness of that class of girls. At any rate, if it didn't pay, Sansome & Co. wouldn't have continued the experiment—regular skinflints, you know."

One of the girls ran out into the rain, hailed her street car, and left the other standing there alone. And then a pair of feet came down the dusky stairs, and a voice said:

"So, Jenny, you don't think me 'merry as a grig!'"

"Oh, Mr. Grigg, I didn't say so," replied Jenny, startled, and coloring anxiously. "I only thought that you didn't look very hap-

py; perhaps it's by contrast, though. Every one seems to feel happy about Christmas time, and I didn't imagine you did, somehow."

"Well," answered Mr. Grigg, smiling down at her, "I don't know as I do; come to think of it—no, I don't know as I do."

"If you please, sir," she said, timidly, "I should think anybody could be quite happy now, if they had only one person to make a Christmas for."

"But I haven't, Jenny; I haven't even one person; no." It had a desolate sound in his own ears as he said it.

"What, not one?" The brown eyes opened in amazement; "not a mother, or a sister, or maybe a far-away cousin or an aunt, somewhere!"

"My mother died, Jenny, when I was a boy, and I never had a sister. I haven't a relation in all this State, and as for any other, if I have, they are as good as strangers."

"Oh! how lonesome!" cried Jenny. "I beg your pardon, sir. I've no right to think it's lonesome. No doubt you like it that way."

"Yes, it is lonesome, Jenny," he answered, glancing absently up and down the street, "and I don't think I do like it that way any more."

After he had done saying this, he crossed the walk and took his car, the flash from a just-lit street lamp yellowing over his grim and sandy face, and in another moment another car picked Jenny Brown up and carried her off. Indeed, another car was always coming and carrying off another person, just as another locust came and carried off another grain of corn; and still like the locusts and the corn, there were always more cars and more people.

The next morning, Mr. Grigg was up and at it. He was always up and at it at seven o'clock the year round. The men at the presses, the compositors at the forms, the clerks at the desks, the girls with the shears and the paste and the girls at the type, the errand boys, and the janitor even, felt that small, pale blue eye of his the first thing in the morning, when they almost wondered

how he could have had time to sharpen it up to such an edge.

This morning was no exception. As the girls came trooping by him with their hats and shawls, and little baskets or paper bundles holding a bite for noon, there sat Mr. Grigg at his desk. He looked fifty years old, and very likely he was that. His smooth shaven cheeks were lean and freckled, and a bit of yellow beard clung to his chin. His heavy eyebrows looked almost as thick, and were just to match. An ugly bald spot disfigured the crown of his head, and some specks of dandruff lay on his coat collar. The backs of his hands were freckled, too. He wasn't a handsome man; looking over the whole employ of Sansome & Co., you wouldn't have found so grim and gruff and sandy a man as Mr. Richard Grigg.

"Looks like an old toad, doesn't he, sitting there in that dark hole of a corner?" remarked one of the hands, busily getting his case into order.

"Oh, well, I don't know. Old Grigg never did me any harm; I don't feel like calling him hard names," answered Tom Finley, stirring his pot of ink.

"Well, a freckled toad doesn't do any harm, either, but he'll snap at a pretty butterfly all the same."

Young Finley glanced toward the desk in the corner, and he saw Jenny Brown standing there with her hat off and her old plaid shawl over her arm. In her own shy, pretty way she was listening, just for that moment, to what Mr. Grigg, the manager said, and a stray sunbeam from somewhere shot across her drooping shoulders and turned the glossy brown braid into shining strands of gold.

"It's a pleasant morning, Jenny," Mr. Grigg was saying.

"Yes, sir," she answered.

"I've been thinking about what you said last night, you know, Jenny,—how lonesome my life is, Jenny,—and I think I shall try and have a merry Christmas this time."

"Yes, sir," she answered again, and as she went away, Mr. Grigg buried himself in his papers once more.

In that little minute the whole floor had

seen the manager talking to Jenny Brown— Mr. Grigg, who ordinarily looked at the girls as if they were posts set up on duty,— and a nudge, a glance, a smile, a little word went from one to another.

“Is that what you mean by snapping at a butterfly,” asked Tom Finley, angrily, and his heart turned fierce at the wink and roll of the tongue he received in answer.

In another moment the fringe of the old plaid shawl touched his coat sleeve, and a thrill shot up through his elbow. “Good morning, Tom,” said Jenny, under her breath, and passed on to her place.

Mr. Grigg's heart laughed in his bosom that day, like a bit of old mold turned over into the sunshine. A thought of love had straggled in there and found a lodgment. Seeds often fall into old mold, find root, take leaf, and blossom by and by. Jenny Brown was poor, she was good, she was pretty, she was young,—so sweet, yes, and so sweet. His lip trembled as he said that to himself. He was old and ugly, but he would be so good to her he would make up to her for that. It couldn't be in a woman to remember it against a man that he was old and ugly, when as good as he meant to be to little Jenny.

Well, well, he had never thought much about religion, but now that God had sent little Jenny that would be different. He would have wife, home, and church,—yes, and heaven, too, by and by, please God and little Jenny. He had been a hard man even if a just man, but he would soften up a bit. There were the girls now: he had always opposed them, but he would begin right there and make them an advance in their wages. He remembered with a shock that his little Jenny earned just \$7 a week, and she and her mother lived on that somewhere way off in the suburbs,—he knew, because when Jenny was sick, once, her mother came to him to make sure of the place.

No wonder the plaid shawl was faded, and a bit of the fringe missing here and there! But Mr. Grigg looked down the line of girls, and saw the dimple in Jenny's chin even at that distance, and laughed at the idea of \$7

a week. Should he spoil her with all his money? he wondered.

It clouded up at noon that day, but Mr. Grigg never knew it. “Jenny, Jenny, Jenny Brown,” his heart sang all day. By night it was raining,—a wet rain, soft, mild, and penetrating,—and then Mr. Grigg took out his umbrella and looked at it; then wondering how it could rain when the world seemed so bright, he went out and bought a new umbrella, a silk one with an ivory handle, and put his old cotton one scornfully to one side.

The girls were all getting ready to go home, and Jenny Brown was looking sorrowfully at the little speck of red feather in her hat. Some of them were dressed in style, brass arrows run through their hair, lace at their wrists, leather belts, lisle-thread gloves, extravagance in veils; but not so Jenny.

“I must take it off,” sighed she ruefully, “for it's all the feather I've got, and this rain will take all its curl out. I wish I could afford to dress like the other girls. Oh, dear me! there's Tom!” and she turned quite rosy, hastily put on her hat without taking out the feather, and after all her haste lingered about on one little pretext or another until almost all the girls were gone.

When she stepped out at last, there stood Mr. Grigg, waiting for her with his new silk umbrella. It almost took her breath when he went down the long flight of stairs beside her, and her eyes never once lifted above the ivory knob on the umbrella handle.

But when they reached the sidewalk, there, waiting beside the door, was Tom, with *his* umbrella.

“Ah! Finley, good-night, good-night!” said Mr. Grigg, genially. He felt good will to all the world tonight.

Jenny looked at Tom appealingly, but his handsome face,—so handsome beside Mr. Grigg's, and so fresh!—was disfigured by a great scowl.

“Oh! if you only wouldn't, Tom,” Jenny whispered to herself. “You foolish boy, he's old enough to be my father, can't you see?”

So Mr. Grigg held his umbrella over Jenny's head till her car came, and then he went with her out into the street, and hailed

the car, and very tenderly put her in; and young Tom Finley stood there scowling and feeling ugly, and never taking his eyes off those two till Mr. Grigg came back again.

The sandy and freckled old man was smiling and smiling to himself, as if he carried in his hand a sweet rose.

"Ah, Finley!" he said cordially, "a rainy night, sir!" and he went on down the street, almost feeling that little Jenny still walked under his umbrella with him.

"Old Grigg, old Grigg!" said Tom, silently, "You freckled old toad, you! You're a superannuated, red-headed, old grandmother! You've got a whole upper set of false teeth, and you've had the rheumatism these ten years! You've been grinning like that all day, you stingy old cuss, making up your mind, I've no doubt, to take Jenny to the car. You're a nice beau to go sparking a tender, delicate, sweet little thing like Jenny. Ha, ha! ho, ho!" But Tom didn't feel quite so merry as he'd have had himself believe, and he went off up the street, feeling very much like kicking every cobblestone he trod on.

The rest of that week Mr. Grigg hugged his heart; very tenderly, very respectfully, very lovingly, he thought of the little girl, who possibly might soon be his wife. For her sake he spoke a kindly word to the other girls once or twice as they passed his desk, and he kept his resolve about the increase in wages.

On Saturday morning, as Jenny came in, she carried a scentless winter rosebud in her hand, and a dozen or so fragrance-filled early violets.

"Good morning; stay a moment, Jenny," said Mr. Grigg. "I remember your mother came to me once: is she quite well, Jenny? I think she said you lived a good distance from here—just whereabouts was it? Yes, yes; you have a long distance to come mornings. Thank you, thank you, Jenny,"—for Jenny, touched by his interest, had laid her flowers timidly on his desk. She never guessed that many a time those flowers would touch his trembling lips, and long, long be treasured in memory of her.

The next night was the last Sunday night before Christmas. It was full dark as early as six in the evening, and it was about that time as Richard Grigg was turning unknown street corners and inspecting strange ways in a distant part of the city. He was well brushed and well dressed, and he carried the new umbrella in his hand. He declared that he felt freshened and good as new himself. He was almost young in heart and thought again, as he tramped cheerily along through the mud and rain.

"I wonder now"—and he paused to get his bearings once again—"Ah, yes; this must be it, over yonder. A small cottage, standing somewhat alone, with a little garden plot in front."

Little Jenny's home! Where she budded and bloomed, so pretty, so innocent, so sweet! Little brown-eyed daisy! God help him, for he was so filled with happiness and the desire to make her and all that was hers happy!

The blind was raised in the little parlor, and the light and warmth and comfort and homeliness of the room hung behind the window like a pleasant picture in a frame. Few came that way, and no one was suspected of caring to look; but Richard Grigg, who had no home, came that way, and, coming, stood and looked. Oh! what a cosy spot it was, and Jenny there, and Jenny's mother there, and Tom Finley—oh, yes; young Finley there!

The tears came into Mr. Grigg's eyes when he saw Jenny's Tom so comfortable and so at home. His very being there told all that there was to tell. And Jenny had never laughed so free and merry as that in the workshop; she had never looked so like a little wife; her eyes had never seemed so deep and brown; her hair had never seemed so smooth—so smooth as if a shining hand had blessed her and stroked it away at the parting.

And when Tom—God help thee, Richard Grigg!—happy, handsome, bold young Tom, takes her little hand and holds it in his own, and, I say, Richard Grigg, when, behind her mother's back, she puts her arm round his



neck, and he leans over and kisses her red and dewy lips, then it is time that the homeless man outside in the rain and dark and mud there—the freckled, old, sandy-haired man outside—tramp off and away into the city again.

When Mr. Grigg reached his dark, cold, and lonely rooms once more, something beside the rain had wet his cheeks, and all his effervescence and sparkle were gone. He looked his fifty years or more; a miserable, lonely, old man; not a soul to care for, and Christmas near!

“O, to be young again, just to be young again!” he said. “Time, experience, money? all useless! useless!”—and the rain outside rained harder, and the deepening night grew darker, and all the loneliness and silence in the room seemed so heavily intense that it became almost a living, breathing, oppressive presence.

But beyond the rain, above the dark, out, out farther than Richard Grigg's saddened soul could lift, a million stars were shining, and one of them sang for joy, as it only sang when a soul was born. And when he awoke in the morning the star ray shone in his heart.

“Strange,” murmured the old man, “how very strange! I should like to do some one a kindness.” Then the star light kindled in his eyes as he whispered—this whisper was full of tears: “It will be the greatest kindness I could think of—the greatest, the greatest.”

“Send Finley to me!” said Mr. Grigg next morning to the errand boy, and the boy went down among the employees, wondering at Mr. Grigg's smile.

“Finley,” said Mr. Grigg, and the shop looked up, guessing whether or no Tom was in disgrace. “Finley, you've been in my mind somewhat lately, and it seems a pity a likely young fellow should be wasting his time at a case, when, if he had any pluck in him, he might get beyond it.”

“Yes, sir, you're right,” answered Tom. “I hope to get beyond it. I've heard, sir, that you began at a case yourself, and see where you are now.”

“Ah, yes, Tom, but it took years for me to crawl up, step by step. I'm an old man, you see, and you want to be happy while you're young; you want a home and a wife, Tom,” Mr. Grigg said bravely. “You might be a grandfather at my age,” he continued, smiling with a glint of humor in his gray eye. “Come, Tom, it's near Christmas, and I've a mind to do you a bit of kindness: what do you say?”

“Thank you, sir,” replied Tom, “and I'll try to deserve it.”

“Well, then, I've a few green acres out in the country, and if I could find a man and his wife—a *man and his wife*, mind you!—who would take it share on share, the big share to go to him, and mine to put into improvements, why, I'll put up a house and barn, and—”

“Mr. Grigg,” said Tom, like a man, “I hope you'll forgive me for any hard thought of you I have had, and if from this you guess that I have had hard thoughts, why it is true, sir. But I see, now, I didn't know you.”

“Well, Tom, think it over, talk it over with—with those to whom you are near and dear,” said Mr. Grigg cheerfully, “and let me know. But, upon my word, Tom, you look like a farmer to me already, and I don't doubt but you'll be pricing potatoes and green stuff in a week.”

So Tom and Jenny were married, and to Mr. Grigg, who kept his distance like an unseen guardian angel, it seemed like love's young dream. The sorrowful dream that Jenny had been to him was like the dark path that leads to light; for, though now she was young Tom's, and not his at all, in all his life his heart had never shone so bright.

He was surprised one day to find himself warm all through, glowing with kindness, yearning toward the world. “How much I have missed in the years that are behind me!” he thought regretfully, as hand and heart together went out to his neighbor.

“And yet it was a fair dream,” he thinks wistfully sometimes, as he remembers little Jenny Brown. “How strange that disappointment should have made me a new man!”

Kate Heath.

## A CRUISE AMONG THE FLOATING ISLANDS.

THE two principal lakes of the valley of Mexico are Texcoco and Chalco. These bodies of water are separated by a low range of hills extending down into the plain from the southeast, and reaching half way across to the opposite mountain wall. The basin of Chalco is slightly elevated above that of Texcoco, which results in a flow of its waters towards the latter lake. The connecting link between the two is, however, artificial. In former years, when the waters were higher and encircled the city, these two lakes passed around to the north and west of the range of hills referred to, and mingled their waters upon what is now a wide, fertile plain, blooming with vegetation. During the last two centuries these waters have receded, and been drained away, and the lakes have retired, each to its separate bed. A canal is now the connecting link. This artificial stream passes out of Chalco, winds in and out along the valley, creeps around the point of the separating ridge, sweeps through the suburbs of the great city, and finally mingles with Texcoco. Its entire length will not exceed a dozen miles.

A peculiar feature of these lakes is the fact that the waters of Texcoco are salt and brackish, while Chalco is pure and sweet; and, although the latter is constantly emptying itself into the former, no perceptible change takes place in the character of its water.

It is along this canal that the famous floating gardens, or *chinampas*, of the natives are found. Prescott tells about these islands. Long ago, when the lake was high, they may have floated, but they do not do so now; but it is easy to understand how such a thing might be on a small scale. Where the canal comes out of Chalco, and far into the bosom of the lake, are dense masses of floating vegetation. This accumulates from year to year, and is anchored to its place by living vines and plants, which spring from the bed of the

water. A thin soil gradually forms from the rotting plants, seeds are drifted upon it, and new vegetation starts. I have seen little islands of this kind, a few yards square, with an elastic crust of soil, and young willows growing bravely out of them, which would dip and sink from sight under the pressure of an oar, and then rise like a duck in the wake of my boat. These become firmer as you draw nearer to the shore, and, finally, when you reach the first little cultivated patch, with its straw hut, canoe, and bare-legged proprietor, you strive in vain to submerge it. It will not budge an inch, and you are forced to abandon your long cherished dream of sunny islands, rocked upon the bosom of tropic lakes, happy with singing birds and brown-armed maidens.

It is along this canal that the gardens are found which supply the city with fresh vegetables. They do not float, but they and the Indians who occupy them are, nevertheless, semi-aquatic in their nature. For half a mile on either side of the grand canal, the country is threaded with a perfect network of smaller canals, which lead away the water for irrigation purposes. Each little garden plot is an island, and it is impossible to go anywhere except in a canoe. A stranger would lose himself at once in this labyrinth of water courses, but the native glides in and out, and comes and goes, in his little skiff, happy in his native element, and filling the canals and shaded water courses with life and animation.

The scene on the grand canal in the early morning is picturesque and full of interest. From a hundred side streams suddenly appear crafts of all descriptions, loaded down to the water's edge with vegetables and flowers. An Indian with a single paddle sits in the stern of each canoe, and propels it swiftly and skillfully along through the myriad crafts toward the city. This person is often a woman, and her black hair floats out behind

her as she bends over her paddle, and her white teeth flash as she laughs and answers merrily to the hails of her companions in the other boats. Sometimes, if the canoe is a large one, the vegetable man takes his whole family on board, and while he stands up in the stern and paddles his craft along, his spouse sits forward and nurses her dusky little ones, or arranges the vegetables and flowers for market. On feast days and flower festivals the scene is full of beauty. Every Indian twines a wreath about his hat, the women and children deck themselves with flowers, and the fleet of boats comes down the stream with its occupants singing, and—on the large boats—dancing the *jarabe* at the bows.

The *jarabe*, more familiarly known as the fandango, is the favorite dance of the native Mexicans. A man and a woman stand opposite to each other—or if the women are scarce the men pair off—and dance, or rather stamp, a kind of smothered shuffle, which is neither clog dance nor reel. The dancers do not need much space to execute it successfully, and hence the large, flat-bottomed freight boats, which ply between the city and Chalco, afford ample accommodation for their simple revels. The music on these occasions is usually a harp and a *bandolon*, the latter being an instrument much like the guitar, with twelve metal strings, and the dancers generally chime in with their voices, making a wild chorus, which, once heard, can never be forgotten. There can be nothing more picturesque than a fleet of these noisy, flower-decked boat-people out for a feast day lark.

It was down towards the home of these lake men that Morphy and I directed our footsteps, after a three days' ramble through the adjacent country. We had been drifting idly, tramping hither and thither, sleeping in native huts, and living royally on native fare. We had climbed high peaks, explored the craters of old volcanoes, crawled through the snake-haunted caverns of the lava beds, and sweltered under the noon-day heat of the plain. Chalco was an untried field. We knew something of the canal and its gardens,

but out beyond was something unexplored. We would penetrate the unknown water-land and rob it of its mystery.

Clustered in around the body of the lake are numerous Indian villages, some of them half in the water and half out. There are villages and clusters of huts on the little islands far out in the lake, and causeways lead here and there from swamp to swamp, from shore to shore, and from village to village. For miles, the country in every direction seems to be half water and half land, and it is difficult to say just where the lake begins and the land ends. The inhabitants of these water towns are mostly fishermen and duck hunters. They seldom go out of their swamps, and have retained more of the characteristics of the Aztec tribes, as the Spaniards found them, than any other Indians of the valley. They still retain their aboriginal tongue, and many of them have no knowledge whatever of Spanish. They are shy of strangers, and look with suspicion and distrust upon the traveler who ventures into their haunts. In habits and manner of living they are as simple and rude as were their forefathers, centuries ago, and their bare, comfortless huts suggest beaver haunts and blackbirds' nests among the tules. Notwithstanding all this, they are as healthy and as happy as any people I have seen. In order to live it is not necessary to work hard, and they sing, drink *pulque* and skip about from hut to hut in their little boats, as merry as the mud larks and as careless of the morrow.

Half a day's steady walking down from the Sierra brought us to the borders of this watery land, and, about noon, we found ourselves at the entrance to a long, winding causeway, which appeared to lead somewhere out among the islands and villages.

"This seems to be a good place for a start," said Morphy, "let's turn in here and explore."

Shaking the dust of the mainland from our feet, we strode in among the willows. For a mile or two nothing of special interest presented itself, and then the causeway began to widen; and presently a turn to the left, around a clump of tules, brought us

upon the outskirts of an Indian village. We had been attracted by sounds from this place some time before it came in sight, and had rightly judged that a feast of some kind was in progress there. The music of a flute, accompanied by several stringed instruments, floated out over the water, and every now and then a wild chorus of voices rang out in startling manner, as though a hundred maniacs were skylarking in the swamps.

José shook his head ominously. It may be well to mention that José was a stalwart Indian boy, who accompanied us on our travels as general supe and utility man. He belonged to the mountain districts, and had regarded with great disfavor our proposition to explore the water lands.

"*Es una tierra de los demonios,*" he explained by way of a dissuader; and proceeded to narrate his belief in the particular and special delight taken by lake men in pulverizing mountain men and *gringos* on all occasions.

"Do not stop here, Señores," he whispered, as the village came into view; "these people are bad."

But we laughed at his fears, and moved promptly forward towards the crowd. It was evidently a very festive occasion, for nearly all the dusky denizens of the floating islands were there, and a long line of canoes was pulled up against the bank, with their prows projecting skyward. The fandango was in full blast when we stepped suddenly upon the scene. Instantly everything was hushed. The unexpected and unusual appearance of two white men upon such an occasion seemed at first to produce consternation. The musicians stopped playing, the dancing ceased, and there was a hurried running to and fro, as though some of the party wished to conceal themselves. We were as much surprised, at the effect of our visit as they seemed to be at seeing us; but Morphy was equal to the occasion, and stepping promptly forward, he spoke to them in Spanish, and desired them to continue their festivities. He assured them that we had no disposition to disturb them; that we were simply drifting about for recreation, and that

we should be glad to rest for awhile in their village, and see the people enjoy themselves.

Although they were evidently somewhat suspicious of us and our weapons, this speech of Morphy's had a good effect. Half a dozen stalwart young fellows, naked to the waist, advanced from the crowd to meet us. On reaching us, much to our astonishment, they broke into a wild, ear-splitting chant, their voices pitched very high, in the Chinese style, and each fellow singing in a key of his own. We did not know what it meant, but as it seemed to be friendly in its character we did not object, and permitted ourselves to be conducted into the plaza, or open space where the dancers stood, with these fine fellows circling about us like howling furies.

*Pulque* was offered to us, and *tomales*, and a bare-breasted Amazon brought us a tule mat, and invited us to sit upon it under a tule awning.

As soon as the curiosity of the people had subsided a little, and they had satisfied themselves that we were not Government agents beating up army recruits, or blood-thirsty forerunners of an army of foreign barbarians, the music struck up again, and the dancing and singing re-commenced. It was a wild, animated scene, and for an hour or two we enjoyed the novelty of the situation. But as the afternoon wore on, and the Indians began to fill up with *pulque* and *mezcal*—a fiery liquor made from the maguey plant—our position began to grow embarrassing. The Indians became familiar, and wanted to examine our guns and trappings. One fellow insisted on taking Morphy's rifle and strutting about the camp with it at a carry arms, in mock imitation of the soldiers, whom they hate. They tried to embrace and kiss us, and became so altogether free and easy that I grew uneasy. We had made several efforts to go, but were almost forcibly detained.

Morphy was getting angry—that I could see—and knowing well his volcanic disposition, I was afraid he would knock over some frisky fellow who wanted to hug him, and thus precipitate a contest. Although well

armed, we knew we would stand very little chance in case of trouble, as there were two hundred of them, and we were hemmed in by the water on either side. They had arms enough themselves—that we could plainly see—and as the riot proceeded it became evident that a number in the crowd were disposed to give us trouble. We could hear the words *gringo* and *Americano* used in a contemptuous manner, and the familiarity of some of them began to develop into insolence. How to get away without trouble was now the serious question. They would not listen to departure; we must stay all night—and it is difficult to say how the matter would have ended, but for a fortunate incident which diverted the attention of the camp and enabled us to make a start.

Two drunken musicians got into a fight down the causeway about a hundred yards from us, and the whole crowd rushed down to witness the fun. Taking advantage of the momentary diversion, Morphy, José, and I seized our traps, and moved rapidly off in the opposite direction. We had placed a quarter of a mile between ourselves and the village before our departure was noticed, and then a wild cry went up, and the entire crowd came charging down the causeway after us pell mell, like a pack of hounds after a rabbit.

A canoe lay on the bank before us. Hastily pushing it into the water, we stepped in and paddled over to the other side of the canal. This saved us from being overwhelmed, for they could have winded us in a long run. All the other boats were back at the village, and so the crowd was brought to a halt upon the bank opposite to us, whooping and yelling like the veritable savages that they were. At least half a dozen sprang into the water and swam over to our side.

We had made a halt here, and Morphy now mounted a mud bank and addressed the mob across the water. I had never known before how much of a diplomat Morphy could be, or the facility with which he could weave lies into his liquid Spanish. But it is not wicked to lie in Spanish, nor is it easy to

swear; so I never held my companion to moral accountability for anything he said, unless he put it in the Anglo-Saxon tongue. He addressed them as *paisanos* (countrymen); told them that we were delighted with their hospitality; that we were in a hurry to get away, because we wanted to go and bring the rest of our relatives; that we loved a naked, whooping Mexican Indian better than anything else that could be mentioned; and that we would certainly be back next week, accompanied by our "sisters, and our cousins, and our aunts." We regretted that it was necessary to tear ourselves away at this interesting juncture, but having an engagement in Chalco that night, we were compelled to make the sacrifice.

He was proceeding in this strain at some length, when I called his attention to the fact that the black rascals were swimming over to us one by one, and that if he did not cut it short we would soon have the whole menagerie at our heels again. Morphy acquiesced, and throwing a handful of small coins to the Indians who had reached our bank, we marched off down the causeway, and left them scrambling for the lucre. Fearing that we might be followed, we kept up a brisk pace which carried us rapidly away from the village, and, to our great satisfaction, its cries and wild noises gradually died away behind us.

For two hours we pushed steadily ahead, treading our way through swamps, and cautiously passing along narrow and uncertain causeways. The outlet to the labyrinth we were following was a mystery none of us could fathom; and as the huts that we passed were all deserted, the inhabitants having gone to the fandango, there was no way to find out. To add to our discomfort, it began to rain in torrents, and the night was rapidly advancing upon us. The prospect seemed good for an all-night berth in the swamps, and we were beginning to look about for a comfortable spot, if such might be, when a sound of oars attracted our attention, and presently a canoe hove in sight through the tall tules directly ahead of us. It was manned by two young Indians. We

hailed them, and they stopped. Would they take us to Chalco in their canoe? No. We offered them two dollars—an enormous price. No; they were going to the fandango. Three dollars. No; money was no object. This was too much. Morphy was boiling over with wrath. Springing to the edge of the water he brought his rifle to his shoulder, and ordered them to put their canoe alongside the bank. They protested, but there was danger in the blonde barbarian's eye, and the Aztecs were compelled to yield. Sulkily they pushed their boat to the bank, and we all stepped in.

"Now, pull for Chalco," ordered Morphy, "and, mind you, no treachery!"

He tapped the butt of his rifle significantly as he spoke. Seeing that resistance was useless, and knowing that they would be well paid for their services, our impressed crew soon recovered their good humor, and the canoe sped rapidly down through the swamps and the rain, and, two hours later, we were landed on the outskirts of the village of Chalco.

Bidding good-bye to our dusky guides, and

wishing them a *bon voyage* back through the dismal wilderness, we turned our faces towards the town. It was dark as Erebus, and the rain still continued; but Chalco was a pretentious place, and had a hotel, which we found eventually, and our immediate troubles were at an end. Such minor inconveniences as arose from adjusting ourselves to the accommodations of the caravansary shall not find expression in this article. We did object somewhat to sleeping in our wet clothes, on a dirt floor, in the same room with six or eight swarthy-looking citizens—one of whom had the delirium tremens all night—but it was somewhat better than the next grade of accommodations, in the corral.

Next day we took the stage-coach, and night found us once more in the city of Mexico.

"O Tenochtitlan," Morphy apostrophized, as we rattled down its beautiful streets and past its stately palaces, "who would dream, while gazing on thy marble front, that Cathay is just beyond thy walls!"

José did not understand, and so he said, "*Quien sabe?*"; but I said "Amen."

D. S. Richardson.

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#### "THE WYOMING ANTI-CHINESE RIOT."—AGAIN.

THE spirit of courtesy that animated the reply of "J." to my article upon "The Wyoming Anti-Chinese Riot," may well be appreciated, even if regret is felt that one who writes so ably did so under cover of an initial, in a magazine accustomed to give the names of its contributors. The reply is amiable, hopeful, optimistic. It bears internal evidence of being the work of a religious teacher; and expresses the ideas of a considerable class in the East and a smaller one here. As such, and for its apparent conscientiousness, it is entitled to respect, although some of its propositions are startling. The tenor of his article is, that by the laws of God and nature, the Anglo-Saxon race have no more right to the ownership and control of the territory embraced in the

United States than have the Asiatics; and, as a corollary, no more right to take necessary measures to preserve here republican institutions, or Christian observances, than the Tartars have to bring and establish here imperialism and pagan rites. He asserts a higher law, in God's ordinances, by virtue of which our occupancy gives no right of control and development, none of protection from the evils of Chinese invasion. Our possession of this fair heritage, watered by our own and our fathers' blood, must yield to any invader, who looks, like Alaric, from his inhospitable region upon our fair plains, and leads his swarms, if only he lead them covertly, to dispossess us. This follows, because "the earth is the Lord's, and he hath given it to the children of men—not to

Protestants or Catholics, not to Christians or Jews, or to unbelievers, not to pagans or to Yankees, but to *Men*." We are, therefore, mere transitory tenants of this land, without right in nature or religion to maintain our ground, or guard one of the most enlightened spots of the great footstool from being plunged into the darkness and degradation of the worst. So far goes "J.'s" logic; and it matters not to the question of its correctness, whether the foreboding that this may occur is well or ill founded. The pagans have a *right* to occupy this country whether we will or no, and we are impiously disregarding of God's decrees, if we seek by law to keep them out. And it matters not how much our own people may suffer; how deep the poverty entailed on the workers of our own land; how contagious the vices spread in our society; how rapidly the heathen may come here; how their arrogance may increase, even until they shall have seized upon all the avenues of labor, and by strikes ruin employers, unless all white workmen are discharged; all this and more we are to suffer; all this we are powerless to avert by a restrictive law; because it is the will of God that the worst of mankind shall have free course on the earth, to trample down the prosperity and blight the hopes of the best. If the above are fair elements in the consideration of this great question in "J.'s" mind, why does he ignore them? One would be happy to find, in all his article, a line which shows the sympathy of its able author for the white workers of our own country; a response to their desire to retain the means to maintain the humble, happy homes of the artisan and laborer which are a distinctive feature of this country; and an appreciation of the pressing fact that *cheap labor means poverty, ignorance, and vice*. If his allusions in that regard are correctly understood, his sympathies are rather with the capitalist who "wants labor"; and he sees or states no objection to the coolie furnishing it at rates that would starve a white man.

This view of the relation of capital and labor is not new. Gibbon said of the Ro-

mans: "It was more for the interest of the merchant or manufacturer to purchase than to hire his workman; and in the country slaves were employed as the cheapest and most laborious instruments of agriculture." Our institutions are founded on a higher view of labor, and we expelled slavery because inconsistent with their spirit. But the old idea of cheapening labor still exists in human selfishness, and ever the fight goes on between the worker who seeks to keep his head above the tide of want, and those who are indifferent to his fate. The most specious means yet found in this country to depress the laborer is in this Chinese immigration, for it furnishes most of the conditions of a cheap and servile class; while objections to its influx are met with suggestions of inhumanity and irreligion. The solution of a problem long held impossible is thus furnished, and the way is discovered to serve both God and Mammon.

But "J." asks: "Have we a right to exclude by law?" Yes; we have the right of self-defense. It was believed by our forefathers that we had such right as a nation. Jefferson expressly taught it in the Federalist. If necessary to our own happiness and comfort, we have the same right to exclude any immigration that "J." has to exclude a drunkard or adulterer from his home. How contemptible would be the condition of a people, which could not shield itself from the vices or diseases of other people by an effective quarantine! We derive the right of exclusion from the same source that we do that to imprison lunatics, or execute criminals. There is the same natural and divine right for every man to roam over the country that there is to roam over the earth. Yet if the defense of society requires that he be shut up or killed, who quotes this natural right for his exemption? Every man has a right to live in the bosom of his family. If, from an infectious disease, the preservation of society requires it, he is shut up in a pest-house. If the moral and physical health of a community require it, can it not rightfully take analogous measures for its security?

That no injustice be done to "J." let us quote him. This right to exclude "does not come 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." Before that assertion is assented to, it will be necessary to learn when God's policy in that particular changed. By the reading of His word He chose the Jews as a peculiar people; He helped them destroy the Canaanites because of the idolatry of the latter, and gave their country to the Jews as a perpetual inheritance "to them and to their seed forever," enjoining them to cut off all their heathen neighbors who should come within their borders to practice idolatrous rites. He certainly established their "geographical lines," and taught them to tolerate no Joss houses within them. His restrictive law was enforced by terrible penalties; and He evidently did not have confidence in a pure religion to expel a vile one, or mold into grace the heathen, for He would allow, under pain of death, neither the idolater nor his religion within the "geographical lines" of the chosen land. So Elisha slew all the priests of Baal, who had set up their worship within the same "geographical lines"; and his act was preceded and sanctioned by a miracle by the Deity, whom "J." portrays as frowning upon our efforts to preserve here a Christian civilization by excluding those who would overwhelm and stifle it.

If the instances given occurred under the "old dispensation," the "new dispensation" also declares that God is not indifferent to geographical limits. St. Paul says: "God made of one blood all the nations of men to dwell upon the face of the earth, and has fixed the bounds of their habitation." We may safely defer to St. Paul, and reject the newer interpretation. It does not seem very monstrous, then, to ask the Chinese to keep to the bounds of their habitation, fixed for them by supreme decree.

As the impiety of exclusion—its defiance of God's will, policy, and teaching—is "J.'s" principal objection, and that of a great many good men, to Exclusion Acts, it has seemed

worth while to examine the foundation of the objection; and hence, more space is given to it than otherwise would be proper.

Self-deception is always possible where feeling or sentiment is involved. In this matter we may sincerely ask ourselves, Where is the right? Is our duty to the millions in our own country, to shield them from threatened evils? or is it to the barbarians whose material condition would, undoubtedly, be bettered could they enjoy the plenty of this favored land? The materials for a judgment are not wanting, and the only doubt arises because many sincere, good men have apparently their sympathies engaged on the barbarian side, in the idea that they are wronged if kept away. Yet, it seems most strange that they can compare the effects of our civilization and what is known of that of Asia, and not shudder at a mixture of these; or, what seems possible, a supplanting of the one by the other. Concede for a moment that the great energies of steam will, during the next hundred years, transport so many Mongolians to America that they will be the great majority of its inhabitants. Will these not make our laws, and substitute their customs, their morality, and their system of government for ours? What assurance is there worth consideration that they will not? How could such fatal results be averted? It is not they who are wronged by being kept away. It is our children and their children who are wronged, if they are allowed to come.

"J." further seems to hold, first, that there is no danger of any great influx of Chinese, without a restriction law; and second, that our Christian influence will obviate all difficulty, and make the Chinese a not undesirable element of our population. "The present great incompatibility might almost disappear under favorable circumstances, if the pagan race were thoroughly molded by Christian influence and Christian graces." It is not easy to share in the implied belief, that the Christian influences which are cast about the Chinese in America will redeem them from paganism. There is more danger of their paganizing, by their notorious vices,



our young people of both sexes. Without a desire to undervalue the benefits of Christianity, when it is proposed as a solvent for this indigestible mass cast in our midst, its efficiency may be challenged. Let "J." take the census of this city, or of any American city or community, and ascertain the proportion of those who ever give any heed to religious observances, or acknowledge the influence of religion in their lives. He must admit the proportion to be small. However regrettable, it is so. But if, with a century of unrestrained religious teaching in the United States since the adoption of the Constitution, so few of our own people have been brought to actively accept the truths of Christianity, with the number lessening in proportion to population instead of increasing, what promise is there of vigor to attack and conquer the still greater obstacle to its universality presented by imported and encrusted paganism? He must be a narrow observer of the current of human thought, who does not see that science is pantheistic; that Spencer and Tyndall are getting to have more followers than Wesley and Calvin; that Ingersoll has larger audiences and leaves deeper effects than Beecher or Talmage; that novels are read with more avidity than sermons; that Sunday excursions are more attractive than churches. The tendency of the age is materialistic, despite all efforts of the churches to render it emotional and spiritualistic: nor is the wish here father to the thought.

But the success of the Christian religion in "molding" the mass of paganism in San Francisco during the past thirty-five years has not been so striking as to warrant "J.'s" anticipations. Chinatown has presented an invincible resistance to the well-meant efforts of the church to redeem it from its abominations. I think "J." must admit that paganism can show more trophies in white opium fiends, than Christianity can in converted pagans. If the balance is in favor of our better faith, it is lamentably small, and chills any hope that the future will see "the pagan race thoroughly molded by Christian influences and Christian graces."

Sir Henry Sumner Maine, in his lectures on the History of Institutions, shows, with great ability and research, that the Western nations have succeeded in the course of ages in steadily enlarging personal independence, and breaking up the despotism of groups over the members composing them; while the Eastern nations are not only contented under primal tyrannies, but their laws and customs have, even when originally comparatively enlightened, been undergoing, in the course of centuries, deterioration in the direction of enslavement, until individual liberty is unknown and even undesired. There must be something in the genius of the two races to account for this divergence; and something more than converting a Mongolian to Christianity is needed, to make him a desirable citizen.

Yet there is a precious influence from the Christian religion, result it from tradition or from present conviction, or both, that enlightens our laws, modifies our civilization, and purifies our thought and manners. This is worth preserving on this continent, even if its cause has weakened as a propagating force. To preserve it, the influx of Mongolians is deprecated.

The parallel which "J." draws between the sentiments of the Eastern opponents of Chinese restriction and those of the opponents of slavery, is not well considered. Senator Hoar and his *confrères* have no clearer right to the distinction of being early or late opponents of slavery, than many of those who oppose this Chinese invasion; and therefore, the presumption is not "so far in their favor." Those who oppose lawful resistance to the incoming of Chinese are consistent with old ideas in favor of free labor, while Senator Hoar and "J." are not. It is difficult to reason with one who repeats the oft-refuted statement that the Chinese laborers come here as free emigrants. In the volume of testimony taken by the Congressional Commission which lies before me, the fact is demonstrated that the Chinese affected by the exclusion bill are of the coolie class, and are imported like cattle by their Chinese owners. They are the slaves, whose

influx is deprecated largely because they are such, and because they remain such here, and degrade free labor by their competition. Senator Hoar and his Eastern coagitators, to whom "J." alludes, are insisting on the right of Chinese to import and work their slaves here. We deny the right, and insist upon exclusion. As the writer "was right on the question of human freedom then," so he now contends for the discontinuance of this new slave trade, which is absorbing all employment, and, by its competition, turning our white people into "poor white trash." The writer repels the intimation, however courteously put forth, that he is in any degree false to the love of liberty and humanity, which was his inspiration in early manhood. Those who clamor to break down all restrictive laws against the Chinese, on the ground that they are unjust and inhuman, will yet shed tears of blood, if their efforts succeed, over a ruined republic and prostrated liberty and religion.

"J." finds "fearfully threatening" evils in the immigration from some European States. Can that be so? If they exist, will not our Christian teaching overcome these evils, and deck the immigrants with "Christian graces?" Besides, why urge such considerations, if the right of free immigration is given to all *men*? Is it not irrelevant to the argument, whether some immigrants are or are not vile or dangerous, if we have no right to protect our country from their influx? Only in the event of the existence of such right, is it worth while to discuss its exercise. Believing in the right, we ask its application to Chinese coolies. The issue is not changed, when "J." insists that dangers exist from other immigration. If there are such fearful dangers ahead, and he sees them, he ought to arouse his countrymen to resist them, and not deny all right of self-defense against such calamities.

The desire of the opponents of a restrictive law is, according to "J.," that "no wrong be done to humanity, and that the reciprocity of nations be respected." These are amiable motives, and worthy of all respect, if in the word humanity is also embraced those of our own race and religion, whose

homes and civilization are imperiled, and if the government sees that no wrong is done to them in the application of these maxims. But if "J." means by the "reciprocity of nations" that by international law the consent of government is not necessary to expatriation, or to the residence of aliens, his law is as open to criticism as his theology. It is only within fifteen years that any European nation has assented to the doctrine that its citizens can expatriate themselves, and several have not yet agreed to it; while one finds its inconvenience so great that it watches for an opportunity to retract its assent. There is no European power that does not claim, and exercise more or less frequently, the right to exclude obnoxious visitors. China gave, at the mouth of British cannon, a grudging assent to the residence (not citizenship) of foreigners, in a few sea-ports; but the life of a foreigner in these is only safe because his own government protects it; and that safeguard grows less, the farther he ventures away from the range that can be swept by foreign cannon. The United States exercise, more or less fitfully, this right in reference to immigrating Mormons, the objection to whom is their polygamy and anti-republicanism. No objection has been made by the class for whom "J." speaks, that this is irreligious or inhuman. If the Mormons came in extremely limited numbers, no attention would probably be paid to them. But they come by hundreds, in ship-loads; and therefore the matter is looked to, and the powers of the government to exclude them are exerted unchallenged. But the Chinese are also polygamists and imperialists. They come by thousands, and not by hundreds. They build themselves up, not in one or two territories, but here and everywhere. The Mormons share with the Chinese one detestable habit; the Chinese have scores of vices unknown to Mormons, that would have put Heliogabalus to the blush; and practice and communicate them, as the police will testify, in the heart of our cities, and in the very shadow of our churches. But the point is not here made, that the evils of the influx of Mongolians are greater than those of the in-

flux of Mormons, but that they are similar in nature; and the unchallenged practice of the government applied to Mormons may logically be applied to the Chinese. In view of all these facts, what becomes of the "reciprocity of nations"? Even the serviceable Chinese Consul, who is fertile in expedients to promote Chinese immigration, has never imagined that the sovereignty of the United States is not adequate to pass restrictive laws. With all the ingenious devices of the lawyers of the Six Companies, not one has ventured to suggest in any Court that this government has not the legal right to pass such an act. President Cleveland, in his late message, says: "The admitted right of a government to prevent the influx of elements hostile to its internal peace may not be questioned, even in the absence of treaty stipulations on the subject."

Besides, "J." errs, when he puts the immigration of Chinese upon the footing of other immigration. Other immigrants come here to make homes. They bring wives, children, and female relatives. What they earn they invest here, and thus fertilize our prosperity. However humble their beginnings, they prosper, as a rule, in the long run. They furnished good material for our armies during the civil war. They support schools, and churches, and synagogues. They expatriate themselves, in fact, from their own country, and become part of us. But the Chinaman is here only to get the means of returning affluent to China. The proceeds of his labor, save the barest subsistence, are invested in China. He makes a mere convenience of us. Why should we take the children's meat and cast it to the dogs? No expatriation treaty was ever intended to cover such a movement of population.

"J." says of the prophecy that the Caucasian race will not allow itself to be expelled from this country, or totally impoverished, without a bloody struggle to prevent it, and "if the law does not measure the difficulty, and obviate it, the laboring classes will"; that "with such expressed sentiments by men of influence as a wall of protection behind, the Kearneys and O'Donnells are em-

boldened in their incendiary harangues," and "rioters and murderers are incensed" thereby. No, it is not those who beg for a peaceful settlement of these difficulties by restrictive laws, and who, while showing the miseries of our own people and their causes, predict the troubles to come as the alternative of such settlement, who are responsible for lawless acts. It is rather those who insist that there is no lawful remedy; who minimize the evils existing and to come, and paralyze the arm of relief. Sam Adams and Dr. Warren were not responsible for the Boston riot, or the blood shed in the revolution, though they constantly declaimed against the oppressions to which the Colonies were subjected, and predicted the results that followed. The responsibility was with those in the Colonies and Great Britain, who used their tongues and pens to cut off all hope of peaceful, legal redress. If "J." and his co-workers succeed in destroying that hope here, their consciences may bear the heavy load of the grave results.

It is the worst possible way to settle any public matter by riots, and it is undoubted that not only the amiable "J." and the writer, but the better class of workmen, deprecate that method. But an evil, existing or threatened, is not less to be discussed because the lower classes of society may be thereby "incensed." The foolish ostrich hides its head in the sand, and thinks the danger over because he does not see it. But patriots and statesmen and divines cannot wisely thus close their eyes to mischief. Discussion may lead up to deliverance and safety. Silence and inaction may betray the gravest interests as surely as international treachery.

It would be unkind not to hold "J." sincere, when he says he "does not favor the influx of Chinese." It is therefore to be presumed that he is opposed to it, and for the reasons herein stated; or are there other reasons? He says he does not favor it. The writer says the same. Yet "J." would not raise his hand to stop it; while the writer would and always has raised his to that end; and among other means has sought to convince the East of its disagreeable and

dangerous characteristics. Here we differ widely. He writes articles to show that that which he does not favor is not a bad thing of its kind; that it does not entail any serious consequences; that those who oppose it are guilty of denying the truths of humanity and defying the will of God. While the writer would excite the attention of legislators to the labor and other troubles already springing out of this immigration, as a reason why they should take apt steps to guard the prosperity of the country and the comforts of its people, "J." seeks to induce them to favor an immigration which he does not favor, by a mistaken appeal to the memory of old abolition contests, and by impressing their consciences with the idea that the immigration will rapidly Christianize the world. It is not clear that there could be any material difference in "J.'s" action upon this matter, if he did favor Chinese immigration. In either event he would let down all the bars, and set the inviting spoils of this land before the Chinese, to move them unhindered to possess it.

Our friend "J." does not believe there will be much of a flood of Chinese immigration if the dykes are opened. With a constantly growing Chinatown, despite restriction; with Chinese, in spite of it, pressing by the force of perjury and bribery through our ports, and slinking in over our northern and southern borders; with two great ocean steam lines impatient to reëngage in unrestricted transportation, and a myriad of ocean tramp steamships, which had just found out the profits of the trade when the restriction law went into effect; with ten squares of this city and one-sixth of every other town in the State almost exclusively occupied by Chinese; with Chinese settlements already in abundance in every State and Territory of the Union; with the positive evidences, moral and physical, of the growing strength of the Chinese population in the United States, and the fate of all countries and islands contiguous to China in full view; all tending to demonstrate that in time America will inevitably

become Mongolian, unless wise and adequate laws are enforced to prevent it; it would seem that those who "do not favor" this restless, encroaching, ever-progressive immigration, should seek to arouse their fellows by every consideration of patriotic duty, and by every regard for Christian civilization, to work intelligently, humanely, and legally, to avert a national and individual calamity.

The suggestions to this end offered by "J." are too vague. He wishes us to "do right," and leave results to the Deity. Perhaps the heathen will recede from our shores if we make these more comfortable for him, or welcome him more warmly, or employ him more generally. He tells us: "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 or of the Covenanters of Scotland may dare do right."

The Covenanters and Puritans would have met with arms in their hands, at their borders, any barbarian hordes who dared to invade their land, and would have driven them away, or fallen in the fight. Is the case different in fact or effect, when the invasion is insidious; when they steal upon us like miasma at night? It is worse, for it leaves no play for the superior manhood. If the Mongolians came in battle array, declaring this land as much theirs as ours; that here they would plant their heathen temples on the site of our churches; that they would crowd out the American and his civilization; what would be the response? Would it be, "Do right, and the right is to supinely yield"? No, it would be—

"Fight for your altars and your fires,  
God and your native land."

The duty, as I see it, is to fight against all inimical influences, come they with war's horrid front, or with treachery's silken slipper, to keep this heritage for our children's children. That is "the right," both by human and divine precedent.

*A. A. Sargent.*

A CALIFORNIA WILD-ROSE SPRAY.<sup>1</sup>

WITH sandaled feet, a gray-robed band  
 Kept on its weary way ;  
 In an unknown and pathless land,  
 O'er hill, vale, dune, and stretch of sand,  
 Nor paused till set of day,  
 Where stands San Luis Rey.

Blue were the skies, bluer the seas,  
 Purple the far, dim hills ;  
 The madrone shook its glossy leaves  
 Out softly in the summer breeze,  
 To countless linnet trills ;  
 Naught else the silence fills.

They halt, a shadowed stream beside,  
 The Mission's cross to raise ;  
 Each close gray cowl is drawn aside,  
 Each voice rings out in one full tide,  
 Of fervent thanks and praise,  
 For toilsome nights and days.

One youthful friar drew from his breast,  
 Beneath its folds of gray,  
 And softly to his eyelids pressed,  
 Then fastened on the black crosscrest,  
 A slender wild-rose spray ;  
 And knelt again to pray.

By some mysterious power that wills,  
 To the Gray Friars there came  
 A scene that stilled the linnet trills,  
 And brought again the far blue hills,  
 Of their beloved Spain,  
 And made them boys again.

Dull toil, sharp pain, hard sacrifice,  
 For one brief spell were o'er ;  
 Again they looked in mother eyes,  
 And saw the tower and turret rise,  
 Above the tawny shore,  
 That they must know no more.

O holy friars, the human tears,  
 That down your brown cheeks stray,  
 Were earnest of a work that clears  
 Our history's dark page through long years ;  
 O, friars of order gray,  
 Touched by a wild-rose spray !

*Agnes M. Manning.*

<sup>1</sup> On July 14, 1769, *el Padre Crespi*, in his diary, notes that he plucked a spray, containing six roses and twelve buds, near the site of the present San Luis Rey.— *From Bancroft's History of California.*

## "NORTH COUNTRY PEOPLE."

"How many travelers, I fancy," remarked an English professor, "notice that the very grass grows differently in California!"

This observation will naturally be inverted by the traveling Californian so as to apply to Britain; and it is a suggestive one, as it leads to analysis of the difference that exists between ordinary things common to both countries, and yet in their respective peculiarities totally unlike.

On first arriving in England, the general impression is not of any striking difference between Americans and English people, or between America and England, but on the contrary, of how strangely alike they are. But every hour after that first impression is filled with the growth of a suspicion, which develops as the weeks form months into a settled conclusion, that a gulf of dissimilarity exists between the two nations, as impassable in its way as the ocean that divides the two continents.

Said an English girl to me, after meeting Americans for the first time, and then living with them for several months: "You are a race speaking the same language, the child of England, you might say, yet I never realized until lately what foreigners you are!"

Her phrase serves in a certain measure to express the feeling, not always easily defined or explained, which often comes over the American in traveling through the British Isles. What is this difference?

This last Summer, a little bewildered by unceasing strangeness, change, and novelty, we fell back to looking upon the faces of the flowers, the only familiar tangible things, with a new fondness—foxgloves, pansies, mignonette, old dear faces; even the once despised phlox no longer neglected, but given an honored place. There was also a momentary pleasure in looking upon the green, grassy sward of the Cumberland Hills, which gave a faint reminder of "Las Hermanas," the dimpled Mission sisters, after the first Spring showers.

Cumberland—the 'land of the Cymry—a name given in the prehistoric past by the Scandinavian conquerors of the north-west. Place names are indeed intimately connected with the early life and ancient history of a country, and to a great extent reveal it; and the different origin and past history kept before the mind by the very names constantly upon one's lips, of places all around one, are one element in the sense of difference and foreignness that the American feels. "Westmoreland" is of Anglo-Saxon origin—the land of the dwellers on the western moors. I quote Mr. Bradley, who is an authority in this particular branch of philology: "When we come to mountains in northern England, we find a nomenclature distinctly Scandinavian, although a few retain the old Celtic names. Blen Cathair, peak of tempests. Fairfield, a corruption of Fair-Fell, from *faar*, sheep, meaning sheep-mountain. Beck, for brook, of Danish origin—a word which may be said to mark out the purely Danish district in England, and which does not occur in the more purely Anglo-Saxon; Caldbeck, cold brook. The word 'fell' is purely Scandinavian, not being found in any of the Saxon dialects: Wansfell, Steelfell, Furness-Fells."

The objects that retain most exclusively their ancient names are rivers. The reason is clear. A river is not *provincialized*, if we may use the expression, like anything else.

"Men may come, and men may go,  
But I go on forever."

It rushes by many settlements where men have been, none having any particular claim to give it a name, so as a matter of convenience it retains its ancient name. "The Danes," observes Mr. Bradley, "unlike the Anglo-Saxons, often invented river names of their own; the Greta, from *gret*, to weep, in reference to the wailing of its waters; the Brathay, in the sense of rapid-river; the Rother, meaning red river."

Other words of Scandinavian origin are

"tarn (*tjern*)," a small lake; and "farce (*fars*)," a water-fall; "gill," which means the fissure or small ravine made by a torrent running down the mountain side, as Stockgill Falls, in Ambleside; the word "man," a pile of stones placed to mark the top of a mountain, as "Skiddaw Man"; "how," used in Westmoreland and Cumberland to mean small hill, a knoll, as Silver How, the name of a country residence built upon a knoll.

This derivation of place-names may be a dry and uninteresting study, considered for its own sake alone: but as a key to unlock the mystery of the past, and throw light upon the origin of the traits of the "North COUNTRY" people, it becomes a fascinating revelation. What a history, what local coloring, what character, of a long forgotten race, is told by these few place-names. How different from the dreamy word painting of the Spanish place-names of our own California. Not a trace of the languor or tropical sunshine of the sunny South and a Southern race, but the cold, firm brusqueness of the Norseman and the Scandinavian.

There is a supposition that in addition to the Danish settlers who landed on the coast of Yorkshire, and gradually worked up their way to Cumberland, there was another immigration, more Norwegian, from Ireland, by the way of the Isle of Man. This is suggested, I believe, by Professor Kellogg.

Be this as it may, "North COUNTRY People" have ways of their own, not altogether like other people. They seem to have inherited from that long ago, from some unknown source, a legacy of all that is best and noblest in nature. By accident or by circumstances clannish, they have lived among their fells and their moors, a happy, undisturbed people, as nearly approaching to the conception of the dwellers in Arcadia as any race could. Looking at farming from their point of view, it is truly classical; living to farm, not farming to live. It very rarely pays, but then few expect it to pay; if they did once, they were rapidly undeceived, and look subsequently upon the disappointment as a discipline connected, in a hazy way, somehow with American wheat and free trade.

These are not gentlemen who farm for pleasure, nor yet a new class, who have crept into many of the grand old places of England, unfortunately, to rouse dissatisfaction and incite mutiny among the tenants; but a people who have stood for the heroes and heroines of English literature, in their struggles and endurance, for many a day—a race, not so numerous as they once were, as they send their sons and daughters, with a strange mixture of pride and sadness, to a Continent which has practically killed their small farming, but where there is room for all; the land of promise—America.

Land is poor round about Ambleside, and rents for two pounds a year, per acre; at Keswick it is fine for the northern counties, and is feued as well as in Buckinghamshire for four pounds. The fields at the first place are for pasture and hay; generally, in the other two, they are sown in wheat and oats.

The harvest time comes in September. This is the busy season in one of their great old-fashioned farm houses, both in-doors and out. Very often the rain comes for days at a time, almost ruining the grain, which is stacked, as it is so often represented in old paintings, in nodding sheaves, tied with straw, and placed on end. The women do this work as a rule, bare-headed, and usually clad in short brown skirts of some coarse material, with a loose jacket. It is one of the pleasures of summer-time, and not looked upon as a hardship, the days being altogether too precious to lose one atom of their sunshine. When the hay crop has been saturated with the rain, they level the hay-cocks, and shake or spread it out over the stour to dry, in a fashion peculiarly their own, similar to the movement in seed-time, when sowing the grain, as illustrated by a celebrated little French painting often engraved, called "*Le Semeur*."

The older women stay in-doors to attend to the cooking for the men, which is carried on in the summer kitchen. On Saturday, they bake an enormous quantity of bread, a little different from ours, the large loaves being dotted with raisins at frequent intervals.

The number of meals, daily, that a farm-hand is provided with during the season is a little amusing. Breakfast at five, consisting of eggs and bacon; refreshment at nine—coffee and Bath buns; dinner at twelve, of hot meats and vegetables; tea at four, in the granary or out in the fields; a "high tea," at seven; and supper at ten, the last usually in their own homes.

To illustrate somewhat, in this connection, the curious adaptation of words to express a local meaning in provincial life, I relate a little incident, interesting as a reminiscence, told me this summer by a charming Westmoreland lady. Many a one of these picturesque farms was a scene well worth remembering in harvest time in the old days. The dance after the sheep-shearing, in July, was a gala season. It was held in the barn, and kept up long after midnight; the evening was made merry by eating and drinking, supper being served usually in the flagged court, opening out from the great farm-kitchen. There were many quarry men and women among the merry-makers. My friend was watching them, when her attention was called to an ancient dame, who, sitting on a bench at the outer door, was giving some instructions to a younger one engaged in cutting bread.

"Cut them no more London, Maggie," she admonished, "cut them plenty of Thom, plenty of Thom"; meaning, Cut no more thin bread of the better quality, but plenty of thick slices of coarser grain. London and Thom were names given to the quality of slates in the quarry; London, meaning the fine and smoother slate which was taken out, Thom, the rougher and coarser pieces.

There are few other industries in this remote corner of the world except farming. One, however, which was singularly interesting to us was bobbin-turning, a rare old trade, which fortunately is not dead. The bobbin-mill stands in one of the most wildly beautiful woods in England; for many a year it has been there, until it is so toned with the storms and the sunshine of by-gone seasons, that it is a piece of the quiet content of the scene, with its great piles of

hewn wood and logs stacked high above the door-way. All day long the Stockgill stream, which turns the wheel, rushes leaping down the glen, dashing and splashing over the rocks; all day long the mill burrs and hums, and in the high ceilinged working-room, where the spiders spin webs undisturbed among the rafters, the human toilers, men and boys, turn skillfully the reels and the bobbins. There is the faint scent of the fragrant wood in the air, and the dust of the silvery ash, which softens the ruddy color in the children's cheeks, and powders the white hair of many of the older men, giving them a subdued, refined expression.

These older men are the most skillful workers; practice has made them perfect in the turning. First, the logs are sawn into manageable pieces, then cut by the boys into smaller bits, pierced by a machine, so as to give the hole, as in our spools, then finished by the older hands. There was one aged man who interested me out of the ordinary way, he plied his tools so swiftly and unerringly, with never a flaw in the reels.

He had a rugged, strongly marked face, and long shapely hands, with the exception of the thumb on the right hand, which was abnormally large where it had pressed the tool to fine off the work's imperfections for sixty years or more.

It reminded one of Grimm's old household tale of the Three Witches, derived, no doubt, from some such practical illustration.

"What makes your feet so big?" the fairy child questions.

"From working the wheel so many hundred years," replies the witch.

"What makes your thumb so big?" queries the child of the second witch.

"Pressing the flax, pressing the flax," growls the old woman, "for so many hundred years."

My interesting old bobbin-turner looked as if he had a story. I came across him one day on his way home from the mill, sitting on the wall which skirts the river Rotha, apparently lost in reverie. He lived alone, in a street of cracked little houses which ran wildly up and down hill, built on a san-



itary plan by an eccentric Scotch doctor, and called by him Edinboro' Row. I was not wrong in my surmise. But it is too long a tale for this sketch, so I go back to the mill and the happy workers.

One man can turn in a day from thirty to fifty gross of sewing cotton reels (spools, as we should call them); spools and cotton spinning bobbins, three to five gross. Sewing cotton reels bring from three pence ha'penny to one shilling six pence per gross.

It seems a pity there are so few enterprises of this kind in the Lake country; much is due to the present owner of the bobbin-mill for keeping alive, despite the dullness and competition of trade, this old industry.

There is much material for thought in the condition of the working people so employed, and others elsewhere. If their wages, comparatively speaking, are so much less, so, also, in the same proportion, are their wants. A home in one of the earth's unequaled gardens, and enough! What else can the world give a working man—or any one, in fact? The rest, life's happiness, depends upon one's self. Compare then the toiler's grind in the New World, with his tranquil lot in the Old! In our plans for the benefit and advancement of the working people, wages tip the balance, and happiness goes up in the scale. We leave out of our reckoning entirely, in the problem, the proportional amount of happiness.

This subject, of late, has been attracting a great deal of attention. There are too many people in the large cities, and yet the majority of helpless ones are unwilling to live on little in the country. The beautiful lake of Thirlmere must be dragged to give the dirty, clamorous throng of Manchester water. It is a pity that we could not bring some of the masses to proper homes in the Lake district, instead of carrying the lake to them. Crowds push yearly to the seaports for emigration, and yet, by the latest statistics, it is the working people of the better class in the colonies who are suffering even more than those at home. If trade is stagnant in England, at least a man

can live comfortably on less; whereas many of the young men of education and ability in Cape Colony and New Zealand would be glad to work their way back to England, to the opportunities they considered no opportunities when they left home.

Many leading men have interested themselves in this curious and perplexing problem; and to rectify in some way the ill effects of the concentration in great cities of too large a mass of population, and the emigration of young talent to form the corner-stone and power of another nation, they have started in the quiet corners of England, industries to tempt the people back to their legitimate homes.

Mr. Ruskin, in his beautiful residence near Coniston, in the Lake district, has been one of the most energetic of these leaders; but classical industries never pay, so the men continue to stolidly emigrate. But the women, who could not emigrate if they would, and who have grown tired and faint in trying to make pin-money out of chickens' eggs and summer boarders, remain to eagerly grasp at this emancipation.

Mr. Albert Fleming, a barrister in Amble-side himself, relates in a most interesting article in one of the London papers, his own experiences and results in reviving the hand-spinning and weaving so long dead in the "North Countree." To use his own words:

"Scattered about on the fell side were many old women, too blind to sew, and too old for hard work, but able to sit by the fire-side and spin (with the cheerful companionship of some younger one), if some one would show them how. When I broached my scheme to a circle of practical relatives" (which no one would do except in England) "a Babel of expostulation arose wild. 'It won't pay. No one wants linen to last fifty years. It's fantastic, unpractical, sentimental, and quixotic.'

"However, I hunted up an old woman who had spun half a century ago, and discovered some old wheels of a similar period. I got myself taught spinning, and then set to work to teach others. I tried my experiment here in the Langdale Valley, in Westmoreland,

halfway between Mr. Ruskin's home at Coniston, and Wordsworth's at Rydal."

He goes on to relate how difficult it was to get wheels, some coming even from Stornoway and the Isle of Man; how old garrets were sacked, and how finally the village carpenter was inveigled into constructing home-made wheels. Then a little cottage was taken and made into a spinning-school. When a woman could spin a good thread, Mr. Fleming allowed her to take a wheel home, giving her the flax, and buying it back when spun at two shillings per pound of thread. Ladies were impressed into the service as Miss Encouragers and Commenters. Pupils poured in, and then came the weaving.

"In an old cellar in Kendal, we discovered a loom. It was in twenty pieces, and not all the collective wisdom of the village knew how to put it together. Luckily a lady friend had a photograph of Giotto's Campanile, and by help of that, the various parts were rightly pieced together. We then secured an old weaver, and one bright Easter morning saw our first piece of linen woven—the first purely hand-spun and hand-woven linen produced in all broad England in our generation. A significant fact, that, if you think all round it.

"Over that first twenty yards, the scoffers rejoiced greatly. It was terrible stuff, frightful in color, and of dreadful roughness, with huge lumps and knots wandering up and down its surface. However, one dear lady pronounced the material delightful, and purchased a dozen yards at four shillings a yard.

"As Giotto fixed our loom for us, Homer taught us the true principle of bleaching, and so we adopted the simple method described in the Odyssey.

"Orders and inquiries soon came from all parts of England. Fashion helped us too, for our linen was eagerly sought after for embroidery, portières, tea cloths, etc. To conclude, we have two looms going at Coniston, and another at Sheffield, employing about forty women. Two of my women once spun me one pound of thread in the day, but that was a *tour de force*; the women's

average weekly earnings are under five shillings.

"The widest linen is forty-four inches, and its price four shillings. All the money produced by the sale of linen is paid into the bank, and the profits will be divided among the workers at the end of the year."

One of the prettiest of the "Old Country" customs is the "rush bearing," still kept up symbolically in many of the villages. It was long before we could find the origin of this quaint practice, but we finally succeeded in doing so from the rector. The parish children assembled one particular day in July, when the wild and cultivated flowers were in their glory, each child carrying a rustic frame or emblem decorated with exquisite blossoms. Of all ages, from the little toddler to the tall, gawky boy, from every corner of the hamlet they came, even from the neighboring farms, bearing their wealth of roses, pillars, broken columns, arches, baskets twined and interwoven with nodding grasses and trailing vines. One of the most beautiful designs on this particular occasion was a harp, bound round with rushes, and half smothered in pond lilies. The white petals and gold centers conspicuous for a long distance. Another was a crown of pale blush roses veiled with ferns. Other forms were simply rushes themselves, twisted into scepters and wands.

When all the children were gathered together, they marched in twos, led by the village band, which had practiced for weeks on the green the most appropriate selections for the festival, to the church. The streets were lined with people, strangers and residents, attracted by any incident which lent novelty to their quiet life. A short service was held in the chapel, after the emblems had been arranged on the altar and window-seats. On the following Monday the children removed the flowers and placed them on the village graves, chanting meanwhile "The Rush-bearing Hymn," written for the purpose by Coleridge; then all adjourned to the neighboring green, where the school-treat was held, each happy little one receiving a brand new silver sixpence, and a

piece of ginger-bread from the lolly-pop shop.

The origin of the custom is so simple, it hardly needs an explanation; and yet, to a stranger, it appears very puzzling at first. When our forefathers lived in rude huts, the house of worship was little else in its construction than a miserable refuge from the inclemencies of the weather. Built of mud and stone, it had not even the comforts of a sanctuary. The floor was of earth or clay. So every year in midsummer time the worshipers went out and gathered rushes, when they were at their full, to strew as a carpet in the house of worship, chanting praises the while, as a kind of thanksgiving. The custom has continued in unbroken line to the present day; but flowers are substituted for or intermingled with the rushes, as symbols of earth's midsummer thank-offering, and the little rush-bearers have taken the place of older ones.

We had dwelt among the cottagers and their homes for quite a long time, so we shouldered our knapsacks one day, with a little supply of linen, and sending our luggage on before us, started out for the Castle district. Lowther Castle, near Penrith, the first one of interest, belongs to the Earl of Lonsdale.

After we left Keswick the country became monotonous and flat, especially so after our sojourn among the lakes. Twenty miles a day is a stiffish stretch to keep up, and before the last five were ended, on our first day's work, we had felt every stone in the road for some time, and were glad at frequent intervals to rest by the road-side, with the welcome prospect of an hospitable inn and toasted muffins and tea before us, if we ever could get there. The highway appeared long, white, dusty, and unending.

It was during one of these numerous rests, when we had only suddenly straightened up to let a coach roll by, realizing, as its occupants strained and craned their necks to see us, that we were an incident in their excursion, that one of the girls of the party declared as she sat on the bank that not one step further could she go; we either had to

stop at the nearest farm house, or to leave her behind.

It was very warm, and the once light little brown canvas satchel seemed an insupportable burden. Hearing wheels, and seeing a jaunty little dog-cart approaching, we suggested soliciting a ride. This suggestion the tired girl rejected promptly, and seizing her staff, began anew with renewed energy.

"Suppose," said the young geologist of the party, twirling his deer-stalker on the point of his cane, "suppose the driver of that charming vehicle—for a wheel-barrow, even, would be charming just now—should ask you to ride, Prue, would you accept?"

This was rather tantalizing and provoking to the tired pedestrian. "No," snapped Prue, a little hastily for so amiable a girl—for she was amiable (but there is nothing so trying to one's temper as seeing a country on foot). "How could I, here in England, in this precious prudish place? I might in America. But then an Englishman would never ask me."

"I don't know about that," questioned the geologist, provokingly, striking off a little bit of the neighboring rock with his hammer—for he was not at all fatigued. "How could he pass by so charming a tired girl? Mark my words, he'll ask you to get in. Be sure you accept."

The vehicle was upon us by this time; it drew up slowly before Prue. "Won't you jump in," said a cheery voice. "I was tying up some peas, at my farm yonder, when I saw you go by on the road; so I harnessed up, fancying I would overtake you before long. I have to go to the village for the post, so you do not take me out of my way."

Prue made a faint protest, but the jolly young gentleman farmer was not to be refused. He bundled us all in, and never was ride so welcome as in that smart little "jigger," as he termed it, behind that lively mare. He was a Cumberland man, it shall never be forgotten.

Lowther Castle, the seat of the Earl of Lonsdale, is five miles from the dull little town of Penrith. It stands in a beautiful

park, noted for its old yew-trees. The interior is very fine, especially the art gallery, where there are some rare old paintings. The exterior is massive and impressive, realizing one's idea of a baronial hall; but an equal may be easily found to the appointments of the interior in any of the larger palatial mansions of New York and San Francisco.

But it would be difficult to surpass the garden, which comes upon one as a surprise. Not a trace of it is seen from the entrance, where the lawn is laid out in squares and triangles, bordered with feather-few. You enter it through a door in a high stone wall, which adjoins the wing of the castle; and there, under the shelter of some immense trees, wonderfully old and tall, planted in groups, lies the most exquisite garden one's eyes ever beheld. Long, wide walks lost in shrubbery; rose belts and pansy beds; pink borders, and a wealth of fox gloves and blue bells, like an enchanted dell in some rocky grotto; then a little further on, the terrace, with its smooth,

fine grass, like velvet under your feet, stretching for a mile, overlooking the beautiful Penrith Valley, dotted with farms.

As we leave the exquisite park, Prue has an opportunity of crying "quits" to the geologist. As we pass to the highway, a man is busily breaking stones. The scientist, peering over the wall at the little heap of rocks, which curiously resembles ore, enquires rather quizzically, but in earnest, undecided as to whether the stuff is granite or a volcanic formation:

"What have you there, my man?"

The "North Countree" stone-breaker, not at all certain but that he is being made game of, and not initiated, naturally, in the value and classes of rock, rose from his work, walked deliberately to the old stone wall, leaned his face on his hand, surveying the geologist critically for a few seconds, then said in terribly distinct tones, and with his Cumberland accent,

"Stairns [stones], you fule, *stairns!*"

A. H. B.

#### ON HEARING MR. EDGAR S. KELLEY'S MUSIC OF "MACBETH."

O MELODY, what children strange are these  
 From thy most vast, illimitable realm!  
 These sounds that seize upon and overwhelm  
 The soul with shuddering ecstasy! Lo! here  
 The night is, and the deeds that make night fear;  
 Wild winds and waters, and the sough of trees  
 Tossed in the tempest; wail of spirits banned,  
 Wandering, unhoused of clay, in the dim land;  
 The incantation of the Sisters Three,  
 Nameless of deed and name,—the mystic chords  
 Weird repetitions of the mystic words;  
 The mad, remorseful terrors of the Thane,  
 And bloody hands—which bloody must remain.  
 Last, the wild march, and battle hand to hand  
 Of clashing arms, in awful harmony,  
 Sublimely grand, and terrible as grand!  
 The clan-cries; the barbaric trumpetry;  
 And the one fateful note, that, throughout all,  
 Leads, follows, calls, compels, and holds in thrall.

Ina D. Coolbrith.

## IN LOVE WITH TWO WOMEN.

"SALT LAKE, August 23.

"*My dear Friend*: 'It rains, and the wind is never weary.' Oh, how it rains, and thunders, and lightens! I had almost made up my mind not to write to you again. Do you realize what a blank that would have made in your life? I hate to wait so long for an answer—and besides, it is as easy to answer a letter at once—if one means to do it at all.

"I suppose that you and Jack had a delightful time in the city; told each other secrets, and grew confidential to the last degree. Do men really do that sort of thing, out of books?

"I am glad that you have made a beginning to your life at last. Do not falter, now, nor turn back. 'All things come to him who knows how to wait,' and the one little word 'hope' has kept the world a-moving for centuries. Blessed be Pandora, that much-abused individual, for this greatest of all great gifts to mankind.

"I had not begun to think that you had forgotten me—in fact, my friend, I sometimes forget to think at all—but I knew you would write in your own good time, and so, I waited. It is so easy to do that, you know—and yet, sometimes, it is so hard. I will advise you—more willingly, perhaps, than you will be advised. You can tell me of your love affairs when I come to the city, of course, but I can advise you as well now. You say, then, that you are in love with two women. That is an impossibility—an absurdity. No man was ever in love with two women at the same time. You love one, or neither. You are bound to one, you say, but think that you care most for the other. I say, that if you have even the smallest doubt of your unwillingness to pass your life with the woman to whom you are bound, end it now. Do not hesitate nor procrastinate—but end it. It is your duty to the woman, as well as to yourself. You can never be happy nor make her happy, if you marry her thinking of another. It is absurd to talk of honor in such a case. Besides, you can end it now honorably; after a while, when you have gone too far, you cannot.

"Yes, we can be good friends always, you and I. Perhaps, some day, you will be sorry you asked my friendship, but remember, I gave you fair warning. Jack does not care—and if he did, perhaps it would not matter. As to what the world says—I have lived in it—I know it—I despise it. It is folly, of course, for you to value so highly the little which I can give you. But men always were foolish since the world began. You, my poor boy, are not answerable for the weaknesses of your sex.

"Your friend,

"CLARA."

Will Travers studied long and earnestly over that letter, and yet he could not make up his mind that the advice which it contained was exactly of the right sort for him to follow. He knew that Clara esteemed him, and he appreciated as he should the generous wealth of friendship and sage counsel, which she was wont to lavish upon him on all occasions. She was that most valuable ally to a young man—a married woman friend. She was stanch, true as steel to his interests, believed in him more fully than he believed in himself, knew his weaknesses and twitted him upon them sometimes without mercy—and yet never let an opportunity pass to do him a good turn, or to say a good word for him to others. And with all this, there was never the shadow of sentimentality between them. There never had been. He was her husband's best friend, his confidential adviser in affairs of business. Jack Powell, a merchant in an interior town, knew and trusted his friend and his wife. He was a wise man. Not for worlds would either have dreamed of not deserving that trust. It was a thing, in fact, of which neither of them ever thought. Friendship between man and woman is a sacred thing, and Will Travers and Clara Powell were friends.

Travers studied long and earnestly the advice of his friend. No, he did not see how he could break his engagement with honor—and he was an honorable man; or at least he thought he was—it is much the same thing.

It had been very delightful that summer month beneath the blue skies of San Diego. How well remembered now each feature of the town came back to him—a rushing flood of sights and sweet voices and girlish laughter. Closing his eyes, he could see it all again. He was again upon the deck of the Santa Rosa, as with a magnificent curve she swept around the bold face of Point Loma

—and behold a town, half Yankee and half Spanish, sleeping quietly upon the gentle slope of red land which rose backward from the bay. Again he stood among the passengers crowding to the rail to view the Mecca of their hopes for health. In the narrow channel, feeling her way slowly, the steamer moves—the bold bluffs of the headland upon one side, and on the other the low-lying peninsula with its broad beach, upon which the great rollers of the ocean tumbled in inextricable confusion—beating ever a mad though vain demand for admission to the still lagoon. Past the fishing villages which nestle at the great hill's feet, white and dainty, like houses from fairyland, against a sombre background of hill and still waters. Then the headland breaks away in gentle slope; they steam past the army barracks, the vessel turns in the narrow channel, and the passengers disembark upon the long wharf—while over the Table Mountains, far away upon the soil of Mexico, the rising sun darts his rays upon the distant Coronadas—and the drowsy summer day had begun in California's most southern port.

It all began with a Sunday picnic to the Mussel Beds—a most reprehensible practice. And yet everybody in San Diego—everyone who can, that is—goes to the Mussel Beds on Sunday. It is strange with what facility the average American forgets in Southern California that the Sabbath is a day set apart for rest and worship. They have the rest, it is true, but the religious observance is not nearly so strict as in the average Eastern community. The Californian seems to accept the German idea of rest and recreation. Perhaps it is the easy freedom of the climate—allowing a delicious languor which is yet not enervating to steal over one in the open air—which does it. Perhaps it is a disinclination to shut out the glorious sunshine, even for so small an interval as church service. Perhaps it is the contagion of free conscience which has followed the emancipation of the natives from the rule of the Padres. I do not believe that it arises from any lack of a deep-lying religious feeling. Man's best religion comes

from his intercourse with nature in her wildest as well as her gentlest moods. He realizes then most fully the mighty unseen forces which are at work around him—and bows his head in reverent awe upon the altar of the great priestess whose powers he can but dimly comprehend.

Will Travers arrived in San Diego on Saturday morning. After breakfast he strolled out across the Plaza and so down Fifth street to see the town. It seemed doubly dull on that hot June morning. He was not at all favorably impressed. He thought only of transacting the business that had brought him there, and getting away as quickly as possible. It occurred to him, and he sighed at the recollection, that the hotel clerk had told him the next steamer going north would not leave for five days. How under the sun he could endure five days of this oppressive dullness, he did not well see. He even wished for some of that fabulous drug of Ormus and of Ind, which was said to throw a man into slumber for any given time.

"I might try *Cannabis Indica*, you know," he mused, "only I never was very great on chemistry. And to think that John Phoenix really lived and flourished here! I wonder"—he stopped to gaze at the unusual sight of a four-horse team rattling a big farm-wagon down street—"I wonder if these people really are alive, or if they go about in a dream, like the crew of the Kraken. I wonder if I have not strayed from earth, somehow, and wandered into an enchanted valley. By Jove, that Table Mountain looks as if it might be a roc's nest. Yet the steak was very real this morning, too—too real by half; it disturbed the eternal fitness of things."

He stepped into a shop in a dingy brick building to purchase a cigar. What business had Havana cigars in an enchanted valley? and alcohol lighters, too. Absurd! He stood before the counter, puffing great blue rings into the silence. A hand was laid, not too lightly, upon his shoulder. Travers turned quickly. There was a warm hand-clasp.

"Charley Trenton, by all that's holy."

"At your service; but what brings you here, Will?"

"Business, of course. You did not think I would come here from choice?"

"I don't know. I came here from choice myself—and see no reason to regret it. It's a glorious climate, my boy, and a magnificent bay."

"I seem to have heard something like that before. But you don't mean to say that you are living here?"

"Just that. Been here nearly a year, and doing well. The old business, you know,—dry goods. I have built up a splendid trade."

"Behold," said Travers, waving his hand grandiloquently above his friend's head, "Behold a man who comes to an enchanted valley to retail dry goods! With whom do you trade, rash mortal? genii, elves, or the fairies—or do you furnish mirrors and the latest shades in bathing suits to the nymphs of the sea?"

"Nonsense. Where are you?"

"Where am I? That, my dear fellow, is a question which I have been trying to solve all morning."

"I mean, where are you stopping?"

"At the — House."

"That won't do at all. You must come to me. Mrs. Trenton will be glad to renew her acquaintance with you, and I will introduce you to my sister Kate. We have plenty of room, and I will not be refused."

Will Travers changed his quarters accordingly, and that evening found him installed in a comfortable chamber in the cosy home of the Trentons. He had not met Kate as was promised, for the reason that she had dined and spent the evening with some friends of hers in Old Town. He would see her, however, in the morning. Mrs. Trenton, a most charming woman, had entertained him exceedingly well, apologizing for the absence of her sister-in-law.

Charley had broached his plan for a Sunday picnic to the Mussel Beds at dinner-time, and Mrs. Trenton making no objection, certainly Travers had none to offer. Anywhere, he thought, would be an improvement on that dull town.

Promptly at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning,

Charley drove a spirited team to the door, drawing a two-seated open rig, of the kind so common in California. They were to pick Kate up in Old Town, whither Charley had promised to come for her that morning. They had breakfasted early that day, and, like a good housewife, Mrs. Trenton was ready with her hamper securely packed.

Trenton and wife took the front, leaving Travers in the back seat.

"I suppose the fair Kate is to be allotted me," he thought, but said nothing. They rolled swiftly through the upper end of the town, over red roads guiltless of dust, following the curving shores of the still bay and the line of the railroad, around the point of a high hill, and before them—Old Town, with its crumbling adobe walls, its graveyards, and its tiny plaza set about with tumbledown shanties of mud and brick, and moss-covered, rustic redwood.

Before the largest house in the place—a low adobe with deep, cool verandas, but with yard guiltless of shade, except that cast by the feathery branches of a pair of date palms—they stopped, and Charley handed the reins to his wife, jumped from the carriage, crossed the yard, and entered the open door. In a moment he again appeared upon the porch, followed by a group of laughing girls. One of them, taller than the other three, was cloaked and veiled. She seemed to be expostulating with Trenton. He made an impatient gesture, and started to return to the carriage, the girls still following him. Travers hardly knew why he noted all these minute details at that time. Perhaps it was in pure speculative idleness. In a moment Trenton had reached the gate, and was saying:

"My sister Kate, Mr. Travers; Miss Martinez, Mr. Travers; Miss Minita Martinez, Miss Ventura Martinez."

The Spanish maidens lisped some pretty words of courtesy in their sweet accent—but the stately Kate only bowed in silence.

Travers returned all these salutations, as well as he was able in his awkward position, and meanwhile Charley had helped his sister to her seat, and they were off.

Across a level plain covered with salt grass, and then began the gentle ascent of Point Loma to the lighthouse. It was like all the other beneficent institutions of its kind (possessing the distinction, however, of being the loftiest beacon upon the Pacific Coast), and our picnic party gave it only the most cursory visit. The view from the tower, of sea, and town, and bay, and distant mountain, is unsurpassed.

All this time, Kate Trenton had not raised her veil, nor could Travers draw her into anything but monosyllabic conversation. He gave up the attempt, at last.

Leaving the lighthouse, their road followed the very edge of the headland, with the great guns of the sea booming incessantly upon the rocks far below. Down, down, to where they entered a level valley, and before them the shallows of False Bay sleeping in the sunshine. Then a long stretch of level beach, with the waves kissing the feet of the horses, a sheltered cove in the rocks, and the Mussel Beds. Here, where the valley begins to rear itself toward the headland, a great ledge of sandstone, level as a floor, juts into the ocean from beneath the hill, and forms the great pleasure resort of San Diego. The rock is seamed and worn and honey-combed by the action of the waves, but its surface is above the reach of the highest tide. Its face is black with pleasure-seekers, and its outer edge, which the sea has worn into a thousand fantastic shapes, is fringed with clinging colonies of the bivalve from which the place takes its name.

Here, upon the rocks, in an atmosphere of sun cooled by the spray from the surf, the party lunch *al fresco*; and here the fastidious Kate lifts her veil at last.

Travers surrenders at once. He marvels at the assurance which led him to endeavor to draw this divine being into conversation. Where did the girl get her beauty? Trenton was rather ugly, for a man, although a good fellow. And here was this being with a skin soft as velvet, a complexion rich and warm and clear as ever had a daughter of Provence, eyes blue-gray, with a hint of black swimming in their unfathomable depths, a

color which came and went in rich floods with every changing expression, hands dainty as chiseled alabaster, hair of the dull, red-gold Titian color, and a form which a dress of some clinging material molded to the very perfection of outline. She was only sixteen, Trenton had said. Gods! what would she be at twenty-six!

After luncheon, Trenton wandered off in boyish pursuit of mussels, and his good wife followed him. Will Travers was alone with the divinity.

Of course, he could find nothing to say to her. He tried school-girl topics, coming down with a very evident effort. The divinity smiled and gave short answers. She was evidently amused. Very galling to a man of Travers's social experience.

Then he tried the climate, the fashions, and at last, going out of himself into his conversation—he was a good talker—he began upon current art and literary topics. Here, to his surprise, he found that this sixteen-year-old school-girl met him on equal ground. And yet, she was no blue-stocking. There was no show of pedantry. She was only an ingenuous girl, whose interest was in these things.

The mischief was completed. Will Travers returned from the Mussel Beds the same man—and yet a new life had been born in him. For the first time in his life he had encountered the power which masters all men, and he was in love with Kate Trenton.

As for the woman, it did not come so soon. Woman's love is a plant of slow growth, requiring careful nurture. She only realized that she had met a man whom she could respect—a man who impressed her as being different from the others. It did not occur to her to stop and analyze this difference. With a delicious half-consciousness of a power she did not understand, she drifted to her fate.

Travers did not leave San Diego at the expiration of five days. He lingered a month; and then business refused to be neglected any longer. The senior partner in his firm wrote sarcastically that "if Mr. Travers would be good enough to bring his vacation to an



end, the firm would take pleasure in sending a business man down to complete that San Diego business."

After that, you know, he must go. When old Mr. Wall was in that mood, the smaller fry in the firm of Wall, Travers & Co. were wont to "stand around."

He left San Diego, but he left it the betrothed of Kate Trenton.

Returning to San Francisco, he settled down to hard work, determining to avoid society—of women, especially—and to live in his letters. Such loving, trusting letters they were, too. The letters of a fresh young girl, who is yet a woman in her finer thoughts and feelings. There came a time when every trusting word in them pierced him like a knife-thrust.

I have said that he determined to avoid society. How little he knew the power of the tyrant in whose service he had passed the better part of his life. He was fairly drawn in, at last.

It was at a Thursday night reception of the Skeltons, that he met Emma Mayhew.

"Come, Mr. Travers," the motherly Mrs. Skelton had said, "you must meet my new Boston beauty, Emma Mayhew, a cousin of my husband's. She is a stranger, and you must be good to her."

"Now may heaven deliver me from a Boston girl," he breathed, but went along obediently enough.

"Mr. Will Travers, Emma; my cousin, Miss Mayhew, Mr. Travers."

Then the hostess bustled away, and Will found himself bowing before a tall pale girl, who stood alone in the embrasure of the window. There was nothing remarkable about her—a plain white dress, a slender form, a wealth of glossy black hair coiled low above a broad brow, straight features and drooping lashes, which had not even raised to return his salutation—and yet Travers found himself unconsciously comparing her in a thousand ways to Kate Trenton. He stood talking to her—a conversation of common-places easily sustained.

"Let us get away from these people," she said at last, flashing the light of a pair of

wonderful blue eyes upon him. She took the measure of the man in that one glance. She led him into the conservatory—and he followed easily enough. Sinking upon a rustic seat beneath the shadow of a tree-fern, she motioned him to a stool at her feet. From without, there came from the band the music of the waltz. Within, the gas burned dimly, and from the plant-shadows arose the silver ripple of running water.

"Will you close that door, Mr. Travers? I hate that waltz."

"Certainly," and he arose to obey her. "But will you tell me the reason of your prejudice?"

"Why should I have a reason? Must one have a reason for everything?"

"Not if one be a fair woman," and he laughed. "But I am sure you have a reason for this."

"Why are you sure?"

"Well, I saw it in your eyes, perhaps."

"What else do you see in my eyes, Mr. Travers?" turning their blue glory full upon him.

"A great many things. Some things that I would not like to interpret to you."

"Come, this grows interesting—if anything can ever be interesting again. You are a seer. You shall tell my fortune."

"There can be but one fortune for you."

"And that is?"

"All of the best and fairest that the world can give."

"Bah! You are only an ordinary flatterer, after all—and I thought that I was going to be amused."

"Thanks," Travers said. "What shall I do to amuse you?"

"Oh, nothing," and she smiled down in his face a smile of the utmost audacity. "Only, if you would be good enough to send Mr. Herndon to me."

He started up, with an exclamation half suppressed, and strode from her.

"Mr. Travers," a soft voice floated after him. He turned and went back to her. For the second time in his life, the self-possessed Will Travers felt himself worsted by a woman.

"You are not angry?" There was a caress in her voice now. "That's a good boy. Good night," extending one soft hand to him. "Don't forget about Mr. Herndon."

Will Travers found a great battle with himself awaiting in his comfortable bachelor apartments that night. He felt that he was conquered before the conflict. How cloying, after all, was school-girl sweetness, as compared with the high flavor, the dash, the *esprit*, of a woman like Emma Mayhew. But he struck a truce, as so many of us do, with his conscience, and he wrote a long and tender letter to Kate that night.

It is hard to tell what he would have done could he have seen a letter which Emma Mayhew also wrote after the reception. The chirography was beautifully clear, the paper cream-tinted, and the wording as follows:

"*Dearest Kate*: I have met your wonderful Will Travers, and he is half in love with me already. I told you that he would be. I am disgusted with men. They are all alike. However, if you insist, I shall let this particular one alone hereafter. Of course, I shall not be rude to him, but I shall avoid him as much as possible; and then, if he fall, Kismet! I will not be to blame.

"With undying affection,

"EMMA.

"P. S.—Don't forget about the Spanish lace you promised. How I would love to get acquainted with those dusky girls, and kiss those sweet Indian babies.

"E. M."

Emma Mayhew did avoid Will Travers, but, through going about in society and meeting each other everywhere, they were unavoidably thrown together. For the first time in his life, Travers was grateful to the dear five hundred, who seemed to know more of one's affairs than one knows oneself. Emma Mayhew saw that it would do no good to protest, and accepted the cavalier whom fate and her friends allotted her. He was handsome, gentlemanly, and agreeable enough when he was not sentimental.

She laughed at him, teased him in a thousand ways—and drew him on. She could not help it; it was a part of her nature—and he came so easily.

It was about this time, divided between

his fascination—for he was not in love with Emma Mayhew—and his honor, struggling to do no wrong to the loving girl who trusted him so fully, that he wrote to Mrs. Powell for advice, and received in return the letter that opens this sketch.

He read the letter very carefully, but could bring his mind to no decision. He went to call on Emma Mayhew that night. They were alone in the Skelton drawing-room. She sang to him, the rich notes of her pure contralto seeming to overburden the perfumed air with tender melody; she bewitched him with the magic of her voice. Almost unconsciously he was at the syren's feet, pouring forth the scorching torrent of his passion.

The music ceased suddenly. She heard him through without a word. He seized her hand, seeking to cover it with kisses but she drew it away, arose, and stood above him like a white, fair goddess. She did not look upon the kneeling man at her feet. Her eyes were far away, seeming to pierce the future—but piercing instead her inner consciousness, to see in what measure she had been to blame for this. She could not acquit herself, much as she sought to lay the blame upon fate and her friends. As she had been erring, so she would now be merciful.

"Mr. Travers," she said softly, "I want to show you a picture."

He arose then, and resumed his chair—half in shame, half in anger.

She went to a side table, returning with a plain photograph in her hand. She held it before him. He half smothered a curse, as he recognized the well remembered features of Kate Trenton.

"She is my dearest friend." The voice was low but decisive. "There is even a distant kinship between us. We have always corresponded. I knew of your engagement to her before I ever saw you. Do not interrupt me. I know that I have been to blame, at least as much as you. I know that I drew you on. God help me, I could not help it! No, I do not love you. I despise you—but as it is partly my fault, I will be

merciful to you. Go, then, and be a man. Kate shall never know of this from me. Of course, you will do as you please."

She stood just there, while he bowed himself out of the door—how, he hardly knew. Then she sank upon a lounge, covering her white face with her hands, and moaned and moaned :

"Oh, my God, I loved him! My God, my God, I loved him."

Just two weeks after that night Clara Pow-

ell received the following, post-marked San Diego :

"*My dear Friend:* You will be surprised at this, I know, but I was married this morning to Kate Trenton. We are very happy. We will take in your town on our way up the coast—and then I will tell you how it all came about. I know you are dying of curiosity this moment. Just now my wife is calling me from below stairs, to give judgment as to the set of a bonnet. You know what a connoisseur I am in such matters. So I must go. Your friend,  
"WILL."

*Sol. Sheridan.*

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### THE LOST JOURNALS OF A PIONEER.—I.

A CURIOUS relic of early days was brought to light last August, in the neighborhood of Martinez. George Bailey, the grandson of Mr. M. R. Barber, of that place, chanced to be in a portion of his grandfather's ranch, about two and a half miles from Martinez, between the Alhambra and Walnut Creek roads, high up in the hills, where no one would be likely to pass by, unless it were some hunter. Near the division line between Mr. Barber's land and Dr. Strentzel's, he came upon the curious phenomenon of a little group of ancient-looking books, lying at the foot of an oak tree. They were mouldy, weather-stained, decaying at the corners, yet still in fair preservation, and had apparently been wrapped in a stout sack, whose rotting remains had fallen from them, and lay close by. The fresh traces of digging showed that some animal—doubtless a coyote—had very recently scratched them out from under a covering of leaves and earth that had hidden them no one knows how long.

The books were four in number. One was a journal of the ninth session of the California Assembly. Another was a report of the joint committee on the conduct of the war, second session of the Thirty-eighth Congress. The two others proved to be ledgers, entirely filled with a fine and still quite legible handwriting, and were easily recognizable as private journals, dating back to the beginning of the fifties; but no name

appeared on cover or title page, to tell who was the pioneer that had thus mysteriously left his books, like babes in the wood, under the leaves and surface soil of a remote spot in the Contra Costa hills. The initials "C. E. M." and the word "Sacramento," carved all over the leather cover of one volume, amid swords, profiles, dates, and other evidences of an idle penknife, were the only clue.

A closer examination of the contents of the journals shed some light upon their origin. That their author was a man of some education was evident by the motto in Greek, signifying "Wealth is mortal, but thought is immortal," conspicuously written at the top of the first page of each journal. The entries were all made at Sacramento, beginning with January 1, 1851, and ending with January 30, 1857. They are systematically kept, and an index has been begun at the front, wherein weather-record, sermons heard, legal matters, political events, poetry (for the pages are interspersed with original verse of an old-fashioned sort), books read, &c., were to be recorded in parallel columns, with reference to pages; this index, however, was not completed, and what there is of it has become almost illegible. The weather is recorded for every day during this six years; and long and full entries comment on local and general politics, the writer's legal practice, the books he finds to read in the Sac-

ramento of that date, the sermons he heard from Dr. Benton, Bishop Kip, and other pioneer clergymen; but of personal matters he is very chary of speech. An ardent Southern partisan, bitterly hostile to Puritan and abolitionist, a member of the Squatter organization of 1850, yet no believer in the Puritan abolitionist Dr. Robinson, he shows himself in entry after entry. An account was at last found of his presence at a meeting, wherein he quotes the remarks of the chairman, in introducing "Mr. Montgomery." This solved the mystery of the writer: for the memories of one or two pioneers easily identified C. E. Montgomery, a pioneer lawyer of Sacramento, who has since died in the East. The manner in which these journals found their way to the place where they were found is less easy to trace, and still remains a mystery.

An item in the local paper called the attention of THE OVERLAND to this resurrected relic of early days; and through the courtesy of the editor, Mr. F. L. Foster, and of Mr. Barber, the books have been placed in our hands. So far as they have been examined, they do not contain any remarkable record, nor special new light upon the history of the early fifties; but the entries are often interesting illustrations of the surroundings, occupations, and thoughts of a fairly intelligent professional man in Sacramento at that time. Especially in the matter of the squatter conflict and of vigilante rule, they give a curious contemporary inside view of the beliefs and feelings of such a man, who on both these questions was even a bitter partisan on the side that time and history have decided against. A number of these entries we are permitted to place before the reader. As a matter of curiosity, we preserve the weather-note that is attached to every date.

SACRAMENTO CITY.

*Wednesday, 1st January, 1851.* Clear, cool.—[A New Year poem, beginning "Child of Eternity, born to disappear," but for the most part illegible, begins this entry.] This has been a day of general license and revelry, and by nightfall, probably one-third of

the town was under the maddening influence of liquor. A number of persons kept open house, as the New Yorkers denominate the New Year's day reception, but the absence of reputable females caused them rapidly to degenerate into mere drinking stands, where liquors were dealt out gratis to mobs of reeling drunkards. In the afternoon, a throng from one of them marched through the neighborhood in double file, some barely able to stand by clinging to their steadier companions, roaring lustily upon each return to the office of their entertainers. I made no calls, in consequence of these public demonstrations of the predominance of liquors over friendship, wit, and sense.

The draymen drove around the town in considerable numbers, obliging the store and hotel keepers to treat them, and business was in fact suspended during the greater portion of the day, from the unwillingness and inability of the great mass to attend to it and understand its requirements. A most unhappy and disgraceful New Year's day has it been for the large proportion of the Sacramento populace, and the proceedings here may without doubt be regarded as a very fair specimen of the day throughout California, and of the mode of enjoyment to which our people resort on the occurrence of a public holiday. Riot, drinking, gambling, and their attendant vices receive additional stimulus on these days.

*Wednesday, 8th January.* Cloudy, cool.—Judge Wm. E. Thomas, who left Sacramento in July last to visit his family in Missouri, having failed to return, this judicial district, composed of Sacramento and El Dorado Counties, has been practically without a Judge, and the Governor, assuming the office to be vacant, has appointed a new Judge to fill the post thus temporarily abandoned. It is probable that the events of the last few months<sup>1</sup> and the comforts of home have entirely changed the feelings of his Honor, Judge Thomas; and that no longer purposing to return, and being well satisfied with what he has made here, and regarding the squatters with abhorrence, that he will not even

<sup>1</sup> The Squatter Riots.

deign to resign. Yet the office is full, and the gentleman commissioned by Governor Burnett, a Mr. Tod Robinson, although a judge *de facto*, is not and cannot be a judge *de jure*, and may and indeed should be removed by a writ of *quo warranto*. . . .

*Friday, 10th January.* Variable, cool.—The colored men of Sacramento County called on me some days ago to draw up a petition to the Legislature of California, requesting the repeal of the laws which disqualify them as witnesses against white persons in civil and criminal actions. I accordingly prepared the petition, and at the request of the committee who waited upon me attended their meeting this evening, for the purpose of reading the petition, and giving them some advice as to the course to be pursued in urging the subject upon the attention and consideration of the General Assembly. The meeting was in a large room on J street, having a long table running down the center, it being apparently the dining-room of the establishment, a negro hotel. At the head of the long table was a cross table, at which were placed a small trestle and two kegs, by way of seats for the officers of the meeting and visitors. I took the trestle; the president, a black gentleman, one of the kegs, in front of which was a portable desk; the secretary, a mulatto, occupied the other keg.

The chairman then announced that the hour having arrived, the meeting would please come to order; which it did, filling the benches at the long table closely, and a few standing up in the lower end of the room and along the wall. The meeting then resolved that the proceedings of the last meeting be read, which having been done, and the minutes adopted, the Committee on Petition were required to report. The chairman of the committee, a small black man, neatly dressed and cloaked, probably a barber or waiter, Mr. Simpson, proceeded to say that he had called on a lawyer to draw up the petition—Mr. Montgomery, who was now present—and he had very generously drawn up the petition, and offered to send it to members of the Legislature with whom he was ac-

quainted, and to recommend it to them as a wise and proper measure. This was received by the meeting with loud clapping and stamping.

I was thereupon introduced to the meeting, and saluted with clapping, pounding, and general applause, the meeting also rising and bowing profoundly and politely. I made a few remarks upon the subject of the petition, and then read it through, evidently to their admiration and gratification. Mr. Simpson, thanking me for my condescension, desired me to re-read it, which I did. Mr. Simpson then moved that a vote of thanks be given to the lawyer, which was unanimously and rapturously carried, and bowing to the company, the lawyer gracefully retired, amid enthusiastic applause. As I was leaving the bar-room, which constituted the front apartment of the building, I was very politely invited to take a glass of wine, which I, of course, declined, as I never drank any thing.

This, I think, secures me the colored business of Sacramento. I could, with the utmost sincerity, urge the repeal of the black laws in strong and emphatic terms, this being a free State, the negroes a useful and industrious class, few in number, having no inducement and without the means of wronging a white person by their testimony. Indeed, it is more than questionable whether the impunity which such laws give the lawless in the presence of colored persons does not, even in the slave States, do more harm than good, and defraud justice of more persons thrice over than would be endangered improperly by the utmost latitude. The evidence of a colored person against a white person is always weighed so scrupulously, and has to encounter so much prejudice, which nothing but strongly corroborating circumstances can overcome, that an injury from false testimony is almost impossible. I would therefore like to see these distinctive laws repealed, in order that this class of persons may be as effectually protected from fraud and violence as other residents of our State, and that no precedent for injustice, no stamp of illiberality, shall be left on our statute book, or remain in our laws. The

looked several times into Queen's Hall, which the church formerly occupied, and with the exception of a Bible upon the desk, some prayer-books scattered over the benches, the whole covered with thickly fading dust, the chamber exhibited no signs of former use. . . . It is therefore to me exceedingly problematical whether there is an Episcopal church in Sacramento. I will look into the old room again next Sunday, unless I learn in the meantime that the congregation is located elsewhere, or has ceased to exist.

*Wednesday, 29th Fannary.* Variable, cool.—The majority of the Supreme Court of California have recently, in several possessory actions taken before them, upon appeals from the judgments of the Superior Court of San Francisco, indicated their opinions so strongly as to what is essential to constitute actual possession, that squatterism has suddenly come into vogue in that county, and set the non-landholding portion of the city agog to seize unoccupied lands and convert themselves into freeholders, at the expense of the holders of Spanish, Indian, and Alcalde titles, who are as violently chagrined and offended by these decisions as the squatters are elated, and encouraged to expect justice from them, in the cases now pending in the Supreme Court upon appeal from this county. The position which has heretofore been maintained and insisted upon by the squatters in this county, in the multitudinous Forcible Entry and Detainer suits, with which they have been harassed, that known and definite lines, marked corners so manifest and positive as to be the notice of possession, are absolutely requisite to constitute possession in the absence of actual occupancy and cultivation, receives confirmation in these cases; and, also, that without such occupancy and cultivation, or other equivalent use, or the existence of direct and plain boundary lines, lands must be considered waste and vacant, and open to the entrance and occupancy of every man, as public and unclaimed domain. These are the true and just rules, and their adoption as a rule of decision by the Supreme Court

of the State will be extremely salutary. It will revolutionize the practice of the State, and put an end to the absurd suits of Forcible and Unlawful Entry that have crowded the justices' courts with deeply wronged and injured suitors, founded upon fanciful, vague, and imaginary possession, based upon fraudulently obtained paper titles, striding over the country from river to river and mountain to mountain, like the giant in his seven league boots, and converting by the scratch of a bad pen upon musty and dirty paper, the wild and desert regions of California into inclosed fields, and the home of the bear and wolf into domesticated rancho, blooming with man's labor. . . . .

*Saturday, 1st February.* Variable, cool; foggy, early.—There are some men, even in California, who possess a cool and calculating spirit of liberality—no forms of which virtue, even the least creditable, are common with us in this gold-disgraced region. One of them it was my fortune to meet today, much to my advantage. He has a little suit in the Court of Sessions, and to retain me more deeply in his interest, brought and presented to me the first volume of "Muckel-dey's Roman Law," and four volumes of "Halsted's New Jersey Reports." He inquired, after stating his case, what his prospects were, and what my fee would be. I told him the first was good, if the facts he stated could be proven; my fee was fifty dollars. That he could not pay. "Well," said I, "the books—" There he stopped me: the books were nothing; he would pay me what was right, but he could not give me fifty dollars. I said, "Very well," and was contented, for the books are worth, in this county, at least one hundred dollars.

*Saturday, 22d February.* Clear, cool.—Two men, charged with knocking a man named Jansen down in his store, by striking him with a bolt, and then robbing the premises of about two thousand five hundred dollars, were arrested this afternoon. One attempt was made to take them out of the hands of the officers, during the hearing before the recorder, which was foiled, and the hall cleared at the point of the bayonet by

the California Guard. . . . The hearing was suspended and a vast crowd gathered, some of whom proposed hanging the accused without further examination or delay; but finally, after speeches by Major J. W. Geary, Recorder Tilford, and Sam Brannan, a committee of twelve was appointed to keep the prisoners safely until Sunday, at ten o'clock, and the mob dispersed. The number disposed to proceed to the lynching was very small, and had the Mayor and Sheriff said simply: "Fellow citizens, these men are in the custody of the law and must be left to its care, and you disperse immediately. We will protect the prisoners and prevent their seizure by resort to arms, if necessary"—the mob would have instantly quietly gone away, and good order been firmly and effectually established.

*Monday, 24th February.* Clear, cold.—The excitement against the men accused of robbing Jansen was kept up all day yesterday, but by temporizing measures was finally exhausted, and the mob, after trying them twice by different juries, dispersed last night about ten o'clock without committing any violence, and today things are tolerably quiet, and disposition to riot over.

*Tuesday, 25th February.* Clear, cold.—The lawless disposition exhibited by the people of San Francisco on Saturday and Sunday last has been communicated to Sacramento. A young man named Frederick J. Roe, in a quarrel and fight at the Marion House, a gambling saloon . . . over the monte table, with a man named Myers, which continued from the house into the street, shot Myers with a revolver. Myers was a large and strong man, Roe, young and slight, and had been thrown down and very roughly handled. Which was the aggressor in the original difficulty I do not know; but I am inclined to think Myers had bet and then refused to pay.

The ball passed through, or rather into, the skull, and the wound is probably mortal. The horse market immediately gathered, determined to lynch Roe. Roe was arrested, and placed in the station house, in the cellar of Merritt's adobe building . . . In the early part of the afternoon, when the mob were organ-

nizing what they called a jury, that is, twelve men willing to pretend to try the accused, Marshal N. C. Cunningham showed some disposition to maintain the law; but he soon lost spirit, and after organizing a posse, gave up his purpose and retired into the cellar. The Sheriff, Ben McCullough, was not in town, or perhaps a different condition would have been made. The mob, after hearing what they called the evidence in the case, without permitting the accused to know of their proceedings, or giving him an opportunity to explain his conduct, condemned him to death immediately after dark, and the officers of the law capitulated at the first summons, although they had an exceedingly defensible position; and from the temper of the crowd, but a small body of their assailants were in favor of violent measures, and a still smaller number would have attempted to wrest the prisoner from their hands for the purpose of executing the sentence of the murderers, and a large and resolute posse could have been organized in five minutes by a single call for volunteers for the defense of the prisoner—men who would, if necessary, have died on the spot, in order to maintain the officers and their charge in safety. Having yielded up the prisoner, they dispersed, and the mob marched with him up K street to Seventh street, where he was hung, on a large tree. He was, it is said, addicted to drink and quarrelsome when drunk, and a professional gambler. These are both bad traits, but the mob that murdered him was composed of drunkards. Its leaders were much intoxicated.

*Monday, 3d March.* Clear, cold.—No election can be effected at the current session of the legislature for United States senator. . . . A small squad from the southern part of the State sustained Colonel John Charles Fremont. To the astonishment of every one, Dr. Charles Robinson was at the head of the Fremont party, thus placing himself in the attitude of hostility to the settlers, by whom he was especially elected, and to the people of his county without a single exception. Such conduct justifies the keenest suspicion as to motives . . . Honesty of pur-

looked several times into Queen's Hall, which the church formerly occupied, and with the exception of a Bible upon the desk, some prayer-books scattered over the benches, the whole covered with thickly fading dust, the chamber exhibited no signs of former use. . . . It is therefore to me exceedingly problematical whether there is an Episcopal church in Sacramento. I will look into the old room again next Sunday, unless I learn in the meantime that the congregation is located elsewhere, or has ceased to exist.

*Wednesday, 29th Fannary.* Variable, cool.—The majority of the Supreme Court of California have recently, in several possessory actions taken before them, upon appeals from the judgments of the Superior Court of San Francisco, indicated their opinions so strongly as to what is essential to constitute actual possession, that squatterism has suddenly come into vogue in that county, and set the non-landholding portion of the city agog to seize unoccupied lands and convert themselves into freeholders, at the expense of the holders of Spanish, Indian, and Alcalde titles, who are as violently chagrined and offended by these decisions as the squatters are elated, and encouraged to expect justice from them, in the cases now pending in the Supreme Court upon appeal from this county. The position which has heretofore been maintained and insisted upon by the squatters in this county, in the multitudinous Forcible Entry and Detainer suits, with which they have been harassed, that known and definite lines, marked corners so manifest and positive as to be the notice of possession, are absolutely requisite to constitute possession in the absence of actual occupancy and cultivation, receives confirmation in these cases; and, also, that without such occupancy and cultivation, or other equivalent use, or the existence of direct and plain boundary lines, lands must be considered waste and vacant, and open to the entrance and occupancy of every man, as public and unclaimed domain. These are the true and just rules, and their adoption as a rule of decision by the Supreme Court

of the State will be extremely salutary. It will revolutionize the practice of the State, and put an end to the absurd suits of Forcible and Unlawful Entry that have crowded the justices' courts with deeply wronged and injured suitors, founded upon fanciful, vague, and imaginary possession, based upon fraudulently obtained paper titles, striding over the country from river to river and mountain to mountain, like the giant in his seven league boots, and converting by the scratch of a bad pen upon musty and dirty paper, the wild and desert regions of California into inclosed fields, and the home of the bear and wolf into domesticated rancho, blooming with man's labor. . . . .

*Saturday, 1st February.* Variable, cool; foggy, early.—There are some men, even in California, who possess a cool and calculating spirit of liberality—no forms of which virtue, even the least creditable, are common with us in this gold-disgraced region. One of them it was my fortune to meet today, much to my advantage. He has a little suit in the Court of Sessions, and to retain me more deeply in his interest, brought and presented to me the first volume of "Muckel-dey's Roman Law," and four volumes of "Halsted's New Jersey Reports." He inquired, after stating his case, what his prospects were, and what my fee would be. I told him the first was good, if the facts he stated could be proven; my fee was fifty dollars. That he could not pay. "Well," said I, "the books—" There he stopped me: the books were nothing; he would pay me what was right, but he could not give me fifty dollars. I said, "Very well," and was contented, for the books are worth, in this country, at least one hundred dollars.

*Saturday, 22d February.* Clear, cool.—Two men, charged with knocking a man named Jansen down in his store, by striking him with a bolt, and then robbing the premises of about two thousand five hundred dollars, were arrested this afternoon. One attempt was made to take them out of the hands of the officers, during the hearing before the recorder, which was foiled, and the hall cleared at the point of the bayonet by



the California Guard. . . . The hearing was suspended and a vast crowd gathered, some of whom proposed hanging the accused without further examination or delay; but finally, after speeches by Major J. W. Geary, Recorder Tilford, and Sam Brannan, a committee of twelve was appointed to keep the prisoners safely until Sunday, at ten o'clock, and the mob dispersed. The number disposed to proceed to the lynching was very small, and had the Mayor and Sheriff said simply: "Fellow citizens, these men are in the custody of the law and must be left to its care, and you disperse immediately. We will protect the prisoners and prevent their seizure by resort to arms, if necessary"—the mob would have instantly quietly gone away, and good order been firmly and effectually established.

*Monday, 24th February.* Clear, cold.—The excitement against the men accused of robbing Jansen was kept up all day yesterday, but by temporizing measures was finally exhausted, and the mob, after trying them twice by different juries, dispersed last night about ten o'clock without committing any violence, and today things are tolerably quiet, and disposition to riot over.

*Tuesday, 25th February.* Clear, cold.—The lawless disposition exhibited by the people of San Francisco on Saturday and Sunday last has been communicated to Sacramento. A young man named Frederick J. Roe, in a quarrel and fight at the Marion House, a gambling saloon . . . over the monte table, with a man named Myers, which continued from the house into the street, shot Myers with a revolver. Myers was a large and strong man, Roe, young and slight, and had been thrown down and very roughly handled. Which was the aggressor in the original difficulty I do not know; but I am inclined to think Myers had bet and then refused to pay.

The ball passed through, or rather into, the skull, and the wound is probably mortal. The horse market immediately gathered, determined to lynch Roe. Roe was arrested, and placed in the station house, in the cellar of Merritt's adobe building . . . In the early part of the afternoon, when the mob were organ-

nizing what they called a jury, that is, twelve men willing to pretend to try the accused, Marshal N. C. Cunningham showed some disposition to maintain the law; but he soon lost spirit, and after organizing a posse, gave up his purpose and retired into the cellar. The Sheriff, Ben McCullough, was not in town, or perhaps a different condition would have been made. The mob, after hearing what they called the evidence in the case, without permitting the accused to know of their proceedings, or giving him an opportunity to explain his conduct, condemned him to death immediately after dark, and the officers of the law capitulated at the first summons, although they had an exceedingly defensible position; and from the temper of the crowd, but a small body of their assailants were in favor of violent measures, and a still smaller number would have attempted to wrest the prisoner from their hands for the purpose of executing the sentence of the murderers, and a large and resolute posse could have been organized in five minutes by a single call for volunteers for the defense of the prisoner—men who would, if necessary, have died on the spot, in order to maintain the officers and their charge in safety. Having yielded up the prisoner, they dispersed, and the mob marched with him up K street to Seventh street, where he was hung, on a large tree. He was, it is said, addicted to drink and quarrelsome when drunk, and a professional gambler. These are both bad traits, but the mob that murdered him was composed of drunkards. Its leaders were much intoxicated.

*Monday, 3d March.* Clear, cold.—No election can be effected at the current session of the legislature for United States senator. . . . A small squad from the southern part of the State sustained Colonel John Charles Fremont. To the astonishment of every one, Dr. Charles Robinson was at the head of the Fremont party, thus placing himself in the attitude of hostility to the settlers, by whom he was especially elected, and to the people of his county without a single exception. Such conduct justifies the keenest suspicion as to motives . . . Honesty of pur-

pose is directly inconsistent with it, Fremont being in personal and political antagonism with the interests of the settlers of the State, and being the direct head and representative of the owners and claimants of the fictitious Spanish and Mexican grants that curse the whole State of California.

*Friday, 7th March.* Clear, cool.—Among the absurdities of the day concerning California, and showing the necessity of looking out a better set of officers, legislative, congressional, and executive, is a provision said to be contained in Senator Gwin's mail route bill: a direction that the mail shall be carried twice a week to Benicia from San Francisco, by way of Saucelito, San Rafael, Petaluma, Sonoma, and Napa, on horseback. The ridiculous becomes almost imposing in this array, Saucelito being north of Benicia, and the other towns the same, and Sonoma at least thirty miles inland; so that the mail would have to diverge from the direct route to Benicia, which should be the starting point, zigzag through the country, and finally come back to Benicia on horseback. How Saucelito is to be reached by this method of traveling is not stated. Probably eschewing steamboats, the mail is to be carried around the south end of the Bay, the mail rider then to swim the Suisun Bay, and pass silently and coldly through Benicia hurry on to Saucelito, get a dry shirt, and deliver the packages due that extensive city, thence travel to San Rafael, Sonoma, and Napa, and return by the way of Benicia, and Bay of Suisun to San Francisco. A very agreeable, but neither a very practicable nor speedy one, so far as my knowledge of the country enables me to judge.

*Tuesday, 11th March.* Clear, cold.—The excitement at the Bay on the subject of criminals has taken a new form. The "Herald" seizes the occasion to malign and traduce Judge Parsons, who, in return, has punished the editor, a Mr. Walker, for contempt of court, and remitted him to prison to expiate his offenses. That the time calls imperatively for the exertion of all the powers of the judiciary, to reduce to subjection the mob spirit that inflames our State in every quarter,

and renders its name infamous abroad, as it does its laws a despicable mockery, a very curse, destructive to honest men, while affording safety to scoundrels, every honorable and right thinking and feeling man must see and acknowledge. . . . The community was and is incensed at the executive and judicial officers of the county, under the impression that they had failed to perform the duties imposed by law upon them, and that in consequence of this negligence, criminals had in numerous instances escaped unpunished, and crimes had increased, as the necessary effect of impunity. . . . The defendants most assuredly have violated the law, and merited severe punishment for conduct calculated to produce anarchy, and destroy every social safeguard which protects the life and the character of citizens. . . . Judge Parsons, therefore, stands in the honorable attitude of an officer prepared firmly to enforce the respect due to the law, and to maintain the law uninjured, despite the tumult of the crowd, or the efforts of the unworthy to foster licentiousness and secure immunity to crime; and this entitles him to the cordial support of all men who desire to have the laws steadily, honestly, and correctly enforced, and mobs, which are covering California with disgrace by the infamous proceedings of lynch law, giving immunity to the real criminal, while the honest but unknown citizen is surrounded with perpetual dangers, subdued and dispersed.

*Thursday, 13th March.* Clear, warm.—A bill, according to the reports from San José, has been introduced to discontinue the trials of Dr. Charles Robinson and others for murder, assault with intent to kill, and conspiracy. This is a proceeding as novel as peremptory. I have heard of granting new trials by legislature, but not of legislative acquittal of offenses. That these men are innocent of any such violation of the law as should subject them to the penalty of either of these offenses is certain; yet the laws of the State are not so feeble and inefficient that we need appeal to the legislature to stay the prosecutions. . . . Such a disposition of these proceedings may be more grateful to

the persons disposed to press these suits to a conclusion than an acquittal or even a pardon; but it is not acceptable to the individuals concerned as defendants, if we except Dr. Charles Robinson, the undoubted secret author of this bill.

*Saturday, 15th March.* Clear, warm.—The bill to discontinue the squatter trials at Benicia was defeated in the Assembly on Wednesday. . . . So the trial must go on; and very properly, since these men need no pardon—they can be acquitted and will be acquitted by a jury if they have, as they can at Benicia, a fair and impartial trial. . . . This attempt to stifle these cases by legislation has been in every way impolitic. It has kindled anew the rage of the speculators against them, and encouraged these unreasoning, pocket-nerved creatures in the belief that the defendants fear a trial, and will certainly be convicted. This has kindled their zeal to assail the squatters anew, and they begin to talk of more bloodshed, of a war in which cannon must be used, and many, very many, lives lost. “Ten men at least must be killed,” was the expression of one of them, intimately connected with the leaders of the party, to me this afternoon in my office, and this knowing me to be a squatter. It did not strike me at the instant as of much importance, but upon reflecting on the manner in which it was said, I concluded that he was thinking aloud, repeating their private conversation and wishes, and that the “ten men” were the ten men most inimical to their rage and malice; and the more I ponder on this point, the stronger becomes my conviction that such was the fact, and that I was one of the doomed and fated ten. The will, I believe, is good enough for the renewal of tumult and bloodshed, but the power is wanting; and as they feel that they will become entirely impotent after the ingress of the immigrants of this season, and a few days will expose to them the fallacy of their expectations that Caulfield and others will be convicted, or that they can rally a party to sustain them in the wild and illegal course that they pursued in 1850, their threatenings will die away in faint murmurings, and they

will quietly, though reluctantly, abide by the result of the investigation of these titles.

*Sunday, 16th March.* Clear, warm.—Having been foiled in the attempt to discontinue the Benicia trials by a direct method, Bigler has introduced a joint resolve requiring the Attorney-General to direct the District Attorney to investigate the evidence in these cases, and if the evidence will not authorize a conviction in his opinion, to report thereupon to the Attorney-General, who, in that event, shall enter a *nolle prosequi*. This is a very tame mode of attaining the object of the smotherers, since if the District Attorney examines but one side of the case, that to which he has direct access, he must report that an offense has apparently been committed, and that evidence is fully sufficient to put the defendants upon trial. Individuals have been killed, and certain persons are charged by a Grand Jury with having murdered them; and this was done under the advice of M. S. Latham, the District Attorney. If he is to be appointed to investigate the evidence, he must, for the sake of his own personal and professional reputation, report affirmatively, unless he is required and directed to make a thorough and searching examination into both sides of the question. . . .

*Monday, 17th March.* Serene, clear, warm.—

St. Patrick, not in clouds or storms,  
But peaceful as the faith you taught  
Pure as the steadfast truth that warms  
The souls to heaven's glad image wrought,  
This day on our wide western land  
Where thine own shamrock native grows,  
Is by an arch of sunlight spanned,  
And full of summer radiance glows,  
The beaming type of this fair realm,  
Proud mistress of the western sea,  
The continent's bright diadem,  
Wide, glorious, and free.

A bill to dismiss the April trials at Benicia is before the Senate, and urged with great earnestness. Dr. Robinson is represented as being very feeble in health, and the object of much sympathy. He urges the claims of Caulfield and Packer to be discharged from these prosecutions, but is

himself perfectly willing to stand the brunt of a legal investigation. This is exceedingly generous and self-denying in the good and honest doctor, since he well knows that two cannot be discharged without the third. Heydenfeldt opposes the bill; this will (although it may be an arrangement between Robinson and him, but I think him in fact opposed to this measure) release the other defendants from the odium of these legislative efforts to prevent a trial, and place them in the true light before the country, as willing and desirous to have the charge fully examined, and the wrong done by a packed grand jury wiped out by the verdict of an unbiased petit jury. . . .

*Wednesday, 19th March.* Variable, showery, cool.—Judge Tod Robinson has delivered an opinion on the subject of land titles, in which he maintains that Sutter's title, although upon its face inchoate and clogged with conditions precedent, is valid, and sufficient to maintain an action of ejectment, and that it is not incumbent on Sutter or his grantees to show that these conditions have been executed by him. This doctrine is not supported by any case with which I am acquainted; certainly by no case of any authority. . . .

*Thursday, 20th March.* Variable, cool.—The settlers held a meeting last night to denounce and condemn Tod Robinson's decision on the Sutter title. I must sincerely regret this proceeding. To condemn the Judge by public meetings does not correct the mischief resulting from his determination, and only serves to excite his prejudice against the parties concerned, and to strengthen the hostility with which he views them and their cause. The proper mode of acting in this case, is to unite and carry the case up to the Supreme Court of the State, where an opinion can be obtained favorable to the squatters, and placing Sutter's title upon its true basis as a conditional grant, the conditions being patently and notoriously unexecuted. Then, if Sutter and his grantees desire a further investigation, let them carry this case directly into the Supreme Court of the United States.

*Sunday, 23d March.* Variable, cool, afternoon showery.—According to the San Francisco papers, the bill passed by the House, to enter a *nolle prosequi* in the case of Dr. Charles Robinson and others, has received at length the approbation of the Senate. This will put an end to the squatter trials at Benicia, and terminates, for the present, the agitation of this subject. The bill includes all the names in all the bills excepting those of John. H. McKune, Henry Baldwin and John. Edwards, indicted for conspiracy. Edwards is dead, was dead at the time the bill was found. Baldwin is an unknown person. The name was inserted, probably, by mistake. . . . McKune was the counsel in the land cases, and his sole offense was making a speech at the meeting on the levee, on the 11th of August, condemnatory of Judge Willis. Robinson has always spoken of him with the utmost apparent friendship: why, then, his name was omitted in the bill and joint resolutions, is wholly inexplicable. . . .

*Saturday, 29th March.* Variable. Evening, rain, cool.—Lieutenant Governor McDougal has vetoed the bill authorizing the prosecuting attorney for the Seventh Judicial District to enter *nolle prosequi* in the cases of Charles Robinson and others at Benicia. His veto is based upon the assumption that the bill interferes with the powers of the judiciary. This is a manifest blunder in His Excellency, since it is not a trial of the case; nor is it a judgment without trial; nor an order in the course of a case; and hence, it is only doing what, as between the judiciary and the legislature, the legislature had full authority to do. . . .

*Sunday, 30th March.* Variable, rain early, cool.—All offenses are imputed to Sydney men in this country. It matters not what they may be, the offender is certainly from Sydney, although every tone of his voice smack of Connecticut or Massachusetts, and he came here after graduating at Sing Sing or Auburn, direct from New York city, or from Boston.

*Saturday, 5th April.* Variable, warm.—The bankers of this city and San Francisco

have refused to take any private gold coin excepting Moffat & Co.'s, upon the allegation that all of this coin falls below the standard value, and that Moffat & Co. are the only firm redeeming their issue. If any exception of value is made in favor of Moffat & Co., founded upon their published assay of private coins, it is indubitably erroneous; that assay, being an act of their own, designed to injure the character of Baldwin, Dubosq, and other competitors in this traffic, and advance their own, is entitled to no credit, whatever. The fact is, I am satisfied, that all the stamped pellets of Moffat & Co., Baldwin, and Dubosq are below the mint value, and I have very little faith in the octagon ingots issued by Moffat under the authority of A. Humbert, U. S. Assayer. . . . When the United States District Court goes into operation, if Mr. Calhoun Benham does his duty, he will have them all, and especially Moffat, the first and chief offender, indicted for issuing spurious coin in similitude of the legal coin of the United States, and fraudulently putting the same into circulation contrary to law, and to the manifest injury of a community on whom they are passed as of standard weight. . . . The whole lot of private coin should be taken by the people at what they are really worth, which would immediately so diminish the profit of the unlicensed coiners . . . that they would gradually give up the business. Moffat's legalized ingots, too, should be carefully assayed, and their true standard ascertained. . . .

*Tuesday, 8th April.* Cloudy, warm, rain.—The committee on the charge of William Walker of San Francisco against T. Parsons, Judge of the District Court of that district, the allegation being that Parsons originally unlawfully committed him, Walker, to the jail of San Francisco for contempt of court, the contempt consisting of articles in the San Francisco "Herald," of which Walker is editor, charging official misconduct upon the Judge. Walker was fined \$100, and committed until it was paid. A habeas corpus was sued out of the Superior Court, by whom—Chief Justice Murray dissenting—

Walker was discharged, upon the ground that, the statute being express, the District Court could not commit for contempt, excepting when the offense was perpetrated in the actual presence of the Court. That the act punished amounted to a contempt at common law was not, and could not be, denied; and that it was a gross violation of good order, exhibited a depraved and lawless [spirit] seriously calculated to derange the course of justice, being designed from malice to bring the Court into disrepute, and to excite the mob to acts of murder. That Walker had committed a crime, and an exceedingly dangerous crime, no one who is honest can deny. . . . Misled, I concede, by the undeviating practice of the Common Law Courts, Judge Parsons had proceeded against the criminal summarily. Here was an error, a grave error of judgment, but an honest error; and a mistake is not and cannot be the subject of criminal punishment in a judicial officer; and the legislative committee have come to the correct conclusion, in reporting that Judge Parsons has not been guilty of a criminal offense, nor of any act which should subject him to impeachment; and that he be discharged from further prosecution under the (malicious) petition of Walker, and they will, of course, be sustained in this report by the Assembly, and the disgrace sought to be attached to Parsons fixed where it should rest, upon the wretch who dared to excite mob-law, and invite the licentious to murder.

*Friday, 11th April.* Clear, warm.—The minority of the committee on the impeachment of Judge Parsons have—or, as it is an individual act, has—made a report in favor of the impeachment. The author of this report is a would-be Congressman. . . . He can secure a semblance of popularity, which would recommend him to party conventions. . . . The only operation of the only effect of this impeachment—serious effect, outside of the injustice to Parsons—has been the prevention of the trial of Robinson, Caulfield, and others, at Benicia. Judge Hopkins having left for the East, under leave of absence from the legislature, procured in the

earliest days of the session, Judge Parsons was to hold the April term for the county of Solano; but having been obliged to attend at San José during the current week, no term has been held.

*Sunday, 13th April.* Clear, warm.—Episcopal services have been again discontinued, not from want of a clergyman, but from the disreputable unwillingness of those who pretend to be Churchmen to pay the pastor. . . . The church needs only a permanent establishment to prosper. \$5000 would furnish us a church, small, but equal and more than sufficient to the present needs of the congregation. An assurance of an immediate salary of \$3000 a year would secure to us a clergyman, and in three months we would be able to double, or if necessary, triple, his salary, and build a good and substantial edifice.

*Monday, 14th April.* Variable, warm.—California is disgraced by lynch law in every section at present, and has been practically, in consequence, without any law for the last six months. Has it diminished crime, made offenders less audacious than they were before? On the contrary, with each mob murder, these have become more daring in their crimes, and more frequently have they polluted the ground with murder. Why, they read justifications of, nay, demands for, mob murder in the newspapers, as they are called; they see men seized, beaten or hung at the instigation of malice by mobs, and the offenders applauded as if they had done a good deed! What, then, are the thoughts that take possession of their minds, and are in very sooth irrefutable? If a mob of two hundred men may condemn and kill a man accused of a legal offense against them, an individual may punish with death any person who inflicts a wrong upon him. . . . Each bloody act of regulation is repaid on the criminals by losses of stock, and by their own lives taken by mobs under like charges—for accusation is here proof. . . . There is only one remedy for this state of things; but the prosecution of the regulators—this will put an end to their proceedings, give efficiency to the law, and introduce grad-

ually good order into California communities. But we are without officers capable of doing their duty under these circumstances, and we must continue to suffer these wrongs and their evil influence until some more revolting act than usual kindles indignation against them in the whole community, and they are accordingly hunted down as the thugs of India or the banditti of Italy.

*Friday, 18th April.* Foggy early; variable, cool, rather showery, p. m.—The Legislature have just published the population of the State. . . . It is much less than I should have presumed, for at least 500,000 persons must have entered and sojourned in California since 1847, of whom it appears about one in five now remains, the population being 117,597, three counties remaining unheard from. . . . These three would add nearly 8,000 to the total, as we may estimate the population of California as having been in November last 125,000. . . . The population of Sacramento County was barely 11,000 in round numbers. . . . As this census was taken during the cholera, and many had fled from the disease who have now returned, the population of the county may be fixed at nearly 14,000—9,000 of which belong to the city, the balance to the settlements in the vicinity, and upon the skirts of the county, in the mining districts. This population will doubtless be doubled in two years throughout the State.

*Sunday, 20th April.* Variable, cool, showery.—The folly and criminality of lynchings are exhibited markedly by a case occurring yesterday. A fellow named Gregory had been living with a man named Bowles for some time, and in the course of mutual dealings Bowles had become indebted to Gregory in a small sum. During the absence of Bowles from home, Gregory commenced suit against him, and obtained judgment for about \$150, against which Bowles had set-offs amounting to about \$85. This exasperated Bowles very much; and Gregory having ordered the seizure of two horses, the property of another person, which Bowles was ranching, a suit of replevin was commenced, in which I took non-suit, in consequence of the justice having

ruled out, and the constable proceeded yesterday to sell the animals. Bowles gave notice of the ownership, and after the sale went into a tavern where Gregory was sitting, and challenged him to a fist fight. Gregory having a knife in his hand at the time, Bowles drew his pistol, and after a word or two struck Gregory with the pistol, which exploded with the concussion, and it was immediately reported that Gregory was shot in the head, and not likely to live. . . . The lynchers, being themselves outlaws for their manifold crimes, raised the cry "Hang him," and followed the marshal and the prisoner into Bullock's office, with the avowed purpose of lynching. Bullock ordered the marshal to shoot the first man that attempted to seize the prisoner, and the mob was overawed, and dispersed. Today Bowles had a hearing, and it turned out that the pistol was only used as a club; that there was no wound in the head; that the ball had not touched Gregory nor been aimed at him; but that the scalp had been cut by the pistol, which was the extent of the injury; and Bowles was accordingly held to bail in the sum of \$1,600 for a simple assault and battery, and bound over to keep the peace; and every one conceded that the circumstances warranted nothing more. Had the mob been allowed its way yesterday, he would now have been in his grave, for the fancied perpetration of a high crime.

*Thursday, 1st May.* Clear, warm.—A bill has been introduced into the lower house of the State Legislature, authorizing masters who brought slaves to California to remove them as fugitives. The injustice of this act is self-evident—to treat as criminals persons brought into this country by their masters with or without their consent, and on this pretended criminality to drag them back to their former homes, would be infamous and inexcusable. The law is, however, unconstitutional. These persons have, under the Constitution of California, been free for two years, nearly; they cannot by statute be subjected anew to servitude. Brought voluntarily into California, the adoption of a free Constitution released them from bondage,

and they became instantly as free as their masters, if those masters allowed them to remain one day beyond the promulgation of the proclamation which announced the adoption of the State Constitution. . . . There is a class of colored persons who may be affected by it. It is those who came to California to purchase their manumission by their labor, either for a term of years, or a sum of money. If the State in which such contracts were made authorized contracts by slaves with a view to the procurement of freedom, then these contracts would be obligatory in California, and the slave might be removed if he had, in California, fled from his master's service, or had refused to pay the sum stipulated as the value of his freedom. . . . This bill may be made the pretext of some slave seizures, if passed, but will be narrow in its effect on our colored population. The impolicy of carrying a negro who has enjoyed a year of freedom in California back to a plantation life and a slave neighborhood is so apparent as in itself to deter any man excepting one besotted with avarice. . . . In one instance an effort has been made to remove a colored man brought here from Missouri by a Mr. Calloway; but the man was instantly released upon *habeas corpus*.

*Thursday, 8th May.* Rain early; variable, cool.—San Francisco was nearly destroyed by fire on Sunday last, and news has just reached us that Stockton was burned on Tuesday night.

*Saturday, 10th May.* Variable, warm.—The fires at San Francisco and Stockton have produced a terror that absolutely amounts to insanity in the citizens of Sacramento. Not content with organizing what they term a fire department—three engine companies with New York engines of the capacity of a garden engine or a squirt for washing the windows, and a hook and ladder company, the counter-destroyer and only efficient company of the four, they have established what they call a volunteer police guard, in which all the patriots of the night have enrolled themselves, and perambulate the streets at midnight, visiting and testing

the liquors of the several saloons about town. . . . Such guards will doubtless display great spirit, and some may make minute investigations of the ground by rolling over it, to discover and suffocate any combustibles which may be strewed upon it; but I do not believe that beyond consuming liquor, eating late suppers, and sleeping soundly through the succeeding day, and thus keeping out of mischief for a few hours, they will be of much service.

*Thursday, 15th May.* Warm. — There was a new method of lynching resorted to this afternoon, for the purpose of punishing a thief, who had broken open a trunk and appropriated the contents. A large placard was fastened upon his back, and he marched through the streets in the midst of reviling mobs of boys and men, with his arms tied behind him. The adoption of this summary mode of punishment is probably better than the rope, either by order of court, or of a mob, or than the whip by direction of a jury, or of a throng of men denominating themselves the people. . . .

*Thursday, 22d May.* Clear, warm. — The squatter cases are at length finally and quietly disposed of. The Legislature ordered a session of the Solano District Court for the trial of these cases, which was to commence Monday. As the defendants were not prepared to pay my expenses, I did not go down, supposing, as Mr. Bristol, the district attorney, had informed me, there would be no trial, and that the cases would probably be continued. Yesterday was, however, set for the trial, and the State had no witnesses, subpoenas not having been issued. Bristol entered a *nolle prosequi*, and so terminated the affair forever. I am heartily glad of it. An investigation would have cast disrepute upon both parties to the contention. Both were equally in error, and should rejoice in this smothering of the cases and the controversy that produced them, and would have been revived by their examination. Some of the defendants are eager to punish the prosecutors, and will, doubtless, make the attempt to do so hereafter by the institution of prosecutions against Mr. Ex-Recorder

Washington, Dr. Th. J. White, and other avowed partakers in the conflict of the 14th of August, and the murder at Allen's on the 15th. But postponement has already been so far extended that, now they are free from the torment and vexation of these criminal charges, the matter will be allowed to fall gradually asleep. Washington, White, Wake Brierly, Radford might easily be convicted; the vaunts of the former couple concerning their exploits, Washington killing Maloney, White his horse, being sufficient to establish their guilty presence and complicity in the breach of the peace, and hence, in the death of that unfortunate fellow Morgan, and the entire train of violence and outrage that disgraced those days. But interest stimulated and absolutely maddened them, and we can now safely pardon a wrath that will henceforth be impotent.

*Friday, 30th May.* Clear, warm. — The contrast between the State tickets of the Whig and Democratic parties is very decisive and very favorable to the Democrats. The nomination of Reading, Robinson, and Kewen must drive the settlers into the Democratic ranks. It would be inevitable as choice of evils, but as the Democratic nominees are unexceptionable, the squatters will rally around the ticket earnestly, and their union must defeat Reading, and carry the whole Democratic ticket. Reading's land claims in the north, his former partnership with Sutter, render him peculiarly an object of hostility to them, and will, I hope, rouse their political enthusiasm into furious thirst for his defeat.

*Friday, 4th July.* Clear, warm. —

To find a home where Justice ruled  
And freedom dwelt with equal mind,  
Our patriot sires by suffering school'd  
From envy purged, from pride refined,  
Sought in the regions of the West  
The sunset's forest-shaded land,  
So reared new realms with comfort blest,  
And safe from harsh oppression's hand.

We to the continent, whose verge  
With patient toil they won,  
Succeed, and from the seas' converge  
To its deep prairie center on,



The freedom War and Wisdom gave  
 Continues yet, and still shall be  
 By Courage, Care, and Love sustained  
 Till Time ends in Eternity.

There was a very respectable procession today in honor of the anniversary. The Sons of Temperance had purposed an independent celebration, but at the earnest solicitation of the citizens' committee, united with the remainder of the citizens, and both had their exercises in the Presbyterian church, on Sixth street. The procession consisted of a troop of United States dragoons, the State Guards, four fire companies, and the Sons of Temperance, numbering in all about six hundred persons. The proceedings at the church consisted of some detestable singing by the choir (five men) of the Sons of Temperance, reading of the Declaration, an address to the Sons by Brother E. J. Willis, and an oration by B. D. Frye. The town was very orderly and peaceable, less noisy than one of our Eastern towns, not a cracker nor rocket being discharged in any part of the town, night or day.

*Thursday, 10th.* Clear, warm.—A mob was raised yesterday, with the design of hanging four unfortunate wretches accused of robbing a man on the outskirts of the town. The thing looks to me, from the evidence of the accused, like a forcible sharing of common plunder, for which violent prevention of individual appropriation of the profit of joint roguery, the rifled treasurer seeks revenge by a criminal charge. The mob was enlisted on behalf of the accuser, and was only restrained from lynching by a promise to hold a Court of Sessions today for the trial of the defendants. A special term was accordingly ordered by Judge Willis, and a Grand Jury impaneled, who, of course, being in part composed of yesterday's mob, found a true bill, and the prisoners were arraigned. . . .

The whole proceeding was illegal. . . . The Grand Jury was irregularly made out; many were summoned even prior to the issuance of a venire; the persons impaneled were disqualified for several reasons legally, and from bias in the case also in several instances. . . . The charges being capital,

this amounted to judicial conspiracy to murder under the forms of law.

*Friday, 11th July.* Clear, warm.—The mob today overawed the counsel for the defendants, and induced them to go on with the trial after the continuance of the case for two days, as the statute requires. The men will, through the feebleness and cowardice of their counsel and court, be convicted, of course.

*Tuesday, 22d July.* Clear, warm.—The Whigs made their county nominations last night, and fell into the same blunder that ruined the Democrats at the spring city election—the false assumption that the squatters were a miserable faction, too few in number, character, and influence to be entitled to influence or consideration; and they will suffer, as they deserve, a most thorough and humiliating rout, in consequence of it. The country will be against the ticket to a man. For there all party lines are lost in the one single absorbing question of right of settlement on land manifestly wild and unoccupied. Are they, it is asked, to respect claims to vast districts of country, when we know by the evidences brought forward to maintain them that they are fraudulent in fact and void in law? Most assuredly, such forbearance is not demanded either by law or morality. The benefit to the State consequent upon our settlement on these vacant lands and the cultivation of them is seen by all, and no wrong is inflicted thereby upon any one, since to make our settlement we oust no one, and do not infringe upon either the legal or conventionally just claims of any person. Daniel J. Lisle, who distinguished himself last winter, by the acrimonious manner in which he opposed the bill for the entry of a *nolle prosequi* in the cases of Robinson, Caulfield, and Parker, is the candidate for senator. The speeches made by him in the Assembly are the warrant of his fate. James A. Cogswell . . . heads the Assembly ticket. He also is allied to the speculators. H. B. Cathin, of Mormon Island, is a lawyer. . . . He was in the city last fall, and certainly was not in favor of the squatters. . . . For sheriff they have

put forward David McDowell, one of the law-abiding citizens who, under command of the sheriff, T. McKenny, assailed the house of Allen on the 15th day of August, without complaint or warrant, and murdered two men under the counter, and Mrs. Allen; besides wounding Allen and driving him from the home they had made desolate. . . . The inherent weakness of the ticket insures the success of the Democratic party, if a respectable ticket is put forward. The country strength will prevent the ascendancy of the anti-squatter clique and influence, and a spirit of conciliation will effect a union of all parties upon a set of candidates, who, while perfectly acceptable to the squatters, will be equally so to the speculators. The speculators can, I think, cast about three hundred votes.

*Monday, 18th August.* Clear, warm.—The squatters, being dissatisfied with part of the Democratic ticket . . . held a series of meetings last week, to debate the point of new and independent nominations. Mc Kune would not run as an independent candidate, and they therefore made up a ticket from the two before them . . . We will be enabled to tell what vote mere squatterism can poll. I should like to have the opportunity to gauge its positive strength in this manner. I presume it to be a fair offset to the ultra speculators of the first ward, say 150.

*Friday, 22d August.* Clear, warm.—The murderous spirit of self-elected vigilance committees has been again exhibited, to the foul discredit of our community, and in bold and daring defiance of the laws. The three miserable men condemned last month by mob juries, in an illegally constituted Court of Sessions, were sentenced to be hanged today. Lieutenant Governor McDougal, upon the representations of a number of citizens, respited Robinson, who, upon the others being carried by the sheriff to the gallows, was left at the city station-house in charge of the State Guards. After a time they started with him, as was understood, to the prison ship; but instead of going there, they marched to the gallows. Upon discovering their purpose, the keeper of the ship, Mr. James M.

McDonald, made an attempt to rescue the prisoner, but being unsupported was unsuccessful. The unfortunate wretch was then carried towards the gallows; but the mob militia stopped to wait until the sheriff had executed the warrant upon the two, and in the interval made Robinson drunk with brandy, in which state . . . he made a set of pretended confessions upon the scaffold, and was swung off. The excuse which is tendered for this mob murder is, that Robinson's confessions had proven him to be a most thoroughly abandoned villain, steeped in every crime and wholly unfit to live. This is no palliation for the act, since the respite postponed but did not change the sentence, and only offered him an additional space for repentance; but the fact is, that not expecting to be punished capitally, he amused himself and sought to make the visitors who haunted his cell believe him the hero of all the crimes of which he and they had read . . . a silly vanity very common to weak and vain men, and which has brought upon him the fear-wrought vengeance of the fools with whom, for the gratification of a despicable passion, he trifled.

*Monday, 1st September.* Variable, cold.—I was in hopes that by the retention of the name of Whiteside on the settler's ticket, for county surveyor, we should have a test whereby the actual strength of the positive ultra squatter vote could be distinctly ascertained; but in this expectation I find I am to be disappointed most sadly. The last printed settler's ticket sent out by authority, contains the name of Wm. R. Cantrell, the regular Democratic nominee . . . I do most sincerely regret that his name has been thrust into the settler ticket, to the exclusion of Whiteside, and the preclusion of an ascertainment of the precise force which squatterism can array upon its exclusive and special candidates.

*Thursday, 4th September.* Cloudy, windy.—The election yesterday has resulted far more favorably to the Democrats than I anticipated . . . Bigler, and I presume the whole Democratic ticket, State, county, and municipal, has a handsome majority.

## OBSERVATIONS ON THE CHINESE LABORER.

TWO recent articles in the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, both of which, apropos of the Wyoming Riots, discussed the general question of the exclusion of Chinese, were gratifying to read: the one, because it presented with courtesy and reasonableness a majority view usually presented with repellant intolerance; the other, because it was a free expression of a minority view generally suppressed.

I cannot agree entirely with either of these writers. On the one hand, I should think it clear that every nation should have an absolutely unlimited right of exclusion. This is a question for international law to decide, and I believe that international law takes this right for granted. I am not learned enough in the matter to speak positively: but there have been so many precedents of exclusion and even expulsion, without raising any protest from the civilized world, that I am not afraid of refutation on this point. Even when Von Bismarck expels Polish subjects from a country originally their own, no one suggests that he is exceeding his right; and only the harshness, the moral, not the legal, character of the act, is criticised.

"J." will say that he speaks of moral, not of legal, right, as Charles Sumner took his stand on "Higher Law." I do not doubt that there are many things sanctioned by law everywhere, which yet no man and no nation has a *right* to do. We admit this with regard to past wrongs, such as slavery; most people probably hold now that there could be no such thing as a right of property in a human being, and that no nation or federation of nations could confer it; yet legal ground to dispute the right there was none. Growing civilization will doubtless disclose more transgressions of inherent human rights, now sanctioned without question in all civilized society. But if any one will allege a natural right that controverts law and custom, he must take the burden of proof upon himself. In the present case, it would seem

clear that "J." is right in his implied premise that our duty (certainly every Christian's duty, and in my judgment, that of every one) is to the human race, and not to our own kin exclusively. But we must consider that the good of the race in the long run may be at odds with too careless generosity in the present. If it be better for Asia or Europe that America should be, a hundred years or a thousand years hence, a virtuous, successful republic, than that their laborers should find work among us now, then we wrong the world as well as ourselves if we admit any immigration that risks our national future. The case seems parallel to that of parents asked to adopt a child into their own family of young children. The demand upon their charity may be very strong, but no wise parents will allow it to overshadow the duty of bringing up their own children rightly, and the question of what they should do must depend on the character of the child: if he is corrupt and corrupting, society must find some other provision for him, or let him go under. As Dr. Widney well said in *THE OVERLAND*, two or three years since, the first mission of the United States to the world is not to offer an asylum to the needy: its first duty is to prove the possibility of successful popular government; and the minor mission of offering an asylum must never be allowed to endanger the success of the first. For it is obvious that, if the freedom and virtue of the nation be lost, it ceases to be an asylum, so that *both* its missions fail. Whether to admit or exclude immigrants, then, it would seem, must be decided by no general considerations, but in each case by the character of the immigration, and its probable effect upon our own country.

On the other hand, I cannot feel that Mr. Sargent established his thesis, viz: that the lesson of the Wyoming Riots and similar disorders is, that the presence of the Chinese

here is a source of lawlessness, which should be stopped by excluding them. When I find two of my school-boys fighting, or more fairly, when I find a stronger one pummeling a weaker one, I do not punish the weaker one for being a cause of disorder in my school. Nor if I find, by continued experience, that the trouble is that the little boy habitually gets above the big one in the spelling class, and that the big one simply will not stand being out-competed, and is not going to stand it, and that it is beyond my power to preserve peace and order as long as the two are together, do I send the little one home to his mother with the suggestion that she teach him at home, or let him go untaught. I must first thoroughly test what the stern hand of just discipline will do toward compelling them to live and let live together; and if it proves impossible to make them do so, I must consider which shows signs of being ultimately most dangerous to my school, and exclude that one.

I am not speaking now of the other reasons for exclusion, which lie outside of the lesson of the riots. These riots were simply an onslaught of our European aliens upon our Asiatic aliens, perhaps because they were out-competed by them; perhaps because they did not like their costume—the man of low grade in Asia, or Europe, or America, is very susceptible to differences of skin or hair or dress or tongue, and all through history has considered them just ground for hatred and murder. It may be that on other grounds I should find the attacked boy a demoralizing member of my school; he might be smuggling in forbidden books, or teaching the others to smoke, or cheating in his exercises. It remains true that the men whose attacks on the Chinese form the text of the article I speak of, have no such grounds of objection. They do not care whether the Chinaman is inimical to Christian civilization and Republican government—they are often avowed enemies of these things themselves; they do care that he is inimical to their wages, and excites their race prejudice.

Mr. Sargent himself says: "The Wy-

oming 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 Pittsburg riots, a few years ago, show how easily excited are the fears or jealousies of the workers, and how destructive their passions, when aroused"; and "J." makes to this the pertinent answer that the Chinese are not the *cause* but the *occasion* of this lawlessness. Remove this occasion, and there will be an endless procession of others. There is, unquestionably, within our borders an element coming from Europe which is hostile to the very existence of organized society, and absolutely unscrupulous in its means of attack. These people come to us freely, and are received with the magnificent hospitality of America, given our lands, our franchise, all that our own children possess. They long ago underbid our native labor; they and their children fill our jails and poor-houses, increase our taxes, create slums in our great cities, from which pestilences creep into our homes, and slay our children; in some of our States they set upon the road, every summer, an army of professional tramps, who hold our country homes under absolute terrorism, and make lonely roads unsafe for our wives and daughters. This we accept, not exactly without a murmur, but certainly without any outbreak against them, and continue to bestow upon them our lands, our franchise, our offices, our charities. My object is not just at present to compare our European with our Asiatic immigration; it is simply to call attention to the unparalleled magnanimity of treatment which the European immigration has received from us, and the reason we had to expect—as did the founders of our republic in adopting this policy—that such treatment would attach them with an undying gratitude and loyalty to our institutions. Has it turned out so? The educated, thoughtful, and virtuous class of Europeans, the essentially *reforming* class, has slipped into our ranks like rain-

drops into the sea. Why not? they are merely later come members of the same classes that founded our colonies. But the great mass even of the respectable, law-abiding foreigners show no scruple against "capturing" the country as soon as they have fairly settled into their new privileges, reversing our policies, regarding themselves as the real Americans, and abusing the original Americans as un-American; until, as Richard Grant White neatly said, "Americanism" has come to signify the behavior of Europeans in America, as opposed to the behavior of the original Anglo American stock (I believe his phrase is, "Americanization is the product of the Europeanization of America"). Instances of this attitude are so common that we scarcely notice them. It is very common to hear Germans or other foreigners on the platform, speaking with tongues on which the English still halts, cry, "We will not have any Puritanism in this country," as if Puritans had not built for them, with blood and toil, a country, and after making everything much pleasanter for them in it than in their own country, invited them to come and share its privileges without reserve. It is ludicrously common to hear a burst of wrath follow the appointment to office of a man of well known pure American stock—a Saltonstall, for instance—at the un-Americanism of calling these old American families to a part in the government. Still beyond this cheerful readiness with which the majority of our foreign residents, accepting our invitation to ride, reach over to take the reins out of our hands, is the actual hostility with which the lowest class of Europeans enters upon our privileges. It is an old story of the Irishman who was met at the steamer with the question what was his political party. "Which party is forinst the government? I'll be wid the party that's forinst the government, whichever it is." Some come here with the avowed intention of overthrowing our institutions. Some practically work toward that end by slipping promptly into the pauper and criminal class; others by creating the standing army of political corruption.

It is from this class of foreigners that all

violent resistance to the Chinese comes. I do not say that it was these men who began the opposition to the Chinese immigration, for I know it was not. I do not say that they constitute all the opposition now, for that would be obvious nonsense. But I do say that they have been the soul of the violent, lawless, and cruel hostility to them. They are the ones who, in Senator Sargent's words, are so easily excited to fear and jealousy and destructive passions. And the question I wish to emphasize is: Is the lesson of their latest outbursts that the objects of their wrath should be removed? Is it not, rather, that they are people who can never be made safe inhabitants of a free country, and should themselves be removed? For the Senator would not follow out the logical conclusion of his own sentences, quoted above, and say that in St. Louis, in Pittsburg, on the Shore Line Railroad, the people against whom the hostility of the rioters turned should be obliged to withdraw from the country, or accede unconditionally to their demands. I do not speak of the honest effort of respectable laboring men to obtain better terms from the world, but of the lawless and brutal elements among them who are in violence and riot always leaders, and often the sole offenders, when I suggest that it would be a natural inference that there exists among us a body of men who mean to have their passions and desires gratified, at whatever cost; who will, if they become strong enough, unhesitatingly set our houses on fire, blow our bodies limb from limb with dynamite under our street cars, boycott our means of existence, though it leave us to starve—and all, perhaps, in the pursuit of some revenge which we have nothing to do with; and that when we encourage or excuse the growing tendency of such men to respond to any real or fancied grievance with savage, indiscriminating violence, we are sharpening a knife for our own throats. For men of this kind are cowards: they have never failed to cringe before the stern hand of law; their uncontrollable passion proves, after all, to be not so uncontrollable the instant that a squad of regulars enters the

neighborhood, instead of unprotected foreigners or other victims. To such men as these, concession is encouragement to farther aggression. If they and the Chinaman cannot abide peaceably together in our land (and I think so long as we encourage with faint blame their outrages, instead of bringing down upon their cowardice the heavy hand of stern condemnation and efficient public authority, we have not proved that they cannot), it is a point that we ought to very seriously consider, *which* should go; *which* threatens most the existence of our institutions.

This brings me to the contribution I wish to add to Mr. Sargent and "J.'s" discussion. Mr. Sargent speaks for the many Californians who would set apart the Chinese from all other races, and discriminate to the last degree against it; "J." for the few who would discriminate against no one. I would speak a word for those—possibly not so few as they seem—who would grant the general thesis that we may and should exclude any class that seems inimical to the virtue and prosperity of our country, but would push more closely, and, as it seems to me, more candidly, than the anti-Chinese party, the question of who *are* inimical.

Let me say just here, however, that I do not regard such discussions as these as having any influence in regard to the action that will be taken in the matter, for I do not think our exclusion policy reversible. That policy is a foregone conclusion. When the laboring class unite in a persistent, definite demand for anything, they always get it, unless some more powerful resistance stands in the way than will ever be brought to bear in this matter. No Pacific member in Congress will refuse his aid to anti-Chinese legislation; neither national party will alienate the vote of the Pacific Coast. The question is practically settled.

But it is none the less desirable that we should have more rational discussion of it than we have had, more candor and liberality, for the sake of our own reputation for brains and conscience; and—more important yet—for the sake of continuing in pos-

session of our full allowance of brains and conscience, for they do not flourish in an atmosphere of intolerance. It is nonsense to talk of any people as the Chinese have been habitually talked of in our press and on our platforms. Every educated man knows that the Chinese, whatever their faults, are not a race to be set down with indiscriminate invective. They are a race that has produced sages, scholars, inventors, patriots, among the greatest the world has known, a race of many virtues and great intelligence. Every one who has known Chinamen personally, knows that a great deal of what is said of them is sheer untruth—either mendacity or the product of a brain so excited by intolerance as not to know what was untruth. For instance, one of our most reputable journals printed two or three years since a contribution, in which it was urged that a Chinaman was not a human being, had no soul, and no claim of common humanity on us. The proof offered was that laughing and crying were the distinctive marks of the human animal, and no one had ever seen a Chinaman laugh or cry. I am not certain that the major premise is zoologically correct, but I can bear witness as to the minor premise, for I constantly see the Chinamen that come under my observation laughing as merrily as children, when they get to skylarking among themselves, or when their mastery of the language proves sufficient to convey an American joke to their comprehension. I have seen them stand and laugh with bashfulness, too, when making a little present, or undergoing some other socially trying interview. They are stoical, reticent, and proud, and it is probable that few people have ever seen them cry: yet I have known one Chinaman to sit down and cry with vexation because his bread would not rise; another to shed tears of indignation over a breach of good faith that had been practised on him; and another to walk to the window to hide his tears at parting with a baby he had become attached to in the family where he worked.

This no-soul doctrine is, of course, an extreme instance, but still an instance, of the way in which a great deal of the anti-Chinese

talk of the Coast contradicts my own observation. Again, I know, as every one knows, that a great deal of our apparent unanimity of anti-Chinese sentiment is due to timidity and actual suppression of speech. We know that we are not as unanimous in our offices and parlors as in print. We know that there is a mild, but a very real and relentless, terrorism exercised. No one expects that if he stands up for the Chinese in public he will be mobbed or assassinated; but he knows it will be very unpleasant for him—rather more unpleasant than to have talked free trade in Pennsylvania or prohibition in a German region. No minister, editor, teacher, or other man dependent on public favor—certainly no politician—feels it wise or safe to avow any pro-Chinese belief; and yet I frequently hear in private conversation, or detect in the reluctant and forced manner of public expression, more or less such belief. I know, too, the overwhelming power of public opinion to increase itself; to carry with it not only the shallow, but the wise and sincere. It requires some peculiar and very unusual qualities of temperament to form judgments contrary to the rush of opinion about one. Men in our State, who are so respected that any expression of theirs on a matter of social importance would be considered a strong argument, were secessionists when they were residents of seceding States. They and many like them, of ripe judgment and perfect sincerity, were as convinced of the wisdom of secession then, as they would have been of the necessity of union had their lot been cast in a Northern State, and as many men of equal intelligence and sincerity are now of the wisdom of discrimination against Chinese foreigners. And it is unfortunately true, that in any section where one opinion strongly prevails, reports and statistics become untrustworthy; those who go forth to gather data know that there is market only for what tells on one side, and the desired data never yet failed to be forthcoming in such cases.

Making allowance, therefore, for the blind misstatements of fanaticism, for the time-serving of many papers and politicians and

the tremendous power of public opinion in moulding the sincere belief of others, for biased reports and suppressed dissent, some of us unquestionably feel that it is not adequately proved that the discrimination against the Chinese is wise or just; and that there is need of a reviewing of the evidence—not (let me repeat) for political purposes, with any view to reversal of the policy, but in a scientific spirit, by educated people, among themselves as it were, with a view to “clearing our minds of cant.” Toward such a review I contribute something of my own observation of the Chinese laborer. I offer it for what it is worth; it may be exceptional. It is not exclusively one person’s experience, for I take into consideration the experience of all others whom I have talked with. It covers a residence of some twenty years in a farming neighborhood on this Coast, where, though myself engaged otherwise than in farming, I have been in a position to observe closely the laborers on the ranches about me. The farming is much of it of the more complex sort, known as “the agricultural industries,”—fruit-growing, vineyards, etc.—and requires semi-skilled labor. In the neighborhood are a good many Portuguese peasant farmers, who supplement the incomes of their two-acre to ten-acre lots by hiring themselves out, and others who are as yet dependent upon their day-labor, with the two-acre lot in the future; Italian gardeners; the remnants of an Indian rancheria; a hamlet of the Irish hands employed in a mechanical industry near by; and a sprinkling of Chinese farmhands, cooks, and laundrymen. I am, therefore, in a good position for comparative observations. And the following are a few of those that have impressed me:

In the first place, I have learned that there are Chinamen and Chinamen. As well judge the Maine farmer lad by the New York city Arab, as the well bred, honest, steady young fellow from the rice-farms up the river from Canton, by the Hong Kong street coolie or dock-rat. Most people are quite without discrimination in selecting a Chinese workman, and seem to think it is pure luck

whether they get a clear-skinned, bright-eyed boy, modest, intelligent, and trustworthy, or a hard-looking old opium smoker. It is perfectly possible to select with some certainty: but the only way I know to do it is to be acquainted with some sensible, trustworthy Chinaman, and explain to him what you want; and if it is his opinion that you will be a fair and agreeable employer, whom he can feel justified in recommending to his friends, you will, as soon as he can find the right man, be very satisfactorily supplied. But if you have a bad reputation as an employer—if you are unreasonable, or bad pay, or unpleasant in your ways and inconsiderate of a servant's feelings, you will be politely told, month after month, that no suitable boy has yet been found.

For these farmers' boys are self-respecting fellows. They will not take insulting treatment, nor even rough jokes; they will not bear aggressions on their personal dignity. I have known one of them to leave a place because some article of food was locked up from him, on the ground that there was only enough to go around the family; yet he would, probably, if nothing had been said to him, have estimated that some one must go without, and silently refrained from taking any himself, as I have often known them to do, even when it was a favorite dish. Many a household has been suddenly deprived of its very satisfactory cook, because some one had mocked him rudely, or put hands on him roughly. It is worth while to note this, in view of the popular idea that a Chinaman will go anywhere and endure anything for money. On the contrary, many of this class of Chinamen will throw up a paying position, and remain some time out of work sooner than receive indignity. In other cases, they submit, but you have a sullen, silent servant, evidently enduring you with difficulty, regarding you as a low bred person, much his inferior, to whom circumstances compel him temporarily to be subject. There is almost none of the fierce resentment of Indian or Spaniard about them; they do not desire to stab an employer who has struck them—they simply wish to get at

once and forever away from such a person; and if they do stay with him, detesting him all the time, he is nevertheless in no danger from smouldering resentment—they do not wish to do anything to him, but simply to have as little as possible to do with him. Under extreme provocation, some of them are capable of a sudden murderous rage, in which they care not a straw for their own necks; but that is a very rare thing indeed. When treated like gentlemen, they behave like gentlemen.

They are, in fact—I speak for my own acquaintance among them; others may have a different experience—gentlemen. They show instinctively a simple refinement and careful breeding. In my own home we have in more than a dozen years had only two cooks, handsome young fellows from the same village; and in all these years, spent under the same roof, in the isolation of a country house, I may say that I have had pretty fair opportunity to know these boys. And I have found them both essentially gentlemen. I have never seen a European foreigner of their humble class who approached them in refinement, simple dignity, and unflinching sense of propriety. I do not know how many of our own boys could go to a foreign land and carry off such a position so well. In a somewhat cruder way, the farmhands that I have seen much of show the same native refinement and propriety, though they are often bashful and awkward. And I do not doubt that they all have been, in fact, carefully bred in their simple homes by painstaking parents. When they become certain that you intend no ridicule, and will listen with entire respect, they will tell you a little about their homes, and from their fragmentary accounts it is easy to get an idea of the plain, honest, and temperate peasantry from which they come; and it is an idea that must give one a sincere respect for them.

It must not be supposed that the hiring of such Chinamen as these is a mere matter of saving in wages. Many of the farmers here would employ white men at higher wages instead of Chinamen at lower, if they could get as honest work from them. They have



a decided race-feeling in behalf of the white men ; they like the convenience of a common language ; and they want some one who can manage horses, a thing which Chinamen are very helpless at. But they find it simply impossible to get as intelligent work, or as honest work, from any available "Caucasian." I have often watched Portuguese and Chinamen on a ranch where a little squad of each was employed. I have noted how carelessly the Portuguese heeded instructions, and how carefully the Chinamen ; or when the employer was out of sight, how nonchalantly the Portuguese went down on the nearest seats, getting out pipes for a comfortable loaf ; and how invariably, watched or unwatched, the Chinamen's hoes went faithfully on. They seem to have a high sense of honesty about their work ; they will drive as hard a bargain with you as they can, but they expect to live up to it squarely, once made, and give you full measure of work for your money. They take no advantages, make no excuses, hand over to you honestly the work you have bought. When this sort of work is to be had, and all that Irish or Indian have to offer is a shirking, self-seeking sort of make-believe work, for which they want the highest prices ; and even the industrious Portuguese tries to overreach as much as possible in the work he does for the money ; and when at the end of the year the trees that the Chinaman set out are all growing well, and the row that the Portuguese set out directly beside it is mostly dead, the farmers cannot well help hiring Chinamen. The Irishmen in the hamlet near by all have steady employment in their own industry, but they have sons growing up in idleness—perhaps a dozen young fellows in all, in their teens. Not one of them but could have steady, paying work on the farms, if they could be trusted ; the only one of them whom anyone does trust has it always. But no man can "have them around" at any price. Some of my neighbors have tried it, after reading the urgent appeals of the papers that they should dismiss Chinamen and employ white boys, and save them from becoming hoodlums. What is the result ? Work scamped beyond the last verge of endurance ;

a half dozen cronies from the village at the boy's heels, as he pretends to work, sitting around smoking cigarettes near the hay ; eating unlimited fruit, and carrying it home in quantity ; ascertaining the whereabouts of all choice varieties, for a raid the next night ; picking up all small, handy articles that can be smuggled off ; and finally carrying away your hired boy to go swimming, though he may know it to be imperative that the fruit be dispatched by the next train, and the time is short, at best, for getting it packed. The experiment was simply hopeless ; no farmer could be asked to endure such labor. The Indian, a demoralized, half-breed stock, is less mischievous, but quite as thievish, and vastly more indolent. The Portuguese will scamp his work somewhat, and does not consider his employer's interests as the Chinaman does ; yet, on the whole, he is a hard worker, and not altogether stupid ; but he is a terrible thief, and tools and everything movable about the premises disappear before him. The Chinaman, on the contrary, is, within my experience of him, freer from the vice of pilfering than any other laborers we have. Indeed, my observation is, that, while absolutely unvarnished, the Chinese are the most honest of our foreigners. They will lie with perfect serenity and the clearest conscience in the world ; but I question if they are not, class for class, one of the most honest of races. The Chinese merchants bear an excellent name for integrity ; and the answer of an educated Chinese gentleman to the question, "What impressed you most in the United States," was "The want of a sense of honor."

Perhaps the most glaring contrast between the Chinaman of platform invective, and the Chinaman of my personal knowledge, is in the matter of cleanliness. I do not know a race on earth, not even the Anglo-American, whose laboring class is so cleanly. What other laborers would, at the end of a hard day's work, go half a mile for water, bring home a cask of it on a staff, across two men's shoulders, and wash their bodies thoroughly before getting their supper ; and this, day after day ? Nor have the Chinese

laborers under my observation been exceptional in this, for I have heard farmers from other sections speak of it as a common practice. Their clothes are kept very clean, their bedding frequently washed and sunned, the rooms they occupy kept scoured and tidy. Moreover, to my surprise, I have found that our cooks exhibit a fastidiousness and daintiness about matters of cooking and cleaning that even surpasses our own—and we chance to be a fastidious family. A suspicion about the age of the meat, or of the eggs, faint enough to be overlooked by the housewife, will bring from Wan a vigorous protest against cooking them, and if it is done, you may be sure no morsel will pass his lips; bandages and messes that have been in a sick-room, milk-pans that have not been sufficiently scalded, leaky drains, or slops thrown on the ground, he regards, apparently instinctively, with all the emotions a modern sanitarian would desire to see. I have learned to repose with a most comfortable confidence on the blameless past of all that comes to my table, so long as Wan presides, for I cannot outdo him in fastidiousness. This cleanliness must be, I think, a very common trait among even the city Chinese; for notwithstanding all the lurid tales of Chinatown's filth, it is noticeable that the health-rates are high among them. Moreover, if I may permit myself a somewhat unpleasant remark, which is too significant to be omitted, I have never, on street-car or train, in crowded waiting-rooms or anywhere, been annoyed by the unmistakable odor of personal uncleanness from a Chinaman. They exhale garlic sometimes, (though they cannot rival a Portuguese or Italian in that respect); sometimes opium; sometimes a complex scent of Cathay, which probably means dried fish, uncanny vegetables, straw-packed china, and all the other commodities of chinatown: but never the *unwashed* smell, that, from time to time, makes me—who am an uncomfortably susceptible person in such matters,—retreat from the presence of a "Caucasian" neighbor, and stand up at the farther end of the car, sooner than sit near him. I

have made the same observation in passing even fairly respectable tenement rows—this same unwashed smell floats half across the street, and it is a smell that I have never caught in traversing Chinatown. I have never indulged in the San Francisco amusement of "doing" Chinatown with a policeman; and if I had, I should not feel that I knew any more about the subject until I had also done the other foreign quarters in great cities. I have known only two men who have done both Chinatown and the New York slums, and both men (they were Californians) said that the New York slums were incomparably the worst. Such observations as these have convinced me that most Chinamen are brought up to some strict hygienic code which enables them to preserve a remarkable good health, in spite of their extreme crowding of population. The one point on which I have found them indifferent to cleanliness is their total disregard of ventilation. The neatest Chinaman has no desire at all for much cubic air. And somehow they manage to be healthy in spite of it—a proof positive that their attention to hygiene in other respects must be scrupulous. I suspect that personal cleanness, wholesome diet, and extreme caution about infection, are the principal factors. But is it not rather a remarkable trait in a peasantry, that it should have had the character to keep up a hygienic excellence like this, under the conditions of overcrowding and desperate economy of their own country? It is certainly sheer breach of the ninth commandment, to talk as if the Chinese were as a race diseased and carrying infection. Nature does not deal differently with Chinese eyes and skin from what she does with "Caucasian"; and the clear eye and pure healthy complexion bear witness to healthy blood in a very great number of these peasants.

When once the opium habit has seized a man, all this is changed. The neat clothes become untidy and approximate the tramp standard; the bright eye becomes dull; industry and honesty are lost. But nothing is a wilder notion than that opium-smoking is a universal Chinese habit. They are very

susceptible to its fascinations, and they hate and dread it like a serpent. It is familiar history how they were ready to extirpate it, and how it was forced back upon them by the cannon of a Christian nation. They regard a man as lost when he has fallen into the habit. Many of them shun with real horror the first whiff of the fascinating pipe. "I no spoke opium, you give me ten thousand dollar," broke out Wan with unmistakable feeling. He had seen its destruction among some who were near to him. One must never judge the Chinamen who are not opium smokers by those who are.

Again, any candid mind must be moved to respect for a laboring class which, under such a struggle for existence as theirs has been for generations, could develop a kindly and generous temperament, and a love of books. We are in the habit of thinking that a hard grind and necessity of close economy for a single generation will make a man close-fisted; and we have seen the effect of such conditions in Yankee and Scotch farmers. But the Chinese that I have known, and that my acquaintances have known, are generous; they help each other with money; they make presents of great value in proportion to their means. It is considered axiomatic here that they hoard everything, spend nothing that they can help, and take all their money to China at last. Those that I know do not. They almost always have their passage money to pay back (and for all the talk about "slavery" and "cooleyism," this is the only lien that any one has had on any of the Chinamen I have known—they spend their money exactly as they please, though with great respect for the claims of relatives), and they pinch themselves till this is done; they also have often to support parents or children in China: but after these claims are paid, they like to use their money—to make presents, to buy watches and nice clothes and American notions, to engage in small speculations in truck-gardening. They take failure in these speculations very well, and I have seen them laugh as bravely as an Amer-

ican, when the savings of two years had gone down in one of them. They can give away, and they can lose in legitimate business, but they cannot endure to be cheated, and there is more tumult over five dollars lost by misplaced confidence, than over five hundred lost by a miscalculation of the cabbage market. As to their kindliness, it is noticeable: they are fond of domestic animals, and especially fond of and good to children. Considering that their nation is officially cruel, and keeps up judicial torture, one would expect to find in them the stolid cruelty that they are accused of. And certainly it *is* in them, but it is in reserve; their dominant character is kindly. When they feel called upon to be cruel, they can be so without a shiver; but they have no wanton cruelty about them. It is exactly the quality one would expect in a people kindly by nature, yet practising judicial torture. It is probably one of the many instances in which the union of Chinese and Tartar produces incongruities in them. The pure Chinese character is, I judge, more of the Japanese type—gentle, refined, intellectual, honorable, and very capable of progress; the Tartar, from Mongolia to Turkey, cruel, stolid, and unprogressive. As to the love of books, it is very usual to find your Chinese servant devoting his spare time to reading—and not merely to the acquisition of our language, but to their own literature and science. Wan explained to me his views on this point: "I think one man no like read books, no got anything to do when he no work, bimeby he go round, he gamble, smoke opium, no good; pretty soon he get like Wing" (a broken-down Chinaman of his acquaintance). "One man he like read, he stay home, he read all time, no like to gamble, he stay pretty good, he get smart, no get sick."

These were fairly sound sentiments for a heathen, and I suspect that none of the Wyoming rioters, who would probably have had Wan's blood, had he chanced to be there, could see the thing more correctly, or act on it more sincerely.

*H. Shewin.*

## RECENT VERSE.—I

WE find ourselves confronted this quarter with a collection of exclusively minor verse. Indeed, much of it is a good deal less than minor. *The Inca Princess*<sup>1</sup> is by Mrs. Toland, who has printed several handsome gift-books of poetry before, and one other informs us by its title-page that this is not its author's first venture; the rest, we believe, are maiden volumes. Nevertheless, they are not absolutely destitute of poetry.

*The Inca Princess* tells in smooth verse the love-story of the princess, captive in Spain, and has a number of finely engraved page illustrations, by some of the best American artists—Schell, Davidson, Frederics, Church, Pyle, and Chase. "The Indian maidens, lithe and dun," by F. S. Church, is perhaps the most attractive of these. We quote a stanza:

"With restless sway and prancing feet,  
His coal-black charger wildly played  
Along the crowded, narrow street,  
And all his fiery moods displayed;  
Unused inactive to remain,  
He shook his gaily trappings, bright  
With many a silver-fretted chain,  
That sparkled like the stars of night.  
As thus he plunged and caracoled  
Impatiently from side to side,  
Antonio gracefully controlled  
His antics with indulgent pride."

Another volume that is distinctly designed for the holiday season, is a collection of gentle and poetic devotional verse, which takes its title, *Hidden Sweetness*,<sup>2</sup> from the initial poem. It is decorated by very pretty designs, most of them of flowers, printed in brown. They are not at all conventionalized, and observe a certain appropriateness to the words, but are, nevertheless, purely decorative. The general tone of the poetry is of

<sup>1</sup>The Inca Princess. By M. B. M. Toland. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Joseph A. Hoffmann.

<sup>2</sup>Hidden Sweetness. By Mary Bradley. Illustrated by Dorothy Holroyd. Boston: Roberts Brothers. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson. 1886.

melancholy, turning to religion for consolation. We quote a few stanzas, that give a fair idea of the quality of the rest;

"I heard a little bird sing out one morning,  
While yet the darkness overspread the sky,  
And not a streak of rose gave warning  
That day was nigh.

"It sang with such a sweet and joyful clearness,  
The silence piercing with a note so fine,  
That I was thrilled with sudden sense of nearness  
To Love divine.

"'O, weary heart' (it seemed to utter) 'hearken!  
God sends a message to you in my song:  
The day is coming, though the shadows darken,  
And night is long.'"

*Elijah, the Reformer, and Other Poems*<sup>3</sup> is a far more ambitious affair—a "ballad-epic" of Elijah's life, followed by nearly thirty ballads from Scripture narrative, and theological disquisitions in verse. Nevertheless, the volume is perfectly modest in tone, and modestly put forth. The author is a clergyman, and most of the poems had been in print in the religious weeklies and other respectable journals, before publication in the collection of which this is a second edition. They are by no means works of genius, but they have a very considerable poetic quality, and a refreshing freedom from self-consciousness, and artificiality; they are written in the simple, elder fashion. Although devout in tone, and written, apparently, in entire faith in the historic truth of their narratives, they are yet animated by a liberal spirit toward the worship of "heathen" antiquity. Thus, in "A Vision of the Ages":

"Who shall say that to no mortal  
Heaven e'er ope'd its mystic portal,  
Gave no dream or revelation,  
Save to one peculiar nation?  
Souls sincere, now voiceless, nameless,  
Knelt at altars fired and flameless—

<sup>3</sup>Elijah, the Reformer, A Ballad Epic, and Other Sacred and Religious Poems. By Geo. Lansing Taylor, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1885.

Asked of Nature, asked of Reason,  
Sought through every sign and season,  
Seeking God : through darkness groping,  
Waiting, striving, longing, hoping,  
Weeping, praying, panting, pining,  
For the light on Israel shining !  
Oh, it must be ! God's sweet kindness  
Pities erring human blindness,  
And the soul whose pure endeavor  
Strives toward God, shall live forever ;  
Live by the great Father's favor,  
Saved through an unheard-of Savior."

The narrative versions are illuminated, perhaps at their best, by the following extracts from the "Passage of Jordan" :

- "On swept the swelling freshet, and high and higher  
clomb  
The whirling, maddening chaos of fury and of foam;  
The majesty of Nature in her unbridled hour,  
That mocks the insect might of Man, and scorns  
his pigmy power.
- "What! Tempt that sea of surges? that turbid,  
wild abyss?  
Dost hear the roar like thunder? the dash and  
boil and hiss?  
Go, face the Red Sea's rolling! Go, brave the dread  
simoon!  
But dare not swelling Jordan when all his torrents  
boom!
- "Then Joshua's trumpet sounded, 'Take up Jeho-  
vah's shrine.  
The Lord of all the earth goes forth to lead His  
covenant line.  
March onward into Jordan. Obey the living God.  
Ye pass today an unknown way, by mortals never  
trod.'
- "The mighty column marches, the ark of God be-  
fore:  
They wind down Moab's headlands, and stand by  
Jordan's roar;  
Jehovah's cloudy curtains float above the deluge  
dim,  
The sacred feet of white-haired priests are dipped  
in Jordan's brim.
- "So, at that touch divided, as by an unseen sword,  
From shore to shore the surges cleave a path for  
Nature's Lord.  
Above, the headlong waters in heaps and moun-  
tains pile;  
Below, the ebbing channel runs dry for many a  
mile.
- "Far up the rock-walled valley a reflux lake ex-  
pands  
Ten leagues to Adam's city, that hard by Zarthan  
stands;
- While cliffs of quivering crystal, and foam like Al-  
pine snow,  
O'erhang in awful cataracts the yawning gulf below.  
. . . . .
- "And now the wonder-working ark the white-haired  
pontiffs guide;  
They climb the slippery steep and touch dry land  
on Canaan's side;  
The bridled floods have waited the end of God's  
command,  
And instant leap, unfettered, from his relaxing  
hand.
- "With towering curve majestic, the watery moun-  
tains bend.  
The liquid precipice o'erhangs, one arch from end  
to end.  
Then boom ten thousand thunders, ten thousand  
cataracts roar,  
And tumbling, seething chaos foams and bounds  
from shore to shore.
- "Down the long gorge vast rollers in white-maned  
squadrons sweep,  
Like Ukraine's wild battalions, or like the billowy  
deep;  
The glad, the fierce, the glorious, the thunderous  
roar of waves,  
When all the rout of storms is out, and all the  
tempest raves.
- "The long lake bursts in grandeur along its craggy  
way,  
It shoots and leaps and dashes, and flies in glitter-  
ing spray;  
For Jordan the Descender, with tumult loud and  
hoarse,  
In all his rage goes plunging adown his ancient  
course.  
. . . . .
- "March on, my soul, undaunted where duty shines  
before,  
Though deserts blaze around thee, and Jordans  
surge and roar.  
The land on this side Jordan is not thy birthright  
blest,  
March on, and find thy Canaan, and enter into  
rest."

Miss Grace Denio Litchfield publishes in a slip of a pamphlet a poem which she calls *In The Hospital*,<sup>1</sup> which tells, neatly enough, how the doctor saved from the very verge of death a criminal, to go on in his wickedness, a baby, to be its mother's shame, and an injured child, to barely live for years in tortures of disease.

<sup>1</sup> *In the Hospital*. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New York and London. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885.

"And the doctor closed his book, and said,  
'Three live by me who best were dead.'"

The angels, however, refused to take him to heaven, when his own time came, until he had unsaid it, and showed him that the criminal had served a good end as an awful example, the baby by its influence over its mother, and the crippled child by the unselfishness his need enforced on others.

"Oh pity him, love him! but dare not to say,  
It were better to shorten his life by a day."

The doctor accepted the reasoning :

"I thank thee, I thank thee, O God, that those three  
Whose lives I deplored are yet living by me.

"And the sunlight fell soft as God's kiss on his head,  
And men stooped o'er him weeping, and said, 'He  
is dead.'

"But his lips wore a smile of supremest content  
And of infinite calm. He knew now what life  
meant."

This sort of *a priori* optimism is popular in poetry, and passes for profound wisdom, because it *is* optimism; but it is none the less shallow to deal with any such complex and terrifying problem as the existence of evil, superfluous, or suffering lives, in this hasty way; and it is an annoying feature in such attempts that, by their very hypothesis, they assume an air of superior wisdom over the less hasty thinker. Now, without any disrespect to Miss Litchfield's angels, we feel certain that the doctor could have given them all the information they gave him, and a great deal more, both on that side and the other side, out of his experience; it was quite absurd to present any such elementary considerations in the problem of evil to a veteran, and his author takes violent liberty with him in representing him as satisfied therewith. The verse is of very fair merit.

Not bad, either, is some of the verse in a volume of lyrics rather artificially named *Shadows*.<sup>1</sup> It is divided into three parts—"Fixed Shadows," "Shifting Shadows," and "Shadows of Dawn," but the significance of these titles we fail to find. The "Fixed Shadows" are all rondeaus, rondels, triolets, ballads, and sonnets, so possibly the name is

<sup>1</sup>Shadows. By George K. Camp. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. 1885.

a reflection upon the fixed and rigid nature of their metrical requirements. There are too many of them, and too much alike; the inspiration has had to be spread out very thin, and they have little originality; but they are not without tact and grace, and a pretty use of language; and now and then one is better yet. For instance, this pair of triolets:

"Which is the best to woo?  
Tell me, I pray.  
Brown eyes, or black or blue—  
Which is the best to woo?  
Which will dead love renew,  
Hazel or gray?  
Which is the best to woo?  
Tell me, I pray.

"Wooing is bad at best,  
Sweet though it be.  
Nay, dearest, smooth thy crest.  
Wooing is bad at best;  
Love's is a brittle nest  
In a glass tree.  
Wooing is bad at best,  
Sweet though it be."

In trying rough mining and dialect poems, the writer is evidently out of his sphere, and the effort at humor is strained and unpleasant, and not without coarseness. But in one or two places, he shows it possible for him to succeed in more delicate and subtle humor.

*A Christmas Rose*<sup>2</sup> is to be regarded rather as a holiday souvenir than a book of verse, yet the single poem which it contains is of very fair literary merit, well up toward the best order of souvenir verse. It is published, without title-page, or name of author or publisher, in a pretty volume, bound in imitation alligator skin, and illustrated on every page by reproductions from pencil-sketches. These sketches are appropriate and excellent in their "literary" quality, as the phrase is; the face and figure subjects are a little deficient artistically, but the flower and landscape studies are excellent. It is designed expressly as an appropriate Christmas gift from Californians to Eastern friends, thus meeting a real difficulty felt by gift-buyers here every winter, in sending things back toward the regions where they have already lost their novelty.

<sup>2</sup>A Christmas Rose. For sale by James T. White.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.<sup>1</sup>

SOME men's works are greater than themselves, and some men are greater than their work. Some men appear great from a distance, but grow smaller and smaller as we approach, until they seem, on intimate personal contact, of very ordinary stature; others grow ever larger as we come nearer. To the former class belong men in whom acuteness of intellect and untiring industry, urged by *personal* motives, predominate; to the latter class, men in whom intellectual energy is ennobled by moral qualities, and who dedicate their lives only to noblest purpose. Men of the former class quickly culminate and decline—often sadly decline; those of the latter class grow grander to the end.

To this latter class belonged Agassiz. Those who knew him best know that, great as he was as an original worker and writer, he was still greater as teacher, and greatest of all as friend and companion. He sowed seed-thoughts broadcast everywhere and on all occasions, in public lectures and in familiar conversation, anxious only that they might find good soil, spring up and bear fruit, but careless whether or not the sower be recognized. No scientific man ever worked more intensely and continuously, or accomplished more and higher results embodied in permanent form: but the greatest work of all was the powerful impulse he gave to biological science by his own personal and contagious influence. Is not this a great life?

Now, it is such a life which we find embodied—vividly embodied—in the book before us. The writer modestly calls herself editor. The book, indeed, especially in the first part, which treats of his European life, is little more than correspondence; but such correspondence! and so skillfully, lovingly put together! Those who desire only to know *about* the man may prefer a shorter and

more direct way of telling the story of his life; but those who desire to know the man himself will prefer that he should speak for himself. And surely, the story of such a life is worth telling. What can be more stimulating to the young than the picture of his bright childhood, with its intense, open-eyed love of Nature, and of his ardent youth, with its eager desire and passionate seeking for truth; what more inspiring to manhood than the lofty, unselfish purpose toward which he worked with an energy which repeatedly broke down his health in spite of his powerful physique; what more satisfying to ripe age than the moral grandeur of his later years? No one can read the book without being stimulated, elevated, purified.

Agassiz was an intense worker for more than fifty years. His life cannot be divided, like that of most men, into a period of learning and a period of working. With him, working and learning were indissolubly united. From childhood to his death, he was continually learning and continually imparting, continually receiving and continually giving, and to him the giving was even more blessed than the receiving. At twenty years of age, he is already engaged in the publication of an important original work, which attracts the attention of the foremost men of the time, such as Humboldt and Cuvier. At twenty-three, he had already undertaken his great work on "Fossil Fish," and all the grand ideas of his life were already germinating in his mind. At twenty-nine, his views on Glacial Agency were brought out and urged in spite of the bitter opposition of Von Buch, Humboldt, Murchison, and all the leading geologists of that time. The Positive philosopher, Auguste Comte, defines a great life as one in which great ideas are conceived in youth, and steadily worked out to the end. Agassiz's whole life-work was already blocked out at thirty. For nearly forty years he worked steadily toward the

<sup>1</sup>Louis Agassiz. His Life and Correspondence. Edited by E. C. Agassiz. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

completion of what was then clearly conceived.

What, then, were the great ideas which underlay his life-work? These may doubtless be gathered by the thoughtful reader from the book before us; but they are not formally stated as we would state them. The full significance of his work in scientific philosophy was, perhaps, imperfectly conceived even by himself. I take this opportunity, therefore, of expressing my own views on this subject, because I believe that full justice has never been done Agassiz in this regard.

Underlying Agassiz's whole life-work there were two great ideas. One of these is the idea of glaciers as a prime geological agent, sculpturing mountains now, sculpturing a large portion of the surface of the earth in a former epoch. Glaciers had been ardently studied before Agassiz, but only as a problem in physical geography. Agassiz transferred the subject into the wide field of geology. He astonished the world by announcing a glacial epoch, immediately preceding the present, during which the northern portions of both continents, America down to latitude 40° and Europe to latitude 50°, were sheeted with ice several thousand feet thick, and the whole surface of the land modified by this agent. After a period of fierce conflict, his views are now universally accepted, and the whole field of geological thought has been revolutionized thereby.

The second grand idea introduced by Agassiz is still more important and far reaching in its effects. It was the idea that *in each family of animals the succession of forms in geological history is epitomized in embryonic changes of existing forms*; and thus that *embryology furnishes the key to geological succession*. This idea is the very basis of the theory of evolution. Embryonic development is not only evolution: it is the type of all evolution. What I mean by evolution is a process similar to embryonic development. Now, Agassiz showed that the process of development of the organic kingdom in geological times is similar to the process of development of the embryo, and therefore is a

process of evolution so far as *form* is concerned. It is true that, for reasons which I will presently give, he used the word *development* instead of *evolution*. Furthermore, he announced all the laws of geological succession as we now know them, and showed that they are also the laws of embryonic development. Thus the whole foundation of a scientific theory of evolution was laid by him, and by him alone. The theory of evolution owes as much to him as to any other man, not excepting Darwin himself. To him more than to any one man is due the great impulse to biological science and to modern thought associated with that theory; for the most fruitful ideas and methods of biological science were introduced by him. But because he rejected the theory of evolution, as propounded by Darwin, his true relation to modern thought is still unrecognized.

What, then, is the essential difference between the development theory of Agassiz and the evolution theory of Darwin? I answer: It was not in the *process*, but in the *force* of change. Agassiz refused to believe that the force of development of the organic kingdom throughout geological time was *inherent* in the thing developing in the same sense as it is in the embryo. He compared the process to the development of a building under the hand of an intelligent architect. For him, new species cannot be formed by transmutations from previously existing species, but only by direct creative act; although, the successively created forms follow each other in a regular order, and according to laws which he has shown to be the laws of embryonic development. By refusing to acknowledge the origin of species by natural process, he placed the whole subject of origin of species outside of the domain of science, for science deals with the natural, not the supernatural. In a word, he laid solidly the whole foundation of a true scientific theory of evolution, and then refused to build thereon.

There is, to me, something supremely grand even in this refusal. The opportunity to become the leader of modern thought, the fore-



most man of the century, was in his hands, and he refused, because his religious philosophy, and perhaps, also, his religious sentiments, forbade. To Agassiz, and, indeed, to all men of that time—to many, alas, even now—evolution was synonymous with materialism; and materialism was to him absurd. Will some one say: "The genuine truth-seeker follows truth wherever she seems to lead, whatever be the consequences?" True enough: whatever be the consequences to the seeker—to his previous opinions, prejudices, theories; but not whatever be the consequences to truth itself—or to still more certain truth. Now, to Agassiz and to all genuine thinkers, the existence of God (and therefore the falseness of materialism) is more certain than any scientific theory can

be—indeed, than anything can possibly be made by proof. From this standpoint, therefore, he was right in rejecting evolution as conflicting with a far more certain truth. The mistake he made was not in rejecting evolution because it conflicted with the existence of Deity, but in imagining that there was any such conflict at all. But this was the universal mistake of the age. A lesser man would have seen less clearly the higher truth, and therefore accepted the lower. A greater man would have risen above the age and seen that there was no conflict, and therefore accepted both. This is the position to which all thinking men are coming now, but one almost impossible at that time to a man of the strong religious nature of Agassiz.

*Joseph Le Conte.*

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#### ETC.

WHEN a wealthy man makes an educational endowment, the most serious risk that he runs is of tying up the administration of it too closely. His own occupations have lain apart from the actual administration of education; and whatever his intelligence, it is impossible that he should know enough of the working of school matters to foresee the effect of his own regulations; consequently, when they come to be put into practice, unexpected difficulties arise, and in many a case, the whole gift has been made almost inoperative by the inflexibility of its conditions. It was, therefore, a most gratifying thing to find that Governor Stanford's deed of gift imposes all but no conditions, and makes no attempt to map out the great institution. This foreshadows an intention of feeling his way along, step by step, which is highly hopeful for the future of the institution. The deed amounts to little more than a formal committing of the donor to the purpose of building a great educational institution at Palo Alto; and, as one of the most shrewd and prudent scholars in our State has said: "The more slowly the plan is shaped, the greater its chance of success." So far as the plan is indicated by the deed, it seems to be in almost every provision wise, liberal, flexible, and capable of being made the basis of a noble scheme of education. Two or three of the provisions, however, will certainly be found to work other results than those intended; and it is most fortunate that the donors have reserved the liberty of changing any provision hereafter.

THE public has no authoritative information of the University plans, beyond the published terms of the

gift and Governor Stanford's accompanying speech. But a good deal of semi-official information has been given by newspaper interviews with Mr. Haymond. From these and other sources, it becomes evident that we may feel safe in counting upon the final endowment as twenty million. This is probably the largest gift ever made to the people by one man; concentrated upon a university proper, it would make under careful management the most splendidly endowed one in America, and probably in the world. Harvard's and Columbia's endowments are variously stated by the different authorities we have consulted, but they can scarcely be above eight million; Princeton, Cornell, Michigan, Yale, Johns Hopkins, and our own State University, have from three to five million. But there seems to be no intention of concentrating this magnificent sum upon a university proper. Unless the reporters have misrepresented Mr. Haymond, the plan he sketched out was something as follows: A three-fold system of education, beginning with the primary, and proceeding to the highest in the diverging directions of art, technics, and the humanities, thus including kindergartens, primary schools, trade schools, work shops, machine shops, schools of technology, laboratories, farms, art schools and galleries, musical conservatory, and professional schools, besides the regular English schools, academies, college, and university proper. It is probable that either Mr. Haymond has not been correctly reported, or does not quite express the giver's intention, for it is hardly likely that Mr. Stanford is unaware how inadequate even his princely gift is to any such scheme. Magnificent and unparalleled as the

gift is in itself, applied to the needs of a whole system of education like this it would produce only a collection of scrimped and struggling institutions, as much in need of money as if each one had been founded by ordinary means, instead of by a lavish polymillionaire. That Mr. Stanford will see his schools, which he has repeatedly said are to equal the best in the world, brought down to any such condition, is not to be supposed. He is too good a business man to enter upon expenditure without getting careful estimates beforehand; and there is every reason to expect that the plan will ultimately shape itself into something like a realschule, a gymnasium, and a university, with, perhaps, lower trade-schools, and some art-classes. For this, with the libraries, laboratories, workshops, machine shops, etc., that will be needed, the money will be adequate, but not too much.

We said there were two or three points in the deed which would probably work different results from those intended. One of these, doubtless, will never be changed. It is the location at Palo Alto. It seems to be the judgment of all who have observed the matter carefully, that—while a college is admirably situated in a suburban place, like Palo Alto, and so, too, an academy—post-graduate university work is at a serious disadvantage outside of a great city. The suggestion has been made, that if Mr. Stanford could be willing to keep all the under-matriculate and under-graduate work at Palo Alto, and bring the post-graduate work to San Francisco, drawing into its circle, either by loose affiliation or merely by close neighborhood, all the kindred institutions in the city, it would contribute inestimably to the success of his work. In this power of coöperation with every other means of education within reach, lies much of the secret of a successful university. It will be deeply to be regretted, if, instead of coming to be the living heart of educational work in California, toward which and from which all the currents flow, the Stanford University is to stand detached, duplicating work already fairly done, and so losing its own power to do a great deal not already done. It is a delicate matter to criticise the choice of Palo Alto as the exclusive location; for every one understands how dear a personal motive has directed that choice; yet, in a matter of so vast public importance, it is not an impertinence to say that, in the long run, whatever is most for the greatness and efficiency of the University is most honor to the son whose memory is to become so nobly immortal in it.

Of all the provisions for the University, probably none has struck the public so favorably as the arrangement for its absolute control by the President; and probably none will result in so unexpected and decisive a check to the satisfactory organization of the University. We have found this opinion absolutely unanimous among all those familiar with the

working of universities whom we have consulted. It would seem, on the face of it, wise, that one man should be made responsible for the whole administration of a great organization, and be free from uninformed meddling. But "responsible" in this case can only mean responsible to the trustees, or to the public; neither of whom can be judges of the wisdom or unwisdom of his action in anything but a case of flagrant abuse. He becomes, therefore, practically irresponsible, except that he can be removed if his whole course is so unsatisfactory as to justify this. Short of such serious action, he is left an autocrat over his faculty, able to dictate as to their teaching, to dismiss them from their positions, and this without appeal on their part, save by stirring up such feud and protest as may lead to the removal of the president by the trustees—a course which their own dignity, their own tenure at the president's pleasure, their regard for the well-being of the institution and its preservation from the wrangling and faction that kill scholarly life, would forbid. The inevitable result would be that the best men—the men who had the most self-respect and regard for the peace of the university, and who also were surest of easily finding chairs elsewhere—would resign; while the worse ones would remain and quarrel, be decapitated by the president, get him decapitated, and destroy peace and progress worse than even a State legislature and politics can do.

BUT, most fortunately, it could never get to this point, for the reason that all the best professors will foresee all these difficulties, and instead of coming here and resigning, will simply refuse to accept chairs under such administration. It matters not how wise and kind the president may be: he might die in a year, and the professor be exposed to all the uncertainties of his successor. And these are uncertainties that scholars of high rank will not subject themselves to. Any provision that asks them to, shows a failure to appreciate the almost unequalled dignity and independence of the position of the scholar. "The Republic of Letters" is the phrase, and it is a correct one," said one of the gentlemen with whom we have talked of this. The college—still more, the university—faculty constitutes a republic, of which the president is merely the administrative head. It cannot be made otherwise by decree, because the republican system is the only one under which any professor who has conscience and competence in his own line, can work. It must not be forgotten that each professor is, in his own line, a very much greater man than the president. Think for a moment who have made Harvard great, and what would be the absurdity if President Eliot and his predecessor had held autocratic authority over his professors Agassiz, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell. Professor Hilgard tells with appreciation an anecdote of a regent of the University of Mississippi, who explained: "My idea of it is just this: the regents are the planters, and the

professors are the overseers." "He did not complete his figure," the professor adds, "and go on to say that the boys were the niggers; but they drew the inference, and shaved his horse's mane and tail that night." What the effect of this protest was on the regent's views of college government, the anecdote does not relate but to make the president the planter, and the professors the overseers, would show only a more intelligent form of the same misapprehension of the true position of a scholar in his own field. He must have freedom; he must have security of tenure, disturbed by not even a sense of possible interference; he must have that dignity in the eyes of the students that nothing but knowledge of a powerful and independent position can give. Otherwise, he will not come to a university. We are not speaking from conjecture in this. It has been the experience of both Harvard and Johns Hopkins Universities, that they cannot by higher salaries take eminent men from the European universities, unless they guarantee them security of tenure and freedom in their own departments. Johns Hopkins failed, after a strenuous effort, in getting a mathematician of high standing from a German university—although it promised both permanent tenure and freedom, and he was himself anxious to come—because it could not guarantee in addition a pension: he felt that he must not give up security for either himself or his family, for more money and the least insecurity.

THE public is always ready to overrate the power of money among scholars. Agassiz, who "had no time to make money," is no exception in that respect to all scholars of rank. There has been talk in the papers of the possibility of calling Tyndall, Huxley, Arnold, to this State, on the strength of the salaries the Stanford endowment can offer. It is improbable that any salary whatever would induce these men, or any others of their standing, to leave the places where they are happy and satisfied, and come to the uncertainties of a new institution. They have already the things that men pour out money to get—honor, social place, congenial surroundings and associates, happy occupation, better helps to this occupation from men and libraries and schools about them than centuries can create in a new country, and incomes sufficient to enjoy all this in comfort; why, therefore, should they sacrifice any of it for more money? They do not care to spend money in either "pleasure" or show, for they have no time nor taste for such things. No private expenditure they could make on books and apparatus could replace the quantity of such help they would lose in leaving Europe, nor would all that the new University could possibly offer in this line approximate the collective amount they could have access to among the various institutions near them now; and they have in addition a pleasantness of intellectual and social surroundings, a deep root of home and family and ancestral association in the soil, such as offers of money

have repeatedly, hitherto, failed to induce men to tear up. Young men of promise will spring to the offers of the University; but even they, if they fulfil their promise and become leaders, will be very apt to be drawn away by smaller salaries to the institutions where more dignity of position, completer feeling of security and freedom, and ampler association with other men who have demanded the same, will be possible, than under the system of administration here. This attitude of scholars cannot fail to become evident to the builders of the University before they have progressed far in organization; and as Mr. Stanford has very wisely made all these provisions merely experimental, a revision of this one will doubtless be made.

THE question has been raised what effect the new University will have upon the State University. A hasty impression has been that it would overwhelm and crush it. This is utterly fallacious. A new University covering the whole ground, would divert some students from the old, and check the flow of endowments toward it; but the three million solid endowment already possessed cannot be shaken. If the whole scheme indicated by the newspapers be carried out, there will not be much more money than this left of the Stanford endowment for purely university purposes; moreover, if the colleges and real-schule at Palo Alto should prove to be covering the undergraduate ground well, it is perfectly possible at Berkeley to raise standards and concentrate the whole three million on graduate work—a sum as large as Harvard can devote to purely graduate work, and larger than Johns Hopkins can. Even if the Stanford endowment be concentrated on college, university, and technological work, the two institutions will doubtless be saved from interference by the invariable tendency to differentiation between schools of high rank. If the Palo Alto one has as strong a drift toward the technical training and applied science as now seems probable, the Berkeley one will almost inevitably take the lead in letters and pure science. This tendency to differentiation will be helped on by the voluntary coöperation to that purpose of the managers of both institutions. Rivalry may exist between the students, and even between the business managers of schools, but the impulse to coöperation between faculties is too strong to be restrained. The "Republic of Letters" is more to them than any one school. It is by all means to be hoped that some distinct and systematic method of coöperation will be adopted, not only between the two universities, but between these and other schools and institutions of learning in the State, so as to avoid, as far as possible, duplication of departments, thus weakening the total of educational advantage that may be given to the State. It has been hinted that Governor Stanford, who once received insulting treatment from a political faction of the State Legislature in a matter relating to the University, will, on this account, desire to use his University to hurt, in-

stead of help, the State University. We must be permitted to hold a higher opinion of this generous gentleman than to believe him capable of resentment of such sort. Governor Stanford's reputation has always been of magnanimity and of reasonableness. He has not escaped without much political abuse and class jealousy in this State, which has not unfrequently degenerated into personal abuse. He has walked down the street and seen himself portrayed in insulting cartoons; he has seen crowds thronging to meetings where he knew his name would be cursed with all unreason and violence. Yet he has not failed in the magnanimity to bestow upon the children and grandchildren of these very men the very fortune that aroused their hostility. Nor has he failed in the reasonableness that perceived, through all abuse, the real regard in which he has personally been held always in this State. It is remarkable how warm a place in popular esteem Governor Stanford has always held as an individual, directly in the face of every wind of denunciation of him as a wealthy railroad man. But it is not every one who would have had the discrimination to perceive this, to sift out the influence of demagogue and politician, allow for the unreason of poor and unhappy men, and still retain his love for this State and its people. The man who did so is not the man who is going to become the enemy, or even to cease to be the friend, of an institution which was the chief victim—and recognized itself to be so at the time—of a slight offered him by a legislature during its brief and soon to be scattered existence. THE OVERLAND chances to know, by the very best of all evidence—that of eye and ear—how eager partisans of Governor Stanford the University people were; how great the disappointment and indignation when they failed to obtain him as regent; how hot the comments of the young men, and how grave the regrets of the elder men. This, Governor Stanford probably does not know. But he does know well, in general, how easily a few intriguers and politicians may belie the sentiment of a whole community. Undoubtedly, the incident showed him the dangers of political control in educational matters, a consideration which very legitimately led him to separate his own endowment from the possibility of such control.

It is impossible that the Universities should hurt each other. The anxiety that is in the minds of their friends is only lest they should fail to help each other as much as possible. It is a matter of tremendous importance that they should, for the present opportunity will never come again in the history of human affairs, and it will take the united, cooperating strength of all the educational force in the State to thoroughly utilize it. We mean, that there never will be again such large aggregations of private fortune on virgin soil. It is now possible to start processes which will make California in future generations the educational center of the world, and the home of the highest civ-

ilization. Governor Stanford has the power to do it, and the will. To have in existence such a conjunction as this—the favorable external conditions, the ability, and the will—rouses the most eager hope that the one thing remaining will be supplied—viz: the wise utilization of all the means to so great an end. Mr. Stanford's endowment alone cannot do it; but Mr. Stanford's endowment allied with, leading, drawing into its vast current, helping and helped by, all others in the State, avoiding every possible waste of force, utilizing every resource to its utmost, can do it. If he fails to thus use it, he will achieve a great work, but he will lose an opportunity to achieve a mighty one.

THE young ladies of the San Francisco Art League accomplished a very successful bit of holiday work, in the making and putting on sale of some two thousand hand-painted California Christmas cards, at prices ranging from twenty-five cents to two dollars. The need of something of the sort is felt here every holiday season, for it is not satisfactory to buy here and send back to the East cards that have just come from there, and are probably more familiar and more abundant there than here. Something peculiarly Californian is a real want: and the young ladies have met it with much taste and enterprise, searching book-binders and Chinese shops for novel mountings, and drawing upon California wild flowers and scenery for their subjects. The good commercial judgment shown in the undertaking has justified itself in the sale of most of the cards; and it is gratifying to see the correct perception of a real need of the market, and also of the way to utilize it by cooperative effort, shown by the venture, in contrast with the helpless struggle one so often sees girls make to earn money by what is unmarketable. The cards are in oil, water-color, pen and ink, sepia, and pencil, on muslin, ribbon, bark of trees, and oriental paper.

#### Water Rights in British Columbia.\*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND MONTHLY:

In the OVERLAND MONTHLY for May last, there appeared an article upon "Riparian Rights": in June, this was followed by an article on "Riparian Rights from Another Standpoint."

In referring to these articles, I have only memory to lean upon. I send to my friends in England each number of the OVERLAND when I have read it. It works well in several ways, to take a high class periodical and to send it to loved ones far away: you give them much enjoyment; you create an additional chain, binding soul to soul; dear hands will touch the leaves which your hands have touched; and—to take the lowest and most selfish ground—through this magazine I shall one day be *missed*. My excellent friends, Messrs. Hibben & Company, will forward it to me with their customary punctuality and kindness, and with the most reckless indifference as to the swelling of my long-standing account: but I shall

not be here to receive it; this hand shall never again write the far-off address on the wrapper of an OVERLAND MONTHLY; away over the broad Atlantic they will expect it in vain, and then I shall be "missed"—probably for as long a time as the best and noblest of us all is missed. Ah me! how short is that time: only in the memories of their unpaid creditors do the departed live long. Well, well, let me hope that mine may find sufficient to enable them to exclude me from any unhallowed reminiscences, and to forget me quickly and kindly.

But what has all this to do with Rights, Riparian, Prescriptive, Statutory, and so forth? Let me "hark back" to my subject.

The writer of the first of the two articles to which I have referred, after having given some very interesting information upon common law rights in California, proceeded to argue that a fuller recognition by the courts of State rights as opposed to the former would accord with the better agricultural interests of the country.

The second writer took the converse view, urging the full maintenance of common law rights. He showed, as I think, fairly, that there need seldom be any conflict between riparian and State rights, but that, when such did arise, the latter should give way.

Both writers inform us that the judges have in all cases sustained common law rights, where these have conflicted with State rights. And we further learn that only in one case—the "Huggins case"—has the question of the right of diversion by a riparian owner "come squarely before the courts," and that the right was conceded to a limited extent. I wish that we could have had some fuller information about this Huggins case. I infer, however, that as long as no injury to another riparian owner occurred, a right of diversion would be admitted under common law, and as against rights acquired merely by statute. Speaking generally as to the whole ground under their feet, I regret exceedingly that these two able writers should not have treated their subject more exhaustively; at the same time, I recognize that a magazine—however gracious its Editor—has limits; and this reminds me that unless I very quickly get to British Columbia waters, any faint hope which I may entertain as to the acceptance of this "unconsidered trifle" will be crushed by its prolixity.

Just about the date of the publication by you, Mr. Editor, of the above articles, the farmers of British Columbia, or, at all events, of that large section of the country which is dependent on artificial irrigation, were watching with grave interest the result of a suit in which, for the first time, riparian and prescriptive rights were raised in opposition to statutory rights. So dominant were these latter, and so completely lost sight of were rights at common law, that "Varmer" Hodge stood open-mouthed when a clever lawyer (for the defense) raised as from the dead common law rights, and dared to set them up, in opposition to the legislative efforts of successive provincial

attorneys-general. For some time we blundered a good deal over the meaning of "riparian" (one of us called it "Hyperion," having seen the name, in glancing over the shelves of our local library, on the back of Longfellow's charming tale); but our esteemed Government Agent, always eager to diffuse knowledge, lent us a dictionary; *now* we know all about "riparian," and a few of the bolder talk about its derivation, and so forth.

The main facts of the case which brought into conflict common law rights and statutory law were as follows: The plaintiffs and defendants are all farmers; the two former and one of the defendants own contiguous farms on a high table-land called Pavillon<sup>1</sup> Mountain. The other defendant farms a valley under the southern crest of this table-land: this last is the oldest settler of the four, his date being 1861, and he only was in a position to set up prescriptive rights. He also claimed riparian rights. The co-defendant set up riparian rights, as owner at the present time of a grant dating 1863. The two plaintiffs stood upon statutory rights. The bone of contention was the water of Pavillon Creek; and there were side issues and individual claims, which I exclude as not coming within the scope of this article.

British Columbia had birth as an agricultural country in 1859, and the first local legislation as to the recording of water for agricultural purposes dates 1865. The case was tried at Nisi Prius before the Honorable The Chief Justice, Sir Matthew Baillie Bybie, a man who, in conjunction with the late Sir James Douglas, K. C. B., established law and order in the infant colony; a man of great breadth and force of intellect, of high culture, and of wide and varied knowledge; a ripe scholar, a most just and merciful judge. The Chief Justice gave judgment, with damages, for the defendants: he sustained all rights at common law. Where chaos had reigned he established order. He decided that statutory law, far from annulling common law rights, strengthened them: that the statute recognized diversion from an adjacent creek only, and that "adjacent" could not mean a distance of several miles between the point of diversion and the objective point, with other streams and farms intervening. He sustains prescriptive rights. His observations upon waste of water are exhaustive, pregnant with force, abounding in apposite illustration. His reasoning is close, his conclusions are sound: in fine, his elaborate judgment bears *prima facie* evidence of the concentrated force of a great mind brought to bear upon a subject which urgently needed a final settlement—a permanent foundation.

The case was appealed by the plaintiffs, and was heard by the bench of four puisne judges, Sir Matthew, of course, not sitting. They demolished his judgment utterly; gave the plaintiffs heavy dam-

<sup>1</sup> Wrongly spelt Pavillon as a rule: the name is from the French, and was given to the locality by a Frenchman, from the decorative fangs in an Indian graveyard.

ages; virtually upheld statutory rights as against common law rights; pronounced the word "adjacent" to be an elastic term, which took thought neither of distance nor of intervening objects; passed over in silence the Chief Justice's pages of remarks on waste of water; gave no reasons; threw the agricultural community into the confusion from which the Chief Justice had just rescued it.

That the judgment at *Nisi Prius* should have been reversed by the Appellate Court is in no way singular; but the agreement of the four puisne judges on the broad question of Riparian *versus* Statutory Rights, and upon every one of the numerous and difficult side questions—on all but one of which they reverse Sir Matthew's decision—is very remarkable: the appellate judgment looks like the work of one judge, and as though the concurrence of the others had been secured by some similar process to that which Kinglake suggests in his story of the Newcastle dispatch to Lord Raglan.

The damages awarded by the four judges afford an instructive example of mental obliquity. A and B joint plaintiffs; C and D joint defendants: plaintiffs claim \$5,000 damages; defendants make a counter-claim. A is sustained in his water right, which is statutory. B is declared to have no water rights. C is sustained in statutory and riparian rights. D is sustained in riparian rights, and, vaguely, as to an award under an arbitration. But riparian rights are sustained merely to a nominal extent. A receives \$1,800 damages from C and D. To the non-judicial mind B is the sole aggressor all round, for though he had no rights whatever, he took one-third of the disputed water; further, A is *particeps criminis*, because he gave or sold to B the use of his (A's) ditch to effect the unlawful diversion.

I shall conclude with a brief instance, showing perhaps more clearly than the above case, the tendency to crush common law rights and to uphold statutory rights:

Last year a water case came before a justice at the fall assize in a remote village of the interior of this

province. The defendants had recorded all the water of a creek which flowed for several miles through the plaintiff's property, and they had made fraudulent declarations before the Commissioner of the District, by which they had induced him to make the records; plaintiff appealed to the court to have the records of the defendants declared null and void, on the ground that in the preliminary steps defendants had not complied with the law. Plaintiff also showed fraud on the other side. The Judge non-suited the plaintiff, on the ground of "no interest," though he was, as I have shown, a riparian owner.

It is a remarkable fact that, throughout the land laws, the common law of England is wholly ignored: the word "riparian" is nowhere to be seen. The tendency on the part of the Supreme Court, generally, to uphold the statutes, and to crush common law rights, may perhaps arise from this: three of the four puisne judges have been members of the Provincial Cabinet, and the land laws were in great part—nay, almost wholly—framed by them. Now, we all have an affection for the work of our hands. The object of the writer shall have been attained should he have succeeded in showing that the maintenance of statutory, as opposed to common law, rights, is unjust to pioneer settlers; that it invades their vested interests, and that the principle fosters a deliberate wrong.

#### Maienliebe.

Love went Maying, idly straying,

Thro' a garden, brimmed with roses;

"Ah, what secret," cried he, staying,

"Is it that your bloom encloses?"

Love went Maying, idly straying,

By a stream, now sun, now shadow;

"Ah, what secret," cried he, staying,

"Do you laugh with down the meadow?"

Love went Maying, idly straying,

Where fair Psyche smiled and waited;

What the need of longer staying?

"The Secret?—I!" laughed Love belated.

Elizabeth C. Atherton.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

*Two Years in the Jungle*,<sup>1</sup> "the experience of a hunter and naturalist in India, Ceylon, the Malay Peninsula, and Borneo," is a bright and interesting book, well illustrated, in the main, by the author's own sketches. It is full of amusing incidents and interesting facts about the peoples and animals of the regions where his time was spent. Some of the stories about the game of India are

<sup>1</sup> *Two Years in the Jungle*. By W. T. Hornaday. New York: Charles Scribner & Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

enough to make the sportsman's soul burn within him with the desire to have a chance at such good hunting. Of the Hindoos, Mr. Hornaday does not seem to have a very good opinion, and characterizes them as a crafty, lying people, whose religion is full of bigotry and obscenity. As his contact must have been very largely with the lower caste Hindoos, his opportunities of judging of them as a whole were quite limited, and probably unfair, at least as regards the Brahmīns, some of whom we know to be noble specimens of men. Mr. Hornaday himself pays high

tribute, unwittingly, to the Brahmins, when he tells how many of them were willing to die of starvation in the great famines, rather than break the regulations of their religion and take food from the hands of an alien. As to the Dyaks of Borneo, Mr. Hornaday is much more lenient, and apparently considers them, with the exception of a little too much dirt and laziness, superior to more civilized man in agreeableness and trustworthiness. He says that they are a truthful, honest, and affectionate race, and superior in chastity to all other races he has any knowledge of. They have a frank manliness of bearing that is very engaging. The chapters on orang-utangs and the native beliefs about them are very interesting, as are the accounts of strange beasts, birds, and fishes that were found in Borneo.—Another book which, without much originality, manages to be fresh, is *Eight Studies of the Lord's Day*.<sup>1</sup> It is a book of essays on the history, use, and obligation of the Christian Sabbath. They are not Puritanic, yet they are, in substance, exceedingly orthodox, and repeat views already familiar in orthodox exposition; yet there is no air of repetition, but, on the contrary, a certain pervading freshness and interest hard to account for. There is something in the spirit of the author toward the Christian Sabbath that is rare and inspiring—a pleasure in it, and affection for it, that seem to overshadow any sense of duty about it. In the historic speculations, too, there is a sort of joyous sympathy that makes the imaginary picture of primitive tribal Sabbaths, etc., very interesting. One historic point we will speak of: that is, the discussion of the origin of the week. All other divisions of time are based on the motions of the heavenly bodies; but the week is arbitrary; and yet, it is as firmly rooted in our calendar as any other division. Nor can its origin in any arbitrary action of any authority be found; the earliest Hebrew history shows it already existent among them. Now its arbitrary nature, and its very ancient origin, argues the author, indicate that it was a matter of direct divine command. He acknowledges that traces of a week-division, from five to nine days long, existed in many pagan nations, and these were evidently rough attempts at dividing up the lunar month for convenience. In Nineveh, the division was obviously as near to fourths of a month as possible—the 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th, of each month being held a Sabbath. As the month of Nineveh was a lunation, alternately twenty-nine and thirty days, it followed that the fourth week of each month had to carry one or two extra days. On the strength of this irregularity, while the Hebrew week simply let the extra days go, and thus threw the week out of synchronism with the month, our author assumes that the one can not have been derived from the other. Yet nothing is a simpler inference than that the founder of the

Hebrew race, migrating westward, should bring with him the quarter-month division of time, with its four Sabbaths monthly; and that among a people not astronomers, the astronomical reason for the irregularity in every fourth week should cease to have force, and that week should be assimilated to the other three.—*Sermons on the International Sunday School Lessons for 1886*, by the Monday Club,<sup>2</sup> contains contributions from twenty ministers. The same firm issues the *Pilgrim Series*<sup>3</sup> of lesson books, with the scripture text, questions, etc., for senior and intermediate classes. Also two stories<sup>4</sup> for Sunday School libraries and families, by the same author: *Katy Robertson*, a story of factory life; and *Three Years at Glenwood*, a sequel to the first. They are externally very attractive volumes, and that their contents are of the better grade of this class of stories, and will both interest and instruct, is guaranteed by the care in the publication of Sunday School books that has always been exercised by this firm.—*Domestic Problems*<sup>5</sup> deals, as its title implies, with the every-day affairs of life. It states the "Problems" well, and if less successful in offering solutions, we need not be surprised. It starts out with the proposition that the wife and mother needs culture to fit her to be the companion of her husband, and to prevent her sinking into the mere household drudge or the slave of society and fashion; and passes on to speak of the need that the young mother has of special training for the wise discharge of the duties of motherhood. To this end, the author suggests, young mothers should spend less time on the studies of the school room, and more on hygiene and human nature. Here, it seems to us, she fails to meet the requirements of the problem. The only real solution is to lengthen the time devoted to preparation for life. By this means woman can have both culture and special training. Let her not be considered marriageable till she has had time for this. The "letters from a schoolmaster's trunk" are both wise and witty, and would be profitable reading for fathers and brothers and husbands—who are, however, the very ones who are not likely to read such books. Their subject is the overburdened lives of women, and the remedy proposed, viz: greater simplicity of dress and living, is, no doubt, the true and only one. "Plain living and high thinking" will solve the problem of many lives.—In the Putnam's "Questions of the Day" Series No. XXI., John Codman offers *A Solution of*

<sup>2</sup> *Sermons on the International Sunday School Lessons for 1886*. By the Monday Club. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. For sale in San Francisco at the American Tract Society's Rooms.

<sup>3</sup> *The Pilgrim Series of Lesson Books*. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. For sale in San Francisco at the American Tract Society's Rooms.

<sup>4</sup> *Katy Robertson*. *Three Years at Glenwood*. By Margaret E. Winslow. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. For sale in San Francisco at the American Tract Society's Rooms.

<sup>5</sup> *Domestic Problems*. By Mrs. A. M. Diaz. Boston: Roberts Bros.

<sup>1</sup> *Eight Studies of the Lord's Day*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

*the Mormon Question.*<sup>1</sup> It is admitted by almost all students of Mormonism that their religion is a moral one, save in the one matter of polygamy, and they may even be fairly called a Christian sect, in spite of their addition to the Christian creed of certain historic beliefs based upon a vulgar imposture; and these beliefs, Mr. Codman holds, should not restrain the purer Christian sects from turning over their strength to help the non-polygamous "Josephite" Mormon Christians, who have already a hopeful mission in Utah, since this has so much better promise of success than any other, and is in great need of financial help. This "solution," however, doubtless calls for an extreme liberality in doctrinal matters that can hardly be asked from the orthodox sects. Mr. Codman speaks with evident friendliness of the Morimons: "No people in our land so implicitly obey the preaching of their priesthood in 'living up to their religion,' in the quiet observance of their duties, in sobriety, industry, and all kindly acts of good neighborhood. . . . They are eminently a contented people. It may be said almost literally that none of them are poor, as poverty is understood among us." He shows incidentally, and far more forcibly than he himself seems to realize, the one great and apparently insurmountable difficulty that lies in the way of any satisfactory handling of polygamy—that is, the impossibility of making any sound case against it to the conscience and judgment of the Mormon laity, in the face of the practical polygamy which they know to exist among the Gentiles; and that sheer force, in defiance of their conscience and judgment, can be a permanent cure, seems impossible. What, for instance, must have been the effect on the Mormon conscience, when the act disfranchising "every man who cohabits with more than one woman" was amended by the words "in the marriage relation," in order to relieve the Gentiles from the disfranchisement that was taking place among them? Considering such an occurrence as this; considering the fact that in some districts of the Union the ratio of divorces is said to run higher than that of plural marriages among the Mormons (one out of thirteen); considering the condition of the marriage relation, under Gentile government and orthodox Christian preaching,

<sup>1</sup> *A Solution of the Mormon Question.* By John Codman. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885.

among the negro communities of the South and the foreign tenement population of the great cities; considering, too, that the majority of the Mormon plural wives are drawn from this very foreign class, and thus approximate in Mormonism more nearly to virtuous marriage than they would stand much chance of doing elsewhere—considering these things, it is inevitable that the anti-polygamy crusade should seem to the sincere Mormon the effort of evil men against morality.—A handbook that will be of real service to uninstructed opera-goers is *The Standard Operas*,<sup>2</sup> in which a brief sketch is given "of each of the operas contained in the modern repertory, which are likely to be given during regular seasons." A condensed account of each composer is given, the plot of each opera, "the general character of the music, its prominent scenes and numbers," and a little historical information with regard to it. The book is for the general public, and untechnical, but none the less compiled with good musical judgment.—*Parlor Varieties*,<sup>3</sup> a book of plays, pantomimes, and charades, and *The Favorite Higher Speaker*,<sup>4</sup> both contain some good new things, and are fair enough books of their kind.—Another illustrated holiday edition of Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*<sup>5</sup> comes to hand—a far more modest one than last year's essays in the same line. It contains also the Lines on Tintern Abbey.—A Chicago school mistress publishes a tiny and rather neat collection of wise sayings from Browning and others, under the far from neat title of *Seed-Thoughts for the Growing Life*.<sup>6</sup>—Two calendars that will appeal to the taste and interest of many are a temperance one, published by Prang & Co., and adorned with Miss Willard's portrait, and a "Golden Text" one, published by D. Lothrop & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *The Standard Operas.* Their Plots, their Music, and their Composers. By George P. Upton. Chicago: Jansen McClurg & Co. 1886.

<sup>3</sup> *Parlor Varieties.* By Emma E. Brewster and Lizzie B. Scribner. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1886.

<sup>4</sup> *The Favorite Higher Speaker.* Edited by T. G. La Moille and Eugene Parsons. Chicago: A. Flanigan. 1885.

<sup>5</sup> *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.* By William Wordsworth. London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

<sup>6</sup> *Seed-Thoughts for the Growing Life,* from Robert Browning and Others. Selected by Mary E. Burt. Chicago: The Colegrove Book Company. 1885.



THE  
OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.*

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VOL. VII. (SECOND SERIES.)—FEBRUARY, 1886.—No. 38.

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THE CHINESE IMMIGRATION DISCUSSION.

I wonder if all the numerous pamphleteers on the Chinese question read each other's articles? It may be so, but I fear that few of them show the influence of the controversy in their own. In this, as in other questions involving economic, social, and moral aspects, each disputant tends to intrench himself in the line of his particular bias, and fights to prove that he alone is right and the others all wrong in their views upon the question. Each seems afraid to admit anything, lest it should weaken his position, and the reasonable attitude—the attitude of inquiry—has been, in large part, replaced by the attitude of obstinacy.

The fact is, that the question of Chinese immigration is essentially a relative one. There are many things that may be said—and said truly—in favor of it; and there are many more that may be said against it. If the disputants would recognize this fact, and, instead of pushing isolated views, strive to set argument against argument, and point against point, until a resultant was reached which would clearly show which way the question should be decided to produce the greatest good to the greatest number, there would be less indignant recrimination, and a speedier effective moulding of public opinion all over

the country in the right direction. For there can be no doubt that, up to a certain point, both sides are not only honest but right in what they urge.

At one time and another, the OVERLAND (including the "Californian") has contained articles covering almost every important point at issue, and it will be worth the while to summarize the arguments advanced there on both sides with a view to their ultimate comparison.

I.

THE Chinese question may be looked at from three, and only three, aspects—the ethical, the social, and the economic. Under these three heads the important arguments in favor of Chinese immigration have been about as follows:

1. That all men were created equal, and have an equal right to go where they please and do what they please, so long as the movement is peaceful. This, being a natural right, is higher than human law, and cannot be restricted by it; and therefore we have no right to interfere with the Chinaman's going where he pleases.

2. The Chinese are an inferior race, and there is a moral duty resting on every

man to help instead of hinder their advance toward higher intellectual and religious ideals.

These two views cover the whole moral ground, and are the sentiment of Senator Hoar and Henry Ward Beecher, and a majority of the East. In this magazine they have been vigorously championed by "J." (December *OVERLAND*, 1885.)

3. The Chinese are the most cleanly, orderly, and intelligent of peon races; and, admitting the necessity of some such race here, are better to have around than are the laboring Irish, the negro, or other peon races. And further, there is less danger of their corrupting the young.

This covers the social ground, and has been urged directly by H. Shewin (*OVERLAND* for January, 1886), and in rebuttal by Judge Blackwood (November, 1883).

4. If the Chinamen are refused admission to California, no other class of labor can be found to fill their place.

5. The Chinese furnish the best cheap labor, and this labor has rendered possible the inauguration and successful maintenance of many great business enterprises, which otherwise could not have been attempted. These enterprises have furnished labor not only to the Chinese, but also to the whites, especially in the departments of skilled labor. The work thus obtained by white men has been greater in amount and more profitable in point of wages than they would have been able to obtain if these enterprises had not been inaugurated; and therefore the Chinamen should be allowed to remain, to render further progress possible, and to further create that demand for new white labor, which would not be created if they were not present in the country. This is the "machine" argument, and is by far the most important advanced. It has been hinted at by most pro-Chinese writers, but I have never seen it clearly formulated by any of them. Judge Blackwood makes the strongest statement of it that has been made in the magazine, and may be classed as its best champion so far.

This summarizes the economic view, and

finishes the list of pro-Chinese arguments that have been advanced.

Beginning the list of the arguments against Chinese immigration, on the same basis as before:

1. A careful examination of the published field shows no serious anti-Chinese argument occupying the purely ethical ground. Senator Sargent, in his reply to "J." (*OVERLAND*, January, '86), does go boldly into this field, using the Bible to prove that neither the right nor the duty of allowing the Chinese to come here is taught there. But I suspect that it was the pleasure of spitting his opponent on his own weapon, rather than a full belief in the wisdom or real force of the argument in itself, that led the senator to its production.

2. The mission of the United States is to build up the highest and best in civilization among its citizens, amalgamating and tempering its diverse population into one homogeneous whole. In doing this, it has the right to exercise judicious selection in relation to its materials, and to exclude such as are incapable of being molded to the proper state. The Chinese being antagonistic to our civilization cannot be so moulded; and, therefore, they may be excluded as a matter of policy. This covers the whole social ground, and has been ably set forth by Dr. J. P. Widney (*OVERLAND* for December, 1883) and Senator Miller ("Californian" for March, 1880).

3. Chinese labor lowers the dignity of white labor, prevents immigration, and, therefore, encourages large holdings, and the evils of monopoly. The profits of Chinese labor are all sent out of the country, and do not remain, as in case of white labor, for investment in the industries of the State.

I have purposely avoided, as far as possible, arguments on either side used only in rebuttal. These will come up in the discussion further on. These, then, in the main, are the distinct points made on each side. Let us set them beside each other without comment, and see how far they overlap, and on which side the preponderance of testimony seems to be.

## II.

It is incontrovertible that, as a question of abstract right, aside from all considerations of law and policy, the Chinaman, as an individual, has as good a right to come into California as a white man has. Hence, the first pro-Chinese position must be regarded as proved. It is equally incontrovertible that, all questions of policy aside, the higher law calls on every man to help his fellow man. Moreover, these two arguments have never been exactly met on their own ground, and certainly must stand as unanswered, until met, for all that they are worth.

The third argument of the pro-Chinese people has been met in rebuttal several times, and the outcome has been several very pretty sets of facts that directly contradict each other. Mr. Shewin and Judge Blackwood assert that the Chinese, within their own knowledge, are almost fastidious in their cleanliness, and quite gentlemanly enough for models in their personal habits. Senator Miller and Senator Sargent, on the other hand, are equally positive that the Chinese are dangerous because of the peculiar diseases generated by their unclean personal habits. The arguments are so equally divided that this point may be considered as open, and not counting anything for either side without some further discussion.

The economic argument of the pro-Chinese people has not been met by any economic answer, so far as I know; and the social argument of the anti-Chinese men also stands as an isolated fact.

The third anti-Chinese argument has had each of its particulars directly traversed, and must be considered as yet an open question, carrying no weight for either side without some further discussion. It was this condition of things that called forth the remark that each combatant has seemed more anxious to establish some one particular view, than to traverse the arguments already in the field, or make the comparison necessary to show their relation to the main question. Out of the seven points noted as distinct, only three have been so rebutted as to be

entitled to be declared offset. The others are either true or have never been directly controverted, and must be proved untrue before they can be discarded. Let us examine these arguments, then, in turn, and see whether they can be met; or must simply be accepted and weighed as against others in the finding of the final resultant.

## III.

EXAMINING the pro-Chinese ethical argument, the conclusion is at once forced, that while true in itself, it has a fatal flaw, in that it is not germane to the Chinese question. It is natural for man to emigrate, and he has a right to go wherever he chooses, so long as his going does not become a detriment to the country of his choice. But when he goes in such numbers that his going constitutes an invasion, he is no longer acting within his natural right, but is using the force of his numbers to usurp the rights of the people whose boundaries he invades. The whole question turns, then, on what constitutes an invasion. The fact of their coming to this coast in overwhelming numbers cannot be denied. It has been objected to the calling of Chinese immigration an invasion, that it is accomplished peacefully and without arms. But it is the end, not the means, that constitutes invasion. A fortress is none the less captured because the besiegers enter in craftily in the night, and secure the guns before the garrison awakes.

It is the insidiousness of the Chinese method that is its most dangerous feature. They come upon us so quietly, and so quickly appropriate places for themselves, that it is too late when we awake to the damage that is done. It matters not that their feeling is friendly toward us. The gist of the matter—that which makes their unlimited coming an invasion—lies in the fact that they have the ability within themselves to out-compete us in any and all branches of industry in which we engage. The amount of our trade that has already passed into their hands shows what would happen if their coming remained unregulated; and as the result could not but

be the final control of Californian industries by them, their immigration is practically as much an invasion as if the country was being captured by force of arms. This statement is invariably met by Eastern people with a calm expression of unbelief as to its truth; and it is but just to say that many worthy citizens of California do not think the number of Chinese on this coast will ever be great enough to absorb a dangerous moiety of trade. It is well to be hopeful and elastic, but it is better to join faith to cold facts when they can be obtained. The proofs of the danger are notorious in this case, and consist in the actual number of Chinese in trade in San Francisco and the rural districts. Twenty years ago, there was no trade in San Francisco monopolized by Chinamen. At the time of the passage of the Restriction Act, they had practical control of the boot and shoe industry, the cigar and tobacco making trade, the manufacture of underwear, overalls, and cheap, ready made clothing; were cutting in on the printing and other trades, and had unchallenged control of the laundry and household work throughout the State. Facing the fact of this alarming advance in so short a time, a man must indeed be hopeful who does not become uneasy for the future. It seems to me that the question can no longer be considered one of the duty of individual toward individual, and of the right which one man cannot deny to another. It has become a question of national policy, and can be governed only by international law. The international law as to invasion is so clear that this point of its being an invasion once admitted, there can be no question which way the decision must lie. And the fate of the ethical argument must be that while admitted to be true in itself, it cannot be admitted as applicable in the question of Chinese immigration.

#### IV.

ADMITTING, then, that the Chinese question must be one of economic and social policy, instead of right, the pro-Chinese advocates have their strongest position in the

economic argument numbered 5. It cannot be denied that the Chinese have been of great service in the development of the State, and under proper conditions, the most rabid anti-Chinese man would probably be glad to have them stay. The Congressional Committee of 1876, which inquired into the effect of Chinese labor on the Pacific Coast, elicited overwhelming testimony as to their necessity and value in the past. Cheap peon labor was indispensable to the quick development of new California, and the Chinese gave an honest equivalent in work for every dollar paid them. Moreover, they built railroads, cultivated orchards and vineyards, and did the menial work in many large enterprises, which, besides their work, gave work to white men also. Had the cheap peon labor not been obtainable, the better sort of skilled labor would not have been found in California for the whites. There is such overwhelming testimony in favor of these propositions, that no one should for a moment attempt to deny them as facts. That they have been denied, is probably due to that narrowness which fears to admit any damaging statement lest it weaken the anti-Chinese side.

It will be noticed that the argument up to this point has been a series of facts. The remainder is deductions from these facts, and it is in these deductions that the fallacy of their application to the Chinese question appears. The deduction is, that as the same influences predominate in California today as have predominated in the past, there will be more work and better wages in California by allowing the Chinamen unrestricted immigration, than if they are shut out and the field left open to the whites alone. The fallacy consists, first, in the assumption that the State is in the same condition now as in the early days when Chinese labor was necessary; and, second, that the quality and amount of Chinese labor is now, and will remain, the same in the future as in the past. The State is no longer in the initial stage of its growth. There are railroads intersecting its entire length, so that practically the whole range of it is open to the settler. Its orange

groves, vineyards, and orchards are so numerous, that in many parts may be heard the caution against overproduction in further planting. Its territory is sufficiently settled to afford such home market for its manufactures, that manufacturers can feel assured of a fair profit after paying white men's rates for their labor, and the day has gone by when the industrial future of the State was uncertain, and the industries so feeble that they must have cheap labor to enable them to compete successfully with the East.

The main proposition, however, lies in the fact that those advancing this argument assume that the Chinese will be content to take always the peon's share of new enterprises, and leave the skilled labor to their white competitors. Senator Miller, as early as 1880, says: "At first, nearly all who came were mere laborers of the lowest order, men who only sought labor under the direction of superiors. The American was then the superior who directed their labor; but now there are thousands of Chinese proprietors and laborers in California who direct the labors of their fellows as skillfully and successfully as ever the Americans were able to do. These have entered into competition with American employers, and thus not only furnish labor for their countrymen, but force the American proprietors to employ labor of the same grade. Many Americans have refused and do refuse to give employment to the Chinese; but it is found that this practice of self-denial for the common good is at the cost of fortunes, and that it has no appreciable effect on Chinese immigration. It only serves to multiply Chinese proprietors, and the Chinese continue to pour in as before."

This statement gives the keynote to the situation. It shows at once why the future use of Chinese labor is not to be judged by the results of its use in the past. If the Chinese remained a peon class only, there would be little danger in allowing their unrestricted immigration. For Chinese labor, like all other labor, is governed by the law of supply and demand. And if their labor were confined to this class, they would solve

the evil themselves, by stopping their immigration when the class became full in which they could find work, and no more work was to be obtained.

But the trouble is, that they have in them the capacity for rising as fast as, or faster than, a white man in the line of their employment. As soon as they get an understanding of the work, they push into the places at first occupied by white men. A careful analysis of the cry raised in California by white labor, will show that much more of it comes from the fact that Chinese are employed in place of skilled white labor than of unskilled. It is the gradual monopolization of such places as those of machine manipulators in mills, of the overseers and other better grade positions on ranches, and of foremen's places in factories, that has excited the workingmen's alarm. Just in so far as these better places are monopolized by the Chinese, in so far is the proportion of the work that goes to the white men from enterprises dependent on Chinese labor lessened; and this economic argument of the pro-Chinese people diminished further in weight.

It is not claimed that as yet the cheap labor can be entirely dispensed with. But the fact remains, that in the boot and shoe trade, the cigar and tobacco trade, in the manufacture of underwear and rough clothing, in the proprietorship and management of small farms and vegetable gardens, and in the higher work of farms and mills, the competition of Chinese with *skilled* white labor has already assumed proportions too glaring to be hid. There is no reason to believe that this tendency to absorption of trade will diminish while the Chinese are unrestrained in their coming. On the contrary, it is useless to deny that the ratio of white labor that will find employment as a complement of the employment of Chinese labor will steadily fall, until it is practically eliminated, or the Chinese nature undergoes a change.

#### V.

ADMITTING, then, that we cannot compete with the Chinese, the social anti-Chinese

argument, numbered 2 in the summary, follows as a result. The Anglo-Saxon is not the only civilization, but it is confessedly the highest one. The Chinese question being taken out of the field of natural right, and considered only as one of policy, it follows that the United States has the power to legislate on it as a distinctly national question. There is no space to dilate on it here, and then, too, this view has already been ably discussed by Mr. J. P. Widney, in the *OVERLAND* for December, 1883. To state it in a few words, it is the final duty of a nation to perpetuate its civilization without conscious retrogression. To do this, it has the right to regulate, or, if need be, exclude, any strain of blood that would tend to lower or diminish the civilization of its people. The Chinese are an inferior race, whose moral nature does not rise above the standard of commercial honesty. Both theory and experience show that they cannot be assimilated by our civilization. One or the other must be the dominant civilization. Owing to hereditary traits and lack of all feeling of responsibility toward the high ideals of the white man, they can out-compete him in the labor market. The white man cannot educate his children and afford a home, if he is obliged to work for the wages a Chinaman is willing to accept. The presence of the Chinese, then, in such numbers as to produce this result, would lower our standard of civilization, and therefore should be regulated by law. I say regulated, because it is not yet clear to my mind whether restriction or total exclusion is the proper remedy. This argument, however, is practically unanswerable, and to my knowledge, though repeatedly advanced, has never been successfully met by the believers in Chinese immigration.

And it must be granted that, if every other argument against Chinese immigration fell to the ground, and this one alone be fully established—viz: that the presence of Chinese here lowers the quality of our own people—no farther argument is needed. For no economic advantage can compensate a country for a deterioration of its population.

“Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where goods accumulate and men decay.”

Not only is economic gain of small account for its own sake, compared with that advance in virtue, intelligence, and humane and kindly ways of living that constitute civilization, for its own sake; but economic gain itself cannot be dissociated from social advance. The wrangling of classes, the discontent of labor, the stupidity of wealth illegitimately won, the corruption of politics, the insecure and speculative condition of business, the increase of crime and pauperism, that follow upon deteriorated character in the people, are more destructive to a nation's wealth than any directly economic catastrophe could be. The experience of several of the Spanish-American countries, or the blight that has overtaken the lands under Turkish rule, are a perpetual proof that with every other element of wealth in its possession, a country whose population has undergone any degradation, may look to fall into poverty and bankruptcy; while wealth comes to a virtuous and lofty-spirited people, though they live on a barren rock.

## VI.

OF those arguments which I have passed by as offset or traversed, there is no room for extended discussion here. It seems to me, though, that the point made against the lowering of the so-called dignity of labor is well taken by the pro-Chinese men. It would be well for the dignity of labor, if those who feel it incumbent on them to “starve, rather than work for Chinamen's wages,” could be made to understand that less talk and more industry, even at bed-rock prices, would go further in convincing honest men that labor was being dragged in the mire, than their present attitude of empty facts. Again, it is urged that if the Chinese were excluded, no reliable class could be found to take their place. This is no doubt true. Immigration, which has flourished mightily since the passage of the Exclusion Act, has brought us small farmers, rather than laborers who

would take the place of the Chinese. But, for ten years at least, we shall have enough Chinese with us to fill the calls of enterprises now begun ; and it seems to me the true answer to the argument, is that we do not want that class in our present state of development as much as we do a class who will build up small holdings of their own. The curse of California today is large holdings. Everything is done on a grand scale. Our orchards, our vineyards, our ranches, our business enterprises, are all immense. The incomes from them go to enrich a few, where, if the system is broken up, and small holdings substituted, the many will be enriched. I firmly believe that the exclusion of Chinamen, by preventing the inception of further *great* enterprises, will redound to the ultimate prosperity of the State, because of the larger number of successful *small* holdings and enterprises it will give room to grow. Judge Blackwood, noting the results of proposed exclusion of Chinese, bitterly asserts that if it should happen that the Chinese be excluded, the great vineyards now worth \$300 to \$500 an acre would lapse into their old condition of grain fields worth \$30 to \$50 per acre, and the State would correspondingly suffer in the shrinkage of values. A moment's consideration will show that this is a mistake. Before the ten years have elapsed, at the present rate of white immigration, the great holdings would have become divided into small, each worked better than at present, because it would receive more attention ; and instead of decreasing the value, an increase might reasonably be expected in the present price of the land.

In ten years, too, the question of cheap labor would begin to reach the natural solution it has reached in other States of the Union. Thicker population on small holdings will give, inside of a generation, an army of boys and women, trained to work as boys never could be trained in the presence of a

peon class like the Chinese, who would acceptably fill the place of the present incumbents, and at the same time prove a help, instead of a hindrance to our civilization.

Whether the amount of coin sent out of the country by the Chinese is to be considered dangerous to the prosperity of California, is a more serious question than the pro-Chinese people would have us believe. The statement is commonly met by admitting the fact of the money's being sent, but evading the real issue by the assertion that the amount so shipped is not equal to the amount sent out by Irish servant girls, to further the cause of the Pope or patriotism on the other side of the world.

It is not a question of which drain may be the greater, for undoubtedly there is little choice between them ; but, rather, the primary query whether either of them be good. The constant shipment of profits of Chinese labor by the Chinese has never been denied. Investigation of the amounts so shipped shows that the monthly shipment of coin by Chinese on the Pacific steamers varies from one million to four million dollars. This is no doubt inclusive of some money which returns in articles of trade ; but even at the lowest estimate the sum of twelve million dollars may be counted on as leaving the country each year from this source alone. Of course, there is no real wealth for a country in simply hoarding coin, and on that basis it would make little or no difference how much mere coin went in and out of California, so long as the Chinaman gave a fair equivalent of work for it before sending it away. But the real injury to the country is, that had this sum remained in California, in the hands of white labor, instead of going out to a foreign land, it would have been re-invested here ; whereas, now it is re-invested in China, and serves to further enrich the Chinese.

*Francis E. Sheldon.*

## BENEFITS OF CHINESE IMMIGRATION.

PLEADING in the interest of the people of California, I controvert the dominant opinion that the presence of Chinese laborers in large numbers is an injury to the poor white men of the State. In other words, I shall attempt to prove in this article that there are now, and for years to come there will be, more employment and higher wages for white men generally, than there would be if the Chinamen were at once driven away.

The objection that the white laborers have decided the question unanimously against me, and that they are the best judges of their own interests, does not stop me. I deny that they are the best judges of their own interest. While the opinion of the multitude often deserves most respectful consideration, and is more likely than that of any average individual to be sound, still, history tells us that it has committed many most serious blunders; and philosophy teaches us that in important questions, especially those involving a large mass of conflicting evidence, or the bias of inherited superstition, or of adverse pecuniary interests, the reëxamination of opinions generally accepted is needful, not only as a help in getting rid of pernicious errors, but also an aid in obtaining clearer conceptions of the reasons for adhering to the old faiths. One of the most fluctuating and unsafe of all standards of truth yet proposed, would be the opinion of the multitude. They have not only believed false ideas remote from their range of thought, such as that the earth is the center of the universe, that the sun and moon were made to attend upon and illuminate the earth, that the planets move in circles, and that it is impossible to cross the Atlantic; but also false propositions directly diminishing the comfort of life, such as that kings have a divine right to govern with despotic power, nobles a divine right to the perpetual inheritance of superior political privileges, and that it is the duty of rulers to persecute her-

etics. Since public opinion is not infallible upon other points, I venture to contradict it in this one.

My purpose being to present both sides fairly, and to come to a conclusion deserving acceptance by impartial and well informed men, I am prepared to allow all that my opponents can justly claim. Therefore I admit the following propositions:

1. The greatest good of the greatest number must be the main object of every good government.

2. The greatest number in California are the white laborers, and, therefore, whatever does most for their benefit does most for the advancement of the State.

3. Whether by natural capacity or by inherited training, the white race is superior to any other in fitness for a high civilization.

4. It is desirable that our country should be reserved for the race fittest for a high civilization so far as possible; and therefore our government should prevent the immigration of yellow, red, and black aliens, under such circumstances that they would leave a large class of descendants born in the country and entitled to its citizenship.

5. Chinamen work more cheaply than white laborers, and by under-bidding have deprived some of employment, and have reduced the wages of others.

6. The Chinamen send their savings to China.

These seem to be all the material admissions demanded of me by truth and fairness. And now, on the other hand, I come to my argument.

My first point is, that Chinese labor has been of great benefit to California, by constructing railroads, wagon roads, and irrigating ditches; by establishing and rendering profitable factories, canneries, vineyards, and orchards; and by furnishing domestic service where no other could be obtained. Upon



this proposition the builders of railroads, the owners of factories, vineyards, and orchards, and men of extensive business experience, are generally, if not unanimously, agreed.

When a Congressional Committee met in San Francisco in 1876, to investigate the influence of Chinese labor on the business of California, a number of prominent citizens, noted for their intelligence and integrity, testified that the Asiatics had rendered important services to the industries of the country. Ex-Governor F. F. Low said that "Chinese labor has been of material advantage to the State." R. G. Sneath, merchant, said: "Without Chinese labor I do not think there would have been half the material wealth in this State." In reference to fruit-growing, John H. Hill, of Sonoma valley, testified that "it is one of the industrial resources of the country which would have to be abandoned if we depended on white labor." The same witness, when questioned about the cultivation of the grape, replied: "If it were not for Chinese labor, the business would have to be abandoned, and hundreds of people would be entirely ruined." W. W. Hollister declared that he could not farm profitably in Santa Barbara without Chinese labor. The Rev. W. W. Brier, who has a large orchard, said: "I think that Chinese immigration has been an advantage to the pecuniary interests of the State, and I think it has kept up the prices of the labor of white people. . . . I would have to stop, and dig up my fruit trees, without Chinese labor." Donald McLennan, the leading wool manufacturer of California, declared: "I firmly believe that, if the Chinese were driven from the State, the State would be more than half bankrupt." Judge R. F. Peckham, manager of the San José Woolen Mill, testified "that he could not compete with Eastern manufacturers without the aid of Chinese labor." H. Channing Beals said "that the employment of Chinamen in boot and shoe factories secured the success of such establishments in San Francisco, and that it was impossible to manufacture cordage profitably in California without Chinese labor." Herman Heyne-mann declared "that the Pacific Jute Mill,

of which he was agent, could not go on without Chinese labor."

The opinions of Governor Low and Mr. Sneath, as quoted, are corroborated by Lloyd Tevis, who, in his address before the American Bankers' Convention at Niagara Falls, in 1881, said: "That the Chinese have been of use in the industrial development of California is unquestionable."

If Messrs. Low, Sneath, and Tevis were right in the opinion that California had been enriched by Chinese labor; if Messrs. Beals, McLennan, and Peckham were right in saying that leading manufacturing industries could not be maintained without Chinese labor; and if Messrs. Hollister, Brier, and Hill were right in believing that their farms, orchards, and vineyards would be unprofitable without Chinese labor, then it is evident that previous to the time when their testimony was given, Chinese immigration was not only beneficial to the State, but also to the white laboring men, as a class. The accumulation of wealth, the establishment of factories, the opening of farms, the planting of orchards and vineyards, and the construction of railroads, had certainly done much to furnish employment to poor white laborers, and to keep up their wages.

But for the aid of the Chinese, the railroads and many industrial establishments of California could not have made their appearance when they did, and perhaps most of them not until many years after they did. It is an easy matter for my adversaries to assert that if the Chinamen had stayed away, a sufficient supply of white men would have come, but such assertions are entitled to no consideration. As a matter of fact, twenty years ago the trades unions of San Francisco, fearing a reduction of wages from white competition, were publishing circulars warning white laborers that California was no place for a poor man. The white laborers, as a class, have used all their energies to keep wages so high that factories in California, depending exclusively on them, could not compete with Eastern rivals, except in relatively few articles. They not only demanded more pay than employers could afford to

give for years, but were so irregular in their hours, so insubordinate and so untrustworthy, that without other dependence, profitable production in many branches was impossible.

The employment of Chinese has enabled capitalists to invest money in factories with safety, and to promptly dismiss such white laborers as would not work faithfully, and to give high wages to others. Gradually, the proportion of whites increased. In 1865, four out of five operatives in the San Francisco woolen mills were Asiatics; now more than four out of five are white. By the aid of the Chinamen, thousands of whites have acquired the skill and the employment that now give them a comfortable support in San Francisco.

There being no adverse evidence, though some bold assertion, against my first point, I assume that it is proved.

My second proposition is, that the same influences which made Chinese labor beneficial to the State ten and twenty years ago, still continue to predominate. The industry of California consists mainly in the production of raw material; a large part of her income is spent for the importation of manufactures, especially those of the finer qualities; which, because of large price in proportion to bulk, can bear the expense of long and costly transportation. Our food is the cheapest, and our manufactured articles generally the dearest in the civilized world.

The natural resources of California are far from being fully developed; her territory far from being fully occupied. Out of 100,000,000 acres, not 10,000,000 are cultivated. Out of 10,000,000 susceptible of irrigation, not 1,000,000 are supplied. Millions of acres fit for the prune, the olive, the almond, the fig, the apricot, or the vine, are lying neglected, because agricultural labor is twice as dear here as in Illinois, and three times as dear as in Europe. Sixteen counties, with an aggregate area larger than that of any one of half a dozen European kingdoms, are inaccessible by rail, or are touched only at the borders. Extensive districts, containing much fertile land, have no wagon-road. The interests of the State demand an increase

of the manufactures, which shall provide a home market for our raw material, and save us from the freights, commissions, and other charges upon it when sent away, and when afterwards brought back, changed in form and increased in price by the toil of some distant community. The exportation of raw material in large quantity may be profitable under exceptional circumstances, such as the abundance of gold and silver in California, but it is not desirable as a permanent and predominant characteristic. The general condition of our industry being the same now as it was ten years ago, the influences then making Chinese labor beneficial still prevail; and my second point is established.

My third proposition is, that though white laborers have been excluded from some occupations, and their wages have been reduced in others, they generally have more employment and higher wages with the aid of the Chinese than they would have without. Wages having been raised here in 1848 to an unexpected height by the abundance of gold in the placers, and by the ease with which it could be washed, a downward tendency necessarily accompanied the gradual exhaustion of the richest and most accessible deposits. This tendency will continue for years, until an equality with the rates east of the Rocky Mountains shall be reached; and it would have been much stronger during the last twenty years, if the Chinamen had not checked it. They could not convert it into an upward movement.

If my first and second propositions are sound, my third follows as an inevitable logical sequence. Any influence that largely develops the industry of the State, that makes roads and builds factories, that plants orchards and vineyards, must give more employment and better wages to laborers than they would have otherwise: and especially to white men, who have a monopoly of many kinds of skill, resulting from familiarity with the language, machinery, and laws of the country, and besides immense advantages from superior privileges of citizenship, land-ownership, and personal security.

In nearly all branches of industry there

are two classes of toilers, one possessing higher skill and receiving high wages, the other with lower skill and low wages. A country having no cheap labor cannot engage extensively in manufactures, because employers paying high rates to all their operatives cannot find a profitable market for their products. A certain proportion of cheap labor is indispensable to the maintenance of many branches of industrial production, and to the payment of high wages to the skilled class. This principle is well established in national economy, and its application to the case of California, where the high-priced labor is all white, and the Chinese labor is all cheap, assists us in seeing how our factories and fields are more profitable to the white laborers with the help of the Chinese, than they would be without it.

The question of the influence of the Chinese on the interests of the poor whites is similar to that of the influence of machinery on labor. It is the unanimous opinion of able national economists, that though the introduction of power-producing and labor-saving machines has excluded laborers from many occupations, and has impoverished villages previously prosperous, it has been of great benefit to the toiling class generally. Nevertheless, many ignorant persons continue to take the opposite view, and the same class of thinkers in California assert, and by a similar line of argument try to prove, that Chinamen are injurious to the State.

The business of salmon canning on the Columbia river may be cited as a sample of the manner in which the employment of Chinamen affects white labor. The latest statistics within my reach show that about 6,500 men are employed in that business, of whom more than half are whites. These latter, of whom 2,500 are fishermen, owning their boats and nets, receive on an average three dollars a day; and leaving repairs and interest on capital invested out of account, it may be said that the white men average two dollars a day for their labor. The Chinamen get one dollar. The total expenses for labor, counting the white men at two dollars, are about \$1,000,000 in a season; and the can-

ners generally make a profit of about ten per cent. on their capital invested. If, however, it were necessary to pay two dollars a day to all their laborers, their outlay would be \$375,000 more in a season than it is, and no profit would be left, but a serious loss for most of them. If the Chinamen should leave, the inevitable consequence would be that business must diminish greatly, or that the wages of the white men must be decreased.

A small area of land, near San José, irrigated by artesian wells, has such advantages for strawberry culture, that it supplies nearly the entire demand of San Francisco. This land belongs to white men, who demand half the crop for rent—equivalent to one hundred dollars an acre, annually. The land is worth more for strawberries than for anything else, and the Chinaman has added much to its value, because he will pay a higher rent than any white man would. The Chinaman buys boxes and cases for his berries; employs a teamster to haul them to the station; pays the railroad freight; pays the teamster in San Francisco to haul them to the commission merchant; pays a commission to him, and pays the charges on the return of his cases to two teamsters and to the railroad. If all the Chinamen should leave California, the value of the strawberry land at San José would fall twenty-five, or, perhaps, fifty per cent., much of it would be used for other purposes, the rent of that still cultivated in strawberries would decrease, the sums paid for boxes, cases, freights, and commission would be much less, the price of the berries would increase fifty or one hundred per cent., and half the people who now can afford to buy strawberries in the season of their greatest abundance could no longer afford to purchase them. The cultivation of the strawberry would then be entirely in the hands of the white men, but the gains of the white men, and the number of those directly and indirectly employed, would be much less than at present; leaving out of account entirely the advantages of having an abundant and cheap supply of strawberries in the spring, when the tree fruits have not yet commenced to ripen.

Let us consider another instance—that of woolen under-clothing, the annual production of which, in San Francisco, from material woven on our coast, may be worth, at the price paid by the retailers, \$1,500,000. The flannels, tweeds, and cassimeres required, are made in the local mills, in which a large amount of money is invested. These mills employ four white operatives for one Chinaman. The factory is owned by white men; it pays insurance and taxes; it is supplied with machinery made and managed by white men. Before the underclothing can be sold, it must be packed for the market. It is usually put into paper boxes, made in San Francisco by girls. The boxes are labeled by girls. The labels are printed by machines, managed by white men. If the goods are sent out of the city, they are packed by white men into wooden boxes, made by white men out of lumber sawn by white men. Because of the demand of the woolen mills for wool suitable for such flannels, the sheep-owners get more for their wool than they would if there were no home market.

Claiming that my fourth proposition has been proved, I come now to the fifth and last: that the shipment of the earnings of the Chinese to China is a small matter, as compared with the benefits conferred by them on white labor. This point is a corollary of those previously established. The contrary idea is akin to the exploded notion that the exportation of the precious metals should be prohibited by the government. Tell the owner of the strawberry field at San José that he is helping to impoverish Santa Clara county, by aiding Chinamen to ship money to China, and he will laugh at you. He knows that the Chinaman and his land are profitable to each other; the relation is not that of loss on one side and of gain on the other, but of mutual gain. The field owes its highest productiveness to the Chinamen, and the country can look complacently on the exportation of his little savings.

The amount received by manufacturers

and merchants as the annual aggregate of profits, rents, and interests from the manufacture of coarse flannel under-clothing in San Francisco was a few years since, and probably is yet, about four times as much as the aggregate of the wages paid to their Chinese laborers; and of those wages, at least one half would be expended here by the Chinamen in the ordinary course of events for clothes, food, lodging, amusements, traveling expenses and unsuccessful ventures. At that rate, their savings sent to China would be one eighth of the amount made as interest and profit by their employers, without counting the benefit to white laborers who owe their employment and high wages to the cheap coöperation of the Asiatics. My opponents may assert, as many have asserted, that the Chinamen work continually; and expending only ten cents a day for food, clothing, and lodging, send all the remainder of their earnings—from sixty-five to ninety cents a day—to their native land. This is far from the truth. Much of the time of the Chinamen is spent in waiting for employment; many of them live well in proportion to their means, and a large proportion of them do not save twenty cents a day.

From the list of my admissions, I purposely excluded mention of the common assertions that the Chinese in California are slaves or coolies; that contagious leprosy and gross uncleanness are general among them; that they are more dishonest and untrustworthy than white men, and that they are degraded to a dangerous extent by opium smoking. It is not necessary here to make any comparison between the extent and effect of dissipation in different races, or to explain how some of the faults found in the Chinamen are the necessary results of the persecution to which they have been subjected. The opinions expressed in this article agree with those of owners of large factories, vineyards, orchards, and hopfields in California—especially of those who have no political aspirations.

*John S. Hittell.*

## TOOMBS.

AT sunset, on the 15th December, at the age of seventy five, the life of Robert Toombs ended, though he had been lifeless long before. His enthusiasm died a score of years ago, and since then he has merely existed in a dead world of memories and regrets.

He was the genius of Secession, as Alexander H. Stephens was its expounder and Jefferson Davis its symbol. To Toombs alone of these three was it a cause of the heart; a vent for revolutionism, the one instinct of his nature, absolute as that of sex in other men.

"Do you mean revolution?" a gentleman once asked of him in my presence.

"Revolution, yes; always, and ever, and from the first, revolution! Revolutionary times," he added, "there are, and there will be no good times but revolutionary times."

And again, to one who asked if he should ever reënter public life, he said:

"No! unless there is a chance for another fight; I'm in for that, now and any time."

This in 1870 to '71. Ten years before, it was such wedges as these—"It has long since been time to quit arguing and go to fighting!" "If you do not arm me, I shall arm myself!" "It is now the hour to draw the sword and cast away the scabbard!"—forged and heated to flame, and driven home and home again by this resolute and imperious man, that finally broke the Union in sunder. More than any other, he it was who lit the fire, which, defying alike Davis who fed and Stephens who fought it, burned impetuously its black line along the thirty-sixth parallel.

He burned more wisely than he knew; for, when the fire was ashes, among the *débris* was found the ruin of that it had been set to save.

In nothing is the "New South" more distinctly advertised than in its judgment upon General Toombs these four weeks since his death. That judgment, though half con-

cealed beneath the flowers of rhetoric and rhapsody usual there on such occasions, is, that Toombs's life was valueless; that his immeasurable powers were wasted, and the opportunities in which he was rich were continuously and conspicuously thrown away.

Toombs's opportunity was rather apparent than actual. He was essentially a leader, placed under a man who was essentially not a leader. Under these conditions, he essayed first as Secretary of State; second, as general in the army; and failed. Mr. Stephens was his friend; but as no one would accuse that judicial mind of bias, perhaps now I am free to print with their connection the following words of the Vice-President of the Confederacy, spoken to me in the privacy of his own home. After an elaborate exposition of his plan of purchasing iron-clads with cotton, and concentrating effort on one or two ports, so as to keep them open for "breathing holes," as he expressed it, he said:

"I have been accused of embarrassing and thwarting President Davis. The statement is grievously false. I was always ready with my advice and coöperation, but they were not often desired. I did disapprove of his attitude. He had his eye on the establishment of an independent nation. In his inmost heart, our great issue of State Rights was dead, dead. A new nation, with slavery for its corner-stone, was his dream and his ambition. I was against Toombs in getting the State into secession, but I was with him in method. Thrift follows him, unthrift, Davis. Had Toombs been made President—that he was not, was only an accident—it is my conviction that the whole scheme of action, nay, the results, would have been changed. The suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, impressment, subsidy of troops by conscription, would never have been attempted. The object sought would have been one less objectionable to the people of the North. It would,

after two years of war, have been gained by a special treaty, because it was strictly constitutional, and is now at last so acknowledged even by a centralized Congress. But Davis, Davis—I know not why he was ever elected President of the Confederacy, except that he never succeeded in anything he undertook.”

Let me add to this suggestive statement an utterance of Dr. Thornwell, of South Carolina, the one man of the South superior to Toombs in analytic and ratiocinative power, but who felt his magnetism, and judged him correctly.

“Toombs is a man of vast mind, which has never been gauged, and which frets to meet something which shall stimulate it to action. He had one ambition, and that to the highest office within the Confederacy. That could not be gratified. He had another, to be the Commander-in-Chief of the armies. That could not be gratified. He had no more. He led his State into secession, accepted the position of Secretary of State, resigned it within the year, and put himself at the head of a column as Brigadier-General. He never was in sympathy with Jefferson Davis, embarrassed many of his plans, and, in the later portion of the war, headed the large faction that was opposed to the universal conscription. I am not prepared to say that he was wrong in many of the positions he assumed. But so long as they were antagonistic to the acknowledged and adopted policy of the South, they should not have been defended by a man of his position and influence. He was always a gallant fighter, and, when he would obey superior orders, a successful one.”

Yes, and a gallant friend! Who that ever was his guest could forget such a host? But it was not less at Crawfordsville than at Washington that he showed his heart.

Crawfordsville and Liberty Hall and Alexander H. Stephens, who has made them fragrant! Is not the image of “Uncle Alic” in every house of the sequestered old town, every room of its one gray inn; and, too, in every breast of the hundred black and white children that checker its one street?

“Liberty Hall,” which, as its host frequently had to explain, was not a political, but a social *soubriquet*, and to be translated by every comer, “Castle-Do-as-You-Please”—in those days was a pleasant white mansion, situated well back from the road, midway between a pleasant grove of china, cedar, hickory and mulberry trees on one side, and a broad, open lawn on the other. It was built after the fashion of Georgia country houses with big, wide chimneys outside, and a spacious hall through the center from front to rear, enlarged midway to a convenient apartment, which was at once library, sitting-room, parlor and passage-way, and which in the sultriest weather always harbored a gentle wind. Here, amid his bachelor disorder, hating seclusion, open at all times to visitors and the community that worshiped him, wrought until he died, Alexander H. Stephens. And hither, frequently, from his home a few miles away in Washington, General Toombs would repair, and accompany his friend in “a ramble,” as he called it, along the althea-shaded garden-walks of an afternoon—Mr. Stephens propelling himself in his “trundle,” “given me,” as he said, with one of his infrequent smiles, “by Judge Gibson, a scalawag.”

I feel like an antiquarian in these bustling, stirring days, quick with new events, recalling memories of these two men of genius, and their talk about issues long since dead, and results that might have been made different. But at that time, listening to their exchanges, it was difficult to refuse to admit the possibilities they provoked, and to escape the indefinite fascination which haunts the *if*.

But much of the talk was itself antiquarian, of a yet older time and of a remote, golden Arcadie, passed away long before; a happy scene, where slavery was refined into the perfection of patriarchal religion, and where culture arose to a height never before attained in the western world. The locality of this ideal civilization was Liberty County, Georgia. It could be nowhere else, not even in the South; for nowhere else is there such admirable tempering of climate. “The most blessed land,” as Mr. Toombs would fer-

vently exclaim, "that the sun in all its circuit ever shone upon." And here it was, *fabula narratur*, that the spirits of Æsop and Simonides and Jesus walked hand in hand. Each plantation had its prayer house, where the negroes gathered daily for worship during the week, being exhorted by a genial and affectionate missionary from Philadelphia; and on Sunday all the community together assembled at the one Medway church. Here, generation after generation, intruded no disturbing element; and here the intellectual and moral faculties burgeoned phenomenally in black and white. It was here that Mr. Stephens received that intellectual awakening which men of endowment never experience without an undying love for the scene where the spirit found them; and he always spoke of its sacred discipline with enthusiasm, and a melancholy from which only Toombs's gargantuan humor could arouse him.

The last time I saw Mr. Stephens was in the great hall of the capital at Atlanta, and he had been dead four days. General Toombs was to pronounce the funeral oration. It was fitting that he alone should utter the tribute felt by all. The blind old man, whose face was once, as an admirer said, "the Southern type of manly beauty," was led to the front by Governor Colquitt. He uttered the simple words "General Toombs," and retired. The vast concourse was hushed in a silence and suspense so intense as to be almost insupportable. He drew near the coffin, bent long over it, as if straining for one more vision of the wasted form within; then, turning towards us that Berserker visage, graven all over with the stylus of passion and despair, he essayed to speak, but in vain. His grief broke from his sightless eyes in tears, and so choked his voice, that for many minutes its accents could not be understood. What a wreck he was! Somehow, I could not but remember the time, described in my presence by eyewitnesses, when the man before us had held a national audience in check by the sheer force of declamatory eloquence, and forced his convictions with the momentum of unsurpassed oratory. The magnificent voice

was broken sadly enough now. That farewell address, none who heard it can forget. In it was poured, as in a libation, an entire generation of pain and disappointment. At the vault he tarried long after the last light had fallen from the summit of Kennesaw, and even after the twilight had deepened into darkness, his sobs were heard at the tomb of his dead friend.

Not many of the multitude present ever saw General Toombs after that day. And now, he himself is gone, and we are reminded how fast the sea of oblivion—the only one that will not give up its dead—is creeping over *fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum*, and the old order of things at the South.

Did it possess one thing we would have retained? Can we share, for instance, the regret of "the Sage of Liberty Hall" for Liberty County and its unique development? That was certainly the fairest and brightest blossom the old South could hold to the new. But perhaps even that was exotic. The community contained all told only about three hundred souls, and, curiously enough, these were descendants from a group of Puritans (with a few Huguenots); and the famous "Medway" was the only Congregational church in Georgia!

Not in the mass, but in the individual, was manifest the fairer side of this elder Southern civilization. Emerson has said that what is bad for the hive must be bad for the bee. Nevertheless, what is bad for the field may be good for the flower; and there was a subtler chemistry than we wot of in that soil to nourish such royal natures as Toombs, Thornwell, Lipscomb, the LeContes, and Linton and Alexander Stephens. Such a life as that of the last named, for instance, is not often lived among us, and much of its nobility was due to a well-bred and aristocratic spirit, which despised everything mean and low, and which is a rebuke to the trading and mercenary politics which have superseded those of a generation ago. For that spirit in our legislation, we know not now where to look, south or north. It is not. We find the sagacity and wit and unbaffled insight (which, if it had obtained its way at Montgomery, would have

won for our problem of a quarter-century ago a bloodless solution—the elimination of slavery without war), but we miss the integrity and honor, so intolerant of makeshift

and subterfuge. We are on the way to them; and when we find them again, it will be in a new atmosphere, hygienic as well for the community as the unit.

*Charles J. Woodbury.*

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RESURGAM.

Shall I behold, what time the snows distill  
 In the soft wind, along these silver boughs  
 Crisp bud and curling leaf—the golden house  
 Of Robin Red-breast and the whip-poor-will?  
 Shall I behold the sudden pulse, the thrill,  
 As the rich blood, long dormant, 'gins to rouse  
 Among the meadows where the cattle browse,  
 Sad-eyed and tranquil, while they take their fill?

Shall I behold again, shall I behold  
 The slumbering dead awoken as of old  
 At sound of a still voice that quickeneth?  
 Then will I hymn thee to the very skies,  
 Spirit of lovely spring! I will arise—  
 I will arise from out this shadow of death.

*Charles Warren Stoddard.*

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WINTER'S ADVENT.

With winds like heralding furies,  
 From his realm of night in the north,  
 From strongholds encastled with icebergs,  
 The Winter came suddenly forth.

And when the winds for a respite  
 Shrank back and were still in their lair,  
 The sky was o'er-cast and leaden,  
 And brooded in sullen despair.

But gently and slowly from cloud-land  
 Came fragments of diamond glint,  
 Star-flakes, heaven-coined, still retaining  
 The beauty and stamp of the mint.

Then myriads scurrying downward  
 Enfolded the barren dearth,  
 And the dark under-lining of Heaven  
 Became the white carpet of earth.

*Wilbur Larremore.*



## FOR MONEY.

## V.

"Tired, Louise?" inquired Gilbert, sympathetically, as they spun down the avenue to the big gates of the Ripley Place, as people still called it. He had done his duty as a man and a brother, had always kept near her when she seemed alone, and had followed out his mother's injunctions not only according to the letter, but according to the spirit; and as he had been a good deal bored, he wanted to be petted and praised for his sweet behavior. With unusual tact he forbore asking her if she had enjoyed herself, but he did want a little conversation, and he opened it on a point least likely to contain a sting.

She turned such a preoccupied face on him that he was surprised into saying:

"Why, is anything the matter? Has anything happened?"

"No, no," she answered, hastily. "What did you say just then?"

"Nothing of the least importance," returned her brother, rather coolly. "What am I to do with these confounded horses when we get home?"

"The man will be waiting, so—" the name stuck in her throat, but she got it out at last—"Mr. Waring said."

"What a head you have! You always hear everything," said her brother, admiringly. "I wish you had more of a field. You were born for great things."

"Oh, Gilbert, please don't talk like that, today of all days!" said his sister, in such nervous distress that Gilbert knew it meant something more than mere disappointment in the day.

"Something did happen! What was it?"

"Maybe I'll tell you, sometime. I can't now, anyway," said Louise, as they drew up at the little gate, before which Mr. Waring's man was waiting.

Mrs. Lennard opened the door for them, and kissed Louise affectionately, eager to

hear reports; but she disengaged herself, and only said:

"I'm all tired out, mother, and I'm not coming down to dinner. Is Frances in my room?"

"No, Frances is down stairs with us."

"Then don't let her come up stairs till bed-time, please."

Mrs. Lennard questioned: "Stupid time?" in a whisper to Gilbert, as Louise went up the staircase, and he, with his hands plunged into the lowest depths of his pockets, responded:

"Very fair, I thought. Went into lunch with a jolly fellow."

Then he followed his stepmother into the room where the others were waiting to assault their pleasure-seekers with questions.

Meantime, Louise had entered the room that she shared with Frances, and tried to think calmly over the situation. The only thing that was clear to her was, that it never could be. The man was old—forty-five was old, no matter if people blinded by his money did say he was in the prime of life—and she had always disliked him from the first. Why should she be called upon to sell herself? Every fiber of her being recoiled from the step he had asked her to take. Her conversation with Phil Carter came back to her word by word. She had a fair idea of what luxury and ease were, little as she had ever known of them, but luxury with Mr. Waring as a make-weight had very little temptation for her.

A girl of sixteen is very easy to entrap into such a marriage, for she has no experience of life or knowledge of love. She thinks it is a great thing to be married so young, and goes not only willingly, but joyfully, to her fate. A showy wedding, plenty of diamonds and new dresses, to be called by a new name—these are the principal objects of her reflections. But a girl of twenty, with a head and a heart—and Louise was

such a girl—has generally begun to awake to the fact that life is more serious than velvet dresses and a carriage, and that love goes for something in it. Love is something that every one may have, a glorious possibility in every life, and she was asked deliberately to shut herself out from it. She wanted it; wanted it with all the ardor with which we long for a thing due us, of which we are being defrauded. Rose had it. Love had come to her of his own accord, and why should he pass Louise by? She was young, strong, pretty; she could afford to wait for him. But to think of her elderly suitor going into raptures over her eyes or her hands, telling her that everything she did was perfection, saying the thousand and one nonsensical yet delightful things that Rose had confided to her in the dark sometimes! It was ridiculous, utterly preposterous. To think of herself putting on the dress he liked; growing absent and dreamy over dear, remembered speeches; fluttering if he were two minutes behind his time for coming; keeping his flowers to the last limit of their existence, and then pressing them; carrying his letters about! She gave a hard little laugh that startled herself.

The more she thought, the more impossible it became. At last, her ideas grew vague. Facts and possibilities all faded into one dim, general state of mind, that something had come to her, and she had put it by. It all seemed so long ago. It might have been weeks or months since she had listened to Phil Carter's murmurings about money, and the impossibility or improbability of any woman's refusing it, no matter in what shape it came. In a far-off way, she fancied she should like him to know that she had declined the supposed honor, but she knew that of course he never would.

Mr. Waring would probably marry Lily Swift, now; of course, he must marry somebody, and Mrs. Valentine had, she knew, seated Lily next to him, as a sort of forerunner of her future position. Louise could imagine her in her new sphere, and "perfectly insufferable." She grew to consider it so positively settled, that she did not think of the ordeal awaiting her in her approach-

ing final interview with Mr. Waring. Most likely, she should never see him again. He would, after reflection, decide, like a sensible man, not to risk another rejection; and she would remember this day of the lunch and his offer only as something gone glimmering down the dream of things that were.

A knock at the door brought her back to the present, though it had grown so dark, that it was only by the voice she recognized her mother in the figure that entered.

"Well," said Mrs. Lennard, cheerfully, as she seated herself, and drew Louise on her lap, without any comment on the darkness. "Dinner is over, and we have heard all that Gilbert has to tell; now, I want your side of the story."

"I thought it was very stupid," said Louise absently.

"Why, Gilbert said you had the best man in the party at lunch, and that just before you came home you had quite a little talk with Mr. Waring. He made it as pleasant for you as he could. You know it wouldn't be right for him to devote himself to one guest, and you couldn't expect it."

"I didn't," said Louise faintly. Her heart was beginning to beat again uncomfortably, but she knew she must confess some time, and this was as opportune as any. "In fact, he did more than I expected, a great deal more." Then came a long pause. Louise curled up in her mother's arms, and nestled her head against her shoulder, like a child. From these preliminaries, Mrs. Lennard began to have an idea of what was coming, but it was so far beyond her wildest dreams, that she dismissed it instantly, and waited in some anxiety for the real announcement.

"Well, dear," she said presently.

"He said I was to talk it over with you, and I have always told you everything," murmured Louise, as if in excuse. "He asked me to marry him."

"My blessed child!" exclaimed her mother, with an eager kiss. "Now you will have a career worthy of you."

"Mother!" cried the girl, springing to her feet, "You wouldn't have me do it!"

"For Heaven's sake! You didn't refuse him!" said Mrs. Lennard, startled and breathless.

"Of course I did. Why not?"

"Why not!" repeated her mother, with bitter contempt. "What did he do? What did he say? I have the right to know, as you have told me so much. Oh, Louise!"

"He said I was to think it over, and talk it over with you and father, and he would come in a few days to hear my decision, and accept it, no matter what it was," answered Louise, reluctantly at first, but with relief audible at the close of her sentence.

"Oh, then it isn't as bad as I feared." Mrs. Lennard breathed again. "Sit down, child; you make me nervous, walking about so. That's right. Now, when he comes, you must take him."

"Why?" asked Louise, sharply.

"Because it is your duty. You haven't yourself alone to consider. What do you find so objectionable about him?"

"I hate him," flashed her daughter. "I always did, and I do now more than ever."

"That's nonsense," retorted her mother. "Tell me what you dislike about him."

"He's old, and stout, and not refined, and he talks about money, and his face gets red."

"Did he tell you he cared for you?" proceeded her mother, quietly ignoring this outburst.

"Yes, very much."

"Now, in the first place," began Mrs. Lennard, in an argumentative tone, "he isn't old. He is just in the prime of life." Louise shrugged her shoulders rebelliously, as she heard the anticipated phrase, but the darkness concealed the movement. "A man at forty-five is in the full vigor of his intellect and usefulness; and when you have been in the world a little more, you will see how much everybody, refined or unrefined, talks about money. There's very little else to talk about, it enters into every subject so deeply," Mrs. Lennard went on. "And it isn't the refined men that make their way in the world. Great refinement seems to soften away a certain fiber in men that they need,

that ought to belong to them as men. Look at your father."

"I'd rather marry a man like father than a man like Mr. Waring," said Louise, resenting the slur that many years of economy and hard work had wrung from the troubled mother. "Besides, I always thought it was wicked to marry a man you didn't love."

"Respect and liking are a great deal better feelings to marry on than love, my child. Women fall out of love as fast as they fall in, after a little of the wear and tear of married life; and if there is nothing but love with empty pockets, the chances for happiness are one in a thousand."

"But I don't either respect or like him," Louise objected.

"You will, my dear. He is an admirable man, and in knowing him better you will learn to be very fond of him."

"Well, but, mother, why can't I refuse him if I want to? It's my own affair, and you told Rose she must decide for herself."

"Because you may never have another offer," said Mrs. Lennard, bluntly, "and certainly you never will have another like this one. I only want your happiness, Louise, and what is happiness but having all your fancies gratified, and never having to think of what you shall eat, or wherewithal you shall be clothed?"

"I don't see why I need to marry. I can teach," said Louise after a moment's thought.

"Teach!" echoed Mrs. Lennard scornfully. "Earn as much in a year as you could have in one day for the asking! Louise, do you never think of the others? I never knew you to be selfish before. Think of what Mr. Waring could do! Think of what he has done for Harry, and how you could always have a home and comforts for your poor sick sister."

"I think it is dreadful to marry a man for what you can get out of him!" protested Louise with tears; for the last appeal touched her very nearly. "I know he would be angry at being married for any such motive as that, and he would be right."

Mrs. Lennard saw that she had made a

blunder, but that she had touched the right chord, if she could only play it dextrously.

"Of course he would," she answered quickly, "and I don't mean anything of that kind; but your father and I are not going to live always, and we must look at the question from every side. There are three girls younger than you, and for girls to be left unprotected and unsupported on the world is a very sad thing—a thing I can not think of without trembling. We have nothing to leave you, and you must remember that Gilbert and Harry are not your own brothers, and if you can avoid it you ought not to depend on them for support, but leave them free to marry when they like, and live their own lives. Then, what could be more natural than for Frances to make her home with you, in case anything should happen to us? Don't you think you owe it to us, Louise, when you have it offered to you, to give your father and me at least the consolation, on our dying beds, that those helpless little creatures will be sheltered and cared for? When have we ever grudged you anything that it was in our power to give you—your dear father and I? And yet you grudge us the satisfaction of seeing you provided for in luxury and comfort; and we are just where we were before, only with the additional grief of knowing what we might have had but for your whim. You will regret it, I know, next week, and then it will be too late."

She stopped, moved by her own eloquence, and listened for a moment to Louise's stifled sobbing.

"It is only overcoming a little foolish prejudice on your part against a man that every one speaks well of. Of course we never should reproach you if you persist in your refusal. Come, tell me that you will think better of your decision, and you will not only make us very happy, but you will soon feel happy yourself in the consciousness of having done right. I am not asking you to make any sacrifice, Louise. You care for no one else; you have made no promise to any one else; I am trying to place you in a position of influence and ease, where your beau-

ty and talents can develop as they deserve."

"Leave me out of the question, please, mother," said Louise in a voice hoarse with crying. "Do you think he would put Harry out of the bank if I said no?"

"He might."

"And you feel that there would be more for the others if I were gone?"

"Put it to yourself. Your share would go to the others."

"I wish I could die, then, instead of this!"

"Louise, don't talk so heartlessly. But, there, dear, you are nervous and excited. Only promise me that when Mr. Waring comes you will take back what you told him today, and I will leave you to go to bed and rest your poor little head."

Mrs. Lennard did not intend to leave the room before she had obtained this promise. If the discussion had to be begun over again in the morning, by cold daylight, she despaired of gaining her point; for Louise's resolution would only be strengthened overnight, and without a promise she would follow the impulse to refuse him that would come with seeing him again. But if Mrs. Lennard could induce her to promise, she knew that come what might, Louise would keep her word.

"Tell me once more that I have never acted selfishly before, and that you honestly believe the others will be happier for it, and that I shall never regret it," said Louise, earnestly.

"I say that you have been a dear, good daughter to us always, and I know that you will make your father and me inexpressibly happy, relieve your half brothers of a responsibility they ought not to bear, and be a good wife to a honorable man."

"Then I promise," said Louise distinctly, and her mother, kissing her, went out and shut the door.

## VI.

JUST how Mrs. Lennard communicated the news of Louise's good fortune to her husband, neither he nor she ever betrayed. It was evident from Mr. Lennard's manner, that he

knew nothing of his wife's struggles with their daughter's refractory emotions, for he only stroked Louise's hair fondly, and said :

"So my little girl thinks somebody else can take better care of her than her father."

"She won't go until she has to, and perhaps somebody else won't come for her," answered Louise, who had consoled herself with that hope all through a sleepless night.

"No, no, my child," said her father gravely, "he is a good man and will make you a kind husband. I couldn't have chosen a better one for you myself, and I hope everything will run as smoothly as you deserve. You are a dear child, Louise, and you never have given your mother or me a day's uneasiness since you were born."

But Mr. Waring had by no means resolved to avoid the risk of a second refusal, and two or three days later, Susy came bursting into her sister's room, calling :

"Louise, Mr. Waring is downstairs, and he wants to see you ; and look at what he brought me."

"Well, you needn't tell the people across the Bay," said her sister impatiently, though she turned deadly pale, and dropped into a chair for a moment.

"What did you say when he gave you this ?" she added, as she examined the box of French candy that Susy held out for inspection.

"Nothing. I opened it, and came to tell you."

"You little greedy ! Come down with me and thank him. He has given you so many things."

A sudden inspiration had seized her. Perhaps, with Susy's help, Mr. Waring might be engineered into a friendship, and silently give up his other hopes. If he did not speak on the subject again, she could not be reproached for breaking her promise, because before she could keep it, he must take the initiative.

"I have brought this young lady to thank you for your present by way of reminding her of her manners," said Louise, as she gave him her hand without raising her eyes.

When Mrs. Lennard saw him coming

through the gate, she had skillfully dispersed the other members of the family, so that the little parlor should be free ; and her eyes filled with tears of vexation as she saw Louise enter with Susy clinging to her. Susy was a very inconvenient child, always hearing things that were not meant for her ears, asking the most preposterous questions ; and with it all, unduly demonstrative for a child of ten, though she was small for her age.

Mrs. Lennard was hopelessly revolving some scheme to eliminate this superfluous young factor, and leave her lovers alone together, when Mr. Waring solved the problem for himself.

"Susy," he remarked suddenly, when the conversation had continued long enough on topics suited to her understanding, "wouldn't you and Julia like a drive this afternoon ? You can go out there to my man, Tom Frye, and tell him I say he is to drive you until it is time to take me to the train.

Susy had shot out of the room before Louise was able to detain her, so she could only say :

"I don't know whether mother will let them go alone. But are you going back to town tonight ?"

"No, I only told her to say that to Tom Frye, so that he would know how long to be gone."

There was a pause, during which Louise was acutely conscious that his eyes were on her, though she studiously kept her face turned away from him. He rose, and took a few turns up and down the room, that always seemed to grow smaller when he moved about in it.

"Well," he said after a little, in a matter-of-fact tone, as he stopped just behind her, "have you reconsidered what you said to me the other day ?"

Her head dropped so low that he was forced to the contemplation of the contrast afforded by her dark hair, as it rolled away from her neck, to the whiteness of that uncommon beauty in a woman.

"I have thought a great deal about it," she answered at last, hopelessly dinting the table with a pencil that lay on it.

"Does that mean that you have changed your mind? It's a woman's privilege, you know."

Louise felt a great wave of repulsion sweep over her. Why would he always bring out those commonplaces, as if they were something original? Then her promise came back to her mind. She rose, and looked at him almost defiantly. It was one of the bitterest moments of humiliation that she ever was to experience, and she went through it shuddering and gasping. Until she had spoken she was free, and she could not bring herself to speak.

"Am I to go away?" he asked, coming a step nearer.

"No," she whispered. "You are to stay," and she threw out both hands, in reality to keep him off; but was he to be blamed for thinking the gesture was meant to detain him?

He took both her hands in his, and then gathered her in his strong arms and kissed her, without the passion of a younger man, but with the affection, almost reverence, some men feel for the unstained, delicate youth of the woman who was to be his.

It was her betrothal kiss, and she loathed herself for the disgust it gave her, and the passiveness with which she must accept it. It was the beginning of the monstrous price she must pay for a thing she did not want.

The rest of the interview was a hideous blur to her, until Mr. Waring asked for her father, and then she only hailed the opportunity for escape, without thinking particularly of the business matters that were to be discussed to make the engagement final.

"Mr. Waring wants to see you, father," she said, simply, as she entered the dining-room, where her father and mother and Rose were trying to appear as if they knew nothing of what was going on in the next room.

"Oh, Louise, I do congratulate *him* with all my heart," cried Rose, flying at her neck with a hearty hug, as Mr. Lennard disappeared. "You, too, of course."

Mrs. Lennard patted her hand and beamed approval, and with Rose kept up a mur-

mured stream of conversation for what seemed an interminable length of time.

At last Mr. Lennard reappeared, with his eyes full of tears, and motioned Louise to go back to Mr. Waring, who was waiting to see her again.

"He is princely," said the gratified father to his eager wife and his eldest daughter. "He is going to give Louise half a million in bonds on her wedding day, and a deed for a house and lot in San Francisco. He spoke very well of the difference in their ages, and said it was in the nature of things that she should outlive him, and he wished her to have as little trouble as possible about property; that there were always chances for fortunes to be lost, and he wished her to be secure in the event of anything happening to his business interests. He is a man among men, and Louise is a very fortunate little girl."

"I expect he will give you a lovely wedding present, Rose," said Mrs. Lennard.

"Don't you say that we announce this right along, Louise?" said Mr. Waring, when she returned to him, falling easily into the use of her Christian name. "There's no reason for keeping it secret, unless you prefer it."

"I don't know that I do," said Louise, faintly. "Will you do it?"

"I'll tell Mrs. Valentine all about it," said Mr. Waring, laughing. "That will do. And, by the way, no school, you know."

"No school?" repeated Louise, flushed and angry.

"No, I can't have you teaching. It would be only a month or two, at the longest. You're not going to keep me waiting until after Christmas?" he answered, with pleading and apprehension mixed.

Louise had a habit of blushing that was very attractive to Marion, used as he had been lately to the glaringly false complexions of most of the women he knew. She blushed when she was angry, when she was hurt, when she was happy, when she was surprised, when she met some one she liked; and Frances used to say that it was no credit to her, she blushed merely to keep her hand in.

She blushed at his last remark with rage and real fear that she was to be trapped so soon. He thought it was the blush of maidenly agitation, and took her hand; but she sprang away to the window, and looked out.

"There are Frances and the children," she exclaimed, and throwing open the door, called in the three.

Frances was restless and nervous. Julia, the quiet elder of the two children, thanked Mr. Waring very prettily for her drive, and Susy, the chatterbox, began a description of it with microscopic details, for she loved the sound of her own voice. But Mr. Waring silenced her by saying, good-naturedly:

"Now I want to talk a little. Miss Frances, are you going to be a kind sister, and forgive me for monopolizing Louise for the rest of my life?"

Frances grew gray about the mouth, as she always did when she was strongly moved.

"Anyone that Louise chose I should like dearly," she said, "and you especially."

Susy stood watching all three with round, black eyes.

"Doctor Jack talks about our being his little sisters," she announced, "and he is going to marry Rose. Are you going to marry Louise?"

"She has been kind enough to say so, Susy."

"Did you give her a ring? Doctor Jack gave Rose a ring."

"I haven't yet, but I'm going to. I wouldn't be behind Doctor Percy for the world, as he seems your standard."

"You're very rich, aren't you? Why—"

"Susy," interrupted Louise, with the solemn energy of despair, "you go in to mother this minute, or I'll take you there. Now go!"

Being the youngest, Susy was a good deal spoiled. Her mother was too busy to enforce her commands, Rose too good-natured to insist on anything, and Frances irritable, but unimpressive. When Louise, however, put on her authoritative manner, Susy felt it incumbent on her to obey; and she and Julia slid out of the room.

Frances tried to follow, as Mr. Waring de-

clared he must go, and Rose's farewells were considered sacred; but Louise threw her arm around her and kept her until he was fairly outside the gate. The two girls stood together and watched him driven away, and then Frances turned to her sister.

"Oh Louise! what a thing to happen to you," she said, joyfully. "How happy I am for you!"

"Because you think I am not happy enough for myself?" asked Louise, bitterly.

"No, no! because he is so good and kind and noble."

"Don't get hysterical and talk like a novel," said Louise. "I don't see anything in him to call noble, because he has beckoned from the throne of his money bags for a poor girl to come up and sit beside him."

"I know you never were sentimental," said Frances quietly, "and I didn't mean to be, only I know that you never would discuss that kind of feeling, and that you have too high an idea of what is due to yourself and your husband ever to consent to marry him, unless you were sure that you loved him as well as he deserved. That's the reason I say I am so glad for you, for I know how much this means to you, my dear girl. I am so glad I have lived to see you so blessed."

For a moment Louise was tempted to confess; then the impulse passed, and as Frances went in with the others, she ran up stairs to lock herself in her own room and cry over her lost liberty.

"Well, how are things?" inquired Gilbert on his appearance the next Sunday, "I have some news for you. It's known for a fact all over the city that Marion Waring has bought a diamond ring, and people are guessing the lady as if the election depended on it. All the widows, Lily Swift, and I have heard of you, Louise."

Mrs. Lennard laughed and laid Louise's left hand in Gilbert's.

"There's where the ring ought to be, only she won't wear it."

"You're a daisy, Louise," remarked her brother. "Trot out your diamond."

"I only got it yesterday," she pouted.

"But I wont wear it. It is as big as the headlight of a locomotive. It would advertise me as engaged all over the country."

"What are you going to do with two engaged blessed damozels in the house, mother? Rose has been rapt away from all sublunary affairs for so long that we were beginning to get used to it, but it will be odd to see the effect on you, young lady," said Gilbert, turning to Louise.

"Consider the object, and imagine for yourself," she replied in a low voice.

Gilbert's face changed. He whistled faintly, and watched his sister as she carelessly slipped the ring on Susy's largest finger, and laughed at the child's delighted vanity. His eyes wandered for a moment to his step-mother, radiantly happy. Her careworn face seemed to have grown ten years younger, and her sunken eyes to shine with unusual luster.

"Don't you want a little walk with me?" he asked Louise presently. She nodded, and they left the room together.

"Be back in early time for dinner," warned the mother. "You know Mr. Waring will be here."

"I wish you knew what a time we have had over that dinner," said Louise, as they left the house. "It's the first time he has been invited here, and I hope it will be the last. I think mother and Rose have had a separate stand-up fight over every dish; then mother quarreled with me for not showing any interest, and now she wont trust Sing with the cooking, and is going to do most of it herself. The children have been crying because they can't come to the table, poor babies."

"You can make it up to them after you are married," said Gilbert, experimentally, gaining little, however, except the constitutional blush. "Say Louise! tell me honestly, do you want to be congratulated? Do you like all this? Because if you don't, it's awfully rough on the poor old boy. Don't you think so, yourself?"

"What makes you think I don't?"

"Because you're not at all that kind of girl; to jump at a man because he's rich."

"I did refuse him once," said Louise, haughtily.

"Jupiter! he must like you, to ask you twice. If a girl refused me, I'll be hanged if I'd give her another chance. Yes, I would too, a girl like you. How happy mother is in it."

"Do you really think she is?"

"She isn't as happy as she will be when she sees you and the respected Marion standing up together in church, but then I'm afraid she will die of joy, poor little woman. She has had a hard life of it, and I don't wonder she's glad her eldest child is going to get out of the mill," said Gilbert. He was quite satisfied that Louise had not been coerced, as he had feared at first. So everything combined to strengthen the poor girl's resolve to go through with her sacrifice.

The dinner was a triumphant success. Doctor Jack was in the gayest spirits, and treated Louise with more respect than he had ever vouchsafed before, as he had always had an idea that she trampled on Rose, who was too sweet and humble-minded to know it. He felt some of the reflected glory of his future connection's millions already, and began to acknowledge that Louise really had a great deal of beauty.

Mr. Waring and Mr. Lennard talked like old friends, and the honored guest did not even notice that his silent fiancée was not wearing his ring. At that moment it was adorning Susy's hand, being the form of bribe selected to keep her wails at her exclusion inaudible in the dining-room.

Mr. Lennard became a little nervous as the time approached for evening church, but Mr. Waring, suddenly remembering his host's profession, presently announced that he would walk with him as far as the church, and then go on to the hotel, and the two left the house together.

Mr. Waring found Mrs. Valentine at the hotel, as he had hoped. She was the center of a group of ladies, who separated as he came up to let him join them. Mrs. Valentine had been expecting to see him for two days, ever since she had heard the momentous fact that he was positively engaged, and



as she talked she plotted in her mind how to get rid of her companions, who had no idea of being got rid of.

"I ought to go across to the Gardner cottage this evening. Poor Mrs. Gardner has been sick all day," she exclaimed at last. "Mr. Waring, won't you take me over?"

Mr. Waring arose with alacrity, and the two turned the corner of the hotel and then stopped. Mrs. Valentine meant to have her gossip out before she did her Christian duty by Mrs. Gardner, whose headache was not so pressing, after all.

"Now!" she exclaimed, "tell me all about it."

"So you know it?" he said with a laugh. "Well, you can say, on the best authority, that I am the happy man that Miss Louise Lennard has consented to honor."

"Louise Lennard," repeated Mrs. Valentine thoughtfully. "Well, I'm glad you're going to be married. Now you'll have to entertain. Of course, with a young wife, you'll be kept going night and day. I always thought that girl would be a great success."

The darkness covered whatever expression this rather unique form of congratulation brought into Marion Waring's face, and they proceeded to the Gardner cottage, Mrs. Valentine speculating on the people that were to give balls and dinners to the bride.

"I suppose you will be married immediately," she went on. "It's the best way. Long engagements are very slippery things. Something is always sure to happen; you get tired of each other, or see somebody else that you like better. Now, you take my advice, and get married as soon as she can get her wedding dress."

"Good Lord!" thought Mr. Waring, "how very uncomfortable she can make a man feel! and for a confidante, too!"

Mrs. Gardner not being visible, he walked his friend back to the hotel, and started for home in a pensive mood.

Mrs. Valentine was delighted. She felt that she had brought Louise out; almost as if she had been the go-between for two lovers. In her pleasure at being the first to

know the truth, she was sure that she had made the match; and though she had never thought of it before, she remembered that she had noticed, at the time, how attentive he was to her at that lunch.

"Well," she remarked to herself, as she mounted the stairs towards the Swifts' rooms, "I always knew she would marry well, but I didn't think it would be *the* match of the year." And she knocked at the door.

Mrs. Swift bade her enter. Phil Carter was wont to remark that no man ever saw Lily Swift's mother, and that she did well to keep out of the way, for she was a living warning of what Lily would surely be. Phil had seen her once, by accident, as it were, and christened her the wreck of a tragedy queen. She had been a belle in her day, but she had lost her good looks so rapidly, that she was content to stay in the background to which her daughter unceremoniously relegated her.

Lily had had a feverish cold for two or three days, and had kept her room, nursed by her mother, who was an abject slave to her daughter's caprices, and considered her the flower of creation. She was delighted to see Mrs. Valentine coming in to cheer up Lily a little.

"I suppose you have heard the news," she gasped, for the stairs were a severe trial to her hundred and sixty-five pounds of flesh.

"What news?" asked Lily, fretfully.

"That Marion Waring has proposed to Louise Lennard."

"Not that dowdy little minister's daughter. Well, that is the best joke I ever heard. It does credit to somebody's imagination. Who got up the canard?" said Lily, much amused.

"Well, I think they got it up between them, as she has accepted him," said Mrs. Valentine, dryly.

"But that's nonsense, Mrs. Valentine. He never would think of marrying such a girl as that."

"As what? She's pretty, and bright, and young, and what more does a man want?"

"Why, nobody ever heard of her. She doesn't know the first rudiments of society. She won't know what to do with his money."

"She'll learn fast enough," said Mrs. Valentine. "That's a sort of thing that doesn't need much teaching, Lily."

"I don't believe it. It can't be true; it doesn't sound natural," pursued Lily. "Who told you?"

"Well, he told me himself," said Mrs. Valentine, with unction; "and they are to be married immediately, before the sister, I shouldn't wonder. What a wedding they will have! Of course, he will give it, and I'll see that it is the handsomest that can be got up."

Lily's jaw dropped so perceptibly, that Mrs. Valentine put up her glass to enjoy it. Then she rallied; Mrs. Valentine could see something working in her mind, and presently out it came:

"Those sudden fancies are so odd in a man," she remarked sententiously. "I wonder how a girl feels to sell herself like that. Of course, I knew that he would try to marry as soon as possible—it is such a mortification to a man to be refused, and with all his money, too. I advised him to find some nice, sweet girl, but I didn't think she would be quite like that. I am disappointed in Mr. Waring. We were always such friends."

"Of course, she was lying," observed Mrs. Valentine to Mrs. Valentine, Jr., "but she did it extremely well."

Before very long, Marion Waring learned that the world gave Lily Swift credit for having refused him, on the authority of Mrs. Valentine.

## VII.

"Now, you will be sure to dine with me on Saturday," said Mrs. Valentine, as she rose from her visit of congratulation. "I must have you both at dinner, you know, and next week is Rose's wedding, and my last week here. I shall tell Mr. Waring to bring you."

Mrs. Valentine's fiat having gone forth, Louise proceeded to array herself on Saturday with all convenient speed and much loss of temper consequent on the presence of all the family during the ceremony, and their criticisms on everything she put on.

"You'll wear the diamond pin he gave you, won't you?" inquired Frances, handing her the case from a collection of Mr. Waring's presents.

"No, I will not," returned the young lady promptly.

"Well, I think you might," said Frances, in an injured tone. "He will expect it, of course. He gives you lovely things, and you never take any notice of them."

"Well, he may expect it," returned Louise. "This is the best dress I have—cashmere at a dollar a yard, and worn shiny on the elbows and shoulders. Everybody will be watching to see me wear that pin, or something just as bad in the way of a contrast, and I'm not going to give them the satisfaction. Just hand me my silver turtle lace pin, Julia, and I shall do very well. Susy, you will drive me distracted if you touch my roses again. They are the only things I have to look decent with, and you will shake them all to pieces, you hateful child."

"You needn't be so cross about it," returned the undaunted Susy, who generally showed fight, if she was in the wrong. "Nobody wants your old flowers."

"Rose, there's Mr. Waring. Go down and tell him Louise will be ready in one moment," said Mrs. Lennard, whose ears always caught the sound of one voice and step. But Frances had gone already, much to Rose's relief, as she wanted to see the end of the adornment.

"You must wear his ring now," said her mother, turning over a tumbled heap in the long-suffering upper drawer, as Louise pinned on her bunch of Marechal Niel buds from the creeping rose that grew against the house. "It is the first time people have seen you since, and it is due to yourself."

"Very well," said Louise with a sigh of resignation. "It is a comfort to know that if the moon should suddenly be darkened, I shall have light enough to see myself home by." With this remark she went down stairs.

Mr. Waring saw the fresh roses, the big eyes and bright color, and looked quite satisfied, even though his pin did not fasten the uncompromising straight linen collar.

This dinner at the hotel showed Louise for the first time what an important person she had become. There was nothing of a party about it; only two extra chairs at Mrs. Valentine's table in the bare, comfortless hotel dining-room, and the people dropping into their places and leaving them at all hours, as usual; but she found herself an object of general attention and consideration. She gave Phil Carter a divine blush and a smile as he passed her; he generally came over Saturday night to spend Sunday.

Mrs. Swift and Lily came in, and stopped at Mrs. Valentine's table to speak to Mr. Waring. Lily was all smiles and witchery. She was looking her best, and she had made up her mind to be very gracious and kind to Louise.

"Oh, how do you do, Miss Lennard?" she said, holding out her hand. "I am so glad to see you. May I offer my congratulations?"

"Thank you," said Louise, sweetly; and then inquiringly, "Miss ——?"

"Swift," said Lily, still urbanely. "We have met so many times we ought to know each other, I think."

"Oh, yes, Miss Smith. I thought I remembered your face," said Louise, blandly, but with a blush up to the eyes. Lily, used as she was to the world, was nonplussed at her assurance, and walked on.

Mr. Waring had not heeded the little passage at arms, neither would he have understood it if he had. He had told Louise of the rumor about him and Lily as an excellent joke, but to her mind it only added one more to the list of injuries that made Miss Swift one of her most cherished enemies. Knowing how sudden his fancy had been for her, could she ever be sure that it was not pique that had led him to form it? And was not Lily to be envied, that she had had the strength to be true to her impulse? When she learned to know Lily better, she repented her unjust suspicion of the man who was all consideration and affection for her, but just now the knowledge of the report added to the bitterness of her feelings.

The poor girl suffered more acutely than

her mother ever thought she could. Her prejudice did not yield before better acquaintance, for the fact of their engagement was a sort of barrier to her between them, that made her shy and constrained. She knew that he was very fond of her, and that it delighted him beyond measure constantly to present her with beautiful and costly things, but his generosity only distressed her. She was only too painfully conscious that she was giving him nothing in return, and she shrank from accepting these proofs of his pleasure in her; and every new gift caused her deeper humiliation. At last she begged him not to give her anything more.

"It isn't right, and I musn't let you," she said, shyly.

"But I like it. You let me do so little for you," returned the middle-aged lover. "Never mind. The time will come pretty soon when you can't help yourself, and you won't refuse what I give you then, my little girl. Tell me when."

He put his arm about her shoulders and looked into her eyes as he had a way of doing occasionally, perhaps to find some answering love there; but she always looked down, or away, which satisfied him almost as well, for either way her eyelashes showed to great advantage, and it never occurred to him to doubt her. She was learning to tolerate his presence, and to feel more kindly towards him for his kindness to her; but she hated his caresses, and the respect and liking of which her mother had spoken with such confidence did not seem to be forthcoming. She dreaded the power over others that she knew he could exercise if he would, and she had no doubt he did, merely for pleasure in it. She dreaded his probable cold-heartedness, and his vengeance on those who had the misfortune to offend or displease him.

In all this she was only carrying out her education to its logical results. She had been taught from babyhood that the rich were coarse, purse-proud, ignorant, ready to set the tremendous engine of their money at work for the purpose of crushing any poor mortal who stood in their way, and

that they did not know the meaning of the words mercy or remorse. A sort of horror came over her, from time to time, when she thought of him. She had been engaged to him only three weeks, and now he wanted her to set the wedding-day.

"Aren't we doing very well as we are?" she said, smiling faintly.

"But, my dear, there is no use in waiting. We are as ready as we ever shall be. Why do you want to keep me waiting, my child?"

"We don't know each other well enough, yet," she faltered.

"Why, I know you better than you know yourself, you dear little transparent creature; and as for your knowing me, that will all come in time. I'm not such a terrible man, and you shall see what a model husband I'm going to make. You shall have your own way all you want. I believe that is the thing women are always anxious about, isn't it? And never a thought of care shall come to you. Thank heaven, I am able to spare you that. Come, be a good girl, and say you will marry me in November."

She was engaged—what did an engagement mean but ultimate marriage? This state of things only made her wretched, without doing anyone any good. Married, she would be unhappy still, but at least some of those mysterious benefits that were to accrue by it would come to the family. It must happen sooner or later—there was no avoiding the catastrophe by prolonging the preliminary agonies; so she slipped from his arm and walked to the other end of the room, saying:

"November, then."

"Bless her dear heart. Well, if it makes you nervous—now tell me what Rose wants for a wedding present."

"Oh, I don't know. Whatever you like." And nothing that he could say would induce her to give him a hint on the subject, nor ask Rose herself, and she took good care to keep him out of Rose's way.

Rose's wedding was a little idyl, so Mrs. Valentine said, and she having started the phrase, it was taken up by everybody. She was a very pretty bride, in the conventional

white silk, made by her mother and Louise, a tulle veil, and everything as complete as a limited purse and indefatigable industry could make it. Those who were invited declared that they had never seen a prettier sight. Both bride and groom were young, both were good-looking, and both evidently very much in love. Rose wanted her father to marry her, but he told her he knew he never could go through with it, he was sure he should be too much overcome. It would be hard enough for him even to give her away. Louise and Frances stood with her, Louise in a new white cashmere dress, that could be dyed and made over for Julia after she should be Mrs. Waring, and Frances in her mother's wedding dress cut over into some approach to modernity.

Rose's presents, as far as they went, were pretty and useful, with the exception of Mr. Waring's, which caused Louise anguish of spirit. For Dr. Jack arrived a gorgeous and expensive dressing-case as large as a small safe, all complete, with gold and silver backs and handles; and for Rose a silver tea-service of the most elaborate pattern, that she could not use except on high state and festival occasions. Poor Louise blushed scarlet when she saw them; she would rather have had him send something like Mrs. Valentine's butter-knife, though Mrs. Lennard declared that it looked thin and stingy. Rose would suffer torments for fear of burglars every time she left the house; it would be like owning diamonds that one had to keep at a bank. What was the use of it? But she said nothing. Rose was pleased, though a good deal startled by it; and since what she considered the day of her doom had been settled, she had grown quiet and passive, and was visibly thinner and paler. The day of Rose's wedding she looked like a spirit, and Mr. Waring almost felt as if she would melt into air before his very eyes, if that November day were not very near.

A few days later Marion Waring came to see his lady love, but found her invisible from headache, a euphemism for a crying fit on account of Rose's loss and general unhappiness. He was rather glad of the opportu-

nity it afforded him of having a little private conversation with Mrs. Lennard, that he had been turning over in his mind for some time.

"It is nothing serious," Mrs. Lennard explained, in answer to his anxious inquiries.

"Do you think she has been looking at all well lately?" said Mr. Waring. "I wonder if she has any special fancy about where she would like to go for a wedding tour."

"I don't think so," replied her mother. "Had you any plans to propose?"

"Well, I think I had better take her down to Los Angeles, and try to get some of her color back for her. So, if it won't give you too much trouble, Mrs. Lennard, will you find out if that strikes her fancy? And that reminds me. About the wedding now. She gets so nervous if I mention the subject, that I thought it was better to talk to you about it. Now, I know that girls like pretty weddings and long dresses and orange flowers and bridesmaids, and all the paraphernalia, and I want Louise to have the best there is going, of course. So—" He got up and walked about as he usually did when he was at all embarrassed. "Well, I only wanted to say that you must do all the shopping, and get her all the things she needs, and have everything she takes a fancy to, and flowers and supper—I don't know about those things, but you do—everything for a first-class wedding, and give the bills to me."

He sat down again and waited for an answer, but Mrs. Lennard was too much overcome to reply. She made an effort or two to speak, but the vision of Louise as a bride with all the adjuncts of an expensive trousseau was too much for her, and she burst into tears.

"Oh, my dear woman!" exclaimed Mr. Waring in great distress. "Don't do that. Whatever you do, don't cry. I'm always blundering with women, but I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

"It isn't that," sobbed Mrs. Lennard, recovering herself, "but everything you do is so thoughtful and generous. It seems to me too good to be true, that my Louise is the one to benefit by all this."

"Oh!" said Mr. Waring, much relieved. "Is that all! Now you will remember, everything she wants."

The next evening, after the children were in bed, and the remaining members of the family were surrounding the lamp, Mrs. Lennard laid down the dress she was darning for Susy, remarking:

"Well, Louise, if you are to be married next month, we had better begin to make arrangements about your things."

"Why, of course," said Mr. Lennard. "How much money do you think you will need, dear?"

"How much can you afford to let me have, father?"

"That isn't at all necessary for you to know, Louise," her mother interrupted. "We will go over to town some time next week, and begin selecting whatever is necessary for you to have as Marion Waring's wife. Mrs. Valentine will tell me the best dressmaker, and you are to give yourself no further anxiety about the matter, and not trouble your father at all."

Frances looked up quickly at her sister, and turned even paler than usual, but said nothing. Louise blushed vividly, and her chest rose and fell hurriedly.

"What else, mother?" she asked.

"Of course, all his city friends are to be invited, and all the village. The church will be packed, and I want you to be worth looking at."

"Father, how much can you afford to let me have?" Louise asked again.

"Well, Harry gave me a hundred dollars the other day, and as Rose paid for her own things with her school money and didn't call on me for anything, you can have it all."

"Thank you, father. I only wanted to know," she answered. "Mother, does Mr. Waring insist on all this?"

"He only wants to please you, my child. He insists on nothing but what you like."

"Then tell him, please, that I am grateful for his generosity, but that I should prefer as quiet a wedding as I can have. Only the family; and I will be married in a traveling dress. I won't go beyond father's hundred,

and if Frances and you will help me make the dress, I can keep within it, I think."

"Louise, you are crazy."

"Indeed I am not, mother, but if you insist on this spectacle I will break the engagement tomorrow. What right has a churchfull of people to stare at me?"

"Louise, you disappoint me at every turn about this whole affair," said her mother sorrowfully. "Frances, tell her how foolish and unkind she is."

"I think she is quite right about this, mother," was Frances's unexpected answer, "and if Mr. Waring expostulates, I shall tell him so, too. I know just how Louise feels. What would all those people care about her, except to see how she looks, and speculate on how much her dress cost? Don't you think so, father?"

"I think the children have the right of it this time, mother," said Mr. Lennard. "Marriage is too sacred a thing to be gone through as a show."

Mr. Waring did not insist on anything. Men, as a general thing, dislike a showy wedding, and he had only suggested it because he was sure from experience that most women like it, and scarcely feel married without it. Louise was daily growing lovelier in his eyes, and he would not have cared if she had been married in the blue calico that had disturbed her so much on the day of their first meeting.

The two people who most felt the deprivation of the grand ceremonial were Mrs. Lennard and Mrs. Valentine, who wrote from San Francisco to offer her house for the ceremony and subsequent reception, feeling that the display of wedding presents in her upper rooms would consecrate them for the winter.

These same presents were numerous and costly. All Mr. Waring's friends, men and women, sent some token of remembrance, and most of the village people who belonged to her father's church, and liked her personally.

Mrs. Valentine's gift was always valuable in proportion to the importance of the wedding. Louise was marrying a man who was able to indulge every whim of hers, and the

silver that was sent would have furnished a hotel. Rose had married a man whose provision for her would always be moderately comfortable, but she was by no means rich, and she just managed to have forks and spoons enough to set her table for a few friends. Of such is the kingdom of Mammon.

Louise had persuaded her father to marry her, in spite of his efforts to refuse her as he did Rose. He was a quiet, sensitive man, clever enough in his own way, but abnormally conscientious and earnest, and he tried to explain to her how unjust it would be to grant her request, when he had said no to Rose. But Louise looked up at him with imploring eyes, that, by the gift of fortune, were three times as expressive as Rose's, and said:

"Oh, father, if there is to be any blessing on my marriage at all, I feel that it must come from you."

So he yielded, and Gilbert gave her away. Rose and Jack returned from their wedding journey the week before, and true to Louise's determination, no one who did not belong to her own family was present, except Mrs. Valentine.

That veteran society leader was terribly disappointed in the whole thing.

"The bride was so frightened that she had turned positively blue," she said, in describing the scene to her daughter-in-law and several other interested listeners. "I don't think brides ever look their best, but she had lost all the good looks she ever had. Then, she had on some dark dress, very badly made—no style to it at all—and a hat; and altogether, it was the tamest performance I ever saw."

"How about the family?" inquired one of her visitors.

"Mrs. Lennard looked ready to dance the moment it was over. She showed me all the presents after we got back from church. The diamonds he gave the bride were simply the superbest things I ever laid my eyes on, and she wouldn't wear 'em. I never saw such a girl. All the wedding arrangements were hers. He'll have his hands full. Oh,

the family—they were perfectly delighted, of course. I never saw such a lucky girl; but I always said I saw capabilities in her, from the first—didn't I, Hattie?"

"She has beautiful eyes and very sweet manners," said Mrs. Valentine, Jr., impartially.

"I wonder how in the world she got him. Those rich men do marry the most unlikely women," remarked another caller. "Are they going to live in San Manuel all winter?"

"So they say now," replied Mrs. Valentine. "He will either buy or build for her over here, but of course they want to look about them. She will be a great accession, you may take my word for it; and if Marion Waring hadn't married her, I should have brought her out myself, and given her a start. I feel very proud of that match."

"Now, you will have to look about for Lily," said quiet little Mrs. Hattie.

"Lily says she means to leave off flirting and marry this year," said Mrs. Valentine, thoughtfully, "but for a popular girl to announce that strikes me as a mistake. People fancy she is losing her hold; and if nobody should come forward, people would laugh at that speech. These things get repeated so. I think I must warn Lily to mind what she says; it isn't like her to be careless."

"She has only a certain kind of cleverness," said Mrs. Valentine, Jr. "She hasn't half the talent or good looks of Mrs. Waring. I am afraid poor Lily's day is over."

So Mrs. Waring rose on the horizon of "society."

### VIII.

MRS. LENNARD tried to persuade herself that she was as well satisfied with Louise's letters from Los Angeles as she had been with Rose's written during her honeymoon. But in spite of herself, she felt that Louise missed her old home life more than she had expected, and found no compensation in the beauties of orange groves and vineyards around the Sierra Madre Villa, which she frankly declared to be an unspeakable bore. This was a new word in Louise's vocabulary,

and Mrs. Lennard did not like it at all. So she was not very much surprised when Louise wrote that after a two weeks' stay they had had quite enough of the Sierra Madre Villa and Los Angeles, and were going up to San Francisco. There they would stay at some hotel for a few days, and then make their home for the winter at San Manuel.

Mr. Waring had seen with concern that his pretty bride moped, and carried her back to the city with all the speed he could. Once there he went to Mrs. Valentine, who was his sheet anchor, and asked her to divert Louise by providing her with a complete outfit.

"She wants something to amuse her," he said, "and I know women like shopping better than anything else. Get her everything you think she needs, and never mind what she says."

Louise was willing enough to be diverted, and went up several degrees in Mrs. Valentine's estimation by her good taste, and the instinct with which she selected the most appropriate articles, doing extremely well for a novice in such matters. In ten days' time her wardrobe satisfied Mr. Waring's eye, grown fastidious where she was concerned, and he felt that her costumes did credit to his fortune and her own beauty; she looked as he had seen her in his mind's eye.

They went to the theater several times, and he was immensely amused and pleased at her naïve delight in it, and also at the tribute of admiration given to his choice by numerous opera glasses turned on her, which at first she did not notice, but which embarrassed her not a little after she became conscious of them.

She had little time to write, and no time to cross the bay and see her family, as every moment of her day was taken up. They fretted at her being so near, and not being able to see her; but going to the city was an item in their slender finances, and, besides, it scarcely seemed worth while, as she was coming back to them so soon. Rose might have gone over to see her, but she was standing on her dignity a little, as Louise had not honored her by a separate letter. Harry, of

course, had seen her, and reported in a vague way to the others that she was improved, but could not explain how.

Louise had been married nearly a month, and, as yet, had not discovered that her husband was a monster in human shape. So she was beginning to take life with him a little more easily, especially as she was relieved from his presence all day, and in the evening he was always planning some new amusement for her. Under these circumstances, her ten days in the city did more towards restoring her to her old self than all the soft air of the San Gabriel Mission.

She finally wrote to her mother to expect them by the latest Saturday train of that week, and was in such gay spirits at the thought of seeing them all again that Mr. Waring was almost sorry he had not taken her directly home from the southern country. The more he thought of it, however, the more dissatisfied he became with the arrangement. He wanted her to himself the first evening that they took possession of their joint home. He began to feel quite romantic on the subject. He wanted to enjoy undisturbed the sight of her sitting at the head of his table, and his own feeling of ownership of her and a home for the first time in his life. But all the Lennards would meet her at the train, and they would go home in a body, stay there all the evening, and make a general scene of rejoicing, in which he could already in his mind's eye see himself shoved into the background.

"What do you say to going home tomorrow evening instead of Saturday?" he said to Louise on Thursday evening, as she gathered up handkerchief and opera glass before they started for the theater.

"Oh, lovely!" she responded. "The sooner the better for me. Will you telegraph to them tomorrow morning, then?"

Going home to her meant seeing her father and mother and sisters. She had been disappointed already about seeing Gilbert, for, just before she came back to the city, he had been sent by his paper to write up the Society Islands; and to her homesick soul getting back to them a day earlier than she ex-

pected was like having dinner an hour earlier to a hungry man. Mr. Waring felt a little hurt that her new position as mistress of a house and an independent woman, made so by him, should go for nothing in her reflections and anticipations. It was to seeing mother and Frances that she looked forward, not to taking possession of her new home, and entering a new life with him. But after a moment he considered that this was natural, and the reflection strengthened him in his previous resolve to have an evening by himself with her, and feel himself a married man and a householder.

"I don't think I would telegraph," he said, in a dissuading tone. "You have written that you are going over Saturday; let us give them a surprise. I must come back here to business in the morning, you know, and you can spend all day Saturday with them instead of Sunday. What do you say? Don't you like the idea of surprising them, by walking in on them early in the morning, instead of meeting them all at the train, before a crowd?"

"Oh yes, very much," she answered mechanically. It never occurred to her to oppose him. She imagined he was so accustomed to his own way, that he would sweep away all her objections without even hearing them. She had been counting on that meeting at the station ever since it had been decided that they were to spend the winter at San Manuel instead of in the city. Over and over again she had pictured to herself the eager curiosity with which they would look along the windows as the train came in. She could see herself springing from the step into her mother's arms, see Frances' white face brighten with pleasure, hear their confused questions tripping over each other without waiting for answers, see herself looking from one dear face into the other, as they all drove to install her in her new home. And now—it was all going to be stupid and quiet, just like going to any hotel. She seemed to have been arriving at hotels and leaving them all her life, though she had, in reality, made the change just twice.

"Well, here we are at home, little wife," said Mr. Waring, jovially, as he lifted her out



of the carriage, and half carried her up the front steps in his delight and pride of possession. "You know I told you one day that everything of mine was yours, and I want you to feel it thoroughly. I believe you are more nervous today than you were when we were married."

They were standing now in the wide hall, which was a room of itself. Light and fires were everywhere, and a general sense of warmth and comfort, coming in out of the dark December evening. It had been a warm, sunny day, like so many early winter days in California; but crossing the bay on the boat, just in the twilight, and the ride in the train from the boat to the village, had made her chilly, and she stood before the blaze in the hall, pulling off her gloves, and making a very pretty picture, with one faultless little boot resting on the hearth.

"Now, put on something silk, and make yourself pretty, and we'll have dinner," said Mr. Waring, in a voice that seemed to grow bigger and heartier with every word, until it fairly echoed along the polished wooden floors and wainscoted walls.

To him, a silk dress represented everything that was beautiful and expensive in the attire of woman. Satin, velvet, cloth, of four times the value, was nothing to him in comparison with silk, as Louise learned by experience; and later, when she showed him a new dress to be admired, she always responded, "Yes, there is silk in it," to his eager inquiry: "Is it silk?"—having seen disappointment and a disregard of her most cherished gowns follow a negative answer.

She went down stairs to dinner with curious sensations. Her dressing-room was the very room looking out on the mountain that had been the scene of her first refusal of the man who was now her husband; and when she took her seat at the head of the table, very much shrunken from its proportions on that day, she vividly remembered every moment of that singular lunch party, and blushed as she remembered.

Mr. Waring was delighted with the success of his domestic arrangements, and as she poured out his after-dinner coffee, he felt

a glow of luxurious ease and satisfaction in being a family man that spread to his whole demeanor, and half amused Louise, but made her half angry, too. Unless a woman is very much in love, she resents the attitude an accepted lover or a husband takes towards her, an attitude of ownership that grates on her sense of independent existence and will. His very admiration of her takes the form of having made her himself, and made her so well that no one could possibly suggest an improvement. He admires her as part of himself, a state of mind that she very soon discovers; and that, perhaps, is the cause of many a woman's unnecessary aggressiveness towards the rest of the world.

Mr. Waring often told Louise to do what she liked, only to be happy; but she felt that if she had her own way, it was he that gave it to her, not she that took it: by right; and she chafed under the feeling.

After dinner they went into an exquisite little library, small only by comparison with the other rooms, and literally lined with books. One of the severest blows to Mrs. Ripley, in parting with the house, had been the necessity of giving up the library, because she was obliged to live in a house too small to store the books, and her two girls cared nothing for reading.

To have all these for her very own was a great pleasure to Louise; she came of a reading stock, and in her girlish days she would have been starved for books, if it had not been for the kindness of friends, who, knowing her fondness for reading, lent her books and magazines from time to time: yet with her pleasure as she wandered from case to case, pulling down a book here and there, came the pain to her that it was purchased by the sacrifice of the Ripleys' all; and every time the new beauty and completeness of her home struck her, so often did her mind revert to them in a tiny house, economizing as her family had always done, only with the sorrow's crown of sorrow added. Her conscience had troubled her from the hour she knew she was to live in the house, for she felt sure that Marion Waring, being a rich man, had ground down the widow to

the very last dollar she was willing to take, and she was persuaded that they must execute her without knowing her, that she should enjoy all the beautiful things they had been obliged to leave behind.

She tried to read, but Mr. Waring liked his cigar after dinner while he read his paper, and the smoke made her head ache, though she had hastened to assure him that she did not mind it at all, when he asked her. She plunged her face into a Satsuma bowl of fresh roses, of which the butler had stripped the bushes near the house in her honor; she glanced up again, and found that Mr. Waring had gone sound asleep, as middle-aged men are apt to do, having finished his cigar and his paper; and as she knew it was Gilbert's paper, she softly filched it from him, and looked it over, to see whether any of Gilbert's Shaksperian productions in the way of correspondence had arrived yet, though she knew it was too soon to expect anything from him; and then fell to thinking how near her people were, and that she could not see them, and began to grow very miserable, when she suddenly felt that her husband was looking at her, and quite wide awake.

She tried to brighten, but she was too woe-begone to make much of a success of it, and he knew well enough what the matter was. He was fond enough of her to feel as if he had defrauded her of something for his own gratification; so to atone, he said indulgently:

"Run upstairs and get your wraps on. It's only half past eight, and we will give them their surprise tonight."

The joyous light in her face, and the spring with which she vanished from the room, scarcely waiting for him to finish his sentence, made him sigh as well as smile. It became altogether a smile as she came racing down stairs in a bewitching bonnet, with her fur-lined cloak flying out behind her like wings.

Seeing him walking up and down the hall, and knowing by that sign that the carriage had not yet come around, she threw open the drawing-room door, tossed a pair of long gloves on the piano, as if she had never worn

anything else in her life, and sitting down, rattled off a popular waltz that set Mr. Waring's teeth on edge, with a touch worthier of a better composition. Then, as she heard the wheels on the graveled drive, she sprang up, crying gleefully, "Oh, Marion, don't you wish you could dance?" whirled past him through the front door, down the steps, and into the carriage, before he fairly got his breath, causing Tom Frye to suppose that his new mistress was a little out of her senses to be going out alone, until he saw Mr. Waring come down to the carriage in hat and overcoat, and the discreet Jenkins, the butler, in the door, impassive as a wooden image.

When they reached her father's house, he helped her out and held open the gate for her to enter, but did not follow her. She had reached the door before the click of the closing gate fell on her ear.

"Why, Marion!" she exclaimed, flying back in surprise. "Aren't you coming in?"

"Well, I have to see Birnie over here on business, and I thought you could have a little visit alone with them first. I'll come and fetch you presently."

"Good bye, then," and she went back to the house.

It was decidedly unreasonable of Louise, but she was inclined to be a little hurt that he had made giving her pleasure a pretext for a necessary business errand. In reality, he could have talked with Birnie just as well the next day, and made him the excuse for letting her meet her family without him, as he guessed that his presence would be a restraint.

She rang the bell, swept past the stolid-faced Sing, and was among them all before they had recovered from the effect of the sharp peal she had sent ringing through the quiet house. Then came the tumult of hugs, kisses, and incoherent questions, for which she had been longing, and her homesickness was cured.

"How did it happen that I didn't see you on the boat?" inquired Harry, who stood looking at her with a broad smile of pleasure.

"We came by the narrow gauge, and you always come by the other," replied his sister.

"I don't know why Mr. Waring came over today instead of tomorrow," she added, in answer to a question from her father. "Yes, mother, I suggested telegraphing, but he said it would be a nice surprise. I didn't see it in that light myself, but I didn't like to say so; and here I am, my blessed people, and glad to get here. Oh, Frances, you don't look well!"

"I've been sick most of the time since you went away, but we didn't like to speak of it," said Frances, carelessly for herself, but holding Louise's hand and waist as if she never meant to let her go. She lived so constantly in the shadow of death that she had ceased to dread it; the only thing that she feared was that her hour might come when Louise was away, and she felt that she could not start out on that unknown journey without Louise's parting kiss and hand-grasp.

"It's such a pity Rose isn't here. Harry, just go and ask her to come over. Say that Louise has come," said Mrs. Lennard. "And Jack, if he can," she called, after he had shut the door.

Then as they stood smiling at each other in silent delight, Louise suddenly pressed Frances's arm with a soft little giggle of pleasure, for there in the door-way stood two small, bare-foot, white-robed figures, with hanging hair and round eyes full of mingled sleep and curiosity, blinking at the light.

"You little angels, I've come home!" cried Louise, gathering them both into her arms, and devouring them with kisses.

"They will take their deaths," said the more practical mother, foreseeing flaxseed tea and mustard plasters in the near future. "Children, go right back to bed."

"No, no, mother," pleaded Louise. "Julia, run up stairs, and get on some shoes and a wrapper, and this baby we will settle in a minute. The night is perfectly heavenly. She couldn't catch cold."

She unclasped her cloak, wrapped Susy in it, and sat down with her in her lap. Susy was in the seventh heaven of rapture, nestling in the unaccustomed fur, with the faint violet perfume breathed from Louise's ruffles all about her. Julia presently returned,

carefully and completely dressed, after her "little old maid" fashion. Rose and Harry appeared a few moments later, and Louise, leaning back in her chair, began, "Now," and plunged into talk with all her might.

And yet, with all her enthusiasm over getting home again, things seemed changed in some subtle way. Much as she tried to cheat herself into the belief that she was one of them again, she knew all the time that she was not quite in her old place. She glanced about the room. It seemed different—the ceiling lower, the space more filled with people and furniture, the lamp dimmer, the air more pervaded with reminiscences of dinner, than she remembered it all. Not but that she loved them as well as ever, but she appreciated her new surroundings as she never had done before, and she felt that she was breathing a freer atmosphere. It would cramp her expanding energies and rapidly developing tastes to come back to the old life after that small experience of the new, and yet—

"I don't blame you a bit for wanting to have your house all to yourself when you first got there," said Rose. "I know how I felt. After you had all gone, Jack and I looked at each other, and I said, 'Our house, Jack!' and he said, 'Our house,' and then we took each other round the waist, and danced until we were tired."

"Well, I'm sure if we had known how little we were wanted, we would all have waited, and called formally on Mrs. Dr. Percy the next day," said Louise, with some pique at her words, and some envy of her state of mind. Her own impulse to dance had been at the thought of seeing them all again, and Rose's had been at the thought that she should see no more of them for a little while.

"Of course you know I meant nothing of the kind," said Rose, heartily, seeing the blunder she had made in trying to soften the blow of Louise's unannounced arrival, which she saw had wounded her step-mother. "I only meant—"

It was with real relief that she saw Mr. Waring come in, to interrupt her explanation.

"You finished your business with Mr. Birnie in short order, didn't you?" said Louise, after the small tumult of his welcome had somewhat subsided.

"I imagined you would think so," he replied, with an amused twinkle in his eyes. "I've been gone an hour and a half."

They all protested, and looked incredulous, and Louise presently decided that it was time to go. She carried Susy up stairs, and put her in bed, since it was the only method of getting her cloak to wear home, in spite of vigorous rebellion on the part of that young person.

"You ought to have married Mr. Waring instead of me," said Louise, when her small sister had resigned herself to her fate on condition of Louise's bringing her over the cloak and a gold bracelet, "to play lady" with. Never was there such a born reveler in the pomps and vanities as Susy. She was not

nearly as pretty as Julia, but dress was her passion, and to look in the glass her delight.

"Genie's been here," she murmured, as Louise kissed her good bye, "and he said I had the prettiest hair he ever saw on a little girl."

"Who?" inquired Louise. "You mustn't remember and repeat compliments, Susy. People only tell you those things because you like them, and not because they are true. Your hair *is* lovely, though."

And with this first lesson in worldly wisdom and its antidote delivered, Mrs. Waring descended to the others.

Mr. Waring was already outside the door, when Louise said to her mother:

"And who is this Genie that I have been hearing about?"

"Oh, Eugene Fleming," returned her mother. "I will tell you all about him when you come tomorrow. Good night."

*Helen Lake.*

[ CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER. ]

## GERMAN EXPATRIATION TREATY.

THE volume of emigration from Germany to the United States, and the fact that it is so largely composed of young men, who would be subject to military service if they remained at home, is the cause of irritations to the German government, and of many disturbing questions between that government and the United States. The measures taken by the government to limit the effects of that emigration upon its social and military systems create discontents among our German fellow citizens. These are matters of grave import in their tendencies, and should be fully understood by those who have in charge our public tranquility.

Germany is exceedingly military in all its policies. All its young men, without exception, are put into its military service, and pass years of their lives there, save that those who have graduated from certain schools, and are able to pass a high examination, are

dismissed from the army after one year's service, if they relieve the government of all expense on their account during such service. In case of war, however, they also are called back to a military life. By such universality of military service, that power has always enrolled a vast army, exceedingly expensive, although the pay of privates and subaltern officers is small; and it is a curious question, which time only can solve, how soon the great cost of its army will break up its military system, and so leave it a prey to its eager neighbors. As a similarly costly organization prevails in all the European States, it is really a question of disarmament or of bankruptcy, and which nation can the longest postpone a catastrophe.

Germany is compelled by its geographical location to keep up a great army as the price of national existence. Before the formation of the empire, it was the battle-

ground of Europe. It has been more harassed by wars, more stripped and harried, than any other equal portion of the earth's surface. During the Thirty Years' War, three-fourths of the population of Prussia perished, and nearly all movable property was swept away. It was always a magnet for the steel of its neighbors. Frederick the Great nearly destroyed it, in his heroic and masterly efforts to vindicate its right to a peaceable existence, but left it more secure and happy than he found it. He proved the sterling value of the German as a soldier—a lesson lost under one of his successors, to be again taught by the present ruler. The open plains of Germany invite the foe, and an artificial barrier of bayonets seems indispensable to prevent his entrance.

Russia and France are the natural foes of Germany. It is possible for these peoples to live in peace for a quarter of a century at a time. But all the while there are race jealousies; suspicions, the manifestations of which are suppressed more or less successfully; and memories of former conflicts and territorial seizures, all of which need but time or opportunity promising vengeance to become uncontrollable. With these vigilant foes on either hand, and the minor states of Europe rather consenting to than liking the German exterior policy, the strongest inducements exist for the German Empire to keep at its best its military arm, even though it compels the presence of the tax-gatherer with exorbitant demands at every fireside and every center of industry.

Hence, Germany is exceedingly military in all its tendencies, and all propositions are judged by government and people from a military standpoint. The emigration and expatriation question saps directly the military force of the empire: for it is mostly the vigorous young men that emigrate. They leave behind the aged and infirm, as well as the maidens—for it is only exceptionally that the young German sends back for the *fräulein* to come and share his lot in his new home. If he had special attachment before leaving, he may do so; but usually he finds friends and attractions among the daughters of the

new land. From this cause there is an alarming excess of women in Germany, from which arise questions of extreme perplexity, which need not be dwelt upon here.

When the period for his military service to begin arrives, the name of the young man is called in his native district, where the record is kept of his birth, and none exists of his death. No official record exists of his emigration. To the summons served on his relations he makes no response. He is absent in America. The law imposes a fine in all cases where there is a failure to appear, and judgment is passed in court against the absentee, in pursuance of the general rule. He returns in a few years, perhaps, and reappears in his native village, and is at once arrested, or other means taken to enforce the judgment. Generally he appeals to the American legation, and shows to it, by his naturalization paper and passport, that he is an American citizen; and the legation claims his release as such, or remission of the fine, under the treaty between the two countries. It is impossible in a clear case to avoid the release; the fine is remitted if collected, and for two years thereafter the youth walks about his old home, the object of envy, perhaps, of the youth of his age, who are standing guard in all weathers at the city gates and elsewhere. The treaty prescribes the term of two years as the limit of his allowed stay, after which he may be held to have lost his foreign citizenship. But often he does not wish to leave at the end of the two years; he may desire to marry and settle down there, or engage in business. Then there are more proceedings and more irritation, ending in a short further limit being assigned for his remaining in Germany. The effect of all this is to annoy the German government, by so often compelling it to quit its hold on its native-born, and by its tendency to demoralize its young soldiers, before whom this example of freedom from military service is paraded.

It may be that the emigrant returns after he has passed the age of military service, bringing with him young children, born in America, or has children born in Germany

after his return there. These arrive at the military age, and then there is more struggle and resistance, with intervention by the legation, over the question of the liability of these to military service. These children have lived there, it may be, since infancy, with parents who never seem disposed to return to the United States; they may know nothing of the country of their asserted citizenship, or even of its language; are German in all their views and feelings, except the want of a disposition to serve in the German armies. Naturally, they care little for a country which they have never seen, and never would see, if they could live in Germany unmolested. To German official eyes there may be some sham in the pretense of such American nationality; and the local authorities, especially, are slow to credit these youths with good faith in its assertion. They gather them into the army on a venture, giving Germany the benefit of the doubt, until recalled to the necessity of liberating them by the mandate of the general government. It is not entirely strange that these things, occurring constantly all over the empire, should prejudice representative Germans, whose view is from a German standpoint, against the treaty, even as it now exists, and certainly deter them from enlarging it.

Thus the view which the German government would be likely to take of the proposition now being mooted by our minister at that court, to enlarge the term during which German Americans may remain, when visiting the fatherland, may be judged in advance. Even if Prince Bismarck were friendly to the United States, which he is not; and if he were willing to relax his military policy in favor of our citizens, which he is far from being; and if he would negotiate a treaty by which returning Germans could reside at will in Germany, they and their children, and be free from military service, it is improbable that the Reichstag would readily concur in such action. However illiberal may appear the treaty from an American standpoint, it is regarded generally in Germany, and by influential opposition members of the Reichstag otherwise friendly to this country, as well

as by the public press in great measure, as containing a bargain of which the United States has, by far, the better part. It is apparently thought that Germany has no equivalent for the concession of the right of expatriation of its young men of military age, and for the reappearance of these while still of that age, to demoralize their old associates by boasts of their freedom from military servitude. Then there are constant efforts made to escape the performance of military duties under merely colorable naturalization, by those who intend to remain there permanently. Such persons visit the United States, and remain the bare time which enables them to be naturalized, and return to Germany for renewed and permanent residence. Such action makes the treaty unpopular in Germany, and unsatisfactory to the German government, as yielding too much to importunate and inconsiderate demands.

The treaty of 1868 was negotiated under peculiar circumstances, by which Germany was induced to grant at that time more than its ordinary policy would concede. It had just finished the war with South Germany and Austria, and was preparing for a great and foreseen war with France, which came in due time. It needed foreign sympathy, which it could get from few directions. England was somewhat alienated by the Danish war; Russia is always an unreliable friend to the Germanic powers; the wounds inflicted by the war of 1866 on its antagonists, notably on Austria, were still sore; while the empire was not yet consolidated in feeling, and never became so until the great successes of the French war, achieved alike by Prussian and South German troops, made a feeling of comradeship and union. The sympathy and good will of a nation of 40,000,000 people was not to be thrown away in such a condition of things; and it is not yet definitely settled in the European mind that the day may not come when America may use its great physical and moral forces to influence matters in the other hemisphere. The United States had also emerged with astonishing success and vigor from the civil war. In every way there was much to induce the German gov-

ernment to yield to our persuasions, and concede propositions that it would ordinarily contest to the last. The expatriation treaty secured by the United States was termed by a distinguished diplomatist at that court, "an exceptional success," and it was such largely for the foregoing reasons.

Due credit is given to the German government for obeying the letter of the treaty, distasteful as its effects are to it, and injurious to its interests. But it cannot be asserted to have willingly assented to its liberal interpretation, especially of late years. Moritz Busch, Under Secretary of State at Berlin, and therefore writing under the observation of Bismarck, and probably by his inspiration, said in an article published last July, in "Harper's Magazine," that Bismarck is accustomed to bend individuals and nations to his will. It must be allowed that the great German never hesitates to attempt this process, and succeeds often by audacity, where the means of defeating him are ample with the nation that he defies. Thus, he ordered a large proportion of American products to be excluded from the empire, on pretenses easily ascertained to be unfounded, his real motive being to be rid of an irksome competition with home products; and relied with apparent success upon the good nature or indolence of the United States, not to respond by a retaliation that would have closed half the workshops of Germany, and produced a crisis of appalling magnitude.

His experiment was a great success, and he seems to be encouraged by its result to still further efforts of the same kind. It was observed at the time that he did not resort to a change in protective duties to keep out our productions, but to an order in council, based on alleged unsoundness of the prohibited articles. So, in the matter of the residents of Germany, and the recognition of their American citizenship, he does not denounce the treaty, but he sets his agents to harshly execute its exceptional clauses, so as to limit as much as possible its beneficial results to German Americans. Recently, all of this class were ordered to leave at once the Island of Fohr. For the past two years, syste-

matic action has been taken for the expulsion of all Americans having sons born on German soil, and all German-Americans living there with their sons born in the United States. Very considerable hardships have ensued to doctors in good practice, merchants, bankers, mechanics, etc. These have the alternative placed before them, to become Germans, which would make their sons liable to military service, or to leave the country within a limited time. There is no doubt that this is within the letter of the treaty. A German naturalized in the United States, may thereafter pass two years in his native land, and no more. But it certainly was not intended by the treaty to sanction the idea that men long past the military age, engaged in the business affairs which concern the two countries, could, under its provisions, be ignominiously expelled from that country, with the alternative of losing for themselves and their families the honor or advantage of American citizenship. If such was the theory of those who adopted it, and Bismarck is only executing the treaty in letter and spirit, then such an agreement is not in consonance with our national dignity, and the United States government should seek to find some method by which its citizens, native or adopted, who are guiltless of crime, can be assured of security while traveling or residing abroad.

The inconveniences which Germany finds to its military policy have been fairly stated. But these are not so great as those which arise to a friendly power from the inhospitable treatment of its citizens, while doing business or residing abroad. The military system of France is as extended and exacting as that of Germany. Yet there is not such invidious action against our citizens of French birth residing in France. The aim of the German government is to break up the emigration of its people to the United States. Every possible means to this end is resorted to. It is a punishable offense to distribute pamphlets or placards describing or recommending lands in the United States; to solicit persons to emigrate; to organize parties for that purpose; to advertise the advantage

of steam lines sailing for America. No person can act as agent for any steamship company, without special permission of the authorities, and his license is revoked if he does not confine his advertisements to a statement of days for sailing, and similar colorless matter. If the emigrant returns after some years, he is narrowly watched by the authorities; annoyed in many ways, besides the attempt to enforce the fines levied on him during his absence; and is clearly given to understand, especially in the outlying districts, that he had better leave as soon as possible.

On the other hand, it is Bismarck's favorite idea, that if the stream of German emigration can be turned into colonies belonging to Germany, these colonies will trade exclusively with the Fatherland, remain under its tutelage, pay it taxes, send it soldiers for its wars, and in effect enlarge the territory of the empire. Hence, he seeks vigilantly every unoccupied *ped de terre* on earth—in South Africa, in the Caroline Islands, wherever he can find an unoccupied or a loosely held spot. To protect these prospective possessions, he has organized an important navy; and to secure a location for them, he does not weary in seeking to "bend nations to his will."

It seems strange that a statesman of Bismarck's ability does not realize one of the most obvious lessons of history, viz: that there is no national possession of such doubtful benefit as a distant colony. As soon as such a community grows strong enough, it declares its independence. Meanwhile, it attends selfishly to its own interests, protects its own industries, puts a tariff upon the productions of the mother country, as well as on those of other countries; and, instead of paying taxes for the benefit of the home government, it is always demanding from that government expenditures for its own protection or improvement. If it is molested in this mode of providing for its "own happiness and comfort," it only hastens its measures of rebellion.

Stringent as are the police regulations against soliciting emigration, it is found nec-

essary to provide laws acting upon the emigrants themselves. The government has, therefore, proposed a bill regulating and controlling emigration. It is stated in the official press, that its object is "to regulate the powers of emigration agents, and to protect emigrants from fraud, and from being led away by false prospects, while granting to them the freedom prescribed by the constitution." As the constitution provides that every German shall have the right of free emigration, the margin for such a law is small. It would be smaller, if the power to enact and enforce it were not so solidly upheld by countless bayonets. Read between the lines, this official statement of the purport of the measure means that emigration is to be restricted, less for the benefit of the emigrant than to protect the country from depletion of its most vigorous elements. A color is given to the project, that it is for the former object exclusively. The "North German Gazette," the official organ, said, in recommending the law, that "thousands of emigrants are wandering about America, without money, without bread, and now without work," and concludes its article in the following pitiful strain: "They are experiencing the greatest distress, and are very sorry that they ever left the old country." What gives more significance and practical force to the proposed measure, is the alleged purpose to provide against the emigration of those who might "leave unfilled obligations." This could be applied not only to those in debt, or to apprentices, but to those leaving dependent relatives, which would be true of all poor emigrants; and hence the law will really give power to the authorities to arrest any emigration, or make it very difficult, which is the end aimed at. The observance of the constitutional provision for free emigration, in the face of such a law, would be of that peculiar kind which is characteristic in hereditary monarchies, which rest as much on the military as on public opinion. But public opinion is scarcely the source or interpreter of law in such a monarchy.

With these compound motives—a desire to keep to its highest efficiency the military



organization of Germany, and dislike to the great stream of emigration which annually passes from the country to the United States, and which flows in spite of all his restrictive measures, and all his efforts to divert it elsewhere—it is not deemed possible that Bismarck will consent to liberalize the Bancroft treaty; and Bismarck is Germany. His fiat is as conclusive and resistless upon the course of public policy, as the influence of the moon upon the ocean tides.

It is by no means certain, however, that it is to the interest of the United States to promote the permanent residence of its citizens, whether native or foreign, abroad. That class of aliens deserves no sympathy, who seek naturalization in the United States without any design of subjecting themselves by permanent residence to the duties and burdens of citizenship, and solely for the purpose of returning to their native country, and fixing their domicile and pursuing business therein, relying on such naturalization to evade the obligations of citizenship to the country of their native allegiance and actual habitation. To allow such pretensions would be to tolerate a fraud upon both governments, enabling a man to enjoy the advantage of two nationalities, and to escape the duties and burdens of both. This is the view of our own government, and has led to much forbearance in judging the action of Germany. But there is no valid reason why a line should be drawn in this respect between native and naturalized citizens, and

that the former should be tolerated as permanent self-exiles, for their own pleasure, while demanding the protection of their home government. There is a class of native Americans who can be met with anywhere in Europe, who live constantly abroad, because they have a contempt for the republican simplicity of the United States. They are Americans in name, not in feeling. To them our institutions are a failure, for want of a privileged class that would give tone and dignity to our otherwise uninteresting and uncouth modes. Such affect to believe that all grace of manner departed from France with the Empire; and that the United States can never have any, until it recognizes an aristocracy of blood, and takes from this its rulers and its representatives abroad. These hangers on to the edge of foreign courts spend their incomes abroad, educate their children there in their own ideas, and honor the United States in no way except to draw from it the means of their butterfly existence. What interest the United States has, in recognizing or protecting such as its citizens, has yet to be demonstrated.

But to the large class of our citizens who go to Europe to travel, or to promote the trade between the two countries, and who remain in heart as well as deed Americans, whether they be native or naturalized, the United States owes duties which it cannot adequately discharge towards the latter, under the limitations of the existing expatriation treaty with Germany.

*A. A. Sargent.*

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#### MRS. ROSE'S ADVENTURE—AN AFTER-CHRISTMAS STORY.

MRS. ROSE was a matron of twenty-three, and three years married. Of course this was not her true name, but only one I have given her, because she was like nothing so much as a small, beautifully formed, exquisitely fragrant blush rose. In all San Francisco, New York, or Washington society there was no brighter, lovelier, or sweeter little woman. She could dance, and sing, and walk, and

talk, and ride, and swim, with a fervor and zest that was genuine, and with a vigor and spirit that was the wonder of all her lady friends, and the admiration of all her gentleman acquaintances. She was always happy, always serene, and tireless in her pursuit of pleasure. One summer, after a whole season of flitting from one fashionable resort to another, ending with a month's stay at New-

port, a month of madcap frolic and pleasuring, the Roses returned to San Francisco, in order that Dick (Dick was Mrs. Rose's husband) might look after his business a little, and also that they might be present at a wedding that was afoot; one that was sure to be followed by a real old-time round of merry making.

It is scarcely possible to imagine Dick's surprise the second day after their home coming, to find his wife at luncheon-time, lying on a lounge in her own room, pale and languid. It was the more astounding, because in all their married life he had never known such an occurrence before; but his astonishment was changed to fear, when she got up, put her head on his shoulder, and fainted in his arms. He did what any man would have done in such a case; that is, he called every servant about the premises from the butler to the scullery maid, dispatched the cook for a doctor, the coachman for a cordial, and then stood looking at her, for all the world just like a great Newfoundland dog, dumb, but sympathetic. When the doctor came Dick stalked away to a window, and stood watching his neighbor's Chinese cook taking home some fowls and a joint with as much interest as if he intended to dine there. He did not notice much about what was going on over by the lounge, till he heard the doctor say:

"Mrs. Rose, I think you will die," and then he clutched at his collar, as if it had suddenly got too tight for him, and something seemed the matter with his legs, for he had to steady himself by a chair to keep from falling. The spasm did not last long, however, for the doctor's words were followed by a ripple of laughter from Mrs. Rose, indicative of anything rather than life's closing, and she said:

"I shall do no such thing, doctor. I shouldn't have a bit of a good time in heaven without Dick, and I'm going to live just as long as he does."

"Well, if you want to live, you've got to stop dancing, and stop turning night into day," said the doctor. "See here, Dick, take her out into the country, where the air

is full of the odor of pine trees, and the breath of kine. See that she goes to bed at nine, and is up at six, and doesn't have anybody around but farmers' folk."

"I detest the country, and I'm not going," said Mrs. Rose stoutly.

"Just as I expected," the doctor said, "and that is why I told you that you would die. You need no medicine, madam. Good morning." And before they really understood what the man was going to do, he was in the street and a block or two away. Then Dick crammed his hands in his pockets, and took a turn around the room looking at the pictures, and whistling a sort of a hybrid air. After a few minutes he stopped before an ugly little etching, and without looking around said, very much as if he were speaking out of the back of his head:

"I say, Hetty" (Mrs. Rose's name was Hester), "I'm going to take you down to San Luis Obispo, to Sprague's. I'll go right out now, and wire Sprague that we will be there Saturday." And then he made a spring for the door, very much as if somebody were after him with a bludgeon.

Mrs. Rose sat up and stared. "Whatever does ail Dick?" she said: "I never saw him act so very queer."

The Roses went down into the country, just as Dick had said, and for a month Mrs. Rose spent most of her time lying in Mrs. Sprague's parlor, very weak and ill; but at the end of that time she was better, and then there was an overturning in the Sprague household. All the maids and men about the ranch were her slaves at once, and served her as if they had no other object in life. There wasn't a cow on the place—and Sprague could count up a hundred or two—that she could not pet and fondle; and she had fashioned for herself a most bewitching dairy maid's costume of some sort of pink stuff, with a white sunbonnet and kerchief, and some of the help had cleared away one corner of the dairy, and she actually made butter, and Dick ate it and called it good, poor fellow.

All the time Dick's business was getting into a terrible muddle, but whenever he sug-

gested returning to the city, Mrs. Rose would say :

"O, not just yet, Dick, darling. I'm having such a beautiful time!" and what was business to him after hearing her say that? But one day he came in, looking very vexed and worried.

"Hetty," he said, "I've just had a dispatch from Smith, and he is all out of sorts because I do not come back. I see no other way but to go to town tonight, so that I can use the telegraph for a while. I don't like to leave you, and—there, I believe I will not go."

"Oh yes, you will go!" said Mrs. Rose, "and you are not to be anxious about me, either. I am entirely well, now."

"I can never be thankful enough for that," Dick said. "Only this morning I met a poor wretch who came all the way from the East, hoping that the climate may save his life; but he looked very ill, and told me he believed he had come too late. He has a wife and two children living in a squalid little cabin that some wood-choppers built over in the pines. The poor children looked actually starved."

After Dick rode away, Mrs. Rose sat for a long time thinking. At length she said, musingly :

"It must be dreadful not to have enough to eat; very, very dreadful"; and there was a deep furrow athwart the ivory forehead.

Something was evidently troubling the usually placid little woman, for her four-o'clock dinner was untasted, and for once the work in her miniature dairy partook rather of the nature of a duty than a pleasure.

"I cannot endure it any longer," she said, as she finished the last bit of playing at work for the night. "I must go to them, and see if they are starving."

She went to her room, and began filling a small basket with oranges and confections.

"This is all very good," she said, standing back and surveying the basket, "but if the children are really hungry, I suppose they ought to have something different; but I do not know how to get it without telling Mrs. Sprague."

But fortune seemed favoring her, for as she passed by the kitchen door she saw a savory chicken pie standing on a table near.

"This is just what they need," she said, "and I can make it right with Mrs. Sprague when I come back"; and hastily wrapping it in a napkin, she started for a belt of pines that seemed at no great distance from the house.

Some way, California landscapes are deluding. One sets out for an object that he imagines is but a few hundred yards away, and finds that a mile's travel scarcely brings him any nearer; and by the time Mrs. Rose had reached the wood-road leading into the timber, the sun was down and the foreshadowings of night lay thick about her. Now and then a great flock of quail arose from the path with a tremendous whirr, and the ominous hoot of the owls from the tall trees on either side made the lonesomeness more impressive. She was obliged to sit down and rest often, too, the load she carried grew so intolerably heavy. She had just come in sight of the cabin, when she saw the fog sweeping in, threatening to shut all mundane objects from sight.

"I do not like to give up," she said, "but if it gets much darker, I cannot find my way back."

She had planned to deposit her gifts before the cabin door, and steal away in the deepening twilight without making her presence known; but as she stood still considering whether or not to return, a coyote leaped from a brush pile close by, and with a dismal howl ran across the road in front of her. Thoroughly terrified, she sprang forward down the road towards the house, never stopping or looking behind her, till, panting and trembling, she reached the door.

"O, may I come in? Please let me come in," she said to the woman who answered her knock. "I am afraid of the dreadful wild beast, and it is so dark. Please let me stay here till morning."

"You are cold, you are trembling; come to the fire, my child," the woman said; and then with tender, motherly kindness, she untied the white sunbonnet, set the heavy bun-

dles upon a shelf, and brought the one chair that the cabin contained for her guest. There were no questions of who she was, or whence she came, or whither she was going, but only such gentle courtesy in every word and act of this family, that Mrs. Rose felt it quite impossible to make known her errand.

"I will wait till morning, any way," she said to herself. "Perhaps it will be easier then"; so she sat quietly in a corner while the woman busied herself with arrangements for their sleeping.

After a time the man came forward out of the shadows where he had been sitting, for they had no lights except from the fire of pine cones burning upon the hearth, and said to his wife :

"Mother, the lady looks very tired and ill. Perhaps she has not dined. Have you not a morsel for her to eat?"

"The children, Hubert," the woman said softly.

"Never fear for them," the man answered. "God's great storehouse is full. He gave us fish out of the sea for today, and tomorrow he may send us bread."

"I am not hungry," Mrs. Rose said; but the woman brought out from a corner cupboard a single slice of fish that looked so inviting that Mrs. Rose felt a sharp twinge of hunger that reminded her of her untasted dinner; so, holding in remembrance the chicken pie on the shelf, with a woman's strange caprice she ate it all, while the mother beguiled the children with stories in a corner, lest looking into their famished faces her guest might fear to eat.

By and by, after a couch had been prepared for her, the man, still keeping in the shadows, prayed. Once every Sabbath, the weather permitting, Mrs. Rose was accustomed to attend church. She was quick with her responses, never said "Praise ye the Lord!" for "The Lord's name be praised!"; but in her whole life she had never heard an unwritten petition. Why should she? Are not prayers, unwritten prayers, the special prerogatives of the poor? What need had any person like Mrs. Rose of prayers?

There was something so touching, so pathetic, about this man's counsel with the Father, that Mrs. Rose was quite overcome, and wept and sobbed uncontrollably; so that when the petition was ended, the good mother came and sat down by her and whispered words of comfort, fully believing her to be in real distress.

When the children came to bid her good-night before retiring to rest, the little boy whispered :

"We are to have such a nice breakfast—four great pink mushrooms! and mother knows how to cook them beautifully. Sister and I will get up very early, and gather them before father and mother wake up. They will be so surprised."

Now Mrs. Rose's heart bounded as she thought of the basket of goodies and the shining twenty-piece in her pocket. After she had retired to the "lean-to," which had been turned into a temporary guest chamber, and her hosts supposed her to be sleeping, she heard the woman saying to her husband :

"How lovely she is, and so young, and in such trouble. I fear she has been terribly wronged."

"Men are so wicked, so ready to betray innocence," the man answered.

Mrs. Rose pressed her little pink palms tight over her mouth, to repress the laugh that was threatening, and whispered :

"Oh, if Dick only could hear that!"

She lay awake a long time, thinking how she could get out of the affair, and she had only been dozing when she heard the barking of the cattle dogs over in Sprague's pasture, and knew it was morning. She could tell by the deep breathing of the family in the other room that they were all sleeping, and, dressing quietly, she stepped out. She had just set out the chicken-pie upon a table, placed atop of it the gold piece, and was emptying the basket of its contents, when the little girl started up from her bed, and shouted :

"Papa! mamma! see, see. There's an angel in the room! there's an angel in the room!"

Mrs. Rose darted through the cabin door,

and, I am forced to confess it, ran swiftly straight to where the timber was thickest.

Almost the first words that Dick said after he was home and out of his great coat, were :

“Well, Hetty, what mischief have you been brewing while I’ve been away? Something wicked, I know.”

“I didn’t do anything,” said Mrs. Rose, pretending to pout; “that is, I did something, but I’m never, never, never going to tell.”

Then Dick, the brute, sat back and laughed—a great, big, funny kind of a laugh—and as soon as he could get breath, said :

“Of course I’m dying to know, Hetty, but when a woman says she is never, never, never going to tell, why, what can a fellow do?” and then he laughed again.

In about six minutes she was sitting at his feet, pouring out the whole story. When she had finished, Dick said gravely :

“It wasn’t quite right, Hetty, for it might have caused you a serious illness; but it’s an immense relief to me. That poor devil hasn’t been out of my mind since I went away. I was afraid they would all starve before I got back; but I’ll see they are provided for before another week rolls over my head, or my name isn’t ——” Whew! I almost told.

*E. M. I.*

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## TWO OLD-FASHIONED LOVE MATCHES.

THERE is one fashion that does not change. Down the long course of time, the old story tells itself in the same words, whether the lips that speak be Greek or Egyptian, Gaul or Anglo-Saxon; the dweller under the pine or the dweller under the palm. History may show the sharpest of dividing lines. Race, custom, mental habit, may set the chief actors far from us as the poles; but when this outward husk has fallen away, the same soul looks from the long-vanished eyes—the same words are on lips silent for centuries. The love letters of Pliny, born eighteen hundred years ago and living in Rome, are, in all essentials, the love letters of today, and might be written, word for word almost, by every true-souled man, speaking his inmost thought to the woman of his choice.

We have less time than the men and women of that elder day. We are said to be a prosaic, matter-of-fact generation, careless and heavy where deeper feeling is called upon for expression; but the same heart still beats in all, and I think that if the telegraph, rather than the closely-written sheet, carries assurance of remembrance, that remembrance is no less keen and certain. The real lovers have been, since time began, the rare souls we delight to remember, for

it is only the rare soul that knows love at its highest. “*One must have the genius to love, and there are few such,*” wrote that master of much hidden heart knowledge, Balzac, and he added of women what may be said of men and women alike: “The woman who can love constantly and truly, is as rare as the great general or the great poet.”

This is love at its highest, chronicled for us in some supreme self-sacrifice; but there is love as willing and as noble only a step below. The modern unrest and upheaval, the dissatisfaction with marriage, is chiefly from lower organizations—the minds incapable of sustained devotion, and untrained to self-sacrifice or the constant following of a high ideal. This is not always true, and suffering and broken hearts are the portion of some who would seem to have deserved the best; but marriage, like everything else, has gone on to better, not fallen back to worse, estate. Even those most sceptical of the present, turn to the love-life of the past as holding something better than we can know, and in the turning prove how deeply rooted is the faith in love. Till we have studied old chronicles and diaries we have small thought of what harvest may still be gleaned. For stern soldier or quiet scholar, Cavalier

or Roundhead, Protestant or Catholic, each century has its story that all may know ; the visible expression of the many, as true and tender, that found no voice.

It is with married love that we have to do, not with the world's lovers at large, and, naturally, our lines fall chiefly on Anglo-Saxon soil—the soil in which home has taken deepest root. Margaret and Sir John Paston, Sir Walter Raleigh and his wife, Lord and Lady Russell, Dorothy and Robert Sydney, and, a little later, Colonel Hutchinson and his Lucy, Oliver and Elizabeth Cromwell, John and Margaret Winthrop, Simon and Anne Bradstreet—these are but hints of the long English roll ; while Germany has Perthes and his Caroline, Lessing and the wife of a year, Schiller and his Emily, and a list no less representative ; while between the lines are written countless names wanting visible record, but no less faithful and tender.

We need no chronological order in the telling, yet in running over the old names, one turns involuntarily to two or three, whose faces were set toward this new land of promise at the same time, and whose fortunes ran side by side in the same channel on both English and American soil. And as one of these represents the first literary work given to this country by any woman, why should not our first subject be Mistress Anne Bradstreet, the "Tenth Muse" of that early day? That there is small actual record of her personality, does not lessen the charm. Submission and self-repression marked the story of most women in that seventeenth century, and she merged herself willingly in the larger life of the man she delighted to honor.

We linger over the picture of those early days in Lincolnshire, when little Anne Dudley, born in 1612, dark-eyed, and like her father, "very personable," wandered with the brother two years older, under the towers of the old castle to which her father's stewardship had brought renewed prosperity. The steward of that day was the trusted and honored family friend, a position equivalent to that of family lawyer today ; and in Thomas Dudley the Earl of Lincoln reposed a confidence that had only stronger warrant as the years went on. The

long mental bondage of centuries had ended. Men were thinking, and thinking aloud, and the protest against old wrongs, the reaching out for something better than had been known, was confined to no class, but invaded all.

At four years old the small Anne read English perfectly ; was carried to sermons, and could report much of their matter ; pored over the new edition of Plutarch, just translated into English ; rejoiced in the conceits of Du Bartas, her acknowledged master in poetry ; had her tutors in various branches ; and, in all points, conducted herself like the discreet and serious Puritan maiden of the time. The diary, begun at six, is in the language of the day ; the scriptural forms natural to one to whom the psalms had been taught as soon as she could speak. Translate the sentences into the thought of today, and it is evident that, aside from the morbid conscientiousness produced by her training, she was the victim of moods arising from constant ill-health. Her constitution was fragile in the extreme, and there is no question but that in her case, as in that of many another child born into that perplexed and troubled time, the constant anxiety of both parents, uncertain what a day might bring forth, impressed itself on the baby soul. But if, as a result of new conditions, a certain narrowness and rigidity, a loss of the delight in mere living that characterized the age of Elizabeth, had followed, one immense compensation was secured. "Life gained in moral grandeur, in a sense of the dignity of manhood, in orderliness and equable force. The larger geniality of the age that had passed away, was replaced by an intense tenderness within the narrower circle of the home. Home, as we conceive it now, was the creation of the Puritan. Wife and child rose from mere dependants on the will of husband or father, as husband or father saw in them saints like himself, souls hallowed by the touch of a divine spirit, and called with a divine calling like his own. The sense of spiritual fellowship gave a new tenderness and refinement to the common family affections." Faith had not narrowed to a point

that shut out all amusement. Music, dancing, declamation, masque, and revel were still in order, when Milton wrote :

“Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful jollity.

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.”

In later years Anne wrote them down as “ye follies of youth” ; but there are indications that she enjoyed them to the full, during that youth, and the more that a new inmate had been added to the family, which had moved from Sempringham to Boston, in Lincolnshire, to which the marvelous pulpit orator, John Cotton, had drawn many of their faith. Their stay was short, for the Earl of Lincoln hastily recalled his indispensable steward, who had, in the meantime, been training an assistant in young Simon Bradstreet, born in 1603, of good family and education, but left an orphan at fifteen. Later, Bradstreet went up to Cambridge, taking his degree in 1620; but the years under the same roof had given him an intimate knowledge of all the Dudleys, and his heart turned to the dark-eyed, slender maiden who had followed him worshipfully as a child. He too, like Thomas Dudley, was “a personable man,” as may be seen of all who look upon the well-preserved portrait in the Boston State House. Even in middle life, the time at which it was painted, the face holds an ardor that, at twenty-five, must have made him irresistible. It is the head of Cavalier rather than Puritan; the full though delicately curved lips, and every line in the noble face showing an eager, passionate, pleasure-loving temperament. But the broad, benignant forehead, the clear, dark eyes, the firm, well-cut nose, hold strength as well as sweetness, and prepare one for the reputation which the old colonial records give him. The high breeding, the atmosphere of the whole figure, come from a marvelously well-balanced nature, as well as from birth and training. There is a sense of the keenest life and vigor, both mental and physical, and the Puritan garb does not hide the man of whom his wife might well have writ-

ten with Lucy Hutchinson: “To sum up, therefore, all that can be said of his outward frame and disposition, we must truly conclude that it was a very handsome and well-furnished lodging prepared for the reception of that prince, who, in the administration of all excellent virtues, reigned there a while, till he was called back to the palace of the universal emperor.”

Poor Anne, in the meantime, just after her engagement, recorded when the affliction had passed: “About sixteen, the Lord layde his hand sore upon me, and smote me with the small pox.” Her life was despaired of, and when recovery began, the disease had “made her the most deformed person that could be seen for a great while after.”

The lover lost no heart. “Yet was he nothing troubled at it, but married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look upon her; but God recompensed his justice and constancy by restoring her, though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered to be as well as before.”

Two years of quiet happiness followed. The love of learning had not been lost in the transition from one county to another, and the pair studied together; learning, however, taking more and more a theological bias. Even before the marriage, Dudley had decided to join the New England colony, but Simon Bradstreet hesitated and lingered, till forced to a decision by the increasing shadow of persecution. Anne clung to England then, as she did to the last hour of her life. Even when every circumstance compelled, and Simon Bradstreet, “with divers honorable gentlemen,” engaged passage on the “Arbella,” it was with forced resignation that she made her preparations.

“Farewell, dear England!” burst from the little group on that 8th day of April, 1630, when at last a favorable wind bore them out to sea, and Anne Bradstreet’s voice had part in that cry of pain and longing, as the shores grew dim, and “home” faded from their sight. But one comfort or healing remained for them in the faith that had been theirs from the beginning, one record remain-

ing for them and the host who preceded and followed their flight. "So they left that goodly and pleasant city which had been their resting-place; . . . but they knew they were pilgrims, and looked not much on those things, but lift up their eyes to the heavens, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits."

We could wish some woman's record of the long weeks at sea, and the first impressions of the new country. But Anne, whose sense of humor was more and more obscured by the increasing grimness of her faith, would have regarded the recording of mere outward incident as valueless, the day being worthless save as a means of advancing toward heaven. The diary, therefore, even at this most fruitful time, holds only phases of religious experience, but one clue to her real feeling being given in the entry: "After a short time, I changed my condition and was married, and came into this country, where I found a new world and new manners, at which my heart rose. But after I was convinced it was the will of God, I submitted to it, and joined to the church at Boston."

There are indications that her "heart rose" not once, but many times, before the spirit of submission became complete. Such luxury and elegance as the seventeenth century could offer had always been her portion; and in spite of the dignities showered upon father and husband, and the fact that both in the Boston and Cambridge life the choicest spirits of the colony were about her, did not reconcile her to the unending privation, and the loss of all old landmarks. But she bore it quietly, the moods of depression finding only occasional record in some shorter poems.

They moved to Ipswich within a year or two, where children came, and increasing prosperity brought them more and more comfort; but even here Anne mourned over the long absences of both Simon Bradstreet and Dudley, made necessary by their duties in the General Court at Boston. The quiet but fervent love of the still young pair had deepened with every year, and one of the

tenderest and most natural of Anne Bradstreet's poems was written at this time, though regarded as too purely personal to find place in any edition of her poems.

"My head, my heart, mine eyes, my life, my more,  
My joy, my magazine of earthly store,  
If two be one, as surely thou and I,  
How stayest thou there whilst I at Ipswich lye?  
So many steps, head from the heart to sever,  
If but a neck, soon would we be together.  
I, like the earth this season, mourn in black;  
My sun is gone so far in's Zodiack,  
Where, whilst I joyed, nor storms nor frosts I felt,  
His warmth such frigid colds did cause to melt."

"O strange effect! Now thou art Southward gone,  
I weary grow, the tedious day so long;  
But when thou Northward to me shalt return,  
I wish my sun may never set, but burn  
Within the Cancer of my glowing breast,  
The welcome house of him, my dearest guest;  
Where ever, ever stay, and go not thence  
Till nature's sad decree shall call thee hence.  
Flesh of thy flesh, bone of thy bone,  
I here, thou there, yet both are one."

There are others, less natural and marred by seventeenth century conceits, but all holding the same longing; and at last, one written at this time which seems to be all longing. In this there is no suspicion of straining or affectation, and the quiet fervor of the words must have brought a thrill of deep and exquisite happiness to the heart of the man so loved and honored.

*"To my Dear and Loving Husband."*

"If ever two were one, then surely we;  
If ever man was loved by wife, then thee;  
If ever wife was happy in a man,  
Compare with me, ye women, if you can.  
I prize your love more than whole Mines of Gold,  
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.  
My love is such that rivers cannot quench,  
Nor ought but love from thee give recompense:  
Thy love is such I can no way repay,  
The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray.  
Then, while we live in love, let's so persevere,  
That when we live no more, we may live ever."

The long separations were nearly at an end. One more departure was at hand, and though Anne's adhesiveness had made her take fast hold of Ipswich as if change were impossible, change came. The policy of the colony demanded the constant formation



of new parishes. Andover, known then as Cochichowicke, had been settled upon, and in September, 1644, came the final removal and the speedy building of the great house, destroyed later by fire, but duplicated at once, and known from the beginning as the "Governor's house." It stands today but a few feet from the old Haverhill and Boston road, surrounded by mighty elms, one of which, twenty-five years ago, measured sixteen and a half feet in circumference at one foot above the ground. At the east is a deep hollow, through which flows a little brook, skirted by alders, "green in summer, white in winter," where the Bradstreet children waded and fished for shiners with a crooked pin, and made dams, and conducted themselves in all points like the children of today. Beyond the brook rises the hill, on the slope of which the meeting-house once stood, and where wild strawberries grew as they grow today. No trace of it at present remains, save the old graveyard at the side, dotted with moss-grown stones, and overrun with grass and weeds. But in May, as the writer stood there within the crumbling wall, the ground was thick with violets and "innocents," the grass sprung green and soft and thick, and the blue sky bent over it as full of hope and promise as it seemed to the eyes that, two hundred years before, had looked through tears upon its beauty. From her window Mistress Bradstreet could count every slab, and when detained at home by the many illnesses she suffered in her later days, could, with open windows, hear the psalm lined out, and even, perhaps, follow the argument of the preacher.

In 1650 came the first edition of her poems, complete before she was thirty years old. She rhymed at intervals thereafter, but in the satisfying companionship of her husband the need of expression was lost, and "Tenth Muse," as she was hailed, these later years saw no further work. The children were an absorbing interest; hospitality was ample and constant, Simon Bradstreet being one of the earliest and best exponents of the New England woman's ideal—"a good pro-

vider." Chances and changes of every sort came to the growing colony. Every honor was heaped upon the man who gave his whole soul to whatever he undertook, but whose heart never swerved from the woman who clung to him even when longing most for heaven. Wasting sickness had no power to dull the love that looked its last when old age had come, and the dark eyes, bright to the last, closed in a morning of late September, 1672. Elegies, epitaphs, funeral discourses, were poured out in her honor. A new edition of her poems was called for. Children and grandchildren thrilled with pride as they read what place she had held, and counted her one of the immortals. The poems are unread. The "Tenth Muse" long since stepped from the niche. But one record is unfailing; and whether maid, wife, or mother, for us gentle Anne Bradstreet lives only as lover, faithful to the end, and holding to the end the heart of the husband no less loyal and loving.

It is to the "Mayflower" that most of us turn instinctively as the synonym of sacrifice and endurance, and thought rests here, as if the Puritan record held no other as worthy exponent of these qualities. But the little "Arbella" has no less a proportion of noted names, and knew love-matches whose faithfulness is part of the story of the little craft. The Lady Arbella, whose name it bore at last, though originally christened the "Eagle," the daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, and the playmate of Anne Bradstreet, had married Isaac Johnson, a gentleman of family and fortune, who cast in his lot with the little band who set sail from Cowes that April afternoon in 1630. There had been grave doubts as to the expediency of her coming, for she, too, was of delicate constitution, and brought up luxuriously, but with the wife of another explorer, she had said: "Whithersoever your fatal destiny shall drive you, either by the waves of the great ocean, or by the manifold and horrible dangers of the land, I will surely bear you company. There can no peril chance to me so terrible, nor any

kind of death so cruel, that shall not be much easier for me to abide, than to live so far separate from you."

Her voyage itself had held perpetual hardship, and she weakened day by day, and the state of the forlorn little colony at Salem, where they landed, brought no cheer. Her husband watched over her day and night, but as the old chronicle relates: "Although the people were generally very loving and pitiful, yet the sickness did so prevail, that the whole were not able to tend the sick as they should be tended, upon which many perished and died, and were buried about the Town Hill." Thus it happened that Anne Bradstreet's first experience of New England life was over the grave in which they laid the girl-wife, one of the closest links to childhood and that England both had loved alike. Her epitaph waited for a later day, but is one of the most pathetic in that always pathetic story:

"She came from a paradise of plenty and pleasure, in the family of a noble earldom, into a wilderness of wants, and took New England in her way to heaven."

Within a month the young husband, too, gave up the struggle for life, and the Governor wrote in his journal: "September 30. About two in the morning, Mr. Isaac Johnson died; his wife, the Lady Arbella of the house of Lincoln, being dead about one month before. He was a holy man and wise, and died in sweet peace, leaving some part of his substance to the colony.

'He tried

To live without her; liked it not, and died.'

This is the shady side, but for him who wrote the record and others like it, too frequent in those early days, there is a different story. And as John Winthrop, if thought upon at all, is set down as one of the sternest of those stern governors who helped to make the dreary life still drearier, it is quite worth while to look with our own eyes on a side that finds no place in formal history. The fact that there was more than one marriage need not lessen the sense of the real quality of the man, who, if he may be said to have had a genius for marriage, had, even more strongly, a genius for loving. These sober

Puritans, whose homes were their chief joy, have already had mischievous characterization from one of our keenest writers. "At the first glance we see that they were a prolific race, marrying early, and if opportunity presented, marrying often; never declining to have their houses 'edified and beautified with many children.' . . . Population was sparse, work was plentiful, food was plentiful; and the arrival in the household of a new child was not the arrival of a new appetite among a brood of children already half fed; it was rather the arrival of a new helper, where help was scarcer than food; it was, in fact, a fresh installment from heaven of what they called, on biblical authority, the very 'heritage of the Lord.'"

John Winthrop, gently born, gently bred, a son deeply beloved and loving in return, is probably the youngest husband on record in all the Puritan story; having married Mary Culverwell directly after leaving Cambridge, and when he was precisely seventeen years, three months, and four days old, as witness the record still to be seen in the clerkly hand of old Adam Winthrop, his father. At twenty eight he was a widower, with six children, small hint of her life remaining save a note addressed to her "sweet husband," and ending, "your loving wife till death."

The little brood of children were reason for haste in forming a second tie, snapped within a year, the young mother and child being buried on the same day. There is a long account of her sickness and death still extant, written by John Winthrop not many days after the bereavement, the final words of which are sufficient tribute to her character. "She was a woman, wise, modest, lovinge, and patient of iniuries, but hir innocent and harmeles life was of most observation. . . . Hir loving and tender regard of my children was suche as might well become a naturall mother; ffor hir carriage toward myselfe, it was so amiable and observant as I am not able to express; it had this onely inconvenience—that it made me delight too muche in hir to enjoy her longe."

Two years passed before his thought

turned from her, but at thirty, in the flower of manhood, his ardent nature was an inevitable barrier to constancy to a memory. Once more he chose, this time Margaret Tyndal, daughter of Sir John Tyndal, knight in the County of Essex, who—in spite of serious opposition from older brothers and sisters, who felt that to become the wife of a man with four young children and no considerable share of either fortune or fame, was not the fate for a young and beautiful girl—carried her point, and in April, 1816, gave herself to the husband with whom she spent thirty years of constant happiness.

With the marriage, Winthrop's varying fortunes took on a settled character, due in part, at least, to the passionate affection of the young wife, who made his interests hers. Winthrop was by no means a poor man, having been able to settle upon her the sum of eighty pounds a year, equivalent to not less than four hundred pounds at the present day. The difficulty which preceded the marriage gave her an added value in the eyes of both father and son, and old Adam Winthrop wrote in his largest hand, and with a new-made pen, a courtly welcome to the desired daughter-in-law, whom he loved to the end.

"And for that," he writes, "I would fayne make it a little part of your faythe to beleeve that you shall be happye in matching with my sonne, I doe heere faithfully promise for him (in the presence of Almighty God), that he will alwaies be a most kinde and lovinge husbände unto you, and a provident stuarde for you and yours, during his lyfe, and also after his deathe. Thus, with my harty comendacions to yourselfe, and to the good Lady, your deere mother, confirminge my true love and promise unto you, by a token of a smale value, but of a pure substance, which I sende you by this trusty bearer, I doe leave you to ye protection of the most mighty Trinitye. this last of March, 1618. Your assured frende,

"ADAM WINTHROH."

Out of the same past, from long-hidden files of letters, come others full of deep affection, couched in the words of one of John

Winthrop's best loved portions of the Bible—the Song of Solomon. This mixture of affection and piety was part of the man himself; and ardent lover as he showed himself, his thought took form always in the old words. He first deals with the conflict faced by Margaret Tyndal for his sake, and proves to her categorically the advantages of marrying a man whose face is set towards heaven, and who, if he fails somewhat in giving her her full worldly desert, can certainly help her on in the path both have chosen. In the second, written when all family difficulties are over, and the marriage within a week or two of its consummation, argument has ended, and he gives himself up to pure rejoicing. Probably Scripture was never bent to more passionate wooing, the letter being unique of its kind, but too long to find place here, save in a suggestion or two of its quality:

"My onely beloved Spouse, my most sweet friend, and faithfull companion of my pilgrimage, the happye and hopefull supplie (next Christ Jesus) of my greatest losses, I wishe thee a most plentifull increase of all true comfort in the love of Christ, with a large and prosperous addition of whatsoever happynesse the sweet estate of holy wedlocke, in the kindest societie of a lovinge husband, may afford thee. Beinge filled with the ioye of thy love, and wantinge opportunitye of more familiar communion with thee, which my heart fervently desires, I am constrained to ease the burthen of my minde by this poore helpe of my scribblinge penne, beinge sufficiently assured that, although my presence is that which thou desirest, yet, in the want thereof, these lines shall not be unfruitful of comfort unto thee."

At the bottom of the page are carefully noted the Scripture references in the rhapsody that follows; an after-thought, it may be, for the words rush from the pen with small thought of need for justification.

"And nowe, my sweet Love, lett me a while solace myselfe in the remembrance of our love, of which this springe time of our acquaintance can putt forthe as yet no more but the leaves and blossomes, whilst the

fruit lies wrapped up in the tender budde of hope; a little more patience will disclose this good fruit, and bringe it to some maturitye. . . . Our trees are planted in a fruitfull soyle; the grounde and patterne of our love is no other but that between Christ and his dear spouse, of whom she speakes as she finds him: My well beloved is mine, and I am his; Love was their banquetting house, love was their wine, love was their ensigne; love was his invitings, love was hir fayntings; love was his apples, love was hir comforts; love was his embracings, love was hir refreshinge; love made him see hir, love made hir seeke him; love made him wedde hir, love made hir followe him; love made him hir saviour, love makes hir his servant. Love bred our fellowshipe, let love continue it, and love shall increase it, untill death shall dissolve it."

So the long letter runs on, pausing in the midst for some serious advice concerning the wedding clothes, which he desires should be of a more subdued character than the daughter of a knight might possibly affect, and ending with a suggestion equally applicable to the lover of today.

"Let thy kind, godly, and sweet carriage towards mee be as fuel to the fire, to minister a constant supplie of meet matter to the confirmitie and quickninge of my dull affections. This is one ende why I write so much unto thee, that if there should be any decaye in kindnesse, &c., through my default and slacknesse, hereafter, thou mightest have some pattenes of our first love by thee, to help the recovery of such diseases."

The "pattenes" were never needed, each day holding its testimony of increasing rather than decaying love. Even had Margaret Winthrop known that in barely twelve years Groton Manor and all its comforts were to be left behind, we may be sure no moment of hesitation would have come. Like Dudley and Bradstreet, Winthrop had been slow in deciding, but once certain that his fortune lay across the sea, he made no delay. Circumstances compelled his wife to remain in England for a few months, and the wedded lovers agreed to think of one another alone

and with prayer, at "five of the clock Mondays and Fridays." Three of the sons, whose love for the young step-mother is one of the surest testimonies to her quality, accompanied him, and his last thought went out to her in words that show what nature wrote, and what nature had given them birth.

As he wrote, the "Arbella" was riding at anchor at Cowes, waiting for favorable winds. Some of the party had gone on shore, and all longed to end these last hours of waiting, which simply prolonged a pain that even the most determined and resolute among them felt to be almost intolerable. Many messages went back, carried by the friends who lingered at Cowes for the last look at the vanishing sails, but none better worth record than the words which hold the man's deep and tender soul:

"And now, my sweet soul, I must once again take my last farewell of thee in old England. It goeth very near to my heart to leave thee, but I know to whom I have committed thee, even to Him who loves thee much better than any husband can; who hath taken account of the hairs of thy head, and puts all thy tears in his bottle; who can, and (if it be for his glory) will, bring us together again with peace and comfort. Oh, how it refresheth my heart to think that I shall yet again see thy sweet face in the land of the living; that lovely countenance that I have so much delighted in, and beheld with so great content! I have hitherto been so taken up with business, as I could seldom look back to my former happiness; but now, when I shall be at some leisure, I shall not avoid the remembrance of thee, nor the grief for thy absence. Thou hast thy share with me, but I hope the course agreed upon will be some ease to us both. Mondays and Fridays, at five o'clock at night, we shall meet in spirit till we meet in person. Yet, if all these hopes should fail, blessed be our God, that we are assured we shall meet one day, if not as husband and wife, yet in a better condition. Let that stay and comfort thine heart. Neither can the sea drown thy husband, nor enemies destroy, nor any adversity deprive thee of thy husband or children.

Therefore, I will only take thee now, and my sweet children, in my arms, and kiss and embrace you all, and so leave you with God. Farewell, farewell. I bless you all in the name of the Lord Jesus."

The journal of the year which separated them has only a hint here and there of the longing that, even when most overwhelmed with public duties, Winthrop never lost. At as early a moment as practicable, he arranged for the coming of wife and the baby daughter he was never to see. In August, 1631, young John Winthrop, trusty as his father, embarked for New England with Margaret Winthrop and such of the children as had remained behind, and on November 2d the joyful husband wrote in his journal: "The ship 'Lyon,' William Pierce, master, arrived at Natascot. There came in her the governour's wife, his eldest son and his wife, and others of his children, having been but ten weeks at sea, and lost none of their company but two children, whereof one was the governour's daughter, Anne, about one year and a half old, who died about a week after they were come to sea."

The colonists shared his joy. Unfavorable winds hindered the ship from coming fairly to shore, but he had gone out to her at once, and two days later they landed, amid the firing of guns, the ringing of bells, and a general jubilee. The governor of Plymouth, the stately and honorable William

Bradford, hastened to pay a tribute of congratulation to his "dear and much honored friend," and on November 11th the colonies joined in a day of thanksgiving.

Fifteen years of happy and active life passed in Boston. Twelve times John Winthrop was reelected to fill the governor's chair, and Margaret Winthrop met every exigency of the position thus made for her, being always the leader of such society as Boston offered. "Specially beloved and honored of the whole country," one of the old chronicles records, and this was her story to the end, the step-sons mourning her when the end came as fervently as her own.

And her husband? Alas, for the poor humanity that could not bear the short space that separated them, but must needs find instant comfort! Old and broken, his children scattered, his family servants dead or dying, he caught at the first possibility of companionship, and wedded a notable widow, finding such consolation as he might in her for a short year, and then passing on to join his faithful Margaret, who could pardon his weakness better, it may be, than we who read today. At least, he loved tenderly and faithfully through all those thirty years, and has left to us a story, ripe and sweet as his own nature; the smile which rises involuntarily at one or two of its phases being the smile not of derision, but such as we give to the foibles of our dearest.

*Helen Campbell.*

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#### PENITENCE.

All we who spent the day in mirth  
 With idle laugh, and careless song,  
 Now time has flown, do feel its worth,  
 And mourn the hours for ever gone.  
 And in the stillness of the night,  
 When weary souls find rest in sleep,  
 Ah, we who spent the day in mirth,  
 Remorseful, bow our heads and weep.

*Maud Wyman.*

## THE MARBLE MOUNTAIN REGION.

THERE is a corner of California that has never yet, so far as I have seen, been described in print; and yet, after visiting it, I do not hesitate to say that it outrivals Yosemite in grandeur, and in beauty and diversity of landscape scenery. I have been over the ground that John Muir describes in his Shasta sketches, and much of that depicted by Bierstadt, but I still think none surpasses the little known region I speak of. This is the Marble Mountain region, in the western part of Siskiyou County. The name Marble Mountain is given to it, because of a large and high mountain of white marble, that rises up near the center of the region, looking like snow from a distance of a few miles. Upon a nearer approach, the eye can detect faint lines running around the mountain in parallels, from base to summit; and as you get still nearer, the lines form themselves into terraces, for the mountain is one vast block of marble, broken only on the surface into regular terraces, which are actually from five to six feet apart, and nearly as regular as those of the Egyptian pyramids. The countless storms that have dashed over it, and the huge drifts of snow that have piled upon it, melted, and run over its face, have worn the low places away, until huge irregular chasms, from a few inches to ten feet wide, have been opened to unknown depths.

To reach this place, one leaves the main stage road at the little town of Fort Jones, in Scott Valley, and from there travels by horse due west, a distance of twelve miles, to where Shackleford Creek pours its sparkling flood into Scott River. Trout are plentiful in this stream, and no better place can be found for the sportsman. Here the mountain trail leads up quite rapidly into the high mountains beyond, and as one passes through little mountain meadows, he has an occasional glimpse of a beautiful water-fall, or some deep pool where the speckled trout are seen darting hither and thither. Then again, a

dense piece of woods will close around, wherein the red fir, cedar, and pine predominate.

Ten miles up the creek, we came to our first camp, where, after picketing our horses out on the little meadow, and while some of the party were fishing, and others arranging camp, I took the Winchester and paid a visit to the lakes at the head of the left branch of the stream. A couple of hundred yards from where we camped is a beautiful fall of a hundred feet or so, which keeps the trout from getting up any higher. At the distance of a mile, I came out of the timber on the shore of the first lake. It is crescent shaped, and a half mile from end to end, though not over two hundred yards wide. While I was watching a pair of ducks sporting in the water, an old doe with two spotted fawns walked out of the timber just above me on the same side, and went down to the lake to drink. As I was not looking for such game, I quietly walked towards them; but, ever alert, the doe saw me, and bounded up the slope, with the little ones scurrying ahead. When she reached the timber, she turned and stopped for a moment to stamp her forefeet and whistle at me, then away she went after the little ones; and as I walked around the lake up the stream, I heard her whistle fainter and fainter, till it was lost altogether. I went, perhaps, three-fourths of a mile further, up a steep, rocky gorge, when the upper and larger lake came into view. This lake is nearly round, and about a mile across, and is very deep. Steep, rocky cliffs rise up around the left (east) side, and continue clear around the head of the lake; but where one passes around to the right, the ground slopes gently back for a few hundred yards before the hill rises steep.

As I passed through a clump of firs, and came out on a little meadow about half way up the lake, I saw a fine buck over by a patch of brush at a distance of seventy-five

yards. This was the game I was looking for, and as I had been careful in my movements, he did not see me. So taking deliberate aim, I pulled trigger, and seeing him give one convulsive bound, then dart into the brush, I knew he was mine; and passing through on his trail a few hundred feet, I found him just on the other side, dead. Knowing that panther and bear are numerous in the neighborhood, I did not dare leave meat out over night; so taking the hide off as far back as the loin, I cut the carcass in two, and went back to camp with the hams.

Supper was called as I reached camp—a couple of dozen trout nicely browned, with fresh-baked camp-bread, and hot tea. As night drew on, we all selected places, and spread our blankets, to which each soon betook himself. At break of day the camp was astir, and soon breakfast was called—buck steaks, fat and juicy, from a ham of the previous night's trophy. Then comes saddling up, and packing the equipage on the pack-horses; then for a ride of four miles up to the summit or divide.

We followed the right hand branch, and were soon passing through a region of wild and rugged appearance, though it is so diversified that it is also beautiful. First we passed a small lake, clear and transparent; then a piece of meadow land stretched out ahead; anon we crossed a rivulet that pours its little stream, with many a wild leap, down from the heights above. As we came to the base of the last steep rise that forms the divide between Shackelford and Woolly Creek, we paused to rest our horses for the extra work before them. Gazing off to our left we saw over there, in that depression against the hill, a beautiful little lake, with its green, mossy bank skirted around one side with a dense thicket of service-berry bushes. On the other, above and back of the lake, rose the peaks of granite that form the water-shed between us and the head waters of the Salmon River. We moved ahead now, in a winding, zigzag way, mounting upward until the last rise was reached, and we stood upon the summit, where a grand

view presented itself. To our right was the most important feature, Marble Mountain, which looks from here like a vast mountain of snow in the distance. Looking back over the trail, we saw far distant that grand and majestic peak, Mount Shasta, rearing its snow-capped summit far above the surrounding mountains.

As we moved on again, due west, we passed through a forest of white fir for a couple of miles. Keeping to the right of the main cañon of Woolly Creek, we soon found ourselves entering a perfect paradise for the hunter, for on every side were signs of game in abundance. Several deer were seen by the party. A huge bear track was noticed in the trail we were following. Grouse were heard in the trees, giving forth that peculiar "whoot-twoot-twoot-woot-woot," which guides the hunter to the very tree and branch where his grousehip may be found.

We soon came to the Cold Spring, which is appropriately named, as it gushes forth from the ground beneath the roots of a huge fir-tree, as cold as ice. Here we will camp for a day or two, to give our sportsmen a chance to hunt. Our horses were taken down below camp a short distance, and allowed to run loose over a meadow of three or four acres, where the grass was knee high.

After lunch, I took the opportunity to explore the region to the north of camp. With my trusty Winchester in hand, I followed up the strip of meadow and woodland for about a mile, until I found myself on the summit of the water shed between Woolly Creek and Cañon Creek, overlooking a pretty piece of meadow and brush-covered land, a half-mile square, at the base of quite a high cliff of rock, on top of which I was standing. Over on the right was a lake of a half-mile in diameter, very deep and clear. Just back of the lake rose a number of cliffs, to the height of a thousand or more feet. Cliffs form one of the striking and main features in the grandeur of the scenery, for in all this region the mountains slope gradually to the south, and break off abruptly in high bluffs and precipices on the north. Far down the cañon to the north was Scott River, which

is cut deep down through a rocky gorge, narrow, winding, and rough, through a narrow range of mountains. Beyond this were to be seen the outlines of the cañon through which flows Klamath River, a very large stream. Outlined against the sky beyond this were the Siskiyou mountains, forming the State line between us and Oregon.

Returned to camp, I employed the time while supper waited for all the party to be in, by taking the light axe and cutting one of the small white firs, out of the boughs of which a nice soft bed was soon made. And here let me say, that a person, after sleeping on one of these beds, made of small boughs of the fir, laid in position by an experienced hand, with three pairs of blankets spread upon them, will prefer it to the best spring mattresses, and will get up at day-break much more refreshed. There seems to be something about the fragrance of the fir that is conducive to sound sleep, though the pure cold water, high mountain air, plenty of exercise, and wild game for food, have much to do with the slumber, too. It is a wonder to me that more people do not enjoy them, for no cheaper or more beneficial recreation can be found.

One of the returning hunters reported bear signs plentiful—had even seen a bear, but they were very shy. Another reported elk tracks. All had seen deer, but no one had killed any.

The next morning, after a good nine hours' sleep and breakfast, each of the party chose his own course. One went with me to see the scenery. We went a mile and a half to the northwest along the regular trail, until we came to the same dividing ridge I had been on the day before, though further west. Just below the comb of the crest is a beautiful little lake, lying in a basin of solid rock. This is Terrace Lake. Halfway round on the north side, its water flows out in a stream that runs not more than fifty feet before it tumbles over a precipice four hundred feet or more in depth, which skirts the south side of a beautiful little valley. The stream descends in a cloud of spray, into a larger lake at the upper end of the little valley. This

lake is in the form of a crescent. The water of the fall strikes about the center of the outer edge of the circle. At the west end of the crescent lake is another, round in shape, and immediately to the west of this another yet. Just beyond this chain of lakes rises a low rolling divide, thickly covered with high grass. Over to our right, just beyond, and to the east of Terrace Lake, the cliff rises full six hundred feet higher than the regular line of the cliffs. This lone rock, almost a mountain in size, rears its top full a thousand feet above the crescent-shaped lake below, and lacks less than one degree of being perpendicular. It looks like a mighty and ancient tower, placed there to keep watch and ward over this, one of Nature's flower-gardens.

There is a narrow ledge running around the face of this rock, on a level with the cliff-top by Terrace Lake, where we were standing, and not quite halfway to the top of the tower. This ledge is used by the deer as a trail, and in no place is it more than eighteen inches wide. A hunter had told me to be sure to notice this narrow ledge. He said that a wounded buck had once passed around the rock by means of it, and escaped from him, as he dared not make the attempt to follow. One of his party, who was in camp near the lake beneath, had watched the progress of the wounded deer around this sheer precipice, and said that the deer went very carefully, and without any apparent fear, though one misstep would have caused it to lose its footing, and fall a distance of four hundred feet. The ledge is a full half mile from end to end.

With a field-glass we saw several deer quietly feeding just above the bank of the large lake below. Off to our left was a sloping ridge, that broke off at right angles from the one we were on, and afforded a chance of getting down into the little valley. We walked along this for some distance, then made a detour to the west of camp. Just as we passed a point of hill, we heard rapid firing down below us in the timber. Hurrying forward, we reached the point, where, out on a little meadow, we found three of our party



standing around some object, which we saw as we approached was a fine, glossy-coated black bear, lying dead just where it fell. We must have scared it out of its covert, as it came from our direction. The hide was soon taken off, and with one of the hams formed a load for two to camp. The one remaining member of our party ere long came in with a fine four-point buck.

There are many places in the mountains on the Pacific Coast, as well as in those of the interior and the East, where the numerous invalids and pleasure-seekers can find a season of health-giving sport and recreation; but of all that I have visited (and they are not few), these grand woods and mountains, with their ever varying landscape of meadow, lake, woodland, grassy slope, and steep, rocky gorges, are to me the most fascinating.

The next day, hurry and bustle again; to-day, we go to a camp at the base of Marble Mountain. Soon all are in the saddle, and moving out along the divide we were on yesterday. Our course is still west, a distance of six miles. As we passed beyond the spot where we had looked down into the deep valley, with its numerous lakes, the ridge we followed became steeper on the south side, while along the north still continued the high precipice. About two miles from camp, the trail led along the south side, just below the comb of the ridge, amid huge boulders and brush patches. Suddenly a monster brown bear started out just below the trail, then another one, only a few paces behind the first. Our company all dismounted rather hurriedly, and a perfect fusillade was opened on the two bears from the repeaters; but if they were hit, they showed no sign, did not stop, nor even slack their pace; nor did the brush and rock seem a hindrance to them, as they went down the mountain side at a terrible rate of speed. We saw them for the last time as they entered a belt of timber fully a mile below us, going as fast as when first started.

We mounted again and rode on. The route was rough now for a mile and a half, after which we again found the trail leading up to the summit of the divide, which begins

here to widen and get smoother. As we passed a clump of trees, we had a fine view of Marble Mountain to our right, and nearly due north of us. We soon reached the point on the divide where a ridge breaks off at right angles from the one we had been following. Here we turned down a steep slope, and, heading due north, were soon down among the thick fir timber; then out again, crossing a pretty meadow, down ravines over fallen timber, and so on—grass everywhere, flowers everywhere, all nature at its most beautiful.

We came to what looked like a flow of lava in the form of a wide belt of marble, which extended down from the top of a high bluff. This flow looks, at a short distance, like a vast glacier, even and quite smooth on top, and sloping with the mountain. We followed it down a half mile, to where there is a break in it, through which we passed in a zig-zag line—for the trail is not straight, but very irregular in its course—and emerged on the other side through an opening about four feet wide. We stopped to obstruct it with a few stout branches of trees, by way of precaution against our horses running back, as this is the only opening for a trail on the south side of Marble Mountain. Soon camp was reached, about a mile from the base of Marble Mountain, beneath a magnificent grove of firs, from which patches of meadow stretch out in every direction, all covered with luxuriant grass and beautiful flowers, such as grow only in the high mountains. All this part of the country is covered in winter with deep snow, and the first of July is as soon as the trail is open. August is the month to enjoy a trip through the region.

At day-break the next morning our camp was astir, and preparations were in progress for a day's sight-seeing among the rocks on the mountain. Each stowed a lunch in some convenient pocket, and got his gun into order for the abundant game. We headed our column for the low gap between "the Marble" and the ridge we came down last evening, where the climbing is easiest. Soon we began to mount the rocks, and ere long the summit of the gap was reached. Here we

looked down on the west side into what is called the Black Cañon. It is entirely surrounded on three sides by a wall of solid rock, which in many places hangs over. I estimated the height of the wall at two thousand feet from the bottom of the narrow cañon. At the lower end of the cañon, the little stream plunges down another sheer precipice into the grand cañon.

We had recovered breath while gazing on this picture, and now began the steep climbing up the Marble. Terrace after terrace was left behind, each a shelf cut regularly into the rock, as though a square block of four or five feet had been cut out and removed. A couple of hours' hard climbing brought us to the top, where each ensconced himself for a good rest, while gazing around upon the beetling cliffs and deep gorges. But soon the eye was attracted to the beauty of the rock we were sitting upon. Close at hand was a ledge a few feet higher than the rest. The marble, pure white in many places, is here crossed and barred by many-colored lines; blue predominating, but here they are purple, there red, black, pink—in fact any color can be found. In places the lines cross each other in a perfect maze, at every possible angle; while in others they run parallel, sometimes close together and sometimes wide apart.

After a good rest, we again moved on—this time for a look at the high peak, a mile and a half to the north. It looks like a gigantic cone of jet-black stone coal, from our position on the white marble. As we descended a short distance to the lower ridge, one of the party started a boulder rolling down into the Black Cañon. It was lost sight of for a couple of minutes, then it was seen going at a terrible pace down the slope to the very bottom of the cañon. This brought to mind a singular superstition among the Indians, who come into this region to hunt in the fall. They say that if any one rolls a rock off the white mountain, the Great Spirit will send rain that day. There is another superstition among them relative to this place. As they come into the region from one direction only (the north), a stop

is made about four miles from here, out on a long ridge, where each Indian deposits something he has with him, be it what it may, perhaps only a cartridge, bullet, piece of cloth. The things are all left in one place, which has been used for that purpose for years, and as nothing is ever taken away, there is a mass of the most mixed collection of articles that can be conceived. When asked why the articles are deposited here, they give an evasive answer. One said: "For make good hunt"; another, "For the Great Spirit."

As we come now to the base of the highest peak, we find that it is a fine quality of black marble. Just where the white and black meet, our party were wonderstruck at the great variety of colors that the marble presents. Each vied with the other to find the greatest number of different-colored pieces. Green, blue, red, yellow, pink, gray, rose, brown, with all the varied shades, were found within a few yards of each other, and in a very few minutes.

Pocketing some of the finest specimens, we went on, for here we found the steepest climb of the day. The summit at last gained, we paused for breath. We found the black peak much smaller than the white, though considerably higher. On the northeast side we looked down into the deepest cañon yet seen; a sheer precipice of nearly four thousand feet from the summit to the bottom of the cañon, except for a trail that passes around on the north side half way down. The terrace which is used for this trail around the vast black dome is in many places only a few yards wide, and very few attempt to ride around it. The marble in the black is much harder than in the white peak; consequently, the elements do not wear it away so fast.

But as the sun was past the zenith, we had to hasten our return. Down the black peak we went back by the way we came up, but when we reached the white we turned down and to the left; following the east slope of the white mountain, we crossed a couple of snow-drifts, almost glaciers, in fact, finding the snow hard and smooth. They extend

up to near the summit, in depressions of the marble. This slope of the mountain presents a striking resemblance to the glaciers of the Swiss Alps. Deep chasms or crevices are cut from near the summit, down through the marble by the action of the water. We crossed these crevices as we descended toward camp. Some of the crevices are narrow and quite shallow; others, wide and deep; but the wide ones all have narrow places, so that a man can leap them. In the shallow ones we could hear the water as it rushed down through the narrow gorges; but others are so deep that when we dropped stones down, although we could hear a stone strike in quick succession on the walls, the sound grew fainter and fainter, until lost, no indication being detected by us that they had struck bottom. These fathomless chasms are very numerous, and show that the mountain is fast wearing away.

At sunset we reached camp, tired and hungry, but all delighted with the trip, and the grand scenery that had been ours for the day. Several days thereafter were given to hunting, and a number of fat deer were killed and the meat dried, or as hunters call it, "jerked"—that is, cut in strips, and hung on a frame in the sunshine, while a smoke is put underneath it to hasten the drying. While out one day looking at a ridge of high cliffs east of camp, two of my companions some distance in advance of me came upon a bear, near a small lake, in which Bruin had been bathing. Both fired, and it was evident from his movements that the bear was hit; but he would not run. I hastened forward, in the direction of the firing, and came in view just as one of the hunters had fired a shot, which must have hit a vital spot, for the bear uttered a loud, fierce growl, and fell down a steep bluff. We moved cautiously down to where he was last seen. Upon reaching there, we found plenty of blood, and some distance below was the bear, trying to get into some thick brush, but making poor headway, as his spine had been broken by the last shot. Each of us brought his gun to bear on him, and pulled trigger, which caused him to roll over in the grass.

We approached him slowly, and when near enough, hit him with a few stones, but he was dead. He proved to be one of the white-faced species, which many think are a cross between the grizzly and brown bears. They are very savage, and seldom run from a man, but will more often attack if closely pressed.

The day after this we were again in the saddle. We came out of the valley near the Marble, and taking our back-track until we came to the top of the divide, moved west a distance of four miles. Then we turned down a gentle slope, and came out on the eastern shore of little Elk Lake, where we camped. This lake is situated on the south side of the divide we had been following, and is a pretty sheet of water, a half mile long by three hundred yards wide. The elk often come to it and wade out to a depth of four feet deep, where they put their heads down beneath the water, and feed upon the moss that grows on the bottom of the lake. Just as supper was disposed of, one of the party, while looking across the lake, saw something which he thought looked like mules, and called our attention to them. I instantly jumped for my rifle, calling to the rest—for it was a band of about seventy-five elk. We all began a careful circuit around the lake; but the leader, a lordly buck, soon descried us, and tossed his head into the air, showing a magnificent pair of antlers. His actions were imitated by the rest of the herd. We saw that further concealment was impossible, so, taking careful and deliberate aim at the vitals of the leader, I fired. Each had picked his game, and followed my example. Then began a regular fusillade, which, for a short time, resembled a lively skirmish in war times. My big antlered fellow dropped to his knees, but regained his feet, and tried to overtake the herd, but another good shot stopped him, and rolled him over. A fine young buck had stopped close to my big one, and three of the party had shot him at the first fire, which killed him on the spot. The other member of the party had wounded a fine calf, which ran a short distance and lay down, but when approached, got up, only to re-

ceive a mortal wound, and fall. We dressed the three, dragged them together, and built a fire near, to keep the bears and other night prowlers away; and then, as it was now dark, we all went to camp, and came back early in the morning to skin and cut up the elk, make frames for drying meat on, and prepare the hides, by stretching them on the ground, and pinning them down to dry. By night we were sitting around the fire and roasting elk-ribs, which, when sprinkled with salt and pepper, and nicely broiled on the coals, are a choice dish.

For the next three days but little was done beside turning the meat and keeping smoke under it. Three of us, however, saddled up our horses, and rode out further west to look at the country. We traveled about eight miles, the last four being through a region that looked as though it had suddenly sunk in, in many places, leaving great depressions of various depths and sizes. In one of these is Big Elk Lake, a fine sheet of water a half mile by a mile in size. Great numbers of

elk come to this lake to feed. As we took another route back to camp, we passed another lake of good size, and when within a mile of camp, we saw on a hillside a huge grizzly; but none of us were inclined to tackle him, so we left him in peace.

After a couple of days more of rest, we packed our dried meat, hides, blankets, and traps for a return trip; and ere another two days left this delightful region far to west, and were traveling down Shackleford Creek and out into the valley, where the party disbanded, hoping heartily that each and all might revisit this grand park, of whose wonderful scenery and sport no one could tire.

I have not adequately described its many beauties and its pleasant places; but I have at least introduced the reader to the region—hitherto so unknown to pleasure-seekers, and yet lying open to the public; for no individual claims a foot of this vast territory, which is now and will always be a paradise for the artist and the hunter.

*Albert E. Douey.*

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### PEACE.

Ah, what is peace?  
Is it the last long sleep,  
That slumber deep  
Which turmoil cannot reach,  
Nor tenderest human speech,  
Nor kind nor unkind deed?

Or is this peace?  
The green fields and the sky,  
With Love anigh,  
While apple blossoms sweet  
Make all the air replete,  
And nowhere is a sound.

Or is it peace  
When, midst the world's loud strife,  
A human life,  
Which seeks but others' gain,  
Builds from all joy and pain  
A silent spot for rest?

*Laura M. Marquand.*

## THE LOST JOURNALS OF A PIONEER.—II.

*Tuesday, 16th September, '51.*—The people of Southern California are already agitating, and with much warmth and activity, the division of the State, and it is exceedingly probable that the general vote for Reading in that section, and the actual suppression of Bigler's name in some counties, arose from the conviction, artfully circulated by the Whigs, that Reading was favorable, and Bigler opposed, to the project. It was a principal element in the election throughout that section of the State, although perhaps not mentioned or thought of in a single northern or central county. The proposition is wise, and the only question would be, I presume, Where shall the division be made, where the boundary between the two districts be fixed? There is, in fact, in the State of California, west of the Sierra Nevada mountains, on the sea coast, a region sufficient for three large and populous States. The expectation now is, however, to create but two, and to include San Francisco in the southern State. If this plan were to be adopted, and the form of a Territory first assumed by the lower counties, it will inevitably lead to a subdivision, for the size of the tract thus cut off would be more than equal to twice the State left. The inclusion of San Francisco cannot be effected without her consent, and there is nothing as yet manifested by her leading to the presumption that she desires to be separated from the northern counties. If San Francisco remains attached to the north, the natural line is that of latitude thirty-seven and a half, separating the State into two nearly equal portions, the length of the southern compensating for the width of the northern.

*Thursday, 18th September.*—The quantity of gold thrown into circulation and into the bullion market since the discovery of the California mines, has already seriously affected and diminished the value of the metal as a commodity, and the circulating exchange of

the commercial world; and as the quantity is increasing, not diminishing, the mines producing more largely this than last year, the diminution in value must go on, until, within five years, gold sinks below the standard of silver, and finally becomes valuable only as incorruptible metal for the many domestic and scientific uses which it is capable of beneficially performing. Holland, alarmed at the rapid increase and depreciation of gold, has discontinued the use of it as money, and deprived it of the character of a legal tender. Belgium has ceased to coin it, and an effort has been made in France to withdraw its monetary value from it. The amount of silver required for the currency of Holland and Belgium is not great, and will not seriously affect the market of the world. France has a large supply of silver, but if her currency were to be wholly made up of it, if gold were to be excluded from the circulation of that nation, the demand for silver would increase, there, at least, thirty per cent., and the general value of gold be diminished in proportion. The Holland movement is suggestive of what will be in ten years. The action of France would be the beginning of gold as manufactured metal, kindred to iron, in general use. Any one now having large amounts of gold on hand should invest it without delay; for even if it does not soon cease to be current as money, it must so sink in value as to inflict a heavy loss upon the holders. I would put at once into real property, and lease from year to year, as security against the changes of standard of value. He who holds on to it must suffer severely, and find his fancied wealth pot metal and wretched poverty.

*Saturday, 27th September.*—Lieutenant-Governor McDougal . . . has, as the final act of his administration, repealed the Act of the Legislature fixing the seat of government at Vallejo, abrogated the deliberate and nearly unanimous vote of the people, and restored the public archives to San José,

which he has by his supreme will made the capital of California, without regard to law or constitution. . . . It is reported that he will summon the legislature together at San José by proclamation. . . . The appointment of a special session at San José or elsewhere by the mere command of the executive and in the face of the law, would be too illegal, one would suppose, for any person in his position to fancy, let alone attempt to execute. The reason of the removal is that the buildings at Vallejo are incomplete, and General Vallejo is sick; and, consequently, says the Lieutenant-Governor, General Vallejo will not be able to finish the Legislative Hall and other buildings previously to the meeting of the legislature in January, 1852. This might be just reasoning if General Vallejo were the sole builder, and did the carpenter's and mason's work with his own hands; but as he does not, the conclusion is not quite so certain; and as he has three months still left, it may be, that despite his sickness, the buildings will be finished, fit for the legislature and the departments, in January next. . . . But California is a country beyond laws and rules of conduct, and if Mr. McDougal issues his proclamation declaring San José the capital, it would not surprise me in the least to see the legislature follow him like a flock of sheep, and without repealing existing laws, assemble and act at the executive seat of government.

*Sunday, 28th September.*—From the motive which has produced emigration to California, the manner in which it is reached (the speediest and easiest attended with toil and privation calculated to try the strongest and entirely prostrate the feeble constitution), and the continued excitement that has prevailed in the country itself, from the earliest period of attention being attracted to it, insanity has and does prevail to a greater extent in California . . . than in any part of the United States, and perhaps in the civilized world. Uncertainty as to their destiny, difficulty of living, and recourse to unusual and menial modes of making a livelihood and unwholesome food, are all calculated to disturb and unsettle frail intellects; and all have

been operating together in this region. . . . The Land of Hope, the region of wealth and magnificence, is reached—but labor is the means of acquiring the anticipated luxury—slow, painful, wearisome labor, taxing the muscles to their utmost tension; and yet too, too frequently, after severe toil and patient endurance, unproductive even of the means for a meager subsistence. How can this reality consort with the delightful vision fancy presented to the joy-bewildered mind? Reason dies beneath the stroke of disappointment. . . . The unsettled and restless temper of the community throughout the State makes the situation of these miserable beings incomparably pitiable. Homeless and friendless, the object of loathing, of fear, or abhorrence, the tenderness and care so essential to their comfort, so requisite for their restoration to soundness of mind, is denied to them. Unregarded and uncared for, they are permitted to wander through the country, their mental alienation aggravated by want and physical suffering, until some outrage or assault induces their arrest, when, without regard to their condition . . . they are thrust into the county jail, and too frequently loaded with irons to control their restless movements, fed on food too indigestible for any but laboring men, and treated with a severity calculated to greatly increase, rather than allay, their mental disorder. There is, it is true, a State Insane Hospital, so-called, in Sacramento; but I am informed by those who have visited it, that it is too small to accommodate even the number of patients they have . . . and that it is rather a jail than an asylum, the old and vicious system of chains, confinement, and restraint being adopted.

*Monday, 29th September.*—General A. M. Winn announced, a couple of months ago, his desire to organize a military corps, to settle in Carson Valley, lay it out in farms, and establish a large city; and has from time to time since held meetings of a pretended company for that purpose, which has declared itself to be about to start several times, but has not yet departed, although the season for emigration to that region is very rapidly

passing away. The valley of Carson River is fertile, admirably situated for settlement, and may be connected by railroad very easily with the Pacific Coast. It is an important point on the emigrant road, and will gradually fill up, and prove a rich and independent country; but it must be settled by other men than General Winn and his worthy compeers to effect this—the farmer who seeks a permanent home upon a fertile soil, the mechanic who desires to establish himself in a country healthy and pleasant in climate, where the population is sufficient to call for his productions. . . . The eastern boundary of California should be the summit of the dividing ridge of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. This would leave Carson Valley, and the other valleys, which are undoubtedly numerous and equally valuable, open to organize a local government.

*Friday, 3d October.*—Reached San Francisco on the "Henry T. Clay" last night. The marks of the fire are still very prominent in the large vacant spaces, the low, one-story buildings occupying the places of many fine buildings, and in the holes in the planks of the streets, and the charred edges of the planks in many places. Yet the progress of restoration has been really astonishing. Montgomery Street is filled with good brick buildings, and many strong brick houses and stores are being erected in every part of the town—not the light, half-timber fabrics called brick before the fire, but good, substantial houses, with stout walls and incombustible roofs, so that in the course of three months the town will be tolerably secure from fire. . . . Another improvement is going forward which will be of material service to the city—that is, the filling up of the water lots. This has been from Montgomery Street down to Sansome, one block, and is going forward to the east with great speed, by means of a railway. Long Wharf and Central Wharf are being pushed farther into the Bay, and will furnish good and accessible piers for ships when completed, though as yet they do not reach water deep enough for a loaded ship to lie in at low tide, the flat extending apparently a mile from the old

shore into the bay. Many say this town cannot be permanent; but with good wharves, and good, strong fire-proof buildings it may defy fire and flood. Nothing but a town upon the eastern shore could undermine and ruin it, and that and a railroad will probably effect it.

*Monday, 20th October.*—San Francisco on the steamer "Confidence." Reached the city about half-past ten. . . . I started to go to Barnum's, but, overtaking the Sacramento delegates to the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, in company with whom I had come down, I went with them up to the California Temperance House. The fellow at the bar said they had two classes of beds—fifty cent beds and sixty cent beds, which differed only in the number in the room. The majority decided on a fifty cent bed, all to go into a room; but upon being shown into the room, which was a loft fitted up with bunks most execrably filthy in appearance, took a "sconner," as the Scots say, and called for the six bits beds, the door to which was thrown open, and, they being very little better, . . . we left, and took up our quarters at the Oriental Hotel. . . . For my part, I should have preferred infinitely a soft plank on the sidewalk to such a couch. The temperance houses in California, as elsewhere, presume on their character, and think you must patronize them for the sake of your principles; and they are thus, too generally, the worst inns that can be found.

*Tuesday, 21st October.*—Two addresses were delivered before the Sons of Temperance in the Baptist Chapel this evening, the first by M. C. Briggs, the Methodist preacher of Sacramento; . . . the second was by Judge Geo. W. Barlow, formerly of Pennsylvania. . . . The order is quite prosperous in this city, but there is a lack of the cordial kindness and sympathy with each other that should characterize the order everywhere, and which redeems so much that is faulty in our little up-river division.

*Wednesday, 5th November.*—The last papers bring us news of the death of James Fenimore Cooper. . . . In style, imagination, force, originality, and above all, in man-

ly love of country, he stood first among the literary men of our continent. He is the American author.

*Thursday, 6th November.*—The “Alta California” discourses very discreetly upon the advantages which result from fires in the towns of California. They are special providences, to indicate the progress of the country by making improvement necessary, clearing the ground easily and speedily for the erection of new buildings. The speed, no person who has witnessed a California fire will presume to deny; but those who enjoy the benefit of the clearing, the land and house owner and the occupant of store or dwelling, would prefer to have his own time to remove his goods and tear down his shanty before he is compelled to build greater. San Francisco, says the acute editor, has acquired permanency from the fire. She has undoubtedly arisen from ruin, made over better than before, like a Moffat ingot melted down and converted into United States coins. Stockton, in every brick, is eloquent in praise of the fire. . . . Marysville and Nevada also, . . . while poor Sacramento (long may it be her quiet joy) stands as she stood in 1849 and 1850, private enterprise alone changing and improving her, at its own will, undriven by flaming necessity.

*Thursday, 20th November.*—There is to be a ball at Vallejo on the 25th of December next. The getters-up have published a card containing the names of a number of California notables, and a considerable number of would-be-distinguished gentlemen as managers; and invite all the ladies of California to attend, whether they receive particular cards or not, the advertisement to be their invitation. This is characteristic of the would-be society of California.

*Saturday, 29th November.*—A most singular fact has this moment occurred to my mind, which might have been fraught with extraordinary consequences, but which, not having been attended with any opportunity or necessity for action, went by unnoticed and unregistered. John Tyler was, on the morning of the 4th of March, 1845, Vice-President of the United States, acting as Presi-

dent. The latter office being vacant, the inauguration of his successor as Vice-President divested him of all and every authority; and the office of President being still vacant, the President-elect not taking the oath of office until an hour or more after the Vice-President-elect had been inducted and become Vice-President in fact, Geo. M. Dallas was, as Vice-President of the United States, the legal and constitutional head and executive chief of the nation for two hours on the 4th day of March, A. D. 1845, and the succession consequently runs thus: William Henry Harrison, President, removed by death; John Tyler, Vice-President, superseded by the inauguration of Geo. M. Dallas, Vice-President of the United States, and hence acting President; James K. Polk, President of the United States March 4th, A. D. 1845, at 12 o'clock meridian.

*Tuesday, 30th December.*—Lieutenant Governor McDougal having declined publishing the proclamation announcing Vallejo the seat of government of the State, on the pretext that although the capitol is superior to that used formerly at San José, the buildings designed for the use of the executive departments are inferior to those now occupied at San José, the members of the legislature are in excessive perturbation as to the locality to which they are required to wend their way, and a caucus to determine the question has been summoned, to assemble in San Francisco. . . . The legal capital of California is located at Vallejo, General Vallejo having complied thus far with his contract, and furnished a State House fully adequate to the wants of the legislature, and executive buildings equal to the demands of the several departments. But as the proclamation has not been issued, the legislature will probably assemble in San José, and adjourn elsewhere; perhaps to Vallejo, perhaps to San Francisco, or even to Sacramento. Efforts, and strong efforts, have been made, and are now being made, to induce the legislature to assemble in this city.

*Monday, 5th January, 1852.*—Strong efforts are being made to induce the legislature to adjourn to Sacramento City from Vallejo, upon the suggestion that the accommo-



dations at the capital are not adequate to the necessities of members of the houses, and the officers of the executive departments. The scheme is most grossly dishonest, having for its sole object the gratification of speculators in Sacramento lots, and certain borers for office, and legislative favors, who could work to more advantage amid the profligate influences of Sacramento City than they can in Vallejo. As for comfort, all that has hitherto been held sufficient in California—places to sleep, and enough to eat—are undoubtedly to be found at the seat of government; and the mere presence of the legislature will insure much that is luxury, even in the Eastern States. . . . Justice to Vallejo, obedience to the clearly and deliberately expressed will of the people, at the election in October, 1850, and respect for the character and honor of the State, imperatively require the legislature to meet and abide at Vallejo; yet I am very much disposed to doubt whether they will not permit themselves to be flattered and cajoled into removal.

*Tuesday, 6th January.*—An expedition started from San Francisco a couple of months ago, having for its object, as avowed by its leaders, Samuel Brannan and John S. Fowler, the revolution of the Sandwich Islands, and their annexation to the United States. The sloop-of-war "Vincennes" searched their vessels prior to their departure, and followed them to the Islands; and her presence, and the indisposition of the inhabitants to receive anarchy under the names of revolution and democratic freedom, at their hands, have induced most of them to return.

*Friday, 9th January.*—Colonel John Bigler was inaugurated yesterday at Vallejo. . . . The best portion of the message is the brief paragraph which commends a general system of education.

*Saturday, 10th January.*—Ex-Lieutenant Governor MacDougal's last message was the most respectable act of his official career. . . . Mr. MacDougal rightly denominates the tule lands the best lands in the State. If drained, their cession in moderate tracts to actual settlers would be extremely beneficial

to the State, in introducing not Chinese but American agriculturists, and Chinese farm-laborers, who would enable us to raise not only rice, and cotton, and sugar-cane, but all the fruits and spices of the tropics, upon these lands. . . . The entrance of foreign criminals, now so numerous, should be prevented, by appointing officers to take cognizance of and prevent their landing. . . . To the Central Railroad I have only the objection, that Congress neither should make it nor cede lands to speculators to make it. Let the matter alone, and local enterprise will carry it through, with more certainty and at less cost and danger to the Union, than would result from the action of the general government. He concludes by recommending that the Federal government be requested to remove the Indians from our limits. The settlement of California and Oregon, I think, decides the future policy of the government to be the settlement of the Indian tribes on tracts suited to agricultural pursuits, and the education of the youth to farm labors. The example of the Creeks, Cherokees, and Choctaws proves that permanency of location will result in the rapid transformation of the hunter tribes into husbandmen and mechanics. To crowd them back into the prairie and mountain, would be to involve them in exterminating war with the prairie and mountain tribes. Settlement and civilization would preserve them from destruction, and insure us against their predatory incursions.

*Wednesday, 14th January.*—The legislature have vacated Vallejo, and adjourned to meet in this city on Friday next. . . . In despite of duty, Sacramento is the capital of the State, and doubtless strong efforts will be made to continue here, which may be successful. . . . But if Vallejo and his securities manage their cards well, the next session will be at Vallejo, and the capital fixed permanently at that place. To effect this, let them subsidize the Stockton, Marysville, Nevada, and San Francisco papers, commence suit against the State for damages on the contract, complete the State buildings, and tender them, with loud complaints of

injustice, to the executive, and Vallejo triumphs and Sacramento sinks, conquered by the justice of the people.

*Sunday, 18th January.*—Mr. Royal B. Streatton, the Methodist preacher, at the Methodist Church North, in this city, made a most unwise reference to the Fugitive Slave Law in the pulpit this morning, denouncing it with excessive severity; which naturally gave great umbrage to some Southerners present, who left the church. This conduct is natural in them, but the passion excited would, in a community of men from that section of the country, have led to a mob and lynching. The disposition was rife among them, but fortunately for their own credit and the cause of the South, they felt themselves too weak for such a demonstration, and their rage was permitted to roll away harmlessly in words, injuring no one except those who gave utterance to the intolerance. . . . Free soil should have no place in the pulpit.\*

*Thursday, 22d January.*—The learned legislature of this State, anxious to restore their pay to \$16 per diem, from which it was reduced by act of the last legislature, are discussing the circumstances under which it was signed. It is dated the day of the adjournment; but the opponents of reduction allege that it was not signed until more than ten days subsequent to the adjournment of the legislature, and that it is hence unconstitutional. . . .

*Friday, 23d January.*—Many persons fancy that an injury is done by permitting transient persons and foreigners to work our soil and mines; since they, say these acute reasoners, possess themselves of money, spend as little as possible of their earnings, and go to their homes to spend their gain, leaving nothing behind as evidence of their former presence. If this were so, the increase and encouragement afforded to trade by their presence would of itself be enough to repay the State for the gold they had taken away, as the just and legitimate reward of their industries; but they do leave permanent proof of their labors, in the development of the State resources during their residence.

*Tuesday, 27th January.*—The several aspirants for the office of United States Senator have been requested by some of the Democratic members of the legislature to express their opinions upon several topics, with a view to ascertain their several states of difference or agreement on the points which divide parties in California, and affect the interests of the State. The persons to whom the interrogation is addressed are John B. Weller, Robert McLane, formerly of Maryland, son of Louis McLane, David C. Broderick, Senator from San Francisco, J. Walsh, James. H. Ralston, of this county, and Wm. Smith, ex-Governor of Virginia. The first question is, whether they approve of Fillmore's recommendation of an increased tariff, which they unanimously condemn. . . . They are equally unanimous in favor of granting the public lands in suitable quantities to actual settlers, and in favor of a mint in California, and all, excepting Walsh, McLane, and Smith, declare in favor of the existing policy in reference to the mineral lands—that is, the let-alone policy.

*Friday, 30th January.*—John B. Weller was nominated in caucus last night. . . . He was elected in the Convention today, seventy-one to seventeen.

*Sunday, 1st February.*—A bull is frequently more expressive of a thought or idea which is sought to be conveyed, than the utmost elegance, nicety, and precision of language. Many oft-quoted phrases from the poets are veritable bulls. . . . The expression of Milton, "Beyond the lowest depths a lower depth," is another of the expressions thus oblivious of direct sense, which are approved by the world simply because, involved to jargon, they touch a chord that links man with things beyond the grasp of thought and flow of language.

*Monday, 2d February.*—The slave question is as much out of place in California as the extension of Free Soil is impolitic and improper in the non-slave-holding States of the East. The people have decided against slavery once, and whatever addition has since been made to our population, that vote of the original citizens still expresses the desires

and bias of the people of the State upon this subject; and the discussion, therefore, is worse than idle. It is vicious, and is the offspring of that blind, foolish fanaticism existing among the lower class of Southern men, . . . who are ashamed to use their hands, simply because manual labor was the only distinctive mark, excepting color, between them and the negro.

*Tuesday, 3d February.*—To locate the Indians who have heretofore occupied California, beyond the limits of the State, would be to convert a comparatively feeble and very harmless people into thieves and assassins. . . . They are disposed to labor, and easily induced to become farm servants. The true policy of the State is to set out farming reservations for them, establish manual labor schools there, and teach them the mechanical and agricultural arts, together with the ordinary branches of school education; at the same time leaving them free to enter into contracts with white men as farm laborers, as white and other men may do. . . . In addition to this, grant citizenship to Indians who are the heads of families, permanently settled on a farm which is improved and cultivated, and has been cultivated by them for two years, or who have been exercising in a permanent location a mechanical art for a livelihood for the same period of time, and who can read and write the English language. . . . The settlement of the Eastern Indians beyond the limits of the State has been useful only in consequence of the establishment of schools. Had they been left in their original homesteads with schools and permanent locations, their improvement would have been more rapid, and their present condition better. It was a mistake to treat them as nations, and subject them to the Federal government. Left to the jurisdiction of the States, they would have assimilated with our people, and passed quietly from the savage state of hunters to the order and peaceable condition of the agriculturist, without those bloody contests that have disturbed, and so frequently deranged, their domestic policy and their progress toward civilization.

*Thursday, 12th February.*—The proposi-

tion now before the legislature, to submit the question of a constitutional convention to the people, has for its secret purpose the introduction of slavery. . . . That slave labor would pay well in this country there cannot be the remotest doubt; but that it would afford the extraordinary profit which unreflecting men, by mere comparison of prices, calculate, is mere nonsense. . . . It could not be permanent, and should not be introduced. Indeed, it cannot be into northern California, though it may be into southern, by a division of the State.

*Saturday, 21st February.*—It really seems to me to be a self-evident proposition, that the boundaries of California, as she is at present organized, are much too extended for a single State, or even two States. The nature of the soil, the formation of the country, designates a subdivision into three States, as the natural condition of things in California—the northern a mining State, the middle an agricultural and commercial State, the southern a grazing community.

*Sunday, 7th March.*—The city was roused by the fire-bell last night, rung as an alarm that the levee had broken at the slough. After severe labor, the water, which was running into the low ground between Front and Second streets, from a breach in the old levee along the south side of the slough, was stopped, and security obtained for the present. . . .

The rise of the Sacramento, after partially subsiding, has been reinforced by the stream of the Feather, and has risen and is backing into the town, K street being overflowed, and the water gradually backing up towards J.

*Monday, 8th March.*—The water was over the city this morning at seven o'clock, but commenced falling soon after. Some low stores on J street had their floors covered.

*Tuesday, 9th March.*—The heavy rain of last night has raised the water somewhat, but not much, and there is a reasonable prospect this morning that it will clear off.

*Wednesday, 10th March.*—The water is over the streets again this morning, the rivers having risen in consequence of the heavy

rains of yesterday, Fourth street being the bed of a torrent.

*Friday, 12th March.*—Waters going down rapidly.

*Tuesday, 6th April.*—C. J. Hutchinson is elected Mayor, and the whole Whig ticket also elected. It is evident that, so far as parties have gone on this occasion, their weight is reversed. The Whig candidate is elected by Democratic votes, and Hardenbergh has been supported by Whigs.

*Monday, 12th April.*—Reorganized the Episcopal church today. I hope we will now succeed in putting up a church building, and establishing the church among us in a permanent and useful form.

*Monday, 26th April.*—A most absurd meeting was held in front of the Missouri hotel this evening, on the subject of Chinese Immigration; McDaniels, of Benicia, formerly of Missouri, chairman, and George N. McConaha, Esq., orator. They talked folly, and huzzaed until they became tired, . . . passed some ridiculous resolutions, and dispersed.

*Saturday, 1st May.*—The negroes of San Francisco having sent to the Legislature a rather saucy remonstrance against the disabilities now imposed upon them, and threatening to resist such gross and unjust laws, . . . were answered by the introduction of a bill excluding blacks hereafter from the State, and requiring those now within the limits of California to obtain a license from the Court of Sessions, or remove in sixty days; the license to be granted only upon their giving security for their good behavior. This bill has passed the House, and will, probably, pass the Senate. The propriety of the measure most citizens will assent to. The number of blacks in the State is now small, and of the better class; but if numbers are introduced, they will gradually become vicious and degraded, and be reduced to mendicancy and thievery for a livelihood. . . . The black I am disposed to exclude, but he is the only class I would forbid locating in the State.

*Saturday, 15th May.*—Reached Colusi this morning. The Indians, of which there are considerable numbers in this neighbor-

hood, are disposed to work, many houses having Indian servants. A party of them unloaded the boat. They are preferred, as they are satisfied with low wages.

*Sunday, 16th May.*—Colusi is the finest site for a town which I have seen in California, being situated in a level plain high above the rise of the river, and is at the head of navigation in ordinary stages of the water. The town is a grove of oak, and the country seems to be well wooded. There are finished, and in course of erection now, just fifty-four houses by count. . . . The population may probably be estimated at about two hundred and fifty. From its location, it must flourish and be a very respectable inland town until the establishment of railroads, when it will sink into an insignificant village.

*Friday, 21st May.*—The Legislature erected Carson Valley into a county, styling it Sierra. It is out of the limits of the State, and claimed by Utah, and is itself petitioning Congress for a territorial government. California is a *growing* country!

*Friday, 11th June.*—Two negro men were arrested last night under the Fugitive Slave Law of this State, and upon hearing before B. B. Fry, Justice of the Peace, placed in charge of their masters. They were brought here prior to the adoption of the State constitution, worked two years under their owners' direction, and have since been at work in the mines. They were not defended by counsel before the Justice; but after their commitment a habeas corpus was issued by Judge Aldrich, which was argued on Monday and Tuesday by Cornelius Cole, Winans, and Zabriskie, for the boys, and Tod Robinson and P. L. Edwards for the claimants. The Judge is weak, and was evidently intimidated by the mob. He decided on Tuesday that evidence could not be introduced under the writ, but that the case must stand or fall upon the return of the Justice. This grave error shut out proof which they alleged they possessed, that the blacks were brought here under a contract to labor, and had performed that agreement, and been discharged by their owners accordingly. The main question was, under

this ruling, the constitutionality of the law, which he sustained. . . . . The law is void, for it is a subject of national, not State, jurisdiction; and by universal law, the negro having been brought into and allowed to remain in a free State, is *ipso facto* released from servitude.

*Saturday, 19th June.*—Some papers are speculating, I observe, upon Louis Napoleon's warlike preparations, and suggesting that their object is California. This is a better guess than usual. It hits the mark very nearly. . . . Doubtless he could find a pretext in the treatment of the French in some of the mines, and the extravagant duties extorted from French ships, to get up a very pretty little quarrel; but I think that his present designs are directed against the Mexican State of Sonora. . . . This would give him a foothold on the continent, whence he could operate against California at any future day.

*Wednesday, 14th July.*—There have been a liberal number of California songs written and published, but they are, without a single exception, entirely destitute of poesy. This is the case even with the "Greeting to California," written by Mrs. Sigourney; and proves that those who have strung words together do not partake of the fervent and generous sentiments which our young State and its people are so eminently calculated to in-

spire, and which naturally bubble up into natural poetry from the breast of every true citizen of the Sunset Star, whose radiance rules the destinies of the Pacific, and sheds the golden gleams of hope across the darkness of a toiling world. . . . I have, I think, scrawled what, if not exactly worthy of the theme (and what poetry can be?), yet utters truly, although feebly, my sentiments—my love of the young, ardent empire of the Western Seas.

Why sigh ye for the gay saloon,  
The wealthy city's pride-gilt throng?  
Have we not here companions boon,  
And genial mirth, and wit, and song?  
What other land like this can boast  
The independent soul and deed?  
Mere Fashion's false distinction's lost;  
From every bond but honor's freed,  
Man's inbred dignity is seen,  
His generous heart, his dauntless mien.  
Let weaklings sigh; let triflers sneer;  
Life's goal is won—our home is here.

Our home is here: the liberal soil  
Is teeming with a nation's food;  
Gold fills the hardy hand of toil,  
Comfort dispels want's sigh-wrung mood,  
Freedom that holds but crime in awe,  
Peace, plenty's gift, and soaring hope,  
Dwell beneath honor's easy law,  
And manly minds have spanless scope.  
Wealth may not man to man malign;  
Equals in birth and fate divine;  
Fled groveling doubt, dispelled each fear,  
Earth's Eden found, our home is here.

C. E. Montgomery.

## WHO WAS JOHN HARVARD?

PROBABLY there are few names better known to the great majority of the intelligent people of our country than that of John Harvard; yet there is scarcely a man in the world's history whose name has been so often repeated, and of whom so little has been known. Ask of the most learned professor who has ever been connected with Harvard University, or the most brilliant scholar who has ever feasted at that shrine, the simplest question connected with the history of the institution, "Who was John Harvard?" and

until recently not one could have given you a satisfactory reply, or told you other than a few meager facts concerning about fifteen months of his existence. It was known that he graduated from Emanuel College, England, in 1631, taking a second degree in 1635, as his signature had been found among those of the graduates of that institution. But little else was known of him previous to his appearance in this country in the summer of 1637, and nothing in any degree positive regarding the time of that arrival. On

the 6th of November of that year he was admitted, with Anna, his wife, into the church at Charlestown presided over by the Reverend Zechariah Symmes; one who afterward became his most intimate associate, ministered to his spiritual wants, and in all probability, attended him in his last hours.

He has been generally reckoned as a colleague of Mr. Symmes, and has been spoken of as "pastor of the church in Charlestown"; but his name does not appear in the church records still in existence, other than recording his admission as a member. Religion was then the all-absorbing topic, and it was quite customary at that time for a church to enjoy the luxury of two ministers. Symmes had previously a colleague in one Thomas James, but difficulties having arisen, the ecclesiastical counsel was called together, and Mr. James was invited to resign, which he did. It is not unlikely, therefore, that when John Harvard joined the flock, he became a practical assistant, if he was not formally installed.

Nothing has been left to us of his writings or sayings during his brief life in this country, and the little that we know of him from his contemporaries is, that he was an earnest Christian and an impressive speaker. This church of his in Charlestown is one of considerable interest by itself, being originally formed in July, 1630, as the First Church, Boston. The passage of the river in winter being a source of so great difficulty, it was removed to Boston, and a new church, formed of sixteen married men and their wives and three unmarried men, who remained on that side of the river, organized in 1632. A church in those days meant an organization, not a structure, and this society met for some time under the shadow of a great oak, which was reported alive and flourishing nearly a century later. The colonists might lack shelter, but the spiritual warmth was doubled to offset it.

It was in the year 1636 that the Massachusetts Bay Colony "agreed to give four hundred pounds towards the founding of a school or college," but the money was not readily found for the purpose, and was not only unpaid when John Harvard arrived up-

on the scene the following year, but no part of it ever reached its proposed destination. His well-known appropriation of all his library, and half his fortune, £779, was therefore the first practical aid for that institution, and the true founding of the College. The college records show that but a part of *this* endowment was ever received—so great were the trials that beset this institution at her birth. The Library was received, and consisted of three hundred and two volumes of classical, philosophical, and theological works, which evidence Harvard's scholarly qualities, and his devotion to the cause. Unfortunately, however, they were burned, with the exception of a single book supposed to have been loaned out at the time, in the conflagration of January, 1764, which destroyed the Library building.

This delightful remembrance of him, and the principal guide to the study of his character, was thus granted only to his early followers, and *we* have now but the single book as a link between him and his admirers of today. We are assured, however, of his lovely character; and we enjoy thinking of him, as we are justified in doing, as the pure and gentle Christian gentleman. We know that he was greatly loved and esteemed, and a faithful worker for the church. To those who have not been favored with a view of the ideal statue unveiled upon the college delta last October, each must paint the picture in his own fancy of this most remarkable man—remarkable, not so much for his attainments, nor for any degree of distinction among his fellow-men, but for the generosity and the foresight that was destined to do so much for the future, and for the efforts toward widening, brightening, and smoothing the pathway of learning for the many who were to come after him. His will was a declaration by word of mouth only, and we have not even left to us that document with a signature, which under all ordinary circumstances we should be entitled to.

Mr. Harvard died of consumption on the 24th of Sept., 1638, at the early age of thirty-one, without having attained to a degree of note among his fellow-men which caused

it to be in any way marked upon the feeble record of his times. His was a reputation which was to come after him. Nothing of his own, and but few remarks from his contemporaries, are left to tell us of that life which has since become so great a source of interest. And it is one of the most remarkable freaks of history, that this name should have gained such remarkable historical distinction from a beginning so feeble, and gradually outgrown in fame its capacity to preserve its own record. Behold the singular anomaly of a man becoming noted in the burying of his own history, and renewing his distinction in the unearthing of it two hundred and fifty years after his death—for the fact that so much of this record has been lost to the world for so many years has given it a peculiar interest, and been the cause of the most extraordinary exertions for these final genealogical developments.

The recent discoveries of Mr. Waters, of the class of 1855 (which secured for himself the honorary degree of A. M. from the College, and the gratitude of all whose interests have ever been connected with the institution), have drawn anew the affection that would cluster around this name, and inspire afresh the many who carry through life their pride in this Alma Mater. Here is a college whose name has been a household word in the families of tens of thousands of educated men, and has existed for hundreds of years; and notwithstanding the many friends and enthusiasts, the noted men and scholars, who have labored in her behalf, it has been reserved for a man of today, in the third century of the college's existence, to tell us the simple facts that John Harvard was the son of an uneducated *butcher*; that he was the fourth of nine children, and that neither of his parents could write their own name.

His father, Robert Harvard, died in August, 1625—a victim of the plague; and his mother was Catherine Rogers. After the death of Robert Harvard, the widow was married in January, 1626, to John Elletson, a cooper, and in June, 1626, the death of the cooper is recorded.

Dividing her honors among the trades,

Widow Elletson takes unto herself for a third husband, Richard Yearwood, grocer, and he joins the great caravan to the shady realms soon after, so that on the 2d of July, 1635, the third-time-widow Catherine Rogers-Harvard-Elletson-Yearwood, prepares her own will, and makes her "sonne John Harvard, Clarke" an heir and executor. Her attractions, however, had by no means departed, on the death of this last husband; for the third, as well as the first, seemed to realize her fondness for the sterner sex, and both provided for it or against it in their wills. Richard Yearwood, the third husband, qualified *his* will—"so long time as she shall continue a widow," whilst Robert Harvard, the first husband, said, "within three months next after my decease, or at least before she shall be espoused or married agayne to any other" The grim messenger, however, stepped in, and robbed the remaining trades of their share of this widow's charms.

It is, indeed, a surprise to trace the parentage of John Harvard to such a source, when we had pictured him as an offspring of the best educated of his times. Mr. Waters has thus led us to the fountain-head of one of learning's most bountiful streams; to the barren rock, which, struck by John Harvard when he declared his will, has poured forth its wealth of learning for centuries already, and is destined to continue for ages yet to come. And we now learn that it was by the careful accumulations of the tradesman, from the sweat of the cooper's brow, and the frugal savings of the butcher and the grocer, that so many are now enabled to enjoy the rich benefits of this generous institution. How little did the butcher, the cooper, and the grocer realize that their earnings once in the possession of the son of John Harvard, would be put to such a wonderful use. And no more did John Harvard himself know of the benefits to come of his bequests, for the college bore no name until the March following his death, and he never knew that it was to be called in his honor.

His endowment was a remarkable act for

the times, and doubtless was the subject of much thought and great hopes from the founder. The munificent bequest of a quarter of a million dollars by Mr. Robert Treat Paine (class of 1822), is really insignificant beside the first endowment of £700. The Colony had appropriated, but the funds would not come; hence, this sum at that time was the first practical aid, and the true founding of the College. Mr. Paine's donation is now most welcome and useful to the institution; but so great are now her powers of absorption, and so changed are the times, that the average visitor may pass through the grounds, and never know that this great gift has been made. What a pleasure it would be if we could know something of John Harvard's thoughts and wishes when he devised his gift. He may have hoped that his library and his money should be the means of building up a great college, but did he ever wander forth in his imagination to think what it might become in time? Nothing less than the dreams of an enthusiast, and the wildest flights of fancy, could have given him a conception of the Harvard College of today.

The object of a college in those days was purely and simply to furnish to the Colonies the *preachers*, who should maintain for the future with unflinching firmness the Puritan doctrines which were so strongly engrafted upon the times. It was for worship that the colonists were here, and the most stubborn piety pervaded all their acts. To renew and increase the supply of ministers was therefore one of their first duties. The object of Harvard College, as declared by the Colonial Act, was "the education of the English and Indian youth of this country in knowledge and godliness," and the first brick building upon the grounds was called "the Indian College." In it was printed the translation of the Bible, primers, etc., into the Indian language, and in its first years a number of natives attended the college course. But one Indian, however, is known to have graduated. The Indian soon dropped out in the intellectual race; and as time wore on, the

college education became more liberal, and was adapted to the use of the doctor and the lawyer, as well as of the preacher. The liberal ideas of one century, however, become the old fogyisms of the next; and, thanks to the fortune that has granted us the privileges of today, we behold this magnificent stream of learning confined now to no narrow limits, but possessed of the power to break down and wash away its own obstructions, spreading out its wealth of intellectual material for the benefit of all who would learn.

Looking back, then, from the Harvard College of today to the life of John Harvard of 1637, it would seem as if there had never been in the history of the world a more remarkable illustration of the value and importance of small beginnings, or a stronger example of how important the results that may follow. What an astonishing exhibition of man's latent power for good! All the education that has poured forth from this wonderful institution for two centuries and a half is traced back and reduced down to the simple question in the minds of two parents, who could not write their own names, as to whether a boy should go to college or to his father's trade! Not less than twenty-five thousand educated men, and their influences for good over all their associates during hundreds of years, balanced in the mind of a mother, who decided that her boy should go to school rather than to the butcher's shop, or settled by the ordinary tradesman's boy at college, when he makes the best of his opportunities, and sows his seed upon good ground!

Never since Harvard College was founded has she seen so mighty an argument in her behalf. And the parent of today, who makes an exertion for the better education of his child, or the faithful student who does the best that he knows with the privileges granted him, can no more tell what a benefit to the world that exertion or that faithfulness may prove in the future, than the John Harvard of the seventeenth century knew what is the Harvard influence of the nineteenth.

*Frank F. Symmes.*



## MACBETH WITH KELLEY'S MUSIC.

RARELY is there occasion to chronicle a theatrical event so noteworthy in so many ways as was the late production of "Macbeth." At a moment when London managers are writing articles to prove that Shakspeare is a synonym for financial ruin, it is a pleasure to record that a Californian manager has found one of the mightiest of his plays a stepping-stone to fortune. Nearly two years ago Mr. Sheridan, the actor, when approached with the suggestion that he should undertake "Macbeth" with Mr. Kelley's music, assured the writer, with most confident vehemence, that no perfection of stage-setting, no power of histrionic talent, no intensity of musical heightening, could overcome the aversion of the public to this somber play, which had always failed to make money for the manager, whether Kean, or Booth, or Irving had undertaken it. Ten times, therefore, is it to the credit of Mr. McKee Rankin, that he had the courage to give such a painstaking performance as redeemed the losses brought upon him by ventures in the latest novelties, and fairly turned the tide of his financial prospects. For twenty-four successive performances the large California Theater was filled with audiences which sometimes strained the capacity of the theater to its utmost. I believe I am correct in saying that in the two hundred and seventy-five years that have elapsed since the first recorded performance of "Macbeth," it has never before been played so many times in succession.

The motive that impelled Mr. Rankin to put "Macbeth" on the boards, was the unequivocal success which the music recently composed for the tragedy by Mr. Edgar S. Kelley was able to attain last February in the concert-hall, through the liberality of Mr. John Parrott. It is the main purpose of this notice to give a brief analysis of that music; but the performance by Mr. Rankin's company was such a departure from the method

of handling Shakspeare common to the English and American stage, that it has the first right to notice and commendation. Its excellence consisted in its abandonment of the "star" system, and the adoption in its place of an endeavor to give uniform strength to the whole cast. The one is the method of America, the other that of Germany. If Shakspeare's plays, in the hands of the common manager, fail to interest the public and make money, this result is no more than the richly deserved reward of treating his life-like pictures of interdependent characters as though they were a spectacle of Lilliputians before some towering Gulliver. This is Booth's way; and ten times his talent could not redeem such folly from failure. Germany, on the other hand, has been for more than a century so wisely instructed in drama, that her renderings of Shakspeare, even when marked by no superlative genius in any rôle, are always coherent and undistorted pictures of reality. Irving was the first Englishman to take this lesson deeply to heart, and he had not learned it so thoroughly five years ago that the visit of the Meiningen Company to London did not teach him a great deal more. His visit to the United States in 1883 made a noticeable impression on the quick wits of American managers; and when the style of Mr. Rankin's performance is contrasted with the maimed appearance which Shakspeare has always been compelled to make as Booth presented him, the difference is full of happy significance for the future of the American stage. Mr. Rankin has won a place among the few enlightened managers of the world.

The success of Mr. Rankin's performance was the more marked, because it was gained by means which ought to be within the reach of any company of trained actors. There is no genius in his company. It contains, indeed, members who at times plainly did not know the meaning of the words they

spoke. But "Macbeth" is a swiftly written play, full of expressions difficult, not only by reason of remoteness from our current speech, but which even Shakspeare himself would have said are not lucid; and even if it were as clearly written as its author's "Venus and Adonis," we should still have to tolerate, in the present state of theatrical education, actors whose reading of blank verse resembles nothing so much as those unpunctuated letters of illiterate people, in which it is impossible to tell where one sentence ends and the next begins. Reading of this order one may still hear at the best theaters in London and New York. It shall not, therefore, detract from the praise to which Mr. Rankin's company is entitled on other grounds.

Shakspeare's plays, after all, are not primarily, as many scholarly persons seem inclined to imagine, exercises in reading. They are transcripts of life, and as such, the reading—provided always it fulfill the requirement of being intelligible and true to the author's thought—is subordinate to those elements which make the action real. It is absurd to talk of plays appealing to the imagination. That is true of a novel or of an epic poem; but the dramatist's appeal, like that of life itself, is to the eyes and ears of his audience. Other things being equal—and "other things" include the vital elements that give its very essence to a play—that drama will produce the greatest effect which is best provided with every device by which the spectator can be deceived into believing the scene before him to be reality itself. The stage-setting of a play thus becomes a matter of highest consideration. No stage-manager in the history of the theater ever carried this principle to such a degree of perfection as was attained by Richard Wagner, in his music dramas at Bayreuth. The minute realism with which every scenic detail—extending even to most delicate changes in sky and atmosphere—was there carried out, is something as yet unknown to the general stage. The object sought was as novel as the means by which it was attained, and these involved alterations in the traditional way of mounting

scenes that make the work of American stage-carpenters, mechanics, and scene-painters seem, by comparison, the mere beginnings of the art. Measured by this standard, the realism of Mr. Rankin's setting of "Macbeth" would not stand very high, for the skill of his painters and carpenters was never the art that conceals art. But judging the scenes as sketches which there was neither skill nor money enough to carry to the point of realism, it must be conceded that they gave evidence of an uncommonly thoughtful adaptation to the picturesque requirements of the play. The heath where the witches appear; the exterior of Macbeth's castle, both at the time of Duncan's entrance and at the final assault; the inner court and the banquet hall—were conceived in a manner that heightened the intensity of the action. And the scenes themselves were seconded in this result by the careful study evident in both the design and color of the costumes, which gave a brawny emphasis to the figures in fine keeping with the elemental forces of the tragedy.

If a theatrical performance would attain to anything like a rounded completeness of all the details possible to dramatic art, it must not omit the presentation of a constantly changing series of pictures, which, in the grouping of masses, in the harmony of colors, in the distribution of light and shade, in the relations of foreground and background encompassing the whole, shall be subject to the same laws that determine the perfection of a picture on canvas. Granting an equal genius in design, there is no reason—now that stage mechanism is what it is—that the living picture on the stage should not add to the art of a great painting all the superiority over canvas that belongs to life itself. Attention was paid to these considerations by Mr. Rankin, with results sometimes spoilt by undue haste, and sometimes highly gratifying even to critical eyes. A number of telling plastic effects, in little groups of two and three, might easily be cited; but the scenes which will last longest in the memory as stage pictures of uncommon power, were the rousing of the castle when the murder is discovered,

the banquet scene, and the splendid crush of colors and mailed men on which the curtain fell. For the scene of the murder, an inner court was shown:—the castle gate in the center of the walls behind; on each side, a spiral stairway leading to an open balcony in front of the guest-chambers; those of Duncan and his son on the right, those of Banquo and other noblemen on the left. The sudden commotion which filled the court below with men, summoning the half-naked guests from their beds to peer down from the balconies, calling forth Lady Macbeth only to faint in the arms of her women, while in the foreground Banquo and others listened to Macbeth's description of his vengeance on the drunken grooms, made up a picture that will not soon fade.

In the third act the banquet scene was a succession of admirable pictures. The scenery gave a compact setting to them all. An immense stone arch sprang from the walls across the entire foreground; in the middle distance, two lesser arches rested on a stone pillar in the center of the floor; the vaulting of other arches filled up the back. A banquet table, with antique drinking horns at every place, was spread across the foreground on the right, with stools (not chairs) that enabled the outlines of the seated figures to make their full effect; and on the left, two similar tables extended lengthwise towards the rear. Curious archaic lamps hung from the ceiling, and torches flared from links on the walls. The space between the foremost tables and in front of the central pillar was filled during the scene by Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, and the ghost of Banquo. Some idea will thus be obtained by the reader of the concentration of effect, by which the eye was insensibly brought to a focus on the central figures; but only one who saw the guests enter and take their places, who marked the felicitous ease of their grouping, who noted in the subdued tone of their garments, as contrasted with the brighter apparel of the royal pair, a distribution of color corresponding most happily with the distribution of dramatic values, who felt the subtle heightening of the picture as the startled guests rose in an-

swer to Macbeth's cry of wonder that they could sit unmoved,—only one who was witness to all this will be able to recall to his imagination the truly admirable qualities that crowned this great scene with success.

Finally, at the close of the tragedy, came a scene that was a complete departure from the habit of the stage. Here was no flimsy setting for the hand-to-hand fight that usually brings "Richard III." or "Macbeth" to a semi-ludicrous end. Macbeth's castle, on a veritable hill of Dunsinane, filled the background; from the open gate, Macbeth descends by a steep path to the bridge in the middle distance, where he meets Macduff; in one corner of the foreground, with their war engines, a party of the besiegers watch the conflict, and a similar group of Macbeth's men stand under the castle walls above. The duel proceeds, and principals and men vanish from the scene. Hand-to-hand fights follow on no fewer than three levels at once. Bands of soldiers, with the din of assault, rush up the hill and disappear around the walls. Macbeth and Macduff appear now in the foreground and continue their duel. At last, when Macbeth had been fought off the stage, and the victorious leaders assembled in the foreground, while the mob of soldiers and their standards, in the disordered crush of their last onset, stood jammed on the bridge over their crouching foes, one felt that the melodramatic character of the scene was depicted as Shakspeare had intended, and that the final suppression of Macbeth's irregulated nature had been manfully accomplished.

Few spectators left the theater without feeling that they had witnessed the terrible episodes of a man's real life. As Shakspeare's object in writing the play was to awaken this feeling, it is no slight praise of the manner in which the spirit of the work was interpreted, to say that the performance had this result. The Macbeth of Mr. Rankin, the Lady Macbeth of Miss Wilton, may not have been exactly the Macbeth and the Lady Macbeth of tradition; it is to their credit that the interpretation of each had very decided original characteristics; but they were de-

cidedly both very human, and managed to enlist the audience deeply in their fortunes. Through all stages of Macbeth's career—as the rugged soldier, ambitious, yet not so quick at thought or at resolve as his wife; as the conscience-stricken victim of his own hallucinations; and, finally, as the prey to world-weariness, making show of action, but full of philosophizing, and, in reality, half eager for his end—Mr. Rankin showed a thoughtful appreciation of the character. More frequent delivery of Shaksperian verse will give Mr. Rankin's colloquial style a distinctness of enunciation which is now its greatest want; but it was, nevertheless, a pleasant contrast to the mock-heroics of Mr. Harkins's delivery of the same lines. His antique method of declamation, in which vowels are drawled and consonants are held until the last vocal quality in them has been extracted, is a sensuous style that deserves to be buried or cremated beyond the power of resurrection. Its stilted effects blunt the sharpness of the thought, and are too far removed from nature to hold any place on the modern stage. They spoil in Mr. Harkins other excellent qualities of an artist.

The Lady Macbeth of Miss Wilton was full of true womanliness. Unlike Charlotte Cushman, Miss Wilton did not seek to portray, beyond the opening scenes, an iron-nerved woman of more than masculine calousness. She was quite equal in power to the tigress-like ferocity with which the murder of Duncan is first plotted and urged; but with her the "undaunted mettle" of the woman is less the unvarying complexion of her character, than a phase of sternness assumed to help the vacillating purpose of her husband to the great goal which "fate and metaphysical aid" had appointed. The instantaneousness with which, after the prophecy of the weird sisters, both Macbeth and his wife, each independently of the other, conceive the thought of murdering Duncan, is an element in their characters which I can not help thinking was not intended by Shakspeare so much as a key-note of ferocity, as it was forced upon him by the exigencies of dramatic requirements. Had he been writ-

ing a novel, instead of a play, it would have been easy for him to take time to let the thought of murder arise gradually. But being under the necessity of getting his play in motion and connecting the action immediately with its primary impulse, he makes the idea of murder follow instantly upon the prophecy of kingship by the witches. This involves, though unexpressed, an absolute and unquestioning belief in witchcraft, which, however, when it has served its purpose as a starter, is quickly passed over by Shakspeare and wisely made to give place to motives of universal human currency. But, like the belief in ghosts, which is the mainspring of events in "Hamlet," the belief in witchcraft and the powers of darkness is the first link in "Macbeth" on which the whole chain of the tragedy depends. This being once accepted, it diminishes immensely our surprise at the otherwise inexplicable alacrity with which the murder is conceived; for if there were powers of darkness, with a recognized control over destiny, whose words were believed to be as incapable of error as those ascribed to divine origin, it would manifestly be the course of worldly wisdom to follow their commands. I know that today, in remote corners of Scotland, I could put my hand on relics of pristine savagery and superstition, who would say that, if Macbeth had not killed Duncan after the hint he received, he would have been a fool. It is difficult for the modern conscience to view the subject from this barbaric standpoint; but once seen in this light, Lady Macbeth's exhortations to murder appear not as immoral incitements to crime, but as the prudential dictates of a person who fears that some weak motive, like "the milk of human kindness," may prevent her husband from taking the gift which the Fates have said belongs to him. If we thus divest ourselves of any accusation against Lady Macbeth of a moral taint, and recognize her implied obedience to the revealed authority of Fate, there will be nothing inconsistent between the pitilessness of her determination that "Duncan must be provided for," and the possession by her at other times of many

gentle, womanly qualities, which might disclose themselves when the occasion for "undaunted mettle" was past. In harmony with this view, Miss Wilton's conception of the character was not without many exhibitions of grace, of softness, of wifely devotion. The picture she presented when her husband returns home and she unbuckles his armor; the grace of her bearing, when, having welcomed Duncan into her castle, she waves to his retinue to follow across the draw-bridge; her fainting when the murder is discovered; the mingled dignity as hostess and anxiety as wife, which contend with one another all through the terrible ordeal of the banquet scene; and, when the guests have departed, the gentleness of her unspoken intuition that her husband is perilously near to madness—all these purely plastic revelations of character counterbalanced the impression of her first incitement to the murder, and disclosed a vein of softness which enabled the audience to understand that last heart-rending appearance with her broken mind. Miss Wilton's *Lady Macbeth* showed her to be possessed of powers with which she had never before been credited. I will not close my notice of the performance, without a word of acknowledgment to the assistance which the fine presence and the good delivery of Mr. Joseph Holland as Malcolm, and Mr. De Belleville as Banquo, gave to the general success.

It is time, at last, to speak of Mr. Kelley's music. The most hasty reader of "*Macbeth*" will not fail to recollect that the introduction of music is more than once indicated in connection with the scenes in which the witches appear. Without expressing an opinion as to whether Shakspeare or another hand is responsible for these scenes, it is sufficient to recall the fact, that, in the course of the tragedy, four scenes are devoted to these supernatural appearances—two in the first act, one in the third, and one in the fourth; and that in the last two of the scenes indicated there is direction that music shall be introduced. In the third act, after Hecate's talk, her departure is suggested

by the song—from voices of invisible spirits—"Come away, come away." In the cauldron scene of the fourth act, more singing is indicated by the song, "Black spirits and white," and the scene is closed with directions for a "witches' dance." Two songs and a dance, then, are the sum of music that the stage directions suggest, and this, I assume, is the extent of the music that Matthew Lock composed for the performance in 1672, when, following the directions of Sir William Davenant, the play was produced with every attention to spectacular effect of which the times were capable. This is the way in which Downes, the prompter of the theater, chronicles the event: "The tragedy of *Macbeth*, altered by Sir William Davenant, being dressed in all its finery, as new clothes, new scenes, machines, as flying for the witches, with all the singing and dancing in it, the first composed by Mr. Lock, the other by Mr. Channell and Mr. Priest, it being all excellently performed, being in the nature of an opera, it recompensed double the expenses; it proves still a lasting play."

Having no acquaintance with Lock's music, I am unable to say whether he confined himself to the two songs and a dance, or amplified the stage directions by the addition of duet, trio and chorus, and perhaps (as the use of the word "opera" in the preceding notice might indicate) set the whole of the rhymed words in each witch-scene to music. But in any of these supposed events, the scope of the endeavor would yet stand far below the compass of Mr. Kelley's work, in which the music for the witches forms but a small, almost a single, feature in the whole composition. While Lock's music, I assume, was almost wholly vocal, in that of Mr. Kelley, there is but one number for voices—the chorus of spirits, to which the song "Black spirits and white" is allotted. The dance at the end of the same scene is omitted by Mr. Kelley; and as to the song "Come away" in the third act, the whole scene in which it occurs is ignored and was omitted from the performance. In short, Mr. Kelley cut adrift entirely from all stage direction, and with absolute freedom set to work to add music

wherever it appeared that the play could be heightened or the music advantageously defined by the common alliance. His entire music to the tragedy may be summarized in three divisions:—first, the single vocal number already mentioned as the chorus of spirits; second, the orchestral preludes to the first, second, and fifth acts, and to the fourth scene of the third act; and third, the orchestral accompaniments to the spoken text in portions of the ten following scenes,—the third and seventh of the first act, the first and second of the second act, the fourth of the third act, the first and third of the fourth act, and the first, fourth, and eighth of the fifth act. In these last two scenes of marching and battle the music is an accompaniment not to words but to actions. It will thus be seen that Mr. Kelley's music is distinctively an instrumental, not a vocal, addition to the tragedy; and that if we omit the four orchestral preludes which precede separate risings of the curtain, and the single chorus which is heard during a lyrical pause in the movement of the drama, there remain, as music heard while the play is in progress, only the orchestral accompaniments to the spoken text and the action in the ten scenes indicated. This method of heightening the intensity of a scene by musical coloring, attained by an independent orchestral accompaniment to the play, while the actor, instead of being transformed into a singer, is left free to follow the direction of his own art, is, I suppose, sufficiently familiar to all persons whose knowledge of music and of musical history is not a matter of haphazard acquirement. Mendelssohn wrote such accompaniments for Shakspere's "Midsummer Night's Dream," Schumann did the same for Byron's "Manfred," and Spohr for Goethe's "Faust"; and these three works, presented as plays with music, form part of the regular repertoire of all the larger theaters in Germany. Nobody, therefore, was probably more astonished than Mr. Kelley, to find himself hailed by the newspapers as the inventor of a principle which, it was prophetically urged, was likely to have no small influence on the future of musico-dramatic art.

It is not necessary, however, to look far into Mr. Kelley's work, before finding the most ample grounds upon which to sustain his true claim to originality. I speak with a knowledge of the principal works of Professor John K. Paine, of Mr. Dudley Buck, and of the tentative efforts of many young composers, when I say that no American has ever approached Mr. Kelley in the high musical quality of the melodic and harmonic materials out of which his work has been wrought. Of the scores of young Americans who have gone to Germany to learn how to express themselves in music, he is, perhaps, the single one who has had within him something worth expressing. If his *Macbeth* music secure a place—as I have no doubt it will—in the golden treasury of the world's music, it will be primarily because the themes of which it is composed bear the stamp of one gifted with a native power of musical utterance. No depth of harmony, no daring surprises of modulation, no freedom of thematic development, no variety of instrumental coloring, however much they may heighten the effect of original melodic charm, can ever atone for the absence of this first and supreme test of the right to compose music. It is because the themes themselves are of the essence of true music, that it has been possible to make not a mere exercise in composition, but a great picture in tones, of their rhythmic and harmonic development, when combining and contrasting them in the orchestral preludes in accordance with the dictates of an imaginative vision of their relations.

The number of themes or musical motives from which the entire *Macbeth* music is developed—if we count as such a trumpet fanfare, a bubbling figure, the burden of "Sleep no more," and the refrain of "Innocent sleep"—may be reckoned at fifteen. These themes appear in their original and simplest form in connection with the spoken text. The accompaniments, in fact, to the ten scenes in which there is music, are not a continuous flow of music throughout the scene, but may be described as the occurrence, at intervals, of single themes in their

simplest form or but slightly developed, introduced by a few instruments at definite moments of the dialogue. In this—the method first elaborated into a new principle of art by Richard Wagner—the words are intensified by musical heightening, while at the same time the juxtaposition of words and themes defines beyond mistake the emotional significance intended by the music. A few instances will serve to show, as far as words can, the manner in which this is effected in “Macbeth.” In the seventh scene of the first act, when Macbeth would almost abandon his purpose, exclaiming to his wife, “We will proceed no further in this business,” and Lady Macbeth, in three tremendous speeches, attempts to “screw his courage to the sticking place,”—a theme, heard before in the overture, marked by deep brooding and a climbing progression, accompanies each of her three speeches, and defines itself as the theme of ambition. In the murder scene of the second act, at the words “Is this a dagger which I see before me?” the theme of resolve, with its significant iteration, arises and repeats itself through the soliloquy, until at the words, “Now o’er the one-half world nature seems dead,” the terrible solemnity of the harmonies from the prelude to the second act returns—a prelude in which the burden of “Sleep no more” is linked with the refrain of “Innocent sleep” in such a lullaby as might have preceded not only the murder of Duncan, but even a whole St. Bartholomew’s holocaust of lives. But as Macbeth goes up the stairs, at the words, “It is a knell that summons thee to heaven or to hell,” the theme of resolve returns, with “damnable iteration,” falling like dagger strokes while Macbeth within is at his work. His wife enters. At the words, “It was the owl that shrieked,” the tragic burden of three notes, “Sleep no more,” is heard. Then, as Macbeth rushes out of the chamber above, peers down over the balcony, cries “Who’s there?” and rushes back again, while Lady Macbeth, below in the darkness, standing under the wall, exclaims, “Alack! I am afraid they have waked and ’tis not done. . . . I laid

their daggers ready,” the theme of ambition sounds ominously through all her words. “This is a sorry sight,” cries Macbeth, looking at his bloody hands, and the theme of resolve, with a mournful alteration to contrition, wails through all his description of the murder, till the little gleam of melody, characterizing “The *innocent* sleep, sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,” shines through the lowering gloom of the scene, only to be blotted next moment by the returning murkiness. For the theme of ambition again asserts itself, as Lady Macbeth, snatching the daggers to go back and smear the faces of the grooms with blood, exclaims, “It’s the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil.” Left to himself, the agony of Macbeth’s words :

“Will all great Neptune’s ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No : This my hand will  
rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red”—

is terribly signalized by the occurrence, not of a new theme, but of the once emphatic theme of resolve now shorn of all its emphasis, and weakened to a very groan of its former self. So much do Mr. Kelley’s harmonies convey of the remorseful depths of the words just quoted, and of the final cry of Macbeth : “Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou *couldst*.” The music of this scene, though but a disjointed succession of themes, is an astonishing realization, in the profound language of tone, of the inmost spirit of one of the most awful scenes in Shakspeare.

From clouds to sunshine is the change from the scene of the murder to the royal banquet in the third act. If the themes of the murder scene may be regarded as the strongest examples of Mr. Kelley’s command over tragic moods, the spirit of cheerfulness is certainly represented with equal emphasis in the sunny happiness that pervades the Royal Gaelic March. Its rhythms and intervals confirm the nationality implied in the title; and its structure, instead of following the arrangement of themes common to the ac-

cepted march-form, consists of a most original and unconstrained development of a single theme, from which the free evolution of the whole march is carried out in most happy consonance with the spirit of *abandon* inherent in the theme itself. This charming little work was finished in February, 1884, and by virtue of the masterly freedom of its thematic handling, it may be accredited with marking the date of Mr. Kelley's musical majority. The guests being seated, the first murderer previously sent forth by Macbeth to waylay Banquo approaches, under pretense of handing a horn of wine, and informs Macbeth that his work is done. At the words, "Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he bides," the weird theme of Banquo's ghost occurs for the first time. Twice again after the ghost's first entrance, and twice more after he appears the second time, this mystic theme occurs. It has the airy translucency of pure spirit, and the spectral effect of it is instantaneous. It contributed immensely to the realism of the scene, by giving an assurance of ghostliness to the figure of Banquo which it could not otherwise have had, though the concentration of light on the ghost and its sudden diffusion when the ghost had departed was not without its effect. Finally, when the guests rise at Lady Macbeth's words, "At once good night. Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once," the Gaelic March is resumed; but instead of the entirety of its theme, it is shortened into a rhythmic suggestion, shall I say of the same question on many tongues, or of a gradual breaking up of the festivity, as the guests, one here, one there, disappear from the hall? No sooner is Macbeth left alone with his wife and his own brooding—"It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood"—than the theme of Banquo's ghost, recalling the mainspring of the frenzy that has displaced the mirth and left an empty hall, recurs again. Macbeth, thoroughly unstrung, sinks into a seat. His wife, with keen intuition of his over-wrought brain, urges him to retire to sleep. But then, just before the curtain falls, as Macbeth throws down his crown, and Lady Macbeth groans

in his lap, the theme of "Sleep no more" defines the doom that overhangs them both.

With the opening of the fourth act, the music for the witches and for the chorus of spirits reveals in Mr. Kelley's themes still another characteristic, which distinguishes them from those of the earlier scenes. The tragic, the joyous, and the spectral here give place to the grotesque and the uncanny. Exception must be taken to the theme of fate, associated here and elsewhere with the witches, which bears a most marked kinship to the fate theme that runs all through Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelung." But the bubbling figure that accompanies each repetition of the words—

"Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble,"

whether it be regarded as a rhythmic suggestion of the bubbling of the cauldron or of the hobbling of the witches around it, is an original and telling bit of grotesquerie. At Hecate's words, "And now about the cauldron sing," were heard the unusual but appropriate harmonic progressions that introduce the single vocal number, the Chorus of Spirits. For musical oddity, this is certainly Mr. Kelley's most original composition. Not only has it, like the Gaelic March, an originality of form which is a wide departure from musical precedent, but the themes themselves, their harmonization, the odd patches of instrumental color, all contribute to produce a thoroughly uncanny effect. Here are spirits without humanity, belonging rather to the orders of elves and hobgoblins; and if the Banquo theme successfully depicted a human spirit, the demoniacal world is no less characteristically embodied in this chorus. The sleep-walking scene is most effectively accompanied by the music, but I omit detailed mention of the sequence of the themes, since (with one exception) they have all been characterized before. Everything in the action of the fifth act is preliminary to the final battle and defeat of Macbeth. As a last example of the adequacy of Mr. Kelley's themes, may be mentioned the theme of the English March,



than which one could not desire a more vivid representation of that English sturdiness which, in more than Macbeth's instance, has been a foil to Scotland.

It is difficult, by verbal paraphrase of the expressions of an art that lies deeper than speech, to bridge over the gap between prose and music, and to convey successfully into the less ethereal world the elusive images of the land of tones. But enough, perhaps, has been said to warrant the opinion expressed at the outset as to the high musical quality of Mr. Kelley's themes. Original melodic power is, after all, the first and supreme test of the right to compose music. It will be understood, of course, that this quality is never dissociated in Mr. Kelley's work from a corresponding harmonic power. The alliance of the two, as supplementary parts of a whole theme, is indeed demanded by the modern feeling for polyphony. Moreover, both melody and harmony are clothed by Mr. Kelley in colors which indicate no haphazard choice of instruments, but a watchful understanding of the precise emotional effect which the voice of every instrument in the orchestra adds to a theme's meaning. In one or two instances where the succession of themes is obviously a progression towards a climax, the very opposite effect to that intended is produced by an unhappy succession of the strings to the brass; and in one conspicuous place the presence of a long contrapuntal passage is completely concealed by the instrumentation of the attendant harmonies. But these lapses from a mature knowledge of the just balance of instruments were very rare and are easily corrected.

I have compared Mr. Kelley, to his own advantage, with the composers of our own country whose names fill the highest place. I will compare him now with a composer highest in another land. If we take the last work—not in my opinion the work of a man still in his prime, but accepted in Europe as indicating no impairment of faculty—the last work, "*Mors et Vita*," of Charles Gounod, and compare the themes of which it is composed with those of "*Macbeth*," I venture

to say that not a single competent and unprejudiced judge would hesitate to give the palm for all that is of the essence of music to the young American.

There is another aspect of Mr. Kelley's work, which will give it a unique place in the history of American music. Not only does it outrank, by virtue of its themes, any music yet composed in America, but it also, in point of form, takes conspicuous place as the first work composed on this side of the Atlantic in frank obedience to the new principles of musical form developed by Richard Wagner. It is well for the vitality of a work of art, when truth of substance is contained within it; but ten times is life assured to it when to this first requisite is added truth of form. In music, since the pedagogic forms of counterpoint, through which the art stumbled in the Middle Ages, were vitalized by the introduction of the simple melodies surviving among the people, no such stride has ever been taken as was made when Wagner proceeded to define themes by associating them with dramatic situations, waiting until afterwards, when their emotional significance had been thus determined beyond confusion, before giving them the freest rhythmic development, and combining them not merely in accordance with the needs of musical variety, but in obedience to the dictates of an imaginative scheme of their relations. This step of Wagner's involves a conception of the nature and limits of music entirely at variance with that which underlies the musical forms of his predecessors. It is to the credit of Mr. Kelley and to the immeasurable gain of his work, that, in spite of being the graduate of a German conservatory, he has followed the Wagnerian method.

Four years and a half ago, when, fresh from Stuttgart, Mr. Kelley arrived a stranger in San Francisco, there was nothing to indicate that his first work of any magnitude would stamp him as a composer of the Wagnerian school. He had finished at that time, under the eyes of his professors, but three compositions—a string quartette, and for the piano a polonaise for four hands, and a *revue* for two. In these works were character-

istics of musical quality which may be traced in everything he has done—in the theme of the quartette a naïve sweetness of simple melody, in the polonaise a search after novelty of rhythm verging dangerously near the bizarre, in the harmonies of all three works an originality often attaining freshness of effect, but sometimes suggesting eccentricity. But in the form of these compositions was no departure, as yet, from the rules he had learned. Mendelssohn for form, Schumann and Chopin for harmony, were then the gods of his idolatry. Of the genius of Wagner he could not but have a lively admiration. But he had no idea of taking for his model such a violater of all the established rules of music; and of the system of leading themes as a new principle of art, rather than as an exaggerated development of a feature which had already had some fugitive examples in music, he had no more conception than had his German professors. It would, of course, be too much to expect that the professors of Germany should not have done everything in their power during Wagner's lifetime to make his life a burden to him. The last works of Beethoven, now extolled in all the conservatories as the highest examples of musical form, were for years reviled by the German professors as the aberrations of a lunatic. Only fatuous oblivion to the past history of genius in the world could have expected other treatment of Wagner. Occasionally a professor, like Seifriz of Stuttgart, was content, in place of reviling him, to refer to his deviations from musical precedent as the doings of a man apart, who could not be

made subject to the law; but this negative abstention from abuse is the utmost liberality to which the professors have attained.

It was not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Kelley should leave a German conservatory with the vaguest notions of the new light that had come into the world. With the extreme caution of his nature and an excessive reverence for the sayings of his German masters, which was intelligible in one whose previous life had been spent in an obscure American village, it might have been expected that the form of Mr. Kelley's compositions would show a dutiful observance of established rules. That it does not, that, on the contrary, the *Macbeth* music indicates the widest possible departure from the lessons of the conservatory, and an adoption of the most advanced principles known to musical art, is one more proof of the lasting potency of Wagner. It confutes the sneer of the critics, that the form of his art was a crude innovation which would die out with its inventor. It will not die out so quickly as the works of those composers who have not brains enough to accept its validity. It rests upon the most profound conception of the nature of music. Without impairing the intensity of music as the language of feeling, it has enhanced the position of music as a fine art by deepening its intellectuality. The debt of the whole world for the matchless inheritance it received from Wagner can never be repaid, and America's share in that indebtedness has been increased, now that the themes of its most original composer have derived all the vitality of their form from Wagner's great example.

*Alfred A. Wheeler.*

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#### A DAY DEPARTED.

But still sweet Memory of that day,  
 In all her coy and winning way,  
 Comes stealing back, and parting lightly  
 The veil of duller thoughts, smiles brightly.

THE OLD REGIME OF SAN FRANCISCO.<sup>1</sup>

IN view of the almost universal tendency of power to drift towards some central point in the political organism, it becomes a matter of great practical importance to direct thought and action so that local organizations may receive a greater measure of attention, and be developed in such a manner as to constitute a more efficient counterpoise to the central government. It is, therefore, to be regarded as a hopeful sign in the affairs of the United States, that an increasing amount of thought is being given to the organization and history of our local governments. The study of State and municipal governments, either from the historical or analytical point of view, will inevitably lead to a better appreciation of their importance, and suggest means of rendering them more efficient. A noteworthy product of such study is to be found in Hittell's "History of California"; it is, in fact, one of the most noteworthy books hitherto produced in this State. The two volumes already announced, embracing about eight hundred pages each, treat of the history of California from the period of its earliest discovery by Europeans, to its admission as a State of the Union. From the beginning to the end, it bears abundant evidence of patient and careful research; and it indicates, moreover, that the author himself, by diligent and conscientious study, has acquired a mastery of the subject-matter. The sources from which he draws the bulk of his information, are the original letters and state papers of the times treated; and in presenting their substance without dropping into their wearisome style, he displays considerable literary skill. Throughout the work the style is clear, direct, and leaves on the mind of the reader a distinct and definite impression. It is an able and scholarly production, although it may not be

looked upon as the last word on the history of California, for every age writes the histories it reads. The Californians of this age, however, have reason to be thankful that one so well fitted for the undertaking has been disposed to give up the best part of a life to a work of which they are to reap the greater share of advantage.

In proposing to write a general history of California, Mr. Hittell has not found it consistent with his plan to enter into a detailed analysis and history of the subordinate political organizations of which the State is composed; but at the same time, he has presented a vast amount of information which the student of local government in California must possess before starting on his special investigations. Within the field covered by our author, one of the most conspicuous subjects of special inquiry may be found in the foundation and political history of San Francisco.

The site of San Francisco was first trodden by Europeans in the autumn of 1769. At the same time, the bay of San Francisco was discovered. About three years later, in the spring of 1772, Pedro Fages and his followers looked out through the Golden Gate from the foot-hills of Berkeley. Towards the end of 1774, Bucareli, the viceroy of Mexico, wrote to Rivera and Serra that he intended to establish a presidio at San Francisco, and by an order dated November 12, 1775, he gave directions for the foundation of a fort, presidio, and mission on the bay of San Francisco. On the 17th of June, 1776, an overland expedition left Monterey to carry out the order of the viceroy. It was composed of the lieutenant commanding, Don José Moraga, one sergeant, sixteen soldiers, seven settlers—all married men with their families—and a number of other persons, as servants, herdsmen, and drovers, who drove the two hundred head of neat cattle for the presidio, and the pack train with provisions and necessary equipage for the

<sup>1</sup>"History of California," Vol. I. By Theodore H. Hittell. San Francisco: Pacific Press Publishing House and Occidental Publishing Company. 1885.

road.<sup>1</sup> They arrived on the 27th of June. The rest of the equipment was sent from Monterey by sea in the vessel "San Carlos," which arrived on the 18th of August. The site of the presidio having been determined, several rude buildings were erected. These were a storehouse, a chapel, the commandant's dwelling, and dwellings for the soldiers and their families. The ceremony of taking formal possession followed on the 17th of September. Father Palou, one of the two priests who had been sent with the expedition to establish a mission at San Francisco, thus records the event in which he was a principal actor: "We took formal possession of the presidio on the seventeenth day of September, the anniversary of the impressions of the wounds of our Father San Francisco, the patron of the presidio and mission. I said the first mass, and after blessing the site, the elevation and adoration of the Holy Cross, and the conclusion of the service with the *Te Deum*, the officers took formal possession in the name of our sovereign, with many discharges of cannon, both on sea and land, and the musketry of the soldiers."<sup>2</sup> The seventeenth of September, 1776, may therefore be set down as the date of the foundation of San Francisco. The ceremonies attending the foundation of the mission at San Francisco were held on the 9th of the following October.

From this beginning grew the town or pueblo of San Francisco, which, like the pueblo of San Diego, Santa Barbara, and Monterey, was an off-shoot of a presidio. It is to be distinguished from two other classes of pueblos, namely, those pueblos which were founded as such, and those which grew out of mission establishments. Vancouver has given a description of the presidio as it appeared in 1792, sixteen years after its foundation. "Its wall, which fronted the harbor, was visible from the ships; but instead of the city or town, whose lights we had so anxiously looked for on the night of our ar-

rival, we were conducted into a spacious verdant plain, surrounded by hills on every side excepting that which fronted the fort. The only object of human industry which presented itself was a square area, whose sides were about two hundred yards in length, inclosed by a mud wall, and resembling a pound for cattle. Above this wall the thatched roofs of their low, small houses just made their appearance. Their houses were all along the wall, within the square, and their fronts uniformly extended the same distance into the area, which is a clear, open space, without building, or other interruptions. The only entrance into it is by a large gateway; facing which, and against the center of the opposite wall or side, is the church; which, though small, was neat in comparison to the rest of the buildings. This projects further into the square than the houses, and is distinguishable from the other edifices by being white-washed with lime made from sea-shells; limestone or calcareous earth not having yet been discovered in the neighborhood. On the left of the church is the commandant's house, consisting, I believe, of two rooms and a closet, which are divided by massy walls, similar to that which incloses the square, and communicating with each other by very small doors. Between these apartments and the outward wall was an excellent poultry house and yard, which seemed pretty well stocked; and between the roof and the ceilings of the rooms was a kind of lumber garret: these were all the conveniences the habitation seemed calculated to afford. The rest of the houses, though smaller, were fashioned exactly after the same manner, and in the winter or rainy seasons must, at the best, be very uncomfortable dwellings. For, though the walls are a sufficient security against the inclemency of the weather, yet the windows, which are cut in the front wall, and look into the square, are destitute of glass, or any other defense that does not at the same time exclude the light.

"The apartment in the commandant's house into which we were ushered was about thirty feet long, fourteen feet broad, and twelve feet high; and the other room or

<sup>1</sup> Palou, "Vida de Junipero Serra," Cap. XLV.; also, Palou, "Noticias de la Nueva California," Porte Cuor-ta, Cap. XVIII.

<sup>2</sup> Palou, "Vida de Junipero Serra," Cap. XLV.

chamber I judged to be of the same dimensions, excepting in its length, which appeared to be somewhat less. The floor was of the native soil, raised about three feet from its original level, without being boarded, paved, or even reduced to an even surface; the roof was covered with flags and rushes, the walls on the inside had once been white-washed; the furniture consisted of a very sparing assortment of the most indispensable articles, of the rudest fashion, and of the meanest kind, and ill accorded with the ideas one had conceived of the sumptuous manner in which the Spaniards live on this side of the globe."<sup>1</sup>

The presidio was directly under military rule, and represented the military element in Spanish colonization: while the pueblo and the mission represented the civil and religious elements respectively. In the beginning, the officers of the presidio of San Francisco were a lieutenant and a sergeant, assisted by a corporal or corporals.<sup>2</sup> Lieutenant José Moraga was commandant until his death, in 1785, and Pablo Grijalva was sergeant until 1787. In the presidial settlements of Spanish America we observe the carrying out of the Roman, rather than of the British, system of colonization. The main function of the presidio was to furnish military protection to the missions, and to such pueblos as were established within the limits of its jurisdiction, either as independent settlements, or as an outgrowth of the presidio itself. The abolition of the presidios as military posts was not thought of, because no time was foreseen when the country would no longer need an armed force.

The missions, on the other hand, were designed as temporary establishments. "It

<sup>1</sup> Vancouver. *A Voyage of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean, and Round the World*, III., 9-12; Hittell, I., 551, 583.

<sup>2</sup> De Mofras, writing of California between 1840 and 1842, sets down the annual cost of maintaining each presidio as about \$55,000. Out of this a lieutenant is paid \$550, a health officer, \$450, an ensign, \$400, a sergeant, \$265, a corporal, \$225, and seventy soldiers, \$217 each. Each soldier had seven horses and a mule, kept on the king's farm. Artillery men were furnished from the marine department of San Blas. "*Exploration de l'Oregon et des Californies*," I., 287.

was contemplated," says Judge Felch, "that in ten years from their first foundation they should cease. It was supposed that within that period of time the Indians would be sufficiently instructed in Christianity and the arts of civilized life, to assume the position and character of citizens; that these mission settlements would then become pueblos, and that the mission churches would become parish churches, organized like the other establishments of an ecclesiastical character, in other portions of the nation where no missions had ever existed. The whole missionary establishment was widely different from the ordinary ecclesiastical organizations of the nation. In it, the superintendence and charge was committed to priests, who were devoted to the special work of missions, and not to the ordinary clergy. The monks of the College of San Fernando and Zacatecas, in whose charge they were, were to be succeeded by the secular clergy of the National Church; the missionary field was to become a diocese, the president of the missions to give place to a bishop, the mission churches to become curacies, and the faithful in the vicinity of each parish to become the parish worshippers."<sup>3</sup> This is essentially the position held by Hittell, who says "the Spanish government had from the very beginning contemplated secularization by finally transforming the missions into pueblos; but the plan was based upon the idea of first educating the neophytes up to self-sustaining industry and citizenship."<sup>4</sup> The essentially temporary character of the missions rendered it impossible for them to acquire full ownership in the lands which they used. These lands "were occupied by them only by permission, but were the property of the nation, and at all times subject to grant under the colonization laws."<sup>5</sup>

The towns or pueblos, however, were looked upon as permanent institutions. The earliest towns of California were organized under the laws of Philip II., which specified

<sup>3</sup> Opinion in the California Board of Land Commissioners, in the case of the Bishop of California's petition for the churches.

<sup>4</sup> "*History of California*," I., 507.

<sup>5</sup> Howard, *U. S. S. C. Rep.*, p. 540.

two forms of settlements that might participate in the rights of a pueblo: 1, that made by a person under a contract with the government; 2, that made by a number of private persons acting under a mutual agreement among themselves. The conditions of the contract between the founder of the settlement and the government were: "That within the period of time which may be assigned to him, he must have at least thirty settlers, each one provided with a house, ten breeding cows, four oxen, or two oxen and two steers, one brood mare, one breeding sow, twenty breeding ewes of the Castilian breed, and six hens and one cock." The contractor was, moreover, required to appoint a priest to administer the holy sacrament, and to provide the church with ornaments, and things necessary for divine worship. After the first appointment, the church was to be subject to royal patronage. Failure on the part of the contractor to comply with his obligation, would subject him to a loss of whatever he had "constructed, wrought, or governed," which would be applied to the royal patrimony, and he would, furthermore, incur the penalty of one thousand pounds of gold; but compliance with the terms of his obligation, would entitle him to four leagues of extent and territory in a square or prolonged form, according to the character of the land, in such manner that if surveyed there would be four leagues in a square. A final condition of this general grant was, that the limits of this territory should be distant at least five leagues from any city, town, or village of Spaniards previously founded, and that there should be no prejudice to any Indian town or private person.<sup>1</sup> Regarding the second form of settlement, the law provided that when at least ten married men should agree to form a new settlement, there would be given them the amount of land before specified, and also "power to elect among themselves *alcaldes*, with the usual jurisdiction, and annual officers of the council."<sup>2</sup> And

"when a pueblo was once established, no matter how or by whom composed, and officially and legally recognized as such, it came immediately within the provisions of the general laws relating to pueblos, and was entitled to all the rights and privileges, whether political, municipal, or of property, which the laws conferred upon such organizations or corporations"<sup>3</sup>; and "among these rights was the right to four square leagues of land, in the form of a square, or in such other form as might be permitted by the nature of the situation."<sup>4</sup> The possession of this land, however, was not dependent on a "formal written grant."<sup>5</sup> The situation of San Francisco made it impossible for the town to obtain four square leagues in a square. Its territory was "bounded upon three sides by water, and the fourth line was drawn for quantity, east and west, straight across the peninsula, from the ocean to the bay. The four square leagues (exclusive of the military reserve, church buildings, etc.) north of this line, constitute the municipal lands of the pueblo of San Francisco."<sup>6</sup>

After the secularization of the mission at San Francisco, it was known sometimes as the "Pueblo de Dolores," but it had no separate municipal organization, and occupied the same legal position as some of the smaller "pueblos" of Mexico at the present time; it was embraced within a municipality of another name, to whose organization it was subordinated.<sup>7</sup>

Many of the fundamental provisions regarding the local government of California under the old regime are derived immediately from the Spanish constitution of 1812, and a decree of the Spanish Cortes of the same year. These laws provided for town governments, composed of *alcaldes*, councilmen, and *syndics*, to be elected by a system of indirect election. Towns having less than one thousand inhabitants were required, on some

<sup>3</sup> Hart *vs.* Burnett, Cal. Rep. 15, 541.

<sup>4</sup> Stevenson *vs.* Burnett, Cal. Rep. 35, 432.

<sup>5</sup> Hart *vs.* Burnett, Cal. Rep. 15, 542; Stevenson *vs.* Burnett, Cal. Rep. 35, 433.

<sup>6</sup> Payne & Dewey *vs.* Treadwell, Cal. Rep. 16, 230

<sup>7</sup> "Derecho Político de los Estados Unidos Mexicanos," II., 108.

<sup>1</sup> "Recopilacion de Leyes de las Regnos de las Indias," Libro IV., Titulo v., Ley vi.

<sup>2</sup> "Recopilacion de Leyes de las Regnos de las Indias," Libro IV., Titulo v., Ley v.

holiday in the month of December, to elect nine electors; those having more than one thousand and less than five thousand, to elect sixteen; and those having more than five thousand inhabitants, to elect twenty-five electors. The constitution specifies with respect to this primary election, simply, that the citizens of the city or town shall assemble annually in the month of December, and elect a certain number of electors. But the Spanish Cortes of May 23, 1812, in order to avoid difficulties that might arise in a large town, or where the population subject to the government was scattered over an extensive area, decreed that each parish might constitute an electoral district, and elect the number of electors to which its proportion of the total population would entitle it. Where several small towns were united under a single government, no collection of less than fifty inhabitants would have the privilege of nominating an elector; but if the number of parishes happened to be greater than the number of electors to be appointed, still, in spite of all other provisions, each parish would be entitled to one elector. These provisions were made to apply not only to towns whose inhabitants were in the enjoyment of the rights of citizens, but also to those provincial towns whose inhabitants, owing to peculiar circumstances, might not possess these rights.

The electors having been elected, either by parishes or by the citizens, met in a common assembly; they were required to meet on some other holiday in the month of December, "to deliberate on the persons most suitable for the government of the town," and they were not allowed to adjourn without having completed the election: the number of officers to be elected varied with the populations of the towns. There were required for each town not exceeding two hundred inhabitants, one *alcalde*, two *regidores* or councilmen, and one *sindico procurador* or prosecuting attorney; for each town having more than two hundred and less than five hundred inhabitants, one *alcalde*, four *regidores*, and one *sindico*; for each town having between five hundred and one thou-

sand inhabitants, one *alcalde*, six *regidores*, and one *sindico*: for each town having between one thousand and four thousand inhabitants, two *alcaldes*, eight *regidores*, and two *sindicos*; and twelve *regidores* for each town of more than four thousand inhabitants. In the capitals of the provinces twelve *regidores* at least were required, and, in case the town had more than ten thousand inhabitants, sixteen.

It was provided, moreover, that these officers should supersede all the municipal officers existing at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. The term of office for the *alcaldes* was one year; for the *regidores* or councilmen, two years, one-half going out of office each year; for the *syndicos*, one year, except in case there were two, when only one would be replaced each year. Qualifications for any of these offices were, that the person should be a citizen in the enjoyment of his rights, twenty-five years old, and a resident of the place for which he was elected for at least five years; also, that he should hold no public office by appointment of the king.

The duties of these officers are indicated in the Constitution, Articles 321-323, and are, in general, those which belong to municipal governments everywhere. Under this Constitution, and the decree of the Spanish Cortes of May 23, 1812, there might be an *ayuntamiento* for a single town or *pueblo*, for a combination of several groups of inhabitants, each too small to have an *ayuntamiento* of its own, or for a *pueblo* to which were joined other such small groups of inhabitants. This law decreed by the Cortes survived the political revolution by which Mexico was severed from the mother country, and in many of its essential features it was continued as a law of Mexico till after California had fallen into the hands of the United States.

The Mexican Revolution of 1821 left the laws respecting private property within the ancient dominions of Spain in full force; and all titles to land that had been acquired before the revolution, whether by individuals, by a *pueblo*, or by any other corpora-

tion, remained valid under the Mexican republic. By the Mexican Colonization Laws of 1824 and 1828, such lands were expressly indicated as no longer within the field open to colonization.<sup>1</sup> Important changes, however, in the provisions for local government, were effected by the constitutional law of 1836, and the law of March 20, 1837, for the regulation of the interior government of the departments.<sup>2</sup> The Mexican Constitution of 1824 was a close copy of the Federal Constitution of the United States, and under it the several States enjoyed a large degree of independence. But in 1836 the political power of the nation became more thoroughly centralized, and the States and territories were reduced to departments, and made immediately subject to the supreme central government. Under this system Upper and Lower California became one department, which was divided into districts, and the districts into partidos. Over each district there was a prefect, and over each partido a sub-prefect; the former nominated by the governor of the department, and confirmed by the general government, the latter nominated by the prefect and approved by the governor. In so far as the Constitution of 1836 varied from the Spanish Constitution of 1812, regarding town governments, the change was a restriction of local authority. It provided ayuntamientos only for capitals of departments, for places where they had existed in the year 1808, for seaports of four thousand and pueblos of eight thousand inhabitants: and besides the previously existing qualifications for office, there was required an annual income of at least five hundred dollars. The number of alcaldes, regidores, and syndicos had previously been fixed by law with reference to the number of the inhabitants; it was now left to the determination of the departmental councils with the concurrence of the governor; with, however, the provision that the first should not exceed six, the second, twelve, and the last, two. Vacancies, through death or inability to serve, were filled

<sup>1</sup> Dwinelle, "The Colonial History of the City of San Francisco," 41.

<sup>2</sup> Dublan y Lozano, "Legislacion Mexicana," III., 230, 258, 323.

by a meeting of the electoral college called for that purpose; but vacancies which occurred within three months of the end of the year were filled at the annual election. If the ayuntamiento, or any part of it, were suspended, that of the preceding year, or the corresponding part of it, was required to act. Among those excluded from membership in the ayuntamiento were officers appointed by the congress, by the general government, or by the government of the department; the magistrates of the supreme tribunals of the departments; judges of first instance; ecclesiastics; persons in charge of hospitals, houses of refuge, or other establishments of public charity. These excluded classes, however, did not embrace appointees of the general or departmental government not domiciled in the place of official destination, nor retired soldiers resident in the territory of the respective ayuntamiento, and not supported exclusively by means of pensions.

Under these laws the ayuntamiento was subordinated to the sub-prefect of the partido in which its pueblo lay, and through the sub-prefect to the prefect of the district and to the governor of the department. Its functions were the care of the public health and accommodation, to watch over prisons, hospitals, and benevolent institutions that were not of private foundation, primary schools sustained by public funds, the construction and repair of bridges, highways, and roads, the raising and expenditure of public moneys from taxes, licenses, and the rents of municipal property; to promote the advancement of agriculture, industry and commerce, and to assist the alcaldes in the preservation of peace and public order among the inhabitants."<sup>8</sup>

The alcaldes were required to maintain good order and public tranquillity; to watch over the execution and fulfillment of the police regulations, and of the laws, decrees, and orders communicated to them by the sub-prefects, or by the prefects in want of the sub-prefects; to ask from the military commanders the armed force which they might

<sup>8</sup> Constitution of 1836, Part VI., Art. 25.



need, or to organize the citizens for their own defense ; to secure the arrest and trial of the offenders ; to see that the citizens subsist by useful occupations, and to reprehend idlers, vagrants, persons without any fixed place of abode, or any known employment ; to impose executively a fine to the amount of twenty-five dollars on all disturbers of the peace, or to condemn them for four days to the public works, or to cause them to be arrested for double that period ; governing themselves according to the circumstances of the individuals, and giving them a hearing summarily and verbally if they demanded it ; but with respect to offenses which have a penalty affixed to them by law, the legal dispositions remaining in force were to be observed. The *alcaldes*, moreover, assisted and voted at the sessions of the *ayuntamiento*, and presided over them in the order of their appointment ; when neither the prefect nor sub-prefect was present, the presiding *alcalde* deciding in the case of a tie vote. Temporary vacancies in the office of *alcalde* were filled by the *regidores* in the order of their election.<sup>1</sup>

The immediate government of towns deprived of *ayuntamientos* by the legislation of 1836 and 1837 was to be in the hands of justices of the peace, the number for each town being fixed by the departmental council, with the concurrence of the governor. They were to be appointed by the prefect of the district, on the recommendation of the respective sub-prefect. It was required that they should be Mexican citizens over twenty-five years of age, and residents of the towns for which they were appointed. In every place of at least a thousand inhabitants, the justices of the peace, in subjection to the sub-prefect, and through him to the superior authorities, had essentially the same powers and obligations as the *ayuntamientos* ; and these justices of the peace, as well as those of places with less than a thousand inhabitants, had, moreover, the powers and obligations conferred by this law upon the *alcaldes*.<sup>2</sup>

Prior to 1834, there had been no *ayuntamiento* or common council at San Francisco. Captain Benjamin Morell, who visited the town in 1825, described it as "built in the same manner as Monterey, but much smaller, comprising only about one hundred and twenty houses and a church, with perhaps five hundred inhabitants." This estimate was probably largely in excess of the real number at that time ;\* for the census made in 1842 gives one hundred and ninety-six as the total population of the town at this date, seventeen years after Captain Morell's visit ; and in June, 1847, it amounted to only four hundred and fifty-nine, three hundred and twenty-one of whom were males, and one hundred and thirty-eight females.

The government of this town or pueblo, before 1834, was in the hands of the territorial governor and the military commandant of the presidio. The former imposed license fees, and taxes, and the latter acted as a judge of first instance. Finally, in November of this year, the territorial governor, José Figueroa, wrote to the military commandant of San Francisco, stating that the territorial council had ordered the partido of San Francisco, which "embraced all Contra Costa, Sonoma, San Rafael, and, on this side of the bay, the whole of the present county of San Francisco,"<sup>3</sup> to proceed to the election of a constitutional *ayuntamiento*, which should reside in the presidio of that name, and be composed of an *alcalde*, two *regidores*, and a *syndico*, in accordance with the existing laws. It was ordered, moreover, that an account of the election should "be given by the proper way to the supreme government for the due approbation." By the same communication the commandant was informed that the *ayuntamiento*, when installed, would exercise the political functions with which he had been charged ; and the *alcalde*, the judicial functions which the laws, in lieu of a proper judge, had conferred upon him. The commandant was to be confined

\* "Dwinelle's Colonial History," 41.

<sup>2</sup> "Documents, Depositions, and Brief of Law Points raised thereon on behalf of the United States, before the U. S. Board of Land Commissioners." San Francisco, 1854, p. 67.

<sup>1</sup> Law of March 20, 1837, Arts. 166-176.  
Law of March 20, 1837, Arts. 177-191.

strictly to the functions of his military command.<sup>1</sup> It was proposed by this order to separate the military and civil power, and to bestow the latter upon a local organization. It was a "change of the former military government, which the commandant of the presidio had exercised, into a civil government for the same district."<sup>2</sup> This local government was what has been called an ayuntamiento aggregate, and was formed "for the purpose of giving a municipal government to those small populations of the partido which would not otherwise have an ayuntamiento."<sup>3</sup> It embraced under its jurisdiction, as already suggested, not only the inhabitants of the peninsula, but also those of the other side of the bay.<sup>4</sup>

As to the significance of this change, the opinion of the majority of the United States Land Commission for California is unequivocal: "After a careful examination of the whole testimony on this point, and the law applicable to the subject, we are brought to the conclusion that the effect of the proceedings of the territorial authorities in 1834, as shown by the official records and documents for the establishment of the ayuntamiento at the presidio of San Francisco, and the subsequent organization of that body in conformity therewith, was to erect the presidio into a pueblo or town, with all the civil and territorial rights which attached to such corporations under the Mexican laws then in force."<sup>5</sup>

The meeting for the election of electors, the *junta primaria*, was held on the first Sunday in December, 1834. On the third Sunday of the same month the electors chose the members of the ayuntamiento, which was installed January 1, 1835. The election

<sup>1</sup> Figueroa to the Military Commandant of San Francisco, Monterey, November 4, 1834. See Dwinelle, *Addenda*, No. XXI.

<sup>2</sup> "Documents, Depositions, and Brief," p. 67.

<sup>3</sup> Dwinelle's "Colonial History," 48.

<sup>4</sup> Governor José Figueroa wrote from Monterey, January 31, 1835, to the alcalde of San Francisco, as follows: "The appointment you have made in favor of the citizen Gregorio Briones, as auxiliary alcalde in Contra Costa, seems to be very well, and consequently has my approval. I say this to you in answer to your official note on the matter, of the 22d ultimo."

<sup>5</sup> City of San Francisco vs. The United States.

was held at the house of the commandant of the presidio, and the voters came from the several places already indicated as embraced within the jurisdiction of the partido. Their eagerness to participate in the election is explained by their anxiety to get rid of the military authority. After the organization of the ayuntamiento, the records or archives were kept in a desk in one of the rooms at the presidio, where the meetings were held. But the place of meeting, whether at the presidio, the mission, or the village of Yerba Buena, is not a matter of importance, since all were within the limits of a common jurisdiction.

Not long after this government in the partido was organized, the government concluded, from a census of the town, that, under the law of May 23d, 1812, which was still considered to be in force, San Francisco itself was entitled to an ayuntamiento, and therefore ordered the commandant to cause to be elected one alcalde, two regidores, and one syndico; in other words, the officers prescribed by law for towns of more than fifty, and less than two hundred inhabitants. The census which was the basis of this conclusion probably included not only the population at the Presidio<sup>6</sup> and the Mission, but also that at other points on the northern part of the peninsula. San Francisco appears not to have been specifically the Presidio, the Mission, or Yerba Buena, but to have comprehended them all; for during seven years after the establishment of the government of San Francisco, the offices of this government were at different times indifferently at the Presidio, at the Mission, and at Yerba Buena, and still it remained throughout the government of San Francisco.

In accordance with the governor's order, addressed to the commandant, a primary election of nine electors was held December 13, 1835. This election, like the first, was

<sup>6</sup> According to Francisco Sanchez, who was the commandant at the Presidio in 1838, the only persons residing here at this time were Candelario Miranda, Joaquin Pina, and Eusebio Soto. Pina was a corporal of artillery, and Soto was a private. Antonio Soto and Apolonario Miranda lived on lots near the Presidio, at the left of the road going from Yerba Buena to the Presidio.

held at the house of the commandant. On the 27th of the same month, the electors met for the purpose of electing one alcalde and the other officers; and thus was constituted the first ayuntamiento of the pueblo of San Francisco, which superseded the ayuntamiento of the partido. Of this government, Dwinelle says: "Instead of being an aggregated ayuntamiento, composed of small populations in the *partido*, it was an ayuntamiento of the *pueblo*, to which various small populations of the partido were aggregated"<sup>1</sup>; or, as he has elsewhere styled it, a composite ayuntamiento. The town government thus established was endowed with those powers which, under the Spanish laws of 1812, belonged to the fully organized pueblo, and it was continued in existence by virtue of these laws.

When, however, the Constitution of 1836 came into operation in California, it led to important changes in municipal affairs. Except capitals of departments and places which were regarded as pueblos before 1808, no town of less than four thousand inhabitants was permitted to have an ayuntamiento. Under this law, the government which had been set up at San Francisco in 1835 was abolished. The ayuntamiento elected January 8, 1838, appears to have been the last one constituted in this town before the Constitution of 1836, as supplemented by the law of March 20th, 1837, came into full operation. In his message of February 16, 1840, the governor announced that "there is no ayuntamiento whatever in the department; for, there being no competent number of inhabitants in any of the towns, as provided by the constitution, those then existing had to be dissolved; and only in the capital there ought to be one of such bodies."<sup>2</sup> Having, then, documentary evidence of the election of an ayuntamiento, on January 8, 1838, and the statement of the governor that no ayuntamiento existed here in February, 1840, it is clear that it must have ceased to exist at some point between these two dates. The government then passed into the hands of justices of the peace, who were provided,

in towns of less than four thousand inhabitants, with the powers and functions of alcaldes and ayuntamientos.

It is not to be supposed that the people of San Francisco, in electing an ayuntamiento, in January, 1838, were acting in conscious violation of a law which deprived them of this privilege. Their action is rather to be explained by the fact that, although the constitution was promulgated at the end of 1836, and the supplementary law regarding the internal government of the departments was passed the following March, no information of these events had reached San Francisco prior to the date of this last election. That delay like this was not unusual, may be seen from the fact that certain election laws, passed by the supreme government November 30, 1836, were not received and proclaimed in California till January, 1839, and also from the statement of De Mofras, that "official despatches were often a year in the passage between California and Mexico."<sup>3</sup>

Although San Francisco was, at this time, deprived of its council, it did not relinquish its character as a pueblo. "Accordingly, we find that when the pueblo of San Francisco, after the American conquest of California, attained the requisite population, it again elected its ayuntamiento, not under any provisions of the laws of the conquerors, but under these very provisions of the Mexican constitution of 1836, under which the ayuntamiento of the pueblo was suspended in 1839."<sup>4</sup>

In 1839, San Francisco had been founded more than sixty years; still it was without a jail, from which it is to be inferred that but little progress had been made in civilization. Finding the criminal Galindo on their hands, the inhabitants of San Francisco, through Justice De Haro, asked of the governor that he might be sent to San José, which was already provided with a prison. Besides the lack of a jail, another reason for the request was that the inhabitants of the place were scattered, each having his agricultural and stock interests at a great distance from the

<sup>1</sup> "Col. Hist.," 51.

<sup>2</sup> Dwinelle, "Col. Hist.," Addenda, No. 1., p. 70.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. 1., p. 222. See Hittell, 1., 542.

<sup>4</sup> Dwinelle, "Col. Hist.," 64.

town, so that there were very few remaining to guard the criminal, and these could not spare the time from their personal business.

The law under which the governmental power of San Francisco was transferred to justices of the peace, made no provision in towns not entitled to have ayuntamientos for a *syndico*, or an officer known as *sindico procurador*; yet, on July 20, 1839, Francisco Guerrero, justice of the peace at San Francisco, proposed to the prefect of the first district to appoint Don Juan Fuller as a *sindico procurador* for this place, "for the better management of the municipal rents." Fuller appears to have been appointed, for there exists an account made out by Don Juan Fuller as *sindico* of the municipality of San Francisco, embracing the period between August, 1839, and January, 1842. This office was continued to the last year of Mexican dominion. In order to relieve the justices of the peace, and to enable them to devote themselves to the duties peculiar to their office, Governor Micheltorena, on November 14, 1843, ordered the election of two *alcaldes* in San Francisco, and in each of several other towns of the department. By this order it was required that the election should be indirect; that seven electors should be chosen on the second Sunday of December, who should meet on the following Friday to elect the *alcaldes*. The newly elected officers were required to go into office on the 1st day of January, 1844, the first *alcaldes* to perform the duties of judges of first instance, and to take charge of the prefectures of the respective districts. The first *alcalde* appointed by this election was Guillermo Hinckley. The election of the following December resulted in the appointment of Juan N. Padilla, who took the customary oath, and entered upon the duties of his office January 1, 1845. On July 7, 1846, that portion of California which embraces San Francisco passed under the dominion of the United States.

Foreseeing the outbreak of hostilities between Mexico and the United States, George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy, under date of June 24, 1845, sent a secret and confiden-

tial communication to Commodore John D. Sloat, then in command of the United States naval forces in the Pacific, and called his attention particularly to the existing relations between this country and Mexico. "It is the earnest desire of the President," he wrote, "to pursue the policy of peace; and he is anxious that you, and every part of your squadron, should be assiduously careful to avoid any act which could be construed as an act of aggression. Should Mexico, however, be resolutely bent on hostilities, you will be mindful to protect the persons and interests of citizens of the United States near your station; and should you ascertain, beyond a doubt, that the Mexican government has declared war against us, you will at once employ the force under your command to the best advantage. The Mexican ports on the Pacific are said to be open and defenseless. If you ascertain with certainty that Mexico has declared war against the United States, you will at once possess yourself of the port of San Francisco, and blockade or occupy such other ports as your force may permit. Yet, even if you should find yourself called upon, by the certainty of an express declaration of war against the United States, to occupy San Francisco and other Mexican ports, you will be careful to preserve, if possible, the most friendly relations with the inhabitants, and where you can do so, you will encourage them to adopt a course of neutrality." In a subsequent order to Commodore Sloat, issued after the beginning of hostilities, the Secretary wrote: "You will consider the most important object to be, to take and to hold possession of San Francisco; and this you will do without fail."<sup>1</sup> The occasion for acting under these orders came in 1846. Having received at Mazatlan the information that the Mexican troops had, by order of the Mexican government, invaded the territory of the United States, and attacked the forces under General Taylor, Commodore Sloat sailed on the 8th of June, in the "Savannah" for the coast of California, to execute the order of June 24th, 1845. They arrived at Monterey July 2, 1846, and on the 7th of

<sup>1</sup>Geo. Bancroft to Com. John D. Sloat, May 15, 1846.

the same month took possession of the town, raised the standard of the Union, and issued to the inhabitants of California a proclamation announcing the designs of the government of the United States, at the same time pointing out the grounds of hope for the people under the new rule. In order that the public tranquillity might not be disturbed, the judges, alcaldes, and other civil officers were invited to execute their functions as heretofore; at least, until more definite arrangements could be made for the government of the territory. Assurance was, moreover, given that "all persons holding titles to real estate, or in quiet possession of land under color of right," should have those titles guaranteed to them; and that "all churches and the property they contain, in possession of the clergy of California," should continue in their existing rights and possessions.

In the meantime, the "Portsmouth" was at San Francisco awaiting orders, which were received by Commodore Montgomery on the evening of July 8th. At 7 o'clock the following morning, he hoisted the American flag at San Francisco, issued Commodore Sloat's proclamation, and took possession of the region in the name of the United States.<sup>1</sup>

The result of these events, when confirmed by the peace between Mexico and the United States, was to transfer the sovereign power over this region from the Mexican government to the government of the United States; but the existing laws and machinery of local government were temporarily maintained, and Lieutenant Washington A. Bartlett was appointed by Montgomery as the first alcalde of San Francisco under the new regime.

*Bernard Moses.*

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#### RECENT VERSE.—II.

WARREN SUMNER BARLOW informs us on the title page of *Immortality*<sup>2</sup> that he is author of previous poetic works. The present book (to which his portrait is prefixed) is a brief recapitulation of the leading arguments from nature for immortality. It is destitute of poetry, but not of correct and easy meter; and it goes over the argument with directness and system, and makes a very fair statement of it. It runs on through the small volume like this:

"The penalties that lie in wait  
For all who ever go astray,  
Are danger signals in our path,  
To turn us from the downward way,

"Until our dormant souls arouse,  
By Love's divine, chastising hand,  
Imparting lessons all must heed,  
And cannot fail to understand.

. . . . .

<sup>1</sup> Commodore Sloat to Secretary Bancroft, July 31, 1846.

<sup>2</sup> *Immortality Inherent in Nature*. By Warren Sumner Barlow. New York: Fowler & Wells Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

"Free agency and sovereignty,  
So nurture and direct the mind,  
That knowledge, through experience,  
Will crown with glory all mankind."

Like "Shadows," reviewed last month *Montezuma*<sup>2</sup> is a Californian production. It is an earnest and sympathetic narration of the experiences of the Aztec race, up to their conquest by the Spaniards. It is all intended to lead up to Montezuma as the central figure, but so much time is given up to the imaginary previous wanderings of the race, that these, and not the brief closing events of the conquest, remain foremost in the reader's mind. A sufficient study of trustworthy archæology, such as Dr. Dall's edition of Nadaillac's "Prehistoric America," would have shown the poet how impossible, historically, is the past he has marked out for the Aztecs. A shorter narrative poem, "Malinche," is added, and to our mind is the better verse of the two. Both are correct, flowing, and

<sup>2</sup> *Montezuma*. By Hiram Hoyt Richmond. San Francisco: Golden Era Publishing Co. 1885.

have a good deal of poetic feeling, and an excellent spirit. Words are very vaguely and carelessly used, in a way that suggests that the dictionary was not sufficiently consulted. We quote a song, a prayer to "the unknown God":

"O Soul that is all song,  
O Heart that is all love,  
O Sight that knows no wrong,  
O Arm that is all strong,  
Upon our bosoms move.

"O Eye that is all sight,  
O Voice that is all sound,  
O Life that is all might,  
O Wing that is all flight,  
Where, where can you be found?  
. . . . .

"O Faith that wants no form,  
O Hope, all unafraid,  
O Sun without a storm,  
O Summer always warm,  
Where shall our hearts be stayed?

"O Spirit infinite,  
O thou unchanging Word,  
Whose echoes round us flit,  
With all the past enlit,  
O make thee to be heard!"

Of decidedly lower grade are the two remaining volumes of verse before us. One of these is from Philadelphia, a collection of *Poems*;<sup>1</sup> the other from San Francisco, *The Legend of a Kiss*.<sup>2</sup> The Philadelphia poems are very naive, something in this fashion:

"To think we depend  
Upon stranger and friend,  
For 'most every comfort we know!  
How many are paid  
For each plan that is laid!  
Be cautious in making a foe.

"If men would refuse  
To make for us our shoes,  
We'd lose more than they, I am sure.  
We're depending on those  
Who are making our clothes,  
Depending on rich and on poor."

Yet ideas of considerable shrewdness and vigor are occasionally stumbled on, as of the

poet who was given his choice whether to write virtuous poetry and never be read, or "fleshly" poetry and be popular. He chose the latter, "to write what no one *ought* to read," rather than what no one ever *would* read; to learn, when he came to settle accounts with the devil, that he had chosen both fates—for

"Such the fate of each must be  
Who writes what none *should* ever see:  
When what he writes men truly rate  
And foul ambition has its fall,  
Our sons will read to reprobate  
What *theirs* will never read at all."

*The Legend of a Kiss* has no such redeeming shrewdness, but has, on the other hand, some marked poetic feeling in description. It is prefaced by a note to the effect that it was written in four days; and there is enough poetry about it to suggest that if four months or four years had been spent on it, it might have been worthy of notice. It really is not worthy of this, as it is. It is a confused jumble of narrative of love of various sorts. A good deal in it is in the worst of taste; though its intent appears to be highly moral, a breath of unsavoriness creeps in unawares. Yet there are elements of poetry in such writing as this:

"Fly, Storm and Starlight, thunder on the way,  
Never more need.' And well the steeds obey.  
The silver sand flew backward in the night,  
And trees apart seem striking to the sight.  
They seem to ope and close, they fly to reach  
The nearest neighbor on the wooded beach.  
The dancing stars seem whirling in the sky,  
And distant objects seem to graze the eye.  
The silver sea, the Golden Horn, became  
A flashing, flying, scintillating flame;  
A flying vision wrapped her whirling head,  
As on and on the Storm and Starlight fled."

The author of "The Buntling Ball" tries his hand again at burlesque in Greek metres, with the *The New King Arthur*<sup>3</sup>; and again the substance of his book amounts to nothing, and is not very funny, yet catches the echo of the Greek rhythms and dramatic structure with charmingly apt caricature. Arthur's virtue, Galahad's purity, Guinevere's

<sup>1</sup> Poems. By Jamin Willbro. Philadelphia: Benjamin E. Lacy. 1885.

<sup>2</sup> The Legend of a Kiss. By Henry Sade. San Francisco: Golden Era Co. 1885.

<sup>3</sup> The New King Arthur. By the author of The Buntling Ball. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1886.

unfaithfulness, and the fool's loyalty are not suitable subjects for burlesque, and the attempt to treat them ridiculously is rather offensive than otherwise. There are frequent good touches, however; the best of these is the song of the populace in welcoming back the army, in which, with a delightful audacity of anachronism, they congratulate themselves and the soldiers that they live before the age of gunpowder.

"While you abroad were daring  
The foeman's fatal spears,  
Our hearts at home were bearing  
The burden of our fears.  
No cheerful news could brighten  
Our sorrow, nor assuage;  
No telegrams enlighten  
This unprogressive age.

"One consolation served us,  
More dear than you can guess,  
And fortunately nerved us  
To deal with our distress.  
It was that war's dimension  
Is yet of meager span,  
While powder's vile invention  
Remains unknown to man.

"To hear the javelin whistle,  
To shun the hurtling dart,  
To dodge the desperate missile,  
Will try the stoutest heart.  
But would the thought not thrill you  
More fearfully by far,  
Of cannon, that could kill you  
Three miles from where you are?"

A belated Christmas book reaches us, in the form of an ingenious paraphrase<sup>1</sup> on the Lord's Prayer, each petition being stretched into a sonnet and embellished by a page illustration. There is something a little neat in the idea of this chain of sonnets, and it is conceivable that a real poet—a Herbert, say, who might not have minded composing his verses according to a conceit of this sort—might have made it a very attractive one. Carried out by mediocre sonnets, however, the plan results only in calling attention sharply to the difference in dignity between the simple phrase of the text and the verbose

paraphrase. There are a few good faces and figures among the illustrations, and they are well printed; but some of them not only have, in an unusual degree, the usual defect of this sort of illustration—that of inappropriateness—but are empty and inane, as far as any thought or feeling goes. The verse is all of so exactly the same quality, that a quatrain, taken at random as we open the book, illustrates it perfectly:

"We hallow thy great name forevermore,  
Thou who between the cherubim dost dwell,  
Enrobed in light of which no tongue can tell,  
With glory girt no mortal form e'er wore."

Henry Abbey, whose "The City of Success" was reviewed in these pages some time since, issues now a revised and enlarged edition of his poems.<sup>2</sup> There is a very considerable poetic quality in these, and, moreover, the present volume shows gain upon the previous one. Mr. Abbey's taste seems to run about equally to fantastic allegorical poems, and simple—even bald—narratives of some touching incident. The poems do not show a fine poetic tact: some are marred by a sprinkling of purely prose passages (though we perceive a pruning out of these since the publication of the former volume), and occasionally by "quite impossible" conceits. The following, for instance, is as grotesquely ill-conceived as we remember to have seen, even in the aggravated instances of the abuse of the conceit that the text-books of literature cull out. Two forces are in battle, and Victory swaying uncertain between them—in fact, running back and forth from side to side, unable to make up her mind. At last, "above and between the two forces," she paused,

"She stooped, her sandal to fasten,  
And her right hand reached and found  
Her right foot; but the movement  
Had swerved her body around.

"She staggered; and losing her balance,  
As on one foot poised she stood,

she tumbled involuntarily into one embattled line, and so settled the day for them. This

<sup>1</sup> Our Father in Heaven. The Lord's Prayer in a Series of Sonnets. By William C. Richards. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>2</sup> The Poems of Henry Abbey. Henry Abbey: Kingston, N. Y. 1885.

brilliant picture needed but the pencil of an illustrator to complete the force of the passage. Mr. Abbey, we should say, need not be looked to to ever do anything great in poetry; yet he is readable, often picturesque, more or less thoughtful, and always high-minded. As an offset to the ill-balanced *Victory* above quoted, let us take an extract or two from an excellent little lyric, "The Fisher Maidens":

"We two are fisher-maidens, and we dwell beside  
the sea,  
Where the surf is ever rolling, where the winds are  
blowing free.  
And we loved a youth, the bravest that had ever  
drawn the seine,  
And for comeliness and honor he was fit to wed a  
queen.

"We loved him, and we hated one another for his  
love  
That he never showed for either."

But one stormy night he was washed ashore  
drowned.

"And the day that he was buried seemed too much  
for us to bear.

"We two are fisher-maidens, and we hold each oth-  
er dear;  
We are wedded by a sorrow; we are very fond and  
near;  
For the love we lost unites us—is a bond between  
us twain;  
And in tears we clasp each other in the nights of  
wind and rain."

We turn now to a collection of verses of which it can be said, not merely that it has poetic quality, but that it is poetry. W. W. Story, though not one thing that he has written can become indispensable to the world's literature,—though his most popular poem, "Cleopatra," is popular more by something a trifle sensational in its matter than for genuine poetic virtues,—is yet in his degree a poet. It is probably a result of the absorbed haste of modern living, that outside a special circle he is chiefly known by a few lyrics: the long, leisurely meditations on life and nature that make up the bulk of this poetry are not the sort of thing to seize the passer-by like an Ancient Mariner, and make him listen—which is what poetry has to do in these days, if it

wants listeners. Yet, once given the sense of leisure, permission to loiter over poetry even if, when all is done, you have not got so much out of it, after all, we do not know where pleasanter pastures are than these same leisurely, refined, intelligent poems. They are the kind of poems that would never have been written had not the author been very familiar with the best of others; yet they are purely his own, agreeably free from echo or imitation. The present collection of Mr. Story's<sup>1</sup> poems occupies two volumes, prettily bound in the same general style as the *Riverside Aldine Series*. Some of them have appeared in previous volumes; others have been read as fugitive pieces; others yet appear for the first time in this volume. It is, perhaps, superfluous to illustrate Mr. Story's poetry by quotation at all, for every one knows it, if only by a few lyrics; we will, however, quote one brief poem before turning to another poet:

*Looking Down.*

Afloat on the brim of a placid stream,  
Pleasant it is to lie and dream,  
With heaven above, and far below  
The deeps of death—sad deeps that know  
The still reflections of earth and sky  
In their silent, serene obscurity.  
And hanging thus upon Life's thin rim,  
Death seems so sweet in that silvery, dim,  
Deep world below, that it seems half best  
To sink into it and there find rest,  
Both, both together, ere age can come,  
And loving has lost its perfect bloom.  
One tilt, dear love, and we both might be  
Beyond earth's sorrows eternally.

Tennyson's *Tiresias and Other Poems*<sup>2</sup> is, on the whole, a relief to those who have feared his powers might be about to show unmistakable signs of total failure. For every poet who lives to be old, there must be a time when his best work is done, and as Longfellow sweetly phrased it, he reaps in his aftermath. A few things that Tennyson has done have seemed to indicate more than this, and have drawn ridicule from the paragraphers—

<sup>1</sup> Poems. By W. W. Story. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>2</sup> *Tiresias and Other Poems*. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1886.



certainly an unbecoming enough treatment of the spectacle, had it been actually presented, of a most splendid genius, to which our debt is inestimable, tottering into decay, and exposing unconsciously its own disaster. But the present volume shows conclusively that—while the old lofty beauty, the high thought and deep insight, the qualities that made Tennyson Tennyson, are almost totally gone, yet the hand has not lost its cunning, nor the brain its steadiness. We are apt to forget that the author of "In Memoriam" and "Locksley Hall" and the "Idyls of the King" has always interspersed among his great poems a number that were nothing better, at best, than interesting. Can any one tell by the quality whether this was published in 1830 or 1885?

"For the French, the pope may shrive 'em,  
For the devil a whit we heed 'em :  
As for the French, God speed 'em  
Unto their heart's desire,  
And the merry devil drive 'em  
Through the water and the fire.

"Our glory is our freedom,  
We lord it o'er the sea;  
We are the sons of freedom,  
We are free."

In fact, Tennyson, of all others the poet of fastidious taste, is more, perhaps, than any other great poet, the one whose admirers must wince occasionally at poems quite without taste or reason for existence, if they turn to the ghoulish department in his collected works, where those disinterred poems are ranged that he himself had tried to bury from the world's sight. They give a most interesting and important insight into the labor with which his poetic excellence was attained revealing that even his taste was not the instinctive discrimination that many a lesser man is blessed with, but a matter of consideration and reconsideration. This is evident from the fact that he has so frequently had to try to suppress what he had already not only written, but—presumably after due consideration—printed. Had he printed last year a number of the poems of 1830 and

1833, and later fugitives, they would have seemed demonstration of broken faculties; and just as he then excluded them, he has now excluded "Minnie and Winny, who lived in a shell," "You, you," and several others. There is nothing really injurious to his reputation in this last volume; the only thing is, that it is destitute of the beautiful poems that used to overshadow all the less worthy ones whenever a new book came from him. There are gleams of his old power, but only gleams: most of all, perhaps, in "Early Spring":

"Once more the Heavenly Power  
Makes all things new,  
And domes the red-ploughed hills  
With loving blue;  
The blackbirds have their wills,  
The throistles, too.

"Opens a door in Heaven;  
From skies of glass  
A Jacob's ladder falls  
On greening grass,  
And o'er the mountain walls  
Young angels pass.

"Before them fleets the shower  
And burst the buds,  
And shine the level lands,  
And flash the floods;  
The stars are from their hands  
Flung through the woods,

"O, follow, leaping blood,  
The season's lure!  
O, heart, look down and up  
Serene, secure,  
Warm as the crocus-cup,  
Like snowdrops, pure!

"Till at thy chuckled note,  
Thou twinkling bird,  
The fairy fancies range,  
And lightly stirred,  
Ring little bells of change  
From word to word.

"For now the Heavenly Power  
Makes all things new,  
And thaws the cold, and fills  
The flower with dew;  
The blackbirds have their wills,  
The poets, too."

## RECENT FICTION.—I.

WE are rather sorry this quarter for the class of people whose happiness depends considerably on the new novels; for while we think we perceive an increase in the rate at which these flow forth, there is very little to rejoice in in quality just now. Two classes of novels before us at present may be briefly dismissed. One is the English reprint; the other the crude American attempt.

Among the English reprints—handy little paper-covered volumes, of which those from D. Appleton & Co. are attractive in appearance and of especially clear print—the only name of any account is B. L. Farjeon; and this is not coupled with a novel of much account. Something in manner and finish, in the air of strength with which the theme is taken up and carried, in the freedom from glaring crudities, must always distinguish the practised hand from the mere dabbler's, from the first to the last of a story. This one, *The Sacred Nugget*<sup>1</sup> has all these qualities, and appears to have good Australian local color; certainly it gives a clear picture of Melbourne, whose general outlines remain in the memory. The story and its characters have a reasonable amount of originality, and, in short, the novel is a very fair one, somewhat of the old-fashioned order, and we see no reason why any one should not read it—nor, indeed, why any one should, unless to while away time. Of neither of the others can we speak as well. *Goblin Gold*<sup>2</sup> and *A Barren Title*<sup>3</sup> are of so precisely the same order that it takes a little effort to remember which is which; both are sufficiently inane stories of the struggle for money and place, and both display a somewhat crude sense of justice. *A Barren Title* is not without a touch of ingenuity, and is not written crude-

ly, as *Goblin Gold* is. Each title-page announces the writer "author of" several other books. *The Bachelor Vicar of Newforth*<sup>4</sup> and *The Rabbi's Spell*<sup>5</sup> are even worse stories, but they have at least points of their own. The story of the Vicar is so innocently and naïvely silly that one hesitates to condemn it. The Vicar is a model of perfection, adored by his parish; falls under a most flimsy suspicion, evidently concocted with much care by the simple-minded lady who writes the book, as the best way she can contrive to break him down; is rejected by his parish and his sweetheart, subjected to extreme trials as a missionary among the savages; cleared of suspicion, and brought back in meek triumph to distribute forgiveness. The intended theme is evidently the saint-and-martyr one—always highly effective in an emotional novel, if half-way well done; but the effort under review is merely comical. *The Rabbi's Spell* is better conceived, being a story of Polish Jews and their oppressions by the Russian bureaucracy; the plot is of a murderer detected and destroyed by the miraculous working of a rabbi's spell. It is all poorly enough brought out, the characters being stock ones, the style often crude, and several points in the plot obviously impossible or unnatural.

Coming now to American novels, we find three that appear to be amateur efforts, and one by a somewhat prolific writer, Amanda M. Douglas. This last, *A Woman's Inheritance*,<sup>6</sup> is one of the books which the critic's feeling would lead him to speak of more impatiently than his judgment would sanction; for the book is very well meant, is not without a respectable degree of pure story inter-

<sup>1</sup> *The Sacred Nugget*. By B. L. Farjeon. New York: Harper & Bros. 1885.

<sup>2</sup> *Goblin Gold*. By May Crommelin. New York: Harper & Bros. 1885.

<sup>3</sup> *A Barren Title*. By T. W. Speight. New York: Harper & Bros. 1885.

<sup>4</sup> *The Bachelor Vicar of Newforth*. By Mrs. J. Harcourt-Roe. New York: Harper & Bros. 1885.

<sup>5</sup> *The Rabbi's Spell*. By Stuart C. Cumberland. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885.

<sup>6</sup> *A Woman's Inheritance*. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by John N. Philan.

est, is altogether free from coarseness, and has a sensible moral. In fact, its defect is the same as that of the typical Sunday-school book (save for the sentimentalizing of religion, of which it is not guilty)—that is, a pervasive atmosphere of the second rate in intellect and taste. It is hard to say how this comes in; Miss Douglas makes a very great point of good society, and does not palpably break with the facts in describing it; perhaps it is more by what she fails to put in, than by what she does put in, that she succeeds in being hopelessly second-rate. Her heroines are admirable compounds of loveliness and excellence, her heroes, Bayards; and they carry out their rôles with reasonable correctness; but while they move on briskly through the action of the piece (for Miss Douglas has a very fair idea of the construction and motion of a narrative), they never *live*—they are merely embodied ideas. Yet we should think there are a great number of people who would better be reading Miss Douglas than what they are reading. She will teach them no mischief whatever. And this is more than can be said of *The Dawning*,<sup>1</sup> another well-meant novel, coming from Boston this time. This is meant to be a very profound social study, and it is funny enough to tempt us toward a longer account of it than we can take the space for. Briefly, the "plot" is this (leaving out of account a sub-plot): a lovely and cultured girl, the very tip-top of the Beacon Street set, is courted by two young men, one a lawyer, who believes in the present social system, the other a socialist, who lives on his father, and occupies his time in helping the poor; she was predisposed to the lawyer, but the socialist's views strike her so strongly that she becomes a convert, and marries him. The comical part of all this is the Arcadian simplicity of these Harvard graduates and cultured Beacon Hill girls. The printer is probably responsible for the mention of Mr. Bowditch's "idiocrasies," but it was not the printer who made the fair leader of Beacon Hill society say, "Am I not talking strange for a girl?"

One suspects, indeed, that the printer may have revised his copy to read thus, instead of, "Aint I?" At all events, "Aint I talking strange?" in the mouth of an exponent of culture, would be an exact epitome of the quality of the book—its intellectual ambition and the achievement thereof. For this strange talk for a girl, this profoundly deep water into which she imagines herself to have got, is nothing more than the A B C of socialism: the simple proposition that the social system is unjust, and should be rearranged to prevent any worthy people's suffering from poverty. Moreover, this same proposition, advanced as a profound and startling one at intellectual dinner parties, and in clubs of Harvard graduates, throws them into wild panic; the young socialist advances arguments that any Harvard Freshman has heard fifty times, and is prepared to clinch with, and these Harvard graduates tremble with dismay, are silenced and confused, and propose to expel such a dangerous heretic from the club. In short, the writer, obviously a very imperfectly educated person, totally unfamiliar with the social class he tries to describe, has undertaken to write from the standpoint of a member of that class and an educated person, upon a subject of which he knows only the rudiments, and has "put his foot into it" badly. Yet in one chapter, which describes the anti-slavery experience of a village clergyman a generation ago, and in some of the dealing with plain, self-respecting tradespeople, he is happy; so that if he would keep to matters that he knows, he might be able to write something good. The motive of the book seems to be genuinely philanthropic, and therefore one is loth to censure it; yet it deserves censure, for any man should know better than to invent from inner consciousness his illustrations of the opinions and grammar of educated society, of judicial decisions, and the like; or to try to instruct on a complex subject like socialism, until he has at least read up thoroughly on it; or to quote the arguments of opponents until he has thoroughly read them, also. This lack of intellectual conscience, of the faintest conception of serious work in mastering a

<sup>1</sup> *The Dawning*. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

subject, is a really grave evil to American civilization. It is not worth while for anyone to read this book: if our readers wish to know about socialism, let them read Ely and Gronlund; if about Beacon Hill, Howells and James; if about young ladies marrying socialists and adopting their opinions, Turgéniéff.

Of a much better quality are *A Model Wife*<sup>1</sup> and *High Lights*,<sup>2</sup> though both are crude, and have no sufficient reason for existence. *A Model Wife* starts with the proposition that it is deep injustice to say that poverty must be the result either of inefficiency or wrong-doing, and offers to tell the story of one who was in abject poverty by absolutely unavoidable circumstance. If this means the wife, it is true enough; for the story that follows is of a married pair dragged down to the extremity of poverty by circumstance, at every turn of which the inefficiency and folly and selfishness of the man contributed decisively. He wasted his time in college, to begin with—a fault which of itself is not infrequently enough to induce fortune to turn a cold shoulder. But the proposition that a wife may be blameless in such a case is too obvious to need any demonstration. There seems something wrong in the social order under which the most foolish and incapable man may compel the acquiescence of a clear-headed, business-like wife in action that she knows will involve them both in disaster; but it is not easy to suggest what she should do in such a case, after protest has proved unavailing. As literature, *A Model Wife* has no value; as a social study, it is vitiated by forcing the data to conform to the conclusions—as, for instance, in leaving the young couple unaccountably without acquaintances whom it was possible to so much as ask about work. “Doctor Sevier” is an illustration of a much more skillful way of managing this point. *A Model Wife* is a weak variation on the same theme as Mr.

Cable’s story. *High Lights* is no social study, but a school-girlish attempt at the idyl. It contains some pleasant country pictures, and a portrait of the maiden, Robin, through whose blundering execution a really beautiful conception is visible; also, there is nobility in the ideal of “friendship” held by the girl, an ideal not absolutely incapable of fulfillment, though it could not be expected to happen many times in a century. This is all we can say for the story: it is high-flown and sentimental in style, beyond what we should have thought tolerable to the fastidious publishing house that sends it out; and the light conversation, with its jests and puns, gives the reader cold shivers. Let any one who wishes to see how this sort of summer idyl should be done read “A Marsh Island.”

We come now to several books into which some original character and thought has gone. One of these is *Bonnyborough*,<sup>3</sup> by Mrs. Whitney. It contains the usual exasperating quantity of affectations, epigrams, ejaculations, claspings of hands dramatically over small matters, which have been long destroying in critical people’s esteem the work of a writer who once promised so well. There is always thought underneath all this, and Mrs. Whitney’s people are always alive; but the growth of this disastrous mannerism and sentimentalism upon her have sadly alienated many who started in hopefully with her in the day of “Faith Gartney” and “Leslie Goldthwaite.” The bombastic, undisguised sentimentality of more simple-minded people, which she is determined to avoid, is scarcely worse, artistically, and is less aggravating as an instance of wasted ability. If Boston thus affects her own writers, then it is certainly true that her sceptre is departing.

Coming far westward, we next take up a volume of short stories,<sup>4</sup> by a writer well known locally, Sam Davis, of the “Carson Appeal.” The fact that we can hardly mention him without mentioning also his paper,

<sup>1</sup> *A Model Wife*. By G. J. Cervus. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Joseph A. Hoffman.

<sup>2</sup> *High Lights*. Boston & New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>3</sup> *Bonnyborough*. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>4</sup> *Short Stories*. By Sam Davis. San Francisco: Golden Era Co. 1886.

indicates at once the first quality that strikes one in his stories. They are conspicuously the work of a newspaper man, and of a man whose newspaper association has entered into his life, instead of remaining an external occupation. This has its advantages and disadvantages. Newspaper work is never good for one's literary training, for it is destructive to that painstaking labor and fastidious standard that are the soul of success; yet, on the other hand, it is pretty sure to wash completely out of a man of sense the stiffness or bombast or affectation that so haunt the beginner, and to give him some admirable opportunities of contact with human nature. Mr. Howells, Bret Harte, and Mark Twain were newspaper men. Could Mr. Davis, like them, have left the newspaper in time, and gained opportunities for developing painstakingly, as they did, his literary powers, it would have been far better for him as a writer. These stories are decidedly clever and original, but they are mere waifs and occasional efforts, only two or three being at all elaborated. They are very genial, and several of the lighter sketches chaff Mark Twain and other fellow-craftsmen by name with the utmost *sang froid*.

*Mrs. Herndon's Income*<sup>1</sup> is a social study, following up the author's "Problem of Poverty." It is very readable as a story, but its chief interest is in its social bearing; and one has the satisfaction of knowing that Mrs. Campbell knows her ground. Jerry McAuley and the Mission figure in this, as in the other book; but the line of life and work of

the persons of the story only touches them, and there is no distinctly religious solution of the problem offered. In fact, we must say there is no solution offered; the problem is only stated, and it is pretty plainly indicated that, for the present, at least, Mrs. Campbell sees no chance save in the line of closer personal relations with the poor—each person to feel and grope, avoiding always the almsgiving blunder, until he finds what he can do "to help." "To help—to help"—that is the keynote of the book. Margaret (whom we confess to find more interesting as child and girl than as woman) wants to *help* somehow. She is not an unreal character—there are scattered here and there such, who want to help. But would they in fact, find the coöperation she did? Would the doctor turn up, with his practice among the poor? Would Lessing be there, and would one rich man become such a convert, and be able to command the backing of another rich man, and have a college friend imbued with a passion for coöperative manufacturing, at the nick of time, and also the right woman to manage the tenements? and—most of all—would Meg be Meg? For, after all, all that this considerable group of friends, ardently coöperating, seem to have done by the personal intercourse method, was the saving of Meg. *Mrs. Herndon's Income*, as a practical reforming book, is perhaps a little too much like "Ten Times One are Ten"; that is a very good thing to be like, however, when it comes to the stirring up of warmth and desire toward the good things there urged.

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### ETC.

PRESIDENT HOLDEN, in remarks made at a banquet of welcome given him by the alumni of the University, said that two things occurred to him especially, as first impressions of the University. One was, the excellent temper and real allegiance—"the magnificent spirit" was his phrase—displayed by those connected with it. He mentioned express-

<sup>1</sup> *Mrs. Herndon's Income*. By Helen Campbell. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1886.

ly the spirit of the students. To every one who knows Berkeley, this praise is known to be deserved. Professors in the University and residents of the village who know anything whatever of other college towns, all say, and say with emphasis, that the Berkeley students are remarkable in the matter of orderly behavior, and of sincere desire to help on the good order and other interests of the college. In several important matters where lax standards of be-

havior were gaining ground among them, and owing to the repeated interregna in the presidency, and other harassing difficulties, there was not much restraint from the authorities, the students have taken matters into their own hands and reformed the disorders with considerable efficiency. It is not easily to be understood how a set of college boys so conspicuously and peculiarly disposed to orderliness should have become the objects of so sweeping attack from the press. Part of it has been the product of personal enmity to the University and all its works; part to the necessary strain upon cordiality between a non-religious State institution and the religious denominations; part to the jealousy that is common everywhere on the part of the uneducated toward college men; but these causes are not sufficient to account for the avidity with which the papers have seized upon and rejoiced in the most unauthorized and distorted rumors that offered any opportunity to discredit the students. Even the one leading paper that is habitually friendly to Berkeley has twice printed editorials censuring the students for some behavior, which would have been ascertained by very slight and easy inquiry to have never occurred. The friends of the University have been rather slow to answer strictures, feeling that who excuses accuses; but it is possible that the students, less cautious, were better served by their indiscretion in sending out a circular protest, than by the wisdom of their older friends in shunning newspaper controversy.

It is simply impossible to gather from two hundred to one thousand young fellows, between sixteen and twenty-four years old, into one village, and find no scamps among them, and no breaches of order. If any one who is disposed to decry the behavior of college boys will try putting as many farmer lads, or city clerks, or any other variety of boys, together in one small town for months at a time, he will end with a very high opinion of the behavior of college boys in general; and if he will then get some intimate knowledge of Yale or Harvard or Princeton or Cornell, he will add to this a still higher opinion of the behavior of Berkeley boys in particular. It is really time California appreciated this, and gave her boys credit for doing her honor.

PRESIDENT HOLDEN'S second observation was the small number of students in comparison with the opportunities offered. He mentioned here, we feel sure, a symptom rather than a disease, and one that it is scarcely worth while to spend much attention on until its causes have been reached. We have little doubt that the causes are two: one the destitute condition of preparatory education in this State; the other, a complex of many causes, all of the same nature. The newspaper misrepresentations of the student body are a part of them; the fear—most of it unnecessary and founded on misinformation—of a State University, on the part of the religious denomina-

tions; and the dissemination of an exaggerated idea of the share played by politics in the government of the University. In fact, even the alumni have cried "Politics!" over actions in which not an atom of politics was concerned; but the mere unfounded suspicion of such a thing is disastrous to an institution of learning. If a good system of preparatory schools can be created, and if the University can be protected from gross misunderstanding, the number of students will grow rapidly.

DURING the last few months, in San Francisco, Oakland, and Berkeley, there has been going on from time to time a series of Shakspeare and other dramatic readings, that has attracted an extraordinary amount of attention among scholars and literary folk, although it has not been extensively noticed by the papers. It seems odd, indeed, that with so little advertising Mr. Locke Richardson has steadily secured so considerable audiences—possibly because a large number of his hearers have become perfectly fascinated with his readings, and have gone again and again to hear them, even following him from San Francisco to Berkeley on rainy nights. There is nothing at all of declamation about them; but a modesty, restraint, and dignity that is peculiarly pleasing. To an especial extent Mr. Richardson succeeds in sinking himself, removing himself from between the hearer and the play; and the mean he achieves between plain recitation and any attempt to present a drama in his single person and a dress-coat, is very happy. Perhaps it is a necessary limitation of his art that his presentations of character shall run in types, especially in the case of young women, so that his Rosalind and Lydia Languish have an uncomfortable resemblance to each other; and perhaps it is due to this very dividing off into types and classes by heavy lines that he can so effectively, by his simple and unexaggerated speech and gesture, place so complete a play on the platform before his hearers. His judicious cutting down and simplification, by means of omissions and brief summaries in his own character, help to this end.

A very interesting art-experiment has been successfully made by Mr. Vickery, of this city—the reproduction in etchings of California scenery from the canvases of the artists of this coast, thus making possible to people of small means the possession of good suggestions of pictures they could not own in oil. Mr. Vickery is a lover and collector of etchings, and at the same time an appreciative admirer of Mr. Keith's work; and during a recent trip to the East, he made it his business to find an etcher who could work in harmony with Mr. Keith. Such a one he found in Miss Edith Loring-Pierce, whose etchings of Eastern scenes are familiar to many on this coast—her "Road to the Beach" certainly, with its bold yet quiet suggestion of a lonely road at sunset; with no color, yet one feels all the color of nature in looking at it. The most pleasing piece of Christmas

work in the city was a pair of her scenes, on satin, from the canvases of Mr. Keith; and considering that the lady has never been able to study directly from nature here in California, and necessarily cannot get the finer characteristics of the growth of our trees and shrubbery, they are dainty and well-handled. A still more interesting piece of work, just finished, is also from a painting by Mr. Keith, of the old Carmel Mission.

### The Sisseton-Wahpeton Sioux.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND MONTHLY :

The sensible views on the Indian problem, presented in a recent article in the OVERLAND by E. L. Huggins, have met with both endorsement and opposition. A few plain facts in regard to a branch of the Sioux nation, their treatment, and progress towards civilization, may not be an uninteresting illustration of what may be done with wild Indians.

The tribe in question call themselves the Sisseton-Wahpeton nation, and occupy a triangular reservation on the eastern boundary of Dakota. They belong to the formerly powerful nation of aboriginal Dakhotans. At present they number 1,453 souls, and are surrounded on all sides by white settlers. In the Indian uprisings and troubles of 1862-4, they adhered to the whites, and it was their braves who acted as scouts for the troops in their campaigns against the murderous red men. Originally, they were as bloodthirsty as any of their brothers, but, through the influence of agents who won their confidence by being true to their interests, this change was brought about. No one man should have more credit for this than Honorable Joseph R. Brown, who, in 1838, began trading with them; afterwards, he was appointed agent to the tribe. He married a squaw, and showed by his course of action that this union was not simply one of convenience. As he made friends with the aborigines, he got them to drop the breech-clout and blanket, and wear the clothes of white men. He also succeeded in getting several bucks to allow their hair to be cut. The remainder of the tribe endeavored to ridicule these into their old habits—one of the most obnoxious taunts being: "There goes a Dutchman." Perseverance, however, won, and the result of this treatment was evident when the terrible massacres of 1862-3 occurred in the northwest—the Sissetons were true to their white friends. It may not be amiss in this connection to state that Mr. Brown's respect for his marriage went so far that he sent one of his half-blood sons to Yale College, from which institution he graduated with honor, and is now living on the borders of the reservation, respected by all, both whites and Indians.

The present condition of this tribe will probably be of more interest than their former history. Two years ago, with the aid of their agent and the consent of Congress, they founded a local government, embracing a legislature, supreme court, and civil officers. Gabriel Renville, a full-blood Indian, was made prin-

cipal chief for life, in consequence of his efforts in the past to secure for their tribe their present reservation. He was the superintendent of scouts during the uprisings of the '60's, and is the only officer chosen for life, the remainder being elected for two years. The assistant principal chief is David Faribault, also a full-blooded Indian; while the attorney for the nation is a son of Joseph R. Brown, and has the same name; his mother is an Indian, and a sister of the principal chief. Charles Crawford is national treasurer; James W. Lind, secretary; Thomas H. Robertson, justice of the supreme court; Louis La Bell, sheriff; and Reverend John Renville, a cousin of the principal chief, is president of the council—the upper body of the legislature, which is composed of the principal men, or the ones whose names are attached to the various treaties made with the whites. The lower branch of the legislature is composed of one delegate from each of the ten districts into which the reservation is divided. In each of these districts, there is also a justice of the peace and a constable. Both the legislature and the supreme court meet twice every year, and their records are kept in the Sioux language. Nearly all the officials are full-blooded aborigines, though they have adopted Christian names. If a crime is committed, a warrant is issued by the justice of the peace, served by the constable, and the culprit examined before the justice. Should the crime be a petty one, such as drunkenness or a small theft, he prescribes the penalty; but if it is more important, the prisoner is thrown into jail, to await the convening of the supreme court, when his case is heard, and Indian justice meted out. No juries are allowed, and they have not yet become accustomed to bail. They are very severe with drunkenness, theft, and bigamy.

Neither rations nor annuities of clothing have been issued in two years' time, but in 1883 there was an issue of stock and farming implements. Instead of having tribal relations, the Indians occupy land in severalty, mainly by allotment, although twenty-seven land patents have been issued. The tepee is a habitation of the past, most of the families dwelling in good log houses, while fifteen or twenty have fair frame dwellings, and two have handsome brick houses. The chief support is farming, and this is mainly done by the men, while the women attend to indoor work. These Indians say that it is not laziness that usually keeps the red man from manual labor, but pride and the traditions of their forefathers. They also acknowledge that one of the main assistants in civilizing the red man is to get him to forget the past and its traditions.

One familiar with Indian life has said: "Take 1,500 white persons, place them upon a certain body of land, surround them by soldiers, tell them that you will give them their clothing and what they wish to eat, and care for them, and how long would it take for them to degenerate into the condition of the most of our wild Indians?" These Indians

have been taught to depend upon themselves, and that is why they succeed. During the year 1885 they raised 40,000 bushels of wheat and about 30,000 bushels of oats and barley. Most of the wheat was sold, and the balance used on the reservation. The men have the best of improved machinery, and soon become accustomed to its use.

The value of education seems to be appreciated. There are 379 Indians under eighteen years of age on the reservation, and 344 of these are of school age; deducting from these the number married, it leaves about 300, and the record shows that 215 of these were in school during the year past—only seventeen of the number attending places of learning off the reservation. Seven churches have an active organization and membership—five being of the Presbyterian denomination, one Episcopalian, and one Catholic. In nearly all these churches the ministers are Indians, the most noted being Reverend John Renville, who is also president of the council. Forty years ago he married a white girl; then he was a painted Indian, wearing breech-clout and blanket; now he is a quiet, inoffensive old man, possessing much intelligence and common sense. He and his wife have done much towards the civilization of the tribe.

It is now the desire of these red men that their reservation be cut down in size, and the land not needed sold. The Indians desire to retain their present farms, and do not care if whites are sandwiched in between them, thus having overcome the prevalent fear among most tribes that if the white men become their neighbors they will soon beat them out of their improved land. These Indians are not perfect by any means; but by fair treatment, confidence, and being taught to rely upon themselves, they seem to have advanced far beyond the pale usually conceded to be an impassable boundary for them.

It is true that at first, with the change of habits, the mortality became very great; but now the tide is turning, and it does not seem that the tribe would die out, unless some epidemic should occur.

H. C. Plumby.

FARGO, D. T.

### Some Comments on the Stanford Endowment.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND MONTHLY:

If I read aright, the terms of the princely endowment which Mr. Stanford has given to the world—for the limits of so great a foundation are not to be measured by the boundaries of a State—the grant contains within itself an element of danger to the usefulness of the gift, and a probable source of annoyance and discomfort to the giver. I allude to the clause wherein he reserves the right to change the character of the foundation, and at will alter the direction of the contemplated work.

From the moment the fact is fully appreciated that this power is reserved, and that there exists a doubt as to the finality of the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Stanford, this fact, with all the possibilities which

may grow out of a change in the character of the foundation, will be understood by selfish schemers and by narrow-minded men, wedded to whims and vagaries. By pressure and by arguments they will seek to overthrow an institution which is founded upon broad and liberal foundations, and will strive to divert the funds to the support of individual hobbies and personal schemes. Against assaults of this kind it will be the duty of those who favor the cause of liberal education, by the weight of their opinion, and if need be, by public expression of their views, to protect Mr. Stanford, and encourage him to remain steadfast. Should this peril be averted, and the University be launched according to the terms which have been outlined by its founder, California will then have within her limits an institution capable of helping the world with a powerful hand, by furnishing well-equipped students to aid in the study of the vast fields of knowledge which still remain unexplored. It would add greatly to its probable usefulness, if, instead of working upon parallel lines with the University of California, the two could in some form be united under one control.

Let us suppose that Mr. Stanford, before nominating his trustees and submitting his deed of gift, had said to the State: "I wish to establish a University which shall be free from political influence, and which shall occupy educational ground in many respects similar to that now covered by the University of California. I propose to endow this institution with sufficient money to make it absolutely independent, and to open up to it possibilities of usefulness in the future equal to those of any kindred organization now in existence. If the University of California were free from political entanglements, I could make a proposition to place my endowment there. As the laws now stand, there is a radical objection to my doing so; for the Board of Regents is, from its *ex officio* members, necessarily to a certain extent political, and subject to radical changes with each State election. If, however, this difficulty can be remedied, and the general intentions of the University can be outlined to suit my views, I will attach this great gift to the University of California." Is it probable that the people of the State would have let such an opportunity pass? The ease with which legislation was obtained in accordance with the Senator's actually expressed wishes, shows the temper of the people on this subject.

Is it too late to bring about such a desirable result?

If my assumption is correct, that the necessary changes in the law could be secured if the subject should be properly presented, then there lies in the very reservation of power which I have shown to be fraught with possible evil, a use which may promote this great good. As the matter now stands, here are two institutions working upon parallel lines, both of which must be perpetuated. They are to meet the wants of a population which, at present, numbers less than a million. That the number will



increase, is inevitable; but the great proportion of mountainous and desert lands in this State, and the narrow belt of territory between the Sierra and the ocean, conclusively fix a limit to that increase. The great region between the summit of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada range must always remain but scantily peopled. The western half of the continent can never hope to rival the eastern half in population. New York has not only the advantage over San Francisco of the dense population which lies behind that city, but in place of the narrow belt of fertile land which intervenes between the Sierra and the Bay, there is a stretch of two thousand miles of arable land. Institutions of learning flourish best where there are the greatest number of pupils to patronize them, whether tuition be free or not. Students work better when they come into contact with great numbers of other students. The greater the number of students in a college, the more certain it will be that among them there will be some who, by their future work, will make a record which the college will be proud to claim as that of a graduate. Great teachers are anxious for great opportunities, and one of the measures of their opportunities is to be found in the number of pupils whose lives they can influence by their teachings.

In making a foundation on the scale of this, Senator Stanford has hoped to immortalize the name of his son by building up a University which shall rival the most famous in the world. The limitations which will surround such an institution in California will, to a certain extent, work against his hopes. Learned men, who, as teachers in its courses, would give it reputation, will prefer literary centers where their opportunities for intercourse with others upon the same plane of attainment will be greater than they would be in California. Nor will this difficulty cure itself in the future, for where the greater population is to be found, there, all other things being equal, will probably be found the most congenial field of labor for distinguished scholars. Mere salary will tempt but a small proportion of such men to fill permanent engagements away from what they conceive to be their best field for work. Great opportunities for usefulness as teachers might, perhaps, do so.

The University of California and the various schools attached to it, practically and creditably supply the wants of the State of California today. The immediate effect of opening the Stanford University would be to diminish the usefulness of the State University, without adding materially to the facilities offered the public. But if the two could be united; if, through the instrumentality of this great gift, the State University could be freed from the thralldom to politics which has threatened its life; if the State could accept the ideas of Mr. Stanford as representing what the State University should be, and if the Senator would consent to absorb the University of California into his plan, thereby freeing the State from further responsibility for the maintenance of that institution;

then such a powerful organization would be established on the Pacific coast as might hope to overcome the various difficulties which tend to hamper the future usefulness of the Stanford University.

Of course, I recognize the great obstacles to be removed in order to accomplish this result. But it is worth great effort on the part of the people of California. If accomplished, the possible danger of a diversion of the gift from the purposes which have been foreshadowed will be at once removed; the usefulness of the University of California, whether known under its own name or under that of the Stanford University, will be increased; the future of the Stanford University will be as certain of success as anything human can be, and the purpose which its founder has so much at heart will be far surer of accomplishment, than if the two Universities divide between them the pupils of the Pacific coast.

Yours truly,

A. McF. Davis.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 11th, 1885.

### The Bland Bill.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND MONTHLY :

The silver men continue their attack on gold under the pretense of protecting silver; they even go so far as to assert that the gold men are gold-monometallists, while the silver men are the true bimetalists. The first assumption is certainly not true; whether the second is true or not, remains to be seen.

The gold men do not object to the 412½ grain silver dollar (as shown in a former letter, the single gold standard is not incompatible with a limitable currency); on the contrary, they want to see it circulate on a par with gold, as a subsidiary coin; and for that very reason, they oppose the present law, which makes the coinage of this silver dollar entirely independent of the laws of supply and demand, to which all other coins of the United States are subject; the result of which must be to eventually drive the gold out of circulation, unless the market price of the silver dollar (now eighty cents) should rise to its nominal value, equal to 25 8-10 grains of gold—which is not probable for a long time to come.

Let us see how the so-called Bland bill originated. When the silver-producers found that, by means of diamond drills and giant powder, they had overproduced and—as in all such cases—depressed the market price of their goods, they formed a little clique, and said: “Behold, if we could go to Washington, and pass through Congress a little bill, which would enable us to take our silver to the United States Mint, and cause the Government to stamp on every eighty cents’ worth of silver—‘One dollar United States coin’—we should go home about twenty per cent. richer than we came.” And they went to Washington, and came very near carrying through their bill, which they called the “Free Silver Coinage Bill” (or something like that), but the Senate fortunately foresaw the effect, and said: “Gentlemen,

if a dishonest dollar *must* be coined, on which some body makes twenty per cent. profit out of the fifty million people who will have to accept this dollar at full rates, it seems to us that this profit ought to go to the United States"; and so firmly did they stick to that point, that the silver clique, fearing to lose the whole, conceded it, but managed to slip into the bill the proviso: "That not less than two million dollars should be coined per month." If anybody had confidentially asked the clique: "Why not less than two million per month? What is the Government to do with the surplus silver dollars in case the coinage far outruns the public demand?" it is possible they would have answered, with the late Mr. V.: "D—the public; if the Government cannot get rid of the silver dollars, let them pile them up sky-high in their vaults, and let them rot there. *We* have nothing to do with the public; all we want is to create a big customer, to raise the price of our declining goods."

And they created that big customer. The Bland bill (with the proviso) became law. The two million per month were coined, until, indeed, the pile of useless dollars threatened to rise sky-high, and vault after vault had to be built by the Treasury. "Not useless," said the silver men; "they are guarantee fund for the silver certificates that circulate largely"; but they forgot that the gold that went to buy that silver would have been just as good a security for any outstanding paper, and much less bulky, therefore more convenient.

If the silver men are true bimetalists; that is, if they honestly believe that there is a public demand for not less than two million silver dollars per month, they must admit that the portion of the Bland bill, that now reads: ". . . which coin [referring to the 412½ grain silver dollar] . . . shall be legal tender for ALL debts and dues, public and private, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract; and the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized and directed to purchase, from time to time, silver bullion at the market price thereof, *not less than two million dollars' worth per month, nor more than four million*

*dollars' worth per month*, and cause the same to be coined monthly, as fast as so purchased, into such dollars. . . ." etc., should be amended as follows:

" . . . which coin (etc., as above) shall be legal tender for *one half of all debts and dues, public and private, the other half to be paid in gold coin of the United States*, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract; and the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized and directed to purchase, from time to time, silver bullion at the market price thereof, *in sufficient quantity to supply all public demand for the 412½-grain silver dollar*, and cause this bullion to be coined monthly," etc., as above.

Such a bill would place the silver dollar where it belongs, on a line with all the other United States coins (gold and silver); it would be a true bimetallic bill, and would doubtless receive the consent of all honest gold men.

If, on the other hand, the silver men insist upon continuing the Bland Bill as it stands, or increase the minimum coinage to four million dollars per month, as has been suggested, then they show clearly that the *public demand* is entirely indifferent to them, and that they intend to drive the gold out of the country, and make the government their tool to bolster up the market price of their declining silver. In that case they are not bimetalists, but rampant silver monometallists.

Nor should the government allow the depositing of gold or silver bullion in their vaults by private parties, with the privilege of taking certificates against it, to be used as money, for this would turn the government vaults into a free warehouse for gold and silver producers. If the government cannot supply free warehouses to all, it should supply them to none. Let the government buy at market prices all the gold, silver, nickel, and copper they need to supply the *public demand* for United States coins, and let the gold and silver producers store their surplus goods, like other producers, in safe deposits, warehouses, or banks.

Yours respectfully,

F. O. Layman.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1886.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

### A Century of Dishonor.<sup>1</sup>

It is said that *A Century of Dishonor* found few readers until after "Ramona" was published; the novel found at once a large sale, and reacted upon the more serious book. This is not improbable; at all events, the wide circulation of "Ramona," and Mrs. Jackson's death, have been followed by a new

<sup>1</sup> A Century of Dishonor. By Helen Jackson. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson.

edition of "A Century of Dishonor," enlarged by a little additional matter in the appendices, relating to the California Indians.

No one can examine the records of wrong, oppression, outrage, whether it be to negro or Indian, or to white child or woman in the brutal class of any city, without realizing that the quality of generous indignation in human kind is much less than is generally taken for granted. The rallying of the whole power of our North and West to the liberation of the slave,

the intense sensitiveness to wrong to the freedman, which for many years made appeals to it the most powerful of political weapons, and still dominates a very considerable body of people—these things have given an impression that the American people are chivalrously intolerant of oppression and cruelty; that an act of outrage committed upon the weak or helpless causes them to spring indignantly to the rescue. In fact, like every people on earth, they are, in the main, intensely apathetic to others' wrongs, even when these are of the ghastly and monstrous order. A minority of them—enough to create pretty general agitation—are capable of passionately championing the oppressed: but after all the labors for centuries of the abolitionists (for they began agitation in colonial times), the great majority of volunteers of 1861 took arms against secession, not against slavery; and the later political passion in behalf of the freedman betrays its root to be resentment toward arrogance in the conquered, by its apathy to the greatest wrongs when there is no political bearing in them. Theoretically, cruelty practised upon child or woman rouses those who know of it to white heat; practically, the philanthropist, seeking to punish the perpetrator of such outrages, finds himself baffled by the refusal of neighbors to "burn their own fingers" by any sort of intermeddling. The most that the agitator can hope is that he may rouse a small but energetic group, whose protest may be made to fill all ears and carry the point over the heads of indifferent majorities.

In the matter of the Indians, the reformer has a special disadvantage and a special advantage. The disadvantage is, that the Indians have been savage retaliators for wrong. They have, it is true, suffered without retaliation a vast amount of wrong (probably not out of meekness, but because they are altogether too shrewd a people not to know the futility of resistance, and rarely go on the war-path until they have concluded that brief freedom and final destruction is better than longer submission); but they have also repeatedly refused to do so, and the fury of their revenges has made an indelible impression of fear upon the imaginations of our people. If we were reading of Roman and barbarian wars, we should consider it something magnificent in a race, crushed, broken, overwhelmed, by three hundred years of conquest, that it should still inspire fear. But we do not look on these signs of a noble race with the same eyes when they come too near us. The massacre of whites by Indians in the Connecticut Valley towns is fresh yet in every child's mind, a source of horrified and timorous thoughts as he studies it from his school history; the massacre of Indians by whites in the Pequot war is slurred over with scarcely a thought. The balance of cruelty probably dips heaviest on the Indian's side, in his conflict with the Anglo-Saxon race, as the balance of arrogance and aggression dips heaviest on the Anglo-Saxon. But the resulting idea that the Indian is a peculiarly inhuman being—a "fiend,"

a "red devil"—is altogether wrong, as a little comparison will easily show. He has been demonstrated less cruel than the Spaniard: his worst barbarities, committed for revenge and in passionate resistance of invasion, do not equal those committed on him by Spaniards, in mere lust of gold and dominance. They do not equal the atrocities of religious persecutions—whose motive was essentially political—committed by Romans, Spaniards, and Englishmen, upon their own countrymen. The present reviewer lately heard a story told of a peculiarly monstrous and revolting cruelty committed by Indian captors upon a white captive; and it was told with great excitement, and alleged as proof of the inhuman character of the Indian race, and their unworthiness of any consideration. It chanced that precisely the same atrocity, in all its details, is on record as occurring in England, in the religious persecutions of the sixteenth century. It would be hard to prove that religious hatred, largely inspired by political ambition, is a more excusable motive for atrocity than the desperation and vengeance of an unscrupulously conquered people, pressed to the verge of extinction, and in very many cases retaliating similar cruelties. They do not exceed the atrocities committed by the tramps and roughs of our own race, absolutely without provocation; the dynamite mangling of innocent victims, the throwing of passenger trains from the track, the attacks on isolated houses. We do not set down the Spanish, English, or Irish races, because of these things, as fiends: we can only say that every race has the capacity of fiendishness, and we have come in contact with and provoked the full capacity of it in the Indian more than in any other. That it is not purely a matter of vengeance with them, is evident from the torture of captives among themselves; yet, whenever or however it began, this was doubtless retaliatory, practised only upon members of tribes with whom there was a similar score to be wiped out. It was, therefore, less atrocious than the utterly unprovoked torture of captives practised by our Danish ancestors in their descent upon England. There seems, altogether, nothing to make us question that the Indian was a noble and promising race, arrested by the European invasion when well on its way to an independent civilization, and in part degraded by whisky, forced pauperism, and demoralizing conquerors; in part retaining, to a surprising extent, after three hundred years, its spirit and its half-savage virtues, but very naturally thrown back from the attainment of the more humane virtues.

To reason thus, however, with the injustice of the sweeping hatred of the Indian based on his savage fierceness, is of little use to the agitator. The true way to meet this, the most serious obstacle to enlisting the public sympathy, is by frank narration of the outrages suffered by Indians from whites. It is revolting to all sense of delicacy to repeat the ghastly and bloody details; but it is the agitator's way. Mrs. Jackson ventures into that path; but Mrs.

Jackson was a poet, and a highly sensitive woman, and her pen hesitates and flinches at the worst details, and turns instinctively from the horrible to the pitiful, from the specific to the general. Not so was antislavery sentiment roused: rougher hands and blunter taste than Mrs. Jackson's would have spread out every frightful story that could be found. Mrs. Jackson gives, as a mere sample, one chapter on "Massacres of Indians by Whites"; but it is the merest suggestion of what might be done. It is probable, on the one hand, that Indian cruelties to whites outnumber the cruelties of whites to Indians, and by a slight shade exceed them in savagery; while, on the other hand, the whites far surpass the Indians in wantonness and arrogance of outrage.

We said that the special disadvantage at which appeals for the Indian stand, is offset by a special advantage. This is, that it is not really necessary to get any such popular sympathy as was needed in the antislavery matter. For there is no such inertia of vested rights and hostility of interested parties to overcome. Our people, as a whole, has never meant ill to the Indian: the brutal wrongs that he has suffered have been at the hands of the comparatively small number of whites who fringe the frontier, both "border-ruffians," and more respectable settlers turned ruffians under the influence of fear; and the cattle-men and other greedy land-seekers are the only body of men interested in keeping up the legal wrongs of his status. Frontier settlers, combined with speculative rings, make a powerful body hostile to justice; but not more powerful than a resolute small group of agitators and a not unfriendly government can overcome. And that the government is not unfriendly, the whole record, as quoted by Mrs. Jackson, shows. There has, in fact, been a general desire on its part to deal fairly by the Indian. The administrations have planned, occasionally with greed, but on the whole, in a friendly spirit, their Indian policies. The guilt of the broken promises, the fraud and robbery that have victimized the Indians, evidently lies in part on the shoulders of Congress, whose indifference, rather than hostility, left treaties lying unratified and promised appropriations unmade, while disasters befell the waiting Indians, who had acted, meanwhile, upon the promises of the Executive, which depended on Congress for fulfillment; and in part on the condition of the civil service, hard enough to keep clear of corruption and favoritism under the very eye of the Executive, much more in the remote posts of the Indian service. For the first of these evils—the mere indifference of Congress—a few strong converts in Congress itself, and enough agitation to give them a good backing, ought to be sufficient; for the resolute and powerful hostility of the frontier, the only remedy is a resolute Executive, and that seems to have been already found; and for the corruptions of the Indian service, there seems no remedy except the general reform of methods of appointment, now slowly progressing.

Mrs. Jackson's book is temperate and careful. Only one instance is an exception to this. We think the candid reader will fail to find ground for her strictures upon Mr. Schurz, in the correspondence which she prints. The short of this is: a subscription was in progress to raise money, first to defend against an appeal from Judge Dundy's *habeas corpus* decision, and second, to sue the government for the recovery of the Ponca lands; Mrs. Jackson wrote to Mr. Schurz that the whole of this subscription was promised on condition that he would express his approval. Mr. Schurz answered that the appeal had already been dropped, and would not be renewed; while as to the suit for the recovery of lands, the Supreme Court had repeatedly decided that an Indian tribe could not sue the United States or a State; therefore, the subscription was obviously futile, and he could not, of course, approve it. Mrs. Jackson replied, with some feeling, that lawyers had advised the suit, and there could be no harm in trying, even if it were decided unconstitutional; and asked if, in case it were possible for the Poncas to recover their lands, he would approve of the suit. Mr. Schurz replied that he should, of course, desire to see any man, white or Indian, recover his rights by legal methods; but that the possibility of this particular suit was simply out of the question, and any lawyer who had told her the contrary, in the face of repeated decisions of the Supreme Court, could only be trying to make money; there would be harm in trying, for the collection and expenditure of money for so absolutely futile an attempt, and the consequent fiasco, could not fail to dishearten future efforts, and make money much harder to get for practicable efforts to help the Indians. Mrs. Jackson comments indignantly on the evasiveness, and evident lack of desire to see the Indians righted, displayed by these letters: but we think most people would see in them the only possible reply of a man of business and a constitutional lawyer, to a woman whose enthusiasm had blinded her practical judgment. It must be said that the instances were very rare in which Mrs. Jackson's business judgment was blinded.

#### Some Monographs on Politics and Economics.

If the quality of our current literature of politics and economics were in keeping with its quantity, the United States would be entitled to great credit for the progress now making in these departments of knowledge. But much of it, unfortunately, is produced without an adequate basis of information, and consequently issues in narrow and one-sided conclusions. Mr. Straus, writing of *The Origin of Republican Form of Government in the United States of America*,<sup>1</sup> presents an illustration of this ten-

<sup>1</sup> *The Origin of Republican Form of Government in the United States of America.* By Oscar S. Straus. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

dency. In dealing with the early phases of the government of the United States, he has "been led to ascribe its origin mainly to ecclesiastical causes, which operated from the time the Pilgrims set foot upon our continent, and to the direct and indirect influence of the Hebrew Commonwealth." It goes without saying, that an attempt to account for the origin of the Republican institutions of the United States mainly on the ground of ecclesiastical influence, is to lay undue stress on what, at most, is a secondary cause. It must be said, however, that the author manages his data with skill, but at the same time his cause is so thoroughly hopeless that his work only leaves the impression of a good instance of special pleading.

But the questions regarding our government which specially demand attention, and whose solution presents difficulties, are not those concerning its origin; they are rather the questions of administration. How to secure for the offices of the government the men best fitted to perform their functions, and how to secure the adoption of such measures, and only such, as will most surely promote the public welfare, are the most important problems for a solution of which we have been somewhat blindly groping. Hitherto we have relied, with perhaps a gradually failing confidence in its virtues, on the caucus. In Lawton's *The American Caucus System*,<sup>1</sup> we hoped to find a strong defense or a strong denunciation of the institution, and were about as ready to receive the one as the other. It has, however, turned out to be neither, as regards the desirable quality of strength; yet throughout the book there is evidence of the author's hearty acceptance of the caucus, as well as of a somewhat rigid party organization. He holds to a dispensation under which there is no provision for the Mugwump. In contrasting caucus nominations and self-nominations, all merit is ascribed to caucus nominations. The candidate who puts himself forward fares badly, while the nominee of the caucus appears as the unselfish champion of the principles of a great party. It seems never to have occurred to the writer, that now and then a self-seeking person undertakes to work a caucus for his own advantage. There is still opportunity to say something wise about the caucus, without repeating much that Mr. Lawton has said.

Another question of present importance is that of the tariff. In discussing this question the people of the United States are beginning to manifest a remarkable degree of pig-headedness. It appears to be a matter of principle for each party not to believe anything uttered by the other. By the numerous recent publications on the tariff, the advocates and the opponents have, therefore, been abundantly confirmed in their faith, but nobody has been led to ac-

cept new views. Mr. Taussig, instructor in political economy in Harvard University, makes another addition to the literature of the controversy in the form of a monograph on *The History of the Present Tariff, 1860-1883*.<sup>2</sup> This is an essay of more solid merit than those already mentioned, but it suffers from having to deal with a subject altogether too large for a volume of one hundred pages. The writer's purpose is "to give a narrative of the growth of the protective system which now exists in the United States," and at the same time he seeks to set forth "the circumstances under which the various tariff acts were passed, the causes which made their enactment possible, and the changes of duty which they brought about." To these ends there is necessary only a plain statement of facts; but holding "the principle of protection to be radically unsound," Mr. Taussig has made legitimate use of the opportunity to state arguments in support of his views. If the history which is here given, of the several measures which are combined in our tariff law, is too brief to be in all parts easily and clearly comprehended, it has the somewhat rare merit of being unusually free from partisan misrepresentation. The author, however, is not only an advocate of reform, but he also believes a reform will be effected. He finds that "the feeling against the existing system has become so strong that the extreme protectionists must soon give way. In some places, it is true, where the population is engaged very largely in protected industries, the feeling maintains itself that protection is always a good thing, and that the more of it there is, the better. But this is no longer the controlling mood; and it is safe to say that popular opinion has turned, and is turning, so strongly against the extreme of protection which we now have, that a decided modification of it is merely a question of time."

It is generally accepted that there is a certain connection between the tariff question and the wages question. The eloquence of the last presidential campaign was full of the subject. The man of magnetism wrestled with the proposition that a high tariff makes a high rate of wages. Mr. Edward Atkinson, however, devotes the bulk of a recent volume, entitled *The Distribution of Products*,<sup>3</sup> to the question: "What makes the rate of wages?" and comes to the conclusion "that in all productive employment, the rate of wages which can be paid in money must depend on the sum of money which is received from the sale of the product." He furthermore holds "that wages are a constantly increasing remainder, only after lessening rates of profit have been set aside from an increasing product," and that,

<sup>2</sup> *The History of the Present Tariff, 1860-1883*. By F. W. Taussig, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by Sidney L. Strickland.

<sup>3</sup> *The Distribution of Products, or the Mechanism and the Metaphysics of Exchange*. By Edward Atkinson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by Sidney L. Strickland.

<sup>1</sup> *The American Caucus System: its Origin, Purpose and Utility*. By George W. Lawton, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

consequently, "the ability of a very productive country to find a market for its excess, especially of farm products, is a most important factor in determining the price of the whole product, and, therefore, in determining the general or average rate of wages and profits which can be recovered from the sale of the whole." Becoming more specific, he concludes, that "the average rate of domestic wages rests in a very great degree, under our present conditions, on our finding a foreign market for the excess of our products of agriculture." There is evidently a mistake somewhere. To impose a high tariff is not the most direct way to find a foreign market. Mr. Atkinson runs counter to the popular notion, and to the ideas of the great practical statesmen of the time, and, for this reason, his book is well worth the reading.

Under the title of *The Science of Business*,<sup>1</sup> Mr. Roderick H. Smith has undertaken to set forth "the principles controlling the laws of exchange." Finding "that the movements going on in the external world present to the mind the display of forces," and that the weaker of these forces "would be always overcome by the stronger," he adopts the formula that "motion takes the line of least resistance or of the greatest traction, or of their resultant." To this proposition he adds another, "expressing in a fuller sense the movements to which all phenomena are subject." This second proposition is the law of rhythm. Equipped with these two general laws, he proceeded to the study of commercial affairs, and "found not only that the movements going on in all processes of exchange verge in the line of least resistance, but also were composed of rhythms, small within larger." He found, moreover, "that the larger rhythms were completed only in the course of years."

The conclusions are inductions drawn from data presented by the history of the several departments of industry. For instance, "the price and production of iron undergo a continued ebb and flow." The cycles were found to be periods of from eight to ten years. The industry of railroad-building was also found to be subject to the same rhythmic movement, instead of increasing in a continuous ratio. "The largest number of miles were built when iron was the highest, and general business in good condition; and the least number of miles when iron was the lowest, and the general business of the country was in poor condition." The same movement is illustrated with reference to the coming of immigrants. "The most have come in times of commercial activity, and the fewest in times of commercial depression." Thus Mr. Smith surveys several departments of business, not infrequently getting the cart before the horse, and finds that "the lowest points at which iron is sold; the time at which the least number of immigrants arrive in the country; the time when railroad

building is the least active; the time when stocks reach their lowest points; the time when failures are the most numerous; these times, with but minor differences, occur together. Similarly, when iron is high, failures are few; when stocks advance, railroad-building and immigration increase. When one advances, they all advance. When one decreases, they all decrease."

This is all very well, and very suggestive as an illustration of Bastiat's principle of economic harmonies, and of the principle involved in the doctrine of commercial crises. The statistics presented, bearing on the question of crises in business, are deserving of attention; but, unless the critic is amiable and lenient, he may object that the name is too big for the book, and that the law of rhythm or the law of recurring crises in business does not comprehend the whole subject-matter of the science of business.

### The First Napoleon.<sup>2</sup>

OF the making of many books about Napoleon, there is no end. Though he has been dead sixty-four years, the biographer, the essayist, the historian, still continue, with unabated zeal, their attempts to portray the character of this wonderful man, and find interested readers. A few years ago, the publication of Madame Remusat's memoirs was the literary event of the season. She was translated into every leading language of Europe. What did the world care for Madame Remusat? Nothing! But she spent a few years as lady-in-waiting to Josephine, and with the keen, critical eyes of a lady of the old aristocracy, she watched the arbiter of Europe as he appeared in his household. With picturesque clearness, she narrates what she saw and felt, and because of the eager interest of the world in the man she describes, her memoirs have become famous. Her feelings in regard to him were those of a cultivated woman of the old *regime*. The brusqueness, the ill-breeding, the contempt for her sex, which she saw in the man upon whom were centered all eyes, as was to be expected, occupied a large part of her field of vision, and obscured his greatness. Since then, Colonel Jung has published a minute account of the early years of Napoleon. But his book is permeated with the animosity of a red Republican and follower of Gambetta. His prejudices are produced by causes the opposite of those affecting Madame Remusat. Late years have also witnessed the most able, complete, and elaborate arraignment of Napoleon ever written, for Lanfrey's memoir is, from beginning to end, an indictment. It is the most dangerous of all to Napoleon's reputation, because of the author's sincerity and ability. He displays marvelous skill in bringing out those features of the conqueror's career which would tend to convict him of being a conscienceless despot. Who would expect the delicate,

<sup>1</sup> *The Science of Business: A Study of the Principles Controlling the Laws of Exchange.* By Roderick H. Smith. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

<sup>2</sup> *The First Napoleon. A Sketch, Political and Military.* By John C. Ropes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chillon Beach.

refined lady, who had personally received harsh treatment from Napoleon, to be more just and generous towards him than the Republicans, Lanfrey and Jung?

Strange to say, all these contemners of the great emperor, who, of late years, have held him up to severest censure, have been Frenchmen. Did the second empire disgust the French people with their idol of the first? or is the present attitude of their writers only a reaction against the hero worship of their fathers, and the writers of the Thiers School? It is not probable we shall ever obtain an impartial and judicial presentation of Napoleon's career from a Frenchman: nor is it likely that any Englishman or German can succeed. His history remains yet to be written; and let us hope that some American may possess the skill, the learning, and the judicial-mindedness to be the historian.

Mr. John C. Ropes, last March, delivered a series of lectures before the Lowell Institute, which have been published in a small volume, under the title of *The First Napoleon*. It is only a sketch, but it is a good one. The reader who would like to have presented in small space those features of Napoleon's career that tended to advance human liberty and human improvement, can find what he desires pointed out in these lectures. The author has evidently made himself familiar with the literature relating to his subject, while his knowledge of military matters gives value to his criticisms. He takes, probably, too favorable a view of the political character of Napoleon. The unholy determination of the monarchies of Europe to crush the young republic and its leader, and then when, practically by the unanimous voice of the people, he was crowned its emperor, still to oppose him and combine for his destruction, is strongly portrayed. On the other hand, the author has strong condemnation for the invasion of Spain, and the obstinacy which, in 1813, made him refuse the really favorable terms of peace offered him by combined Europe. Waterloo occupies more than its fair share of space in the book. A few excellent maps of battle-fields are given.

These lectures are an intelligent contribution to the knowledge of the wonderful being, who, born in obscurity, at thirty was the leading man of the world. They indicate too, the beginning of the reaction from the extreme views of recent historians, which is sure to come, as theirs was the revolt against the fulsome praise of prior writers.

#### Briefer Notice.

*Bird-Ways*,<sup>1</sup> by Olive Thorne Miller, is a charming description of the characteristics and songs of several of our common birds. The work, occupying much the same field as those of John Burroughs and Bradford Torrey, is intended to popularize the study

of ornithology; the pages are unencumbered with scientific names, so unintelligible and discouraging to many readers; and the sketches are written in a most interesting and instructive way. Not only were the birds observed during the spring and summer, but several of them were kept as pets during the winter, and an opportunity thereby afforded for the study and comparison of characteristics that might easily be overlooked in the field. The robin, catbird, wood thrush, and English sparrow receive special attention; in each one of her feathered friends, the author finds something to praise or admire. In her estimation, no one of our native birds has so sweet a song or so graceful manners as the wood thrush; the catbird is the embodiment of inquisitiveness and oddity; while even the well-known redwing blackbird makes an interesting pet, and is accredited with several different notes beside his so-called song. The English sparrow is here pictured as the absolute master, almost the tyrant, of his little family, but he has not quite so bad a character as some assert. Although this bird is so well known, many of his characteristics are noted that will doubtless be new to the majority of readers. To originality and minuteness in observing facts, the author adds a delicate recognition of the kinship between the bird and humanity. She adopts Emerson's fine sentence: "The Bird is not in its ounces and inches, but in its relation to Nature; and the skin or skeleton you show me is no more a heron, than a heap of ashes or a bottle of gases into which his body has been reduced is Dante or Washington." To her the bird is the domestic tyrant, or the patient drudge, or the jealous wife, or the desolated mother. The tenderness of some of the family portraiture in her chapters, "A Ruffian in Feathers" and "A Tragedy in the Maple Tree," is something so introspective, so thoughtfully natural, so feminine, that if the book had not half the value to an amateur naturalist that it really has, it would always commend itself sufficiently to a lover of half-psychical life in every order of nature, and, still more widely, to every lover of warm thinking in good English.—Cuba is receiving much attention just now, and the world of books responds to the call. Besides the book by Mr. M. M. Ballou, recently noticed, there is a new description<sup>2</sup> by Mr. James W. Steele, for several years a United States Consul on the island. Mr. Ballou is the professional traveler, and one winter of his trained observation led to a book with much information that has escaped Mr. Steele. The latter is not a traveler, except from necessity, and not at all a professional maker of books. He has produced a pleasant book, none the less, written in the colloquial, often flippant, style that a man of affairs is apt to adopt when he drops into anything so unbusinesslike as authorship. But it is full of graphic touches, pictures like the instanta-

<sup>1</sup> *Bird-Ways*. By Olive Thorne Miller. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

<sup>2</sup> *Cuban Sketches*. By James W. Steele. *Traveler's Series*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

neous photographs, that show the people in their every-day clothes and in their character attitudes, not at all in the posed and dressed-up style of the usual description.—Among the more sumptuous and pretentious books of travel is that on India<sup>1</sup> by Mr. Joseph Moore, Jr., fellow in half a dozen geographical and other learned societies. India is a subject that lends itself fittingly to such a book—a land of beautiful temples and wonderful palaces, of strange customs and teeming populations, it taxes to the full the power of language to give it adequate description, and the skill of the photographer multiplied by the latest processes of gelatine printing, to add fitting illustrations. The dim traditions of thirty-five centuries, the splendors of the Mogul dynasty, the horrors of the mutiny, and the grand scenery of the “Roof of the World,”—these are among the array of subjects that he must attempt who writes a book on India. And Mr. Moore has done it well, in a style well-informed, but never pedantic, never wearisome. His text is well supplemented by heliotypes representing a good selection of photographs. The type, margins, and binding are all in keeping to form a pleasing volume.—Lieutenant Schwatka’s new book on the Yukon River<sup>2</sup> is a valuable acquisition to geography, and an acquisition of a kind that will soon be impossible. There are not many rivers left in the world on which a voyage of nearly a thousand miles can be made in entirely unexplored country. Schwatka’s party of seven persons started from Cross Sound, in the Chilkat country, and by a tramp of some fifty miles over the Kotusk Mountains, in which they employed Indian packers, they struck Crater Lake, the head waters of the Yukon River. There they built a raft, sixteen by forty-two feet in size, of drift timber, and on this craft they traveled more than thirteen hundred miles, down the swift Yukon, over bars and rapids, through scenery of the most varied character. The descriptions of the Indian tribes and their strange customs, of the perils and haps in the navigation of the unwieldy raft, of the great panorama that unfolded itself day by day before their eyes, make a most interesting book. It astonishes the reader most of all to find that the most constant and most serious discomfort of the voyage was that caused by the countless swarms of mosquitoes and gnats. It staggers belief to be told that the great brown bear often succumbs to these little pests. His vulnerable point is his eyes, which become so swollen by innumerable bites that they are entirely closed, and then poor Bruin stumbles around till he starves to death. Lieutenant Schwatka writes in a pleasantly flowing style, with no pretense, and, it must be

said, no great success, in the direction of literary merit. His proof-reader is somewhat to be blamed in the matter, for he allows it to become quite an interesting point to see whether “mosquitoes” or “musquitoes” shall come out ahead. Otherwise, the book is well gotten up, with valuable index and appendices, as well as charts of the voyage, the largest of which is placed in a cleverly devised pocket in the cover.—Two girls traveling alone in Europe, even exceptionally enterprising girls like Miss Ninde and her companion, are hardly likely to penetrate the conventional crust of things far enough to see much that is new in so well worn a field. The naïve desire to impart information of a rather obvious sort reveals unmistakably the school mistress on a vacation. The most valuable thing about the book is the evidence it gives that two girls could travel from the North Cape to the Nile, and do it safely and pleasantly.—Every man, consciously or unconsciously, is something of a phrenologist and more of a physiognomist. The size and shape of a man’s brow, the expression of his face, are apt to be trustworthy indications of his mind and character. Granting this, it does not by any means follow that the further step must be taken, of conceding the claims of phrenology to a place among the exact sciences. It must ever remain, beyond its practical use as indicated above, among the intellectual amusements, more respectable and more profitable than palmistry, but yet in the same category with it. In pursuit of this diversion, *Heads and Faces*,<sup>4</sup> by Nelson Sizer and H. S. Drayton, will be found a pleasant companion, talking much and agreeably, if not very deeply. The book is illustrated by a multitude of cuts, most of them, it is to be hoped for the sake of the persons represented, somewhat exaggerated.—For the first book of required readings in the Chautauqua Town and Country Club, a branch of the “Chautauqua University,” Mr. Charles Barnard has written a useful little book<sup>5</sup> on the weather, teaching and illustrating by simple experiments the value of weather observations in the care of plants and animals. The book is concise and simple in statement and generally correct. It is well adapted to its purpose of cultivating habits of observation and thoughtfulness in every day things. The most noticeable case in which Mr. Barnard’s explanation of natural phenomena is misleading, is that in which he makes heated air rise to find room to expand in, the cold air then rushing in to fill the space thus vacated. The truer way of putting it is evidently that of making the cold air by its greater weight force upward the already expanded, and consequently lighter, warm air.

<sup>1</sup> The Queen’s Empire; or, Ind and her Pearl. By Joseph Moore, Jr. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Joseph A. Hofmann.

<sup>2</sup> Along Alaska’s Great River. By Frederick Schwatka. New York: Cassell & Co. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

<sup>3</sup> We Two Alone in Europe. By Mary L. Ninde. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1886.

<sup>4</sup> Heads and Faces, How to Study Them. By Nelson Sizer and H. S. Drayton. New York: Fowler & Wells Co. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

<sup>5</sup> Talks About the Weather. By Charles A. Barnard. Boston: Chautauqua Press. 1885.



# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.*

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VOL. VII. (SECOND SERIES.)—MARCH, 1886.—No. 39.

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## THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR ON THE CHINESE LABOR SITUATION.

A SHORT time ago the writer of this, acting as a delegate from a Local Assembly of the Knights of Labor, had occasion to offer, in the District or Representative Assembly, a resolution. This resolution recited the evils consequent on the employment of Chinese labor, and suggested remedial measures. In the debate that followed, a gentleman lately from the East rather demurred to the spirit of the resolutions, urging that the Knights of Labor were a humanitarian organization. The resolutions were adopted almost unanimously, but the fact of an objection having been offered in the District Assembly, on the grounds stated, suggests a public statement of the stand taken by our Society.

The fundamental principle on which our organization is based is, that the Almighty made air, earth, fire, and water for the use of man. Those who use these agencies incur an obligation which is best met by a due regard for the rights of others. We believe it to be reasonable ground to take, that, having a common interest in these great natural agencies, no one man has a right to ask or expect a fellow-being to work for the mere purpose of continuing existence. Under our system of popular government, the man and

citizen has a right to expect that he will be protected from the greed of the avaricious in the hunt for subsistence for his wife and family. It does not, therefore, seem absurd to hold that the working classes have a right to expect that those in authority shall devise means by which labor shall be fostered and protected.

From one thing, especially, should the laborer be shielded, and that is from the operation of the competitive system. Under the working of this industrial curse, the muscle of the human being is put up at a kind of an auction, in much the same way that the old slave was knocked off the block.

The Knights of Labor Society, as a National Order, cries out against this system, and urges organization to curb its exactions. We claim the right to a living compensation for labor done.

With Caucasians only to confront on this point, we enjoy a reasonably sure prospect of eventually gaining a triumph; but with a horde of people in our midst whose education from the cradle unfits them to mingle with us as equals in industrial marts, the outcome is not so encouraging. The Chinese in our midst are the natural product of

a pagan climate and a despotic soil. Their system of government comprehends the patriarchal as well as the monarchical form. The head of the family has the lives of his charges in his own hands. The head of the government has the fate of the family under his will. It is no uncommon occurrence for a family to be sacrificed for the misdeed of some fugitive member. With such a training, who cannot see that an attempt to educate these people in the principles of government, or to teach them the individual advantages of trade organization, would be sheer absurdity! Their success in driving out of the market all white competitors in the several branches of trade, shows the danger to the perpetuity of our republican form of government arising from a consent on our part to continue the unequal competition.

The Chinese are controlled by a central authority. The people here live in a sort of tribal government, each tribe or company having a central point in which absolute authority is vested. If there is anything outside of mere cant and hypocrisy in our professions of the policy of political equality, the existence of such an influence ought to cause alarm and indignation.

Here we have before us the conditions against which the whole power of the Knights of Labor will be hereafter arrayed.

The fundamental principle on which a despotism is based, is the absolute right the head of the government has to the first fruits of the earth, air, and water, and the absolute loss to the individual of right, in even the life that the Almighty gave. Bred up in acquiescence to such a monstrous policy, the Chinese will not complain if they are allowed to exist on the same common plane as the brutes that feed about them. Their stolidity, brutality, subservience, and docility are the result of their training. If these qualities are to be commended as part of a governmental policy, then let us destroy the public press; deny free speech; raise up the banner of arbitrary and soulless trade competition; grind down the laboring elements under the iron heel of want; inaugurate revolution; substi-

tute the sword for the cross;—and you will have dealt the death blow to liberty, and made despotism probable.

In the foregoing remarks, it is of course conceded that much that has been said, has been said before on the same subject through the columns of the public press; but if it can be shown that what has been said has a mathematical underpinning, and is capable of demonstration, then it will probably be granted that truth does not always stop at the bottom of her well.

The Knights of Labor, some time since, instituted a searching investigation into the industrial situation. The Chinese were visited, and committees were sent scouring in every direction on a still hunt after statistics.

As a result of the labors of the committees, a very exhaustive and yet reliable statement was presented and filed. From this report, the facts hereinafter presented were taken:

The cost of food for a Chinese laborer is about three dollars (\$3) per month when he is not looking after luxuries. His clothing is of the most inexpensive kind, and will outwear his welcome on this coast. The Chinaman has no family to support. It is estimated that his rent, clothing, and food foots up to about \$7 per month. He works, when he can, in gangs; sleeps his nights through in a dismal den where he "bunks"; eats and wears the cheap products of his own land.

On the contrary, the Caucasian looks up a wife as soon as possible. With his earnings the man provides for his wife and such little ones as he may have. For the accommodation of his family, he has to have a little home, with the little comforts that are incidental to matrimony. To do all this, and to buy clothing, etc., he must spend about \$50 per month. Nothing less would suffice.

Here you have the financial contrast—the one eking along on seven dollars, the other the disbursing of fifty dollars. The first constantly producing, but consuming nothing. When it is borne in mind that there are fully one hundred and twenty-eight thousand Chinamen in this State, it will be at once seen

that the loss to the State by this non-consumption is immense. This places the question forward in its proper light. As Knights of Labor, we claim that the importation of an element of this character for the purpose of cheapening or underbidding our native muscle is an outrage on civilization, Christianity, and political economy. To those who are of the opinion that the cheaper you can make human labor the better it is for society, any further investigation of this subject is a waste of time; but to those who believe that a "laborer is worthy of his hire," and that the prosperity of the government is dependent on the prosperity of the unit factors of the government, I beg leave to present a few illustrations of the gradual growth of the evil.

In 1870, a few of the wholesale shoe factories here took a few Chinamen and taught them to make boots and shoes. Up to that time, wages averaged about \$20 per week for skillful and rapid workers. From that time until now prices have slowly sunk downward.<sup>1</sup> There are now over six thousand Chinamen employed in the boot, shoe, and slipper trade, and only twelve hundred whites. The wages of the Chinese average from \$20 to \$30 per month, while the wages of the white men vary from \$9 to \$13 per week. To show the full measure of the absorption, it is only necessary to add, that out of the sixty boot and shoe factories existing in this city, the Chinese own forty-eight. Of the fifty slipper factories, not a single one is owned by a white.

The history of the cigar trade is equally pregnant with facts bearing on the question. In 1872 the Chinese began to learn to make cigars. Today there are about 400 white cigar makers in San Francisco, and about 8,000 Chinese. Before the recent importation of cigar makers from New York, there were only 256 white workers in the trade.

<sup>1</sup> For sake of illustration, one class of work is selected as a standard—namely, bottoming of ladies' shoes.

1870.....	\$18 per doz. pairs.
1872.....	\$15 to 18 " " "
1874.....	12 to 14 " " "
1876.....	9 to 10 " " "
1878.....	'6 to 7 " " "

Which is about the rate today.

There are about 8,000 Chinese and 1,000 whites employed in the manufacture of clothing and underwear.<sup>2</sup> In this department the wages of a Chinaman run from \$25 to \$28 per month. In 1872, the rate for a white man was \$25 per week. Today it is about \$15 per week. The underwear branch of industry in this city may be said to be exclusively in the hands of the Chinese. There are a few white labor factories, but they turn out comparatively little work. In the special department of skirts and ladies' linen undergarments there are only two white factories.

The Chinese took hold of this branch several years ago. By their underbidding, the white seamstresses were gradually forced by a down-sliding scale of prices into other branches of employment.

Today a purchaser can go into a Chinese sales-shop, and buy a skirt or other article of feminine underwear at a figure so startlingly close to the "bottom price" of the raw material, that one would almost think that the point of gratuitous employment must have been reached. In the manufacture of overalls and woolen over-shirts, we find Mr. M. J. Flavin to be the largest white producer on the coast. His firm employs about two hundred white women and girls, and it has been able to hold its own only by its superior facilities. M. J. Flavin and Levi Strauss are the only firms employing white labor to any extent. There are about one thousand white employees in this particular line, to about twelve thousand Chinese, the great mass of whom can be seen at any time in the dens on and around Dupont and Jackson streets. Inquiry at Mr. Flavin's establishment elicits the information that a girl receives two dollars per dozen for the making of woolen over-shirts, buttons and button-holes not counted. Some girls can make a dozen a day, thus clearing about eight dollars a

<sup>2</sup> Number of Chinese in the 25 principal firms, 6,600; in underwear, etc., 2,600. White tailors, 1,000. Wages of Chinamen run from \$20 to \$28 per month. White tailors average \$15 per week.

In 1876 white tailors received.....	\$25 per week.
1878 " " " .....	20 " "
1881 " " " .....	15 " "

Now, downward tendency.

week. The Chinese work at about the same figure.

It is also estimated that there are about 9,000 Chinese employed in the laundry business;<sup>1</sup> 540 vegetable and fruit peddlars.

Here are 31,000 Chinese people engaged in the various branches of industry.<sup>2</sup>

It is not enough to say that this people send away over \$8,000,000 annually. The wrong does not stop here. The work done by these Chinamen may as well be done by the wand of a magician. According to the laws of political economy, society is a fabric with web and woof of duties and interests.

The attention of the public, east and west, has been more closely drawn to these facts, and the various phases of the question have been more minutely and critically examined. The increasing excitement and irritation over the whole coast shows that there is a permanency about the anti-Chinese measures now being taken that was not the case before. In view of this fact a short review of the rise and progress of the storm may not prove uninteresting:

In the fall of the year 1885, a cigar firm on Clay Street (Königsberg, Falk & Mayer) determined to rid themselves of their Chinese hands as soon as possible, and to employ exclusively white labor. To do this it was necessary to remove one by one, filling the places as soon as it could be done. This movement excited the ire of the heads of the company to which the factory operatives belong. It

<sup>1</sup> *Laundries*.—Number of Chinese laundries, 510; number of Chinese employed, 7,650. Number of Chinese in white laundries, 800.

<sup>2</sup> *Industries Entirely in Hands of Chinese*.—Slippers; brooms; pork trade; drying and exporting fish; underwear.

*Nearly so*.—Cigars; white shirts; boots and shoes; tin and willow-ware; ranching; jute making; laundries; domestic service.

*Largely so*.—Smelting works; fishing; collar-making; saddle-making; soap factories; chemical works; powder factories; straw boards; vegetables.

Add to these 4,000 prostitutes.

*Chinese Tax*.—Personal property, \$500,000; real estate, \$200,000. Nearly \$8,000,000 are sent to China annually.

must be remembered that the Chinese in California are divided off into guilds, and it is a rare instance to see people of different guilds in the same workshop.

After discussing the situation, the guild leaders came to the conclusion that they could afford to force an issue between the whites and Chinese. Word was immediately sent to the operatives in the factory to stop work and leave the factory on a strike. This was done to a man, and the public were treated to the novel spectacle of a band of aliens, unable to speak a word of the language of the country they were in, striking because they wished to tie the proprietor down to a sense of his dependence upon them.

Messrs. Königsberg, Falk & Mayer went to work with a will, and managed to keep the business afloat, waiting for better times, and taking advantage of all opportunity to engage skillful hands. A short time after the above strike the attention of the District Assembly of the Knights of Labor was called to the matter. A committee was appointed to confer with the various Locals, and if possible to bring the question boldly before the people. Several meetings were held in a quiet way, and as a result, a mass meeting at Union Hall was determined on. Subscriptions poured in, and all the signs of a healthful excitement showed themselves.

On the 1st of October the mass meeting under the auspices of the Knights of Labor was held, and proved a grand success. Inside the hall were five thousand to six thousand quiet but determined citizens. Outside, the street was packed with a dense mass of people. It was a time of quiet excitement. Bands played at frequent intervals, while the bonfires that blazed from various sides threw a sanguinary glare on the mass as it surged to and fro. The writer of this article was chosen chairman of the meeting. Colonel Stuart M. Taylor, Naval Officer of the Port, and Hon. Horace Davis, ex-member of Congress from the city, and James H. Barry, editor of the "Star," gave the speeches of the evening.

The report from this meeting seemed to

act electrically on the country. Communications began to flow in from all directions, asking advice and begging for information. Los Gatos, Eureka, Mendocino, Truckee, Seattle, and other places, began to talk of the advisability of expelling the Chinese from the town.

There was an evident desire on the part of the leaders in this undertaking to proceed as much as possible under the sanction of the law. In several cases, the object was accomplished without any undue excitement. In no case, I think, was there any undue violence or disturbance.

Since that time, State conventions have been called to voice the expressions of the people. The feeling is much more intense than it has been on other and former occasions, and there is a very reasonable prospect that the agitation now in progress will not subside until some remedial legislation has been effected.

The cigar-makers' battle is somewhat complicated here by the antagonism between the Local and the International Unions. The Local organization, which numbers about three hundred members, is confined to this city. It has adopted a white label for the goods manufactured by its members. Each society refuses to allow its membership to work in the same factory where members of the opposing union work. The International Union is a society that has membership all over the United States. It has nearly four hundred in this city now. One advantage it enjoys over its local rival is, its perfect organization, comprising sick benefits, relief donations, etc. Its official mark is a blue label, printed in water-colors, so that it cannot be soaked off or used again. During the past quarter quite a number have arrived from the East. These people found the trade here in a somewhat crude state. The Chinese workers had been working along on some imaginary scale of prices. It immediately occurred to them that here was a chance to open up the question of remuneration. Meetings were held, and the following Bill of Prices was settled upon:

	GIVEN NOW.
Seed scrap (4 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches long) . . . . .	\$8 per M. from \$ 5 <sup>00</sup>
Stripped seed Filler, 4 $\frac{3}{8}$ in. . . . .	\$9 " " 5 50
Mixed and Havana Filler, 4 $\frac{3}{8}$ in. . . . .	\$10 " " 9 00
Shaper work, Strip Filler Seed, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. . . . .	\$10 " " 7 00
4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Hand work. . . . .	" " 13 00
	\$14, or \$16, \$17, according to length.
	Paid to firms per week for same work, \$9, \$10, \$12.

These prices, it is alleged, are not so liberal as the New York prices.

I have stated at the opening of this paper that a question was raised, as to the right of the Order on this Coast to start a crusade against a race. Without allowing any doubt to rest on my own mind in relation to the matter, but wishing to be armed in the event of any future objection, I wrote to the General Master Workman of the Order. In course of time came the following communication:

"SCRANTON, PA., Jan. 21, 1886.

"DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:

"Your communication asking for my opinion as to the drift of sentiment in the General Body on the Chinese question is at hand. I am sorry that my time has been so taken up that I could not write you more fully and specifically. Let me say in brief, that the General Board is heart and soul with you in your struggle, and will do all in its power to assist you. As for my own individual opinion, I enclose an extract of my report to the General Assembly; a perusal of that extract will not leave you in doubt as to my sentiments on the subject. Yours,

T. V. POWDERLY, Gen. Master Workman.

The extract referred to is as follows:

"THE CHINESE EVIL.

"The law which was passed by Congress and approved on the sixth day of May, 1882, was intended as a check to the importation of Chinese into the United States and the Territories. The violations of law were so numerous and glaring, that Senators and Representatives from the Pacific coast brought the matter before Congress at its last session, and demanded further legislation on the subject. Nineteenths of the people on the Pacific coast, and of the whole country, in fact, are opposed to the importation of the Chinese under any conditions whatever. It is not necessary for me to speak of the numerous reasons given for the opposition to this particular race—their habits, religion, customs, and practices have all been made the theme of newspaper comment and report for several years. Congress has been appealed

to, but the necessity for speedy action was not apparent to that body—a false delicacy about offending a foreign power has caused much suffering among our own people.

“The question of regulating the importation of Chinese, and the proper guidance of those already here, has been before the country so long that it no longer rests with the people of the Pacific coast, nor with the people of the Territories; the whole people must act through their representatives, and put a stop to the further importation of the Chinese under any and all circumstances, for any purpose whatever, and for all time to come.

“The recent assault upon the Chinese at Rock Springs is but the outcome of the feeling caused by the indifference of our law-makers to the just demands of the people for relief. No man can applaud the act by which these poor people were deprived of their lives and homes. They were not to blame. They were but the instruments in the hands of men who sought to degrade American free labor. Had those who made the attack upon the Chinese at Rock Springs but singled out the men who smuggled them into the country, and offered them up as a sacrifice to their own greed, I would have had no tears to shed. But even then the evil would not be checked; the taking of the lives of the Chinese or those who import them, will not effectually prevent others from pursuing the same course in the future.

“I am pleased to state that no blame can be attached to organized labor for the outrage perpetrated at Rock Springs. If the voice of the men who are associated together for the purpose of educating and elevating the laboring people had been listened to some years ago, the historian would not be called upon to chronicle the fact that the men of Wyoming lost all respect for a law that was first broken by the power that created it: for if our Congress had fixed a just penalty for infractions of the law; if Congress had not winked at violations of the statute, and re-

fused to listen to the plaint of those who suffered because the laws were outraged, the men at Rock Springs would not have taken the law in their own hands as they did. But they only destroyed the instrument; the hand and brain by which it was guided still remains; and nothing short of the enactment of just laws and a full and impartial enforcement of the same, will prevent other and far more terrible scenes of bloodshed and destruction than the one to which I have alluded. I believe that I am justified in saying that if the voice of free, dignified labor is not listened to, and that speedily, the hand of outraged, insulted labor will be raised not only against the instrument itself, but against the hand that guides it as well.

“The men of the West must not be allowed to fight the battle single-handed and alone. The evil they complain of is no longer confined to one section of this country. It is spreading, and its influences are being felt in all of our industrial centers; and if a desire to assist our brothers in a righteous cause is not sufficient to animate us and spur us to action, then self-interest will soon prompt us to bestir ourselves. The entire Order must act as one man in this movement.”

It will thus be seen that the Order of the Knights of Labor, as a whole, are opposed to the bonded competitive system as personified by the Chinese serf. Influencing largely the legislative action of the States of Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, Michigan, Kansas, and Colorado, and numbering nearly a quarter of a million, the effect of a firm stand on this vital question by such an organization, of the people and among the people, cannot be otherwise than for lasting good.

*W. W. Stone.*

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### A PROPHECY PARTLY VERIFIED.

As a result of the gubernatorial message of 1854, the State Senate appointed a committee, consisting of Senators Ralston, Frey, Soulé, Estell, and Warner, to investigate the “Chinese evil.” An exhaustive investigation was had; and read in the light of latter days the report of that committee proves the far-seeing judgment of those who made it. The report declared:

“The Chinese are destructive to the best interests of the State, and dangerous to its peace. They come, not as freemen, but as serfs and hirelings of a master. It needs no Solomon to predict the result: disputes will take place, and blood will flow, to be followed by the expulsion of a population who will be driven from the State by violence instead of law.”

Already this fearful prophecy has been partly fulfilled. In the mining troubles of Shasta, the first libation of blood reddened

the path of the coming conflict ; and the riot of 1871 was the next and greatest horror that took place to prove the truth of the senatorial prophecy of 1852.

For some time prior to the 28th of October, 1871, the Chinese quarter of Los Angeles had been in a state of agitation, growing out of a dispute concerning the ownership and possession of a Chinese woman. "Chinatown" was then, as now, divided between distinct clans. One of those clans claimed the woman, Quangk Cow, by name. A rival clan disputed the claim, and spirited Quangk away to Santa Barbara. The first claimant, however, utilized the machinery of the courts, and the county of Los Angeles was put to the expense of bringing the woman back to answer a buncombe charge of larceny. Upon her arrival, Quangk Cow was immediately bailed out, and fell into the hands of her original masters. This result created intense excitement among the Celestials, and a carriage containing the leader of the successful faction and the disputed woman was surrounded and fired upon in broad daylight and in the heart of Los Angeles, by a band of infuriated hindhinders.

The clan so cruelly nonplussed by the machinery of "Mellica man's law," contained a born diplomat—a kind of guttersnipe Talleyrand—whose name was Hing Ho. To Hing a brilliant idea occurred. If the Montagues might move the machinery of the court, why may not the Capulets invoke the prestige of the church? Hing Ho resolved to woo and wed Quangk Cow. Quangk was willing, and the twain succeeded in meeting in the presence of a parson, where—backed by all the powers of Church and State—the disputed woman was transferred to the keeping of Hing, and thereby to the clan so recently overreached by the managers of the larceny scheme.

Wedded "allegre Mellica gal," Quangk Cow was firmly anchored in the clan of Hing Ho—and Chinatown prepared for war—bitter war—unending war. One side of a narrow street (Nigger Alley), flanked by low adobe houses, was seized and barricaded by

those who originally claimed Quangk, while the other was fortified by the friends of Hing. Thus divided, the Celestial inhabitants of Los Angeles spent several days scowling and chattering like infuriated monkeys ; as yet, however, no blood was shed.

In the meantime, the case was referred to some tribunal in San Francisco, by which Hing Ho was condemned to death. To execute the sentence, two cut-throats were despatched by steamer to Los Angeles, where they arrived on the morning of October 26th. Hing had been apprised by telegraph of his sentence, and of the coming of his executioners. So accurately had they been described by the 'Frisco friends of Hing, that the latter pointed them out just as they stepped from the San Pedro train, and they were arrested on warrants previously sworn to by the condemned man. The two would be executioners were immediately brought before a justice, and held in \$5,000 bail each. The bail was instantly furnished, and the agents of the death court were escorted in triumph to Chinatown.

The liberated assassins were lionized by their Los Angeles adherents. Their appearance in the Mongolian quarter was heralded abroad by the pounding of gongs and the crackling of crackers, accompanied by a pandemonium of guttural yells. The 'Frisco fighters were the heroes of the hour. They took immediate charge of the fighting force of their clan, and hostilities began.

For two days that portion of the city cursed by the presence of the Mongols was in a state of war. Every house was barricaded, and the crack of revolvers and the bursting of bombs reverberating throughout the city, kept the people in a constant state of anxious excitement. Crowds gathered at the intersection of Commercial and Los Angeles Streets, and some of the most daring ventured as near the Mongol quarter as Carillo's or Caswell's corner ; but they were quickly dispersed by a shower of bullets from the pistols of the Mongolian shooters.

Business and travel in and about the Chinese quarter being wholly suspended, the

authorities resolved to quell the disorder. To this end the police made a raid upon the fighters late on the afternoon of October 28th. This show of authority had a singular effect upon the Chinese. The storm of internecine fury instantly lulled. Upon all sides a peculiar cry went up; the fighters, as one man, united in opposing the police; and, taken wholly by surprise, the "peelers" were routed in a moment.

The town was now thoroughly moved. A feeling of deep alarm, not unmixed with fear, spread abroad. Places of business and residences adjacent to the scene of war were closed and abandoned, and an immense concourse of anxious spectators collected at the intersections of Main and Aliso, and of Commercial and Los Angeles Streets.

The police prepared for another charge, and were joined by a few citizens, among whom was "Bob" Thompson, a well-known and very popular character. The second charge was better calculated and more determined than the first, but was met as before; the police were again routed, leaving behind them officer Bilderrain, desperately wounded, a Spanish boy shot in the foot, and citizen Thompson writhing in the agonies of death. A third charge resulted only in bearing off the wounded. The boy and officer Bilderrain were taken to their homes, while Thompson was borne to a drugstore on Main Street. It was now between six and seven o'clock in the evening, and a vast multitude were assembled in front of this store.

About eight o'clock the death of Thompson was announced. The announcement was received in sullen silence, but in a moment the crowd melted away, and Main Street was deserted. In another moment, armed men were seen hastening, singly and in clusters, from every street and avenue, all heading toward Chinatown. The whole city seemed moved by one grim and tacit purpose—men streamed down from the hills and swarmed from the suburbs, while "Sonora" poured forth a horde of swarthy avengers. Business men closed their shops and joined the gath-

ering clans, and in less than fifteen minutes after the announcement of "Bob" Thompson's death, the cracking of rifles, the roar of shotguns, and the rattle of small arms, proclaimed the investment of Chinatown.

About nine o'clock the first Chinese was captured. He was armed with a hatchet, and was taken while attempting to break through the cordon of whites that surrounded the Chinese quarter. A dozen hands clutched him, and a hundred throats hoarsely shouted: "A rope! To the hill! To the hill!"

A man, then and now of standing and influence, dashed into a neighboring store, and presently emerged, shaking aloft the first rope—a smooth, kinky, bran new coil.

As the maddened men surged up the hill (Temple Street), the little ill-favored prisoner—borne bodily along—was stabbed in the back and side, and was dead as a doorstep before General Baldwin's corral was reached, to the gate-beam of which the dead man was hanged. While the rope was being fastened to the neck of the corpse, two burly human beasts held it erect, while an Irish shoemaker known as "Crazy Johnson" stood guard, revolver in hand. Johnson is now a prominent leader of the San Bernardino Holiness Band.

By this time Chinatown, wholly surrounded, was in a state of siege. Mounted men came galloping from the country—the vaquero was in his glory, and the cry was: "*Carajo la Chino!*"

Among the Spaniards whose boldness and vigor attracted attention that night was Vasquez, afterwards famous as a bandit, and Jesus Martinez, his chum and relative. Chief among the Americans, plying a Henry rifle until excessive labor clogged its mechanism, the writer observed a certain high official; and in the van of the fight, one of the city fathers—a member of the City Council, and a Wells-Fargo official—valiantly struck out from the shoulder. A young Israelite, heavy-framed and coarse-featured, and a German known as "Dutch Charley," were prominently active and cruel. "Crazy Johnson" seemed to represent all Ireland; while



Jacques, a Frenchman, shirtless and hatless, and armed with a cleaver, reveled in the memory of the Pont Neuf and the Sans Culottes. Jacques was the fire-fiend of the occasion—time and again Chinatown was ablaze—and Jacques with his cleaver was always found pictured in the glare.

After the assault became general, the Chinese never returned shot or blow; but securely barricading every avenue of approach, each like a badger retired to his den, and in sullen silence awaited his fate. But few attempted to escape, and all who made the attempt fell, riddled with bullets. Not far from eleven o'clock the Main Street side of Chinatown fell into the hands of the besiegers, and led by Jesus Martinez the assailants scaled the low adobe walls, and mounted to the asphaltum roof. This achievement was hailed with deafening cheers by the crowd below.

The condition of the Chinese had now become wretched indeed. The "Quarters," it will be remembered, were an old Spanish hacienda one story high, with an open courtyard in the center. Martinez and his companions, armed with axes as well as firearms, cut holes in the asphaltum roof, through which the cowering creatures below were shot in their hiding places, or hunted from room to room out into the open court-yard, where death from the bullets of those on the roof was certain. Within or without, death was inevitable. The alternative was terrible. As each separate wretch, goaded from his covert, sought in his despair the open space, a volley from the roof brought him down; a chorus of yells telegraphed that fact to the surrounding mob, and the yells were answered by a hoarse roar of savage satisfaction.

A simultaneous rush from Los Angeles Street forced the doors upon that side, and the work of real diabolism began. Men were dragged forth, many of them mortally wounded, and hurled headlong from a raised sidewalk to the ground. To the necks of some of the most helpless the mob fastened ropes, and with a whoop and a hurrah rushed down Los Angeles Street to the hanging place, dragging some writhing wretch prone upon

the ground. More of the doomed and bleeding miserables were jerked along by as many eager hands as could lay hold of clothing and queue, cuffed and cursed in the meantime by the infuriated multitude. A boy was thus led to the place of slaughter. The little fellow was not above twelve years of age. He had been but a month in the country, and knew not a word of English. He seemed paralyzed by fear—his eyes were fixed and staring, and his face blue-blanché and idiotic. He was hanged.

Close behind the boy followed the Chinese doctor; a man of extreme age, well known, and reputed wealthy. The doctor begged piteously for his life, pleading in English and in Spanish; but he might as well have pleaded with wolves. At last he attempted to bribe those who were hurrying him to his death. He offered \$1,000—\$2,000—\$3,000—\$5,000—\$10,000—\$15,000! But to no purpose. He was hanged—and his \$15,000 was spirited away none the less. At his death the old man wore a valuable diamond ring upon his left index finger, but when his corpse was cut down it was found that the left index finger had been wrenched from its socket, and finger and ring were gone.

One very tall Chinaman, while being hustled to the place of execution, endeavored from time to time to strike aside the hands that clutched him, accompanying his efforts with spasmodic ejaculations, such as: "All light, me go, me no flaid!" When this man was brought to Goler's (a blacksmith and wagon-maker's shop, the awning of which served as a gallows), the mob were in a state of frenzy over the famine of rope. "Rope, more rope!" was hoarsely howled upon all sides, and—let humanity blush—a woman, a married one, and a mother, rushed to appease the human tigers with her clothes' line. This woman kept a boarding house on Los Angeles Street, directly opposite Goler's shop. Goler's awning being filled with pendant dead, a large wagon of prairie schooner kind was made to serve as a gallows-tree. With the clothes' line the tall Chinaman was swung from the driver's seat of the prairie schooner. The man being very tall, he could not be

swung wholly clear; his toes still lightly touched the ground. Among oaths and derisive cries of "Rise 'em, Riley!" desperate efforts were made to swing the man clear of the ground, but to no purpose. The act of sickening brutality by which—the writer being witness—the victim's death was, in the fury of the moment, compassed, is not fit for these pages. The murderer, "Dutch Charley," a tinsmith by trade, was afterward sent to San Quentin from San Bernardino county for the murder of a squaw.

Charley's act was the crowning horror of that horrible night. It revolted even the

baser brutes who had urged him to its commission. Brutality had sickened itself. The babel of passion was hushed and abashed, and in sullen silence the mob fell to pieces and slunk away in the night, like a gorged and tired beast.

It was midnight, and a body of men appointed by the sheriff cut down the dead—twenty-three in number. Nearly all had been dragged through the streets at the end of a rope, and all were found shot and stabbed as well as hanged. Such was the first completed act of the drama prophesied by the Senate of 1854.

*P. S. Dorney.*

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### THE TACOMA METHOD.

THERE is no element of novelty about "The Tacoma method" except its application to the Chinese, for it has been the practice of communities, as far back as history extends, to expel intruders or exile obnoxious members.

The particular appellation which here denotes the crystallizing of the anti-Mongolian theories, and stands for the object and means of the removal of the little yellow man, will go far to immortalize the pleasant city at the head of Puget Sound. Although Tacoma was not the first locality on the Pacific Coast to bring agitation to the point of banishing them, it decidedly answered the question regarding the Chinese, as did the people of New York in regard to the Tweed ring. "What," asked the great expounder of public plunder, "are you going to do about it?" when brought face to face with the public reprobation of his iniquities; and, "What are you going to do about it," was asked of Tacoma's Committee of Fifteen, "in case these men do not leave on November 1st, 1885, as you have directed?"

"We shall see."

When the edict went forth, in October, that an exodus should be made in thirty days, there were about eight hundred Chinese in the city. They were engaged in trading, gar-

dening, manufacturing shoes and garments, mill and household work, and the various branches of menial labor. There were probably about six hundred white men and women unemployed and suffering; but it must be remembered that the average white man is equal to at least fifty per cent. more accomplishment than a coolie. It is only in the occupations which we consider the peculiar province of women, that the Chinaman can hold his own; but his manner of washing, cooking, and doing general housework will hardly bear comparison, in the matters of taste and neatness, with our own. So thoroughly had John acquired a foothold in Tacoma, that efforts were being put forth to discourage white acquisitions to the population, and the commercial and industrial conditions were becoming antagonistic to white occupation. The story of Singapore was about to be told of Tacoma, and the fate of the unfortunate Phillippine Isles awaited it. These facts were more noticeable in a city of 8,000 inhabitants, one-tenth Chinese, than they would have been among 300,000 people, one-fifth Chinese; and at least nine-tenths of the white residents sympathized entirely with the movement to make it a white man's town of peace and plenty.

It is below the mark to calculate the ship-

ment of money from Tacoma to China at five dollars per week per head of the Mongolian population. Of that amount, about two dollars per head returned in the form of the distinctive clothes and food of the Chinese, and the remaining \$2,400 or \$2,500 a week stayed in China, as lost to our trade and industries as though thrown into the ocean. The effect of such a constant drain on the financial blood which should have been left to course through the commercial arteries of a rising city, may easily be conjectured. Stagnation and distress were its instantaneous and constant accompaniments. In the months of December and January, a year ago, there were sixty-seven families almost wholly supported from the city treasury, while the authorities of the county had their hands full to meet the demands of charity on the public funds. During December and January last, only two applications for relief were made upon the city officials.

The outlook, on October 1st last, was not a pleasant one. The Chinese had established themselves in barracks, their usual practice, which fairly teemed with blue blouses; and existed, as is their wont, upon a regimen and with surroundings absolutely impossible to the white man. Nowhere in the purlieus of London or Paris do human beings support life under the conditions these people imposed upon themselves in a pleasant little city, with all out-doors for expansion and elbow-room. They were a menace to public health and safety, with their habits, vices, and diseases, and the ever-present probability of a conflagration breaking out in their tinder-box rookeries. They were hardly amenable to the laws, as they had codes, courts, and executioners of their own to deal with race disputes; while, in judicial controversy with an American, the needed witness, who would swear with cheerful effrontery to the most mendacious statement, was always to be found. They formed a colony of leeches. They kept white men and women out of work, and threatened financial disaster. They were shrewd and indefatigable petty thieves, hardly ever rising to the dignity of audacious crimes, but constituting

a class capable of furnishing the utmost annoyance to a small town with inadequate police protection.

This, surely, formed sufficient provocation for the promotion of an exodus, the magnitude and difficulties of which were early recognized. There was no form of statute law to which recourse could be had. What there was of law (the Burlingame Treaty and the Restriction Act) seemed to justify the infliction; for, though it was commonly conceded that more than half the Chinese in Tacoma had come from British Columbia in violation of Federal decrees, yet the fact of their presence was *prima facie* evidence that they were there in accordance with stipulations. An appeal to the higher law of self-preservation was determined upon, and the Chinese were asked to "go."

The response was gratifying. In less than two weeks more than half disappeared; in less than thirty days Chinatown wore such a deserted appearance, that it was thought not more than sixty or eighty of the denizens remained and these were unmolested in the employment of settling up their affairs. Wherever an occupant owned the building, money was raised among the citizens for its purchase, and white debtors were compelled to pay their Mongolian creditors; so that, in purse and person, not the slightest imaginable injury was wrought, and the only inconvenience imposed was the change of domicile—no more a matter of sentiment or regret to a Chinaman than to a horse. Men who have reached the apex of possible civilization, who have no homes, no wives, no children, no tender associations or ties of life beyond the instinct of living, do not suffer disruption of the heart-strings when moved from Cathay to San Francisco, or from Tacoma to Portland.

This we claim to be a distinctive feature of the Tacoma method, namely, the recognition and protection of all human rights that could, by any course of justice, be demanded for any class of men, in its natural and necessary removal from a community where it had ceased to be useful and had become dangerous, or let us say, only inconvenient.

When Tuesday, November 3d, peeped

over the Cascade Mountains, it found several energetic and determined citizens already afoot; for this was the day set for the final exodus of the Chinese, and the plans for its successful promotion had been laid by some few of the shrewdest and most determined of the leaders, who, however, thought that less than four-score heathen demanded their attention. Fifteen men proceeded to the first shelter, and rapped on the barricaded door, but no response was vouchsafed; and, while a consultation was being held on the means to bring about a parley, the steam whistles of the factories and the fire alarm bells sounded a tocsin, to which over five hundred citizens responded as if by magic. Of these, at least one hundred were deputy sheriffs or deputy marshals, and, very presently, the city mayor and marshal and the county sheriff mingled with them. This, too, forms part and parcel of the Tacoma method. The crowd was not a riotous gathering; it included a large proportion of peace officers; it was bent on no lawless purpose; no weapons were displayed, no threats made, no violence attempted. A young Chinaman who had cut off his queue and was studying English, was made the interpreter of the wishes of the citizens. He was instructed to tell his people that they would suffer no harm; and upon receiving this assurance the bars fell, the bolts were drawn, and door after door was opened. Confidence was easily established, and the committee had no further difficulty in obtaining admission to the buildings not yet deserted. But instead of less than a hundred, nearly three hundred Chinese were found in hiding. They were collected at a central point; so much of their wares as could not be carried by hand was transported in wagons, and shortly after noon a procession of the exodusters, guards, vehicles, and citizens on foot, wended its way over the southern hill, and the Chinese had gone from Tacoma.

The peace officers of the city and county were in attendance the whole day, and, by the utmost wresting of the law in opposition to the wishes of the citizens, could find no

action upon which to base interference, or interpose their authority. Had force been used to enter a building and remove an occupant, the sheriff and mayor would both have championed order; but there was no need of such vanity on that day. The Chinamen were notified in October to leave by November 1st. No alternative whatever was presented, nor was any required. The intruders found themselves unwelcome, and, as was the case after the recent Convention in Portland, Oregon, hardly waited the publication of the resolutions to begin their exit. Once gone, the question is settled.

The United States government procured the indictment of twenty-seven citizens of Tacoma for the crimes of conspiracy for the purpose of depriving a certain class of persons of the equal protection of the laws, and conspiracy for the purpose of preventing and hindering the constituted authorities of Washington Territory from giving and securing to all persons in said Territory the equal protection of the laws, under section 5519 of the United States Revised Statutes; and for the crime of insurrection against the laws of the United States, under section 5334, and "for other crimes." The chief of these offenses is comprehended in what is known as the "Ku-Klux" act, which was intended to protect from imposition the Southern freedmen under the XIVth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and which did not contemplate, nearly or remotely, the possibility of saddling the unsavory Mongolian on the States of the Union. The procuring of these indictments was at the instance of men whose interests are not identified with those of the people at large, chiefly contractors, manufacturing corporations, and speculative landholders, and they are of nearly the same tenor as those under which fifteen citizens were tried at Seattle and triumphantly acquitted. At that trial, extraordinary efforts were put forth to secure a conviction, and failed, although public sentiment was not so crystallized and unanimous as at Tacoma. Nor was the exodus movement in Seattle a success, partly owing to the fact that it is the elder city, and within the mu-

nicipal limits much real estate is owned by Chinese, which vested rights were taken advantage of by pro-Chinese, and financially influenced men to stimulate dissension where unanimity is one of the most necessary conditions. The consequence has been loss of life in the streets of the "Queen City," without permanently staying the exodus thence, and the planting of a rancor that will be felt for many a day.

In the latter part of November twenty Chinamen were found on the water-front of Tacoma, and, upon questioning them, it was ascertained that they were there in probable violation of the Restriction Act, and they were held until the United States Marshal arrived to take them into custody. Had there been three hundred, or even three score, of their fellows resident in Tacoma, these new-comers would have been immediately absorbed, beyond possibility of recovery, and the unauthorized population of the territory been augmented by just so many. As it was, their detection and detention were certainties. After a short seclusion on McNeil's Island, the location of the territorial penitentiary, the prisoners were taken before the United States Judge at Seattle, and by him committed to the Marshal, to be escorted to the boundary line of British Columbia, and forced into that country. The trip and its achievement are described by the august functionary:

"Oh, yes, we saw them safe into the land of the Britishers. The steamer on which we had the Chinamen extended her trip to Semiahmoo to accommodate us. Semiahmoo is only a few miles from the imaginary line dividing the United States from Canada. At that point we got enough provisions to last the Chinamen a day or two, and placing them in a large row boat, pulled across the bay. The beach was so flat that we could not get within two hundred yards of the shore. All hands took off their shoes (charming Hibernicism), and waded to the sand. We then took up our line of march for about two miles. On reaching the boundary line, we showed the Chinamen the road to New Westminster, gave them provisions, told them

to go, and never come back. We arrived at Semiahmoo at 5:30 in the morning, so you see the Chinese got a good early start for their journey. The United States Customs officer at Semiahmoo explained to the Chinamen that they must not come back to this side, or the next time they would lose their queues. The Chinese seemed glad to get out of custody, and the last we saw of them they were going down the road toward New Westminster, on a dog-trot, chattering like a lot of parrots."

Here the Federal authorities followed the line marked out by the Committee of Fifteen and the citizens of Tacoma, except, first, those who made exodus from Tacoma were not restrained of their liberty for one moment; second, they were not subject to great personal inconvenience; third, they were not sent into a foreign country; fourth, no threats of violence were made, or dire reprisal, in case of return. Those who went from Tacoma were kindly treated; warmed while waiting for the train by roaring wood fires; plentifully fed, and snugly sheltered. Those deported to Canada were here in defiance of the Restriction Act; so were many if not most of those who were requested to remove from Tacoma; and the difference is small in the defiance of a principle, whether it is the general motion of a community, or whether it emanates from the ermine. The Restriction Act does not comport altogether with the provisions of the Burlingame Treaty, for it is a law discriminating against the subjects of the Emperor of China, and is not applied to "the citizens of the most favored nations." These twenty Celestials came down from Canada, not across the sea, and had they been of any other blood or breed of mankind, would not have been molested; although twenty assisted emigrants, known convicts, or miserably poor of any European country would undoubtedly be refused landing at an Atlantic seaport. The Canadians have a law imposing fifty dollars each, "head-tax," on all Chinese entering the Dominion, under any circumstances of trade or travel, regardless of their having been there before. Return certificates do not afford the disci-

ples of Con-fut-tse an opportunity of exercising their dexterity in forgery. The Secretary of State at Washington construed that law to cover only arrivals at sea prior to January 1st, and gave instructions which resulted in the order from the bench and the subsequent action of the United States Marshal.

The case, then, is resolved into this: "The Tacoma method," in the abstract, is an application of the principle that all of the rights of the people cannot be conditioned or defined in the statute books, with specifications of encroachments or traversements; and that remedies and resorts must be left, in some degree, to be indicated by emergencies. Every government on the face of the earth recognizes this principle, and to all communities of the governed it is a vital one. It may be objected that, under it, the murders of Christian ministers in heathen lands are more to be regretted than reprehended: or that the hanging of Mary Dyer, on Boston Common, or the whipping of Rev'd Obadiah Holmes, in Salem, was justifiable. From the standpoint of Christian tenderness, brotherly love, and religious sentiment, such occurrences seem monstrous; but in social economics, where hard facts, and not necessarily of the Gradgrind order either, are alone to be dealt with, the peace, contentment, welfare, and opportunities of the majority, and the claims of corporative orders of civilization, obtain. Under that ruling, mawkishness and cant are excluded.

In the organic act of the State of Oregon, there is a provision (Section xv.) that, after A. D. 1857, no Chinaman shall own or possess any real estate or mines, or independently engage in mining there; and it is simply a recognition of the fact that the race is an undesirable element, and should not be allowed to obtain a foothold on our soil; for that it is which really fixes a man, as the earth about the roots of a tree, to one spot. The Chinamen are to be regarded merely as nomads, and to be constitutionally continued a transitory race. No such distinction, unfortunately, exists in Washington Territory, and the agitation so near fruition in Seattle has borne only sorrow.

Tacoma is to be congratulated on the advantages it possessed in dealing with the Chinese question; and all derogatory reports to the contrary, escaped even the appearance of riot or violence. The conditions precedent were general determination, unanimity, firmness, and judicious counsels and leadership. Above all, the keeping of counsel and promptness of action commended themselves by their prominence. It was only because of the active participation of the sober, intelligent, and respectable citizens, whose motives could not be questioned or integrity impeached, that a speedy and peaceful result was reached. The few interested men who would have espoused the cause of the Mongolians, were overwhelmed and awed when they saw the class and character of those arrayed against them.

It is now a little more than three months since the coolies left Tacoma, and the desirability of their absence is demonstrated. The late Christmas without Chinese was a veritable fête day, and the merchants unite in declaring that they have not had such a generous and substantial holiday trade for many years. What can be more natural? The \$2500 a week, buried in China, had been retained in home circulation for about eight weeks,—a neat little difference, in favor of the city, of \$20,000. Only the year before, every fourth citizen carried a subscription paper; a widow with children, a father out of work and a motherless brood about him, starving men and women who needed transportation to homes of kindred or to places where situations could be had—all these appealed to the self-denial of the charitably inclined. This year, not an eleemosynary scheme was set on foot. To us and our race, Christmastide means giving. It opens the purse; it blesses every mite, yes, even every smile bestowed on the young, the old, the poor, the helpless, the halt, the lame, and the blind, for whose miseries the heart of the Master bled. Who ever heard of the Chinese being thus warmed by the fires of love and charity? Like the horse-leech's daughter, they cry "give" and are never satisfied.

All that the Tacoma method has of antagonism is a determination to rid the community of a public curse, chiefly Chinese. All that it implies is such a full and positive exhibition of general purpose, that denial will be immediately recognized as the height of

folly. All that it defies is individual selfishness. It is an exemplification of the local application of Abraham Lincoln's principle of a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

*George Dudley Lawson.*

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## SEQUEL TO THE TACOMA METHOD.

THE so-called Tacoma method has borne its legitimate fruitage at Seattle, in Caucasian blood spilled in the streets, citizens imprisoned, and the business of the city turned upside down under stress of martial law. The real animus and essence of the Tacoma idea is antagonism to the authority of law. The restive desire to be freed from the unwelcome presence of the Chinese, which pervades all respectable classes on Puget Sound, is not really shared by the coterie of lightweight communist agitators who have created all the disorder in the violation of law. That deep founded occasion of popular disaffection was in reality only their tangible stock-in-trade, in plying their subversive vocation. It was their open vaunt that "We don't so much mind the poor China boys themselves; the white Chinamen are the worst." One of their orators, from the platform at Seattle, before a crowded audience, uttered the menace: "As soon as we get through with the other Chinamen, then we'll make the white Chinamen go." Why not? If they could demonstrate their undisputed power, as at Tacoma, to drive out at will and without formality one class of residents, what should hinder them from serving in the same way any other class obnoxious to the "majority?"

There was really no occasion nor excuse for the riotous outbreak at Seattle on the morning of February 7th, in the detriment to the white community of Seattle from Chinese competition. But few Chinese servants remained in the employ of American families. With the single exception of the Pacific Improvement Company, of San Fran-

cisco (the C. P. R. R.'s coal colliery), all the mills, the railroads, and the collieries of Puget Sound had dismissed all their coolie employees. The Chinese laundries and cigar factories in Seattle were successively closing up for want of patronage. The city authorities, backed by the judicial sanction and executive process of the courts, were as rapidly as practicable freezing out the Chinamen by means of discriminating ordinances. One of these denied Chinamen the privilege of peddling vegetables. Others were passed to put the final quietus on their only remaining resort, the laundry business. These ordinances were being sternly enforced, and the gravamen of the cry of the agitators was in effect removed. But the whirlwind of communistic lawlessness brewed in the Tacoma violence must spend its force in the Seattle tragedy. The blood-barrier of legal restraint once broken through, what is to check the career of destruction until it has expended its fury?

Every man in Seattle who had accumulated a little real or personal property was made to tremble under the insolent menaces of the irresponsible fomenters and ring-leaders of sedition, after the Tacoma affair. One of the agitators went through Oregon, declaring that two hundred of their adherents sat in the court-room during the "conspiracy trial" at Seattle, with Colt's revolvers under their coats, determined that the accused should come out clear, whatever the verdict might be. On the evening of the 6th they hurled their contemptuous defiance of law into the face of the public, in the shape of a series of insolent anarchic resolutions;

though the programme of riot inaugurated at day-break on the following Sabbath morning was the hatch of a midnight plot. The people and the authorities were taken unawares. So it was in the case of the Tacoma achievement three months previous. There the affair was of considerably less moment, because of the less number of Chinamen, and the analogy of their condition there, in their shanty quarters, to a mere mining camp. In Seattle they were twice as numerous, and one firm, Wa Chong & Co., owns brick buildings there assessed at \$13,000.

The Tacoma affair of November 3d and 4th was the signal of alarm to the officials charged with the maintenance of the laws in Seattle, as they knew the "Tacoma method" was immediately to be tried on in that city. There was no time to lose, and the utmost decisiveness of action in the crisis was requisite. The sheriff of King county swore in as deputies over one hundred law-abiding citizens, who, with a company of two hundred and fifty Home Guards, were provided with arms, and prepared to act in any case of emergency. The Seattle Rifles and Company D of the territorial militia received orders to be in readiness for action at a moment's notice. Not deeming these precautions sufficient to ensure absolute security, Governor Squire prevailed on the President to send General Gibbon and ten companies of United States troops from Fort Vancouver barracks to the scene of disturbance, prepared to quell any symptoms of disorder. The troops did not stay long, and a great many affected to laugh at the affair as rather a ridiculous occurrence. The commotion all at once quieted down, and, of course, there was nobody in the neighborhood that had ever entertained the slightest idea of doing or saying anything extreme or unlawful. People, generally, were disposed to look upon the whole matter as a tempest in a tea-pot, that had happily settled itself for good and all. And so the matter stood when the outburst of February 7th occurred.

The incidents of the affair are well known and need to be rehearsed but briefly. The service of process of Court by writ of *habeas*

*corpus* upon the ejected Chinamen on the steamer and the wharf—the attack upon and attempt to disarm the Home Guard by a yelling mob, as the remnant of Chinamen who could not find room on the steamer were being escorted from the wharf to their quarters, to await the sailing of the next steamer—the killing of one man and wounding of four others—the consequent proclamation of martial law, and its enforcement by Gen. Gibbon and the arms of eight companies of Federal troops quartered in the city—all these are familiar facts.

What is their lesson? The logic of such serious events is clear. One admonition in particular is thus flashed upon our hitherto too dull perception, in the gleam of martial bayonets and the indelible characters of blood already shed—plain as the hand-writing on the wall: that there is no time to be lost in ridding the coast of the curse of the Chinese presence peaceably and legally, by voluntary non-intercourse and municipal proscriptive ordinances.

On a just interpretation of the treaties, laws, and constitution bearing on the subject, they can be lawfully excluded by ordinances. They have the legal right to enforce contracts. Very well; make it unlawful for citizens or corporations to enter into contracts with them. They are guaranteed the same safeguards as other aliens in respect to "travel and residence" in the matters of "life, liberty, and deprivation of property without due process of law." Very well; limit them strictly to those, and, if necessary, all other aliens with them, in respect to the occupations in which they are engaged. Then they will very soon be starved out of the country by a kind of "natural selection" or artificial election.

Another lesson rings in our ears from the volley of the Seattle Home Guard: that is, that proceedings without law are bound to result in catastrophes without law. Any attempt to dishonor the majesty of inviolable law is certain to bring upon the head of the guilty individual, or mob, or community, the heavy hand of retribution, both swift and sure.



## FOR MONEY.

## IX.

THE next morning, as she had the whole day on her hands, Louise, having performed her bridal duty and driven with her husband to the station, went immediately to her mother, determining to have a long visit that should make her feel as if she had never been away. Rose came over a little later, and from her mother, Frances, and Rose combined, she managed to find out something about the man whose name had excited her curiosity the night before.

It appeared that he was a cousin of the boys and Rose, a nephew of the first Mrs. Lennard. He had been living for years in California, and Mrs. Lennard had quite lost sight of him, although as a young boy, in the early days of the second Mrs. Lennard's married life, he had been in and out of her house almost like one of the family.

"But how did you happen to meet him again?" questioned Louise, who had very hazy recollections of him.

"That is the odd part," answered Mrs. Lennard calmly. "He simply appeared, without any excuse, without any introduction, here in this house. He said he had no idea of our being in this country until he read of your marriage to Mr. Waring in the newspapers. He was struck by the name, and on making inquiries discovered that we were his long-lost relatives."

"That's pleasant enough, I'm sure," said Louise. "I like to have relatives."

"He is no relative of yours, Louise," answered her mother quickly.

"When you see him you'll be sorry he isn't," said Rose, the color coming into her face.

"You don't seem to like him, mother," observed Louise, with some curiosity.

"To tell you the truth, I must confess that I do *not*," said Mrs. Lennard, with more emphasis than the subject seemed to demand.

"And why?" inquired Rose coolly.

"Because, I thought he had had plenty of opportunity to find out about us before," returned Mrs. Lennard frankly. "Besides, he was a wild boy, and he has given no account of himself to us at all, often as he has been here. He struck me as a very insinuating, selfish man. He said he knew Mr. Waring."

"Is that against him?" inquired Mrs. Waring mischievously.

Mrs. Lennard laughed. "The children are wild about him," she continued, "and he certainly can make himself very attractive. He told them he was a cousin, and they have adopted him at once."

"Louise, they are right; he is perfectly charming, and as handsome as a picture," Rose said eagerly. "He has dined with us once or twice, and Jack likes him very much. You know you are apt to take prejudices, mother," she added pleadingly.

"Oh, he's well enough as a man, I suppose," said Mrs. Lennard. "Only I don't like his assumption of intimacy on such slender grounds. Well, Louise, good-bye for an hour or two. I have a missionary meeting, but I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Don't you believe a word she says about him, Louise," said Rose, as soon as the door closed on Mrs. Lennard. "She never could tolerate my mother's relatives; it's only because Eugene belongs to me. Really, he is one of the most agreeable men I ever met. She dislikes him because he invited himself to lunch here one day, and they hadn't anything but dry toast and oatmeal mush. She never will forgive him. He was as sweet as he could be, too; he called her 'Aunt,' and she snubbed him dreadfully. She said, 'You know I am not your aunt, Mr. Fleming.' Just imagine her saying that! But she will say anything when she gets angry."

"What did he say to that?" asked Louise, much interested.

"He said in the gentlest way: "You have so completely taken my aunt's place to her children, that I cannot think of you as anything else."

"Did that mollify her?"

"She didn't *say* any more," returned Rose significantly.

"I think you are very unjust to mother, Rose," Frances spoke for the first time. "Mr. Fleming struck me as very ordinary—nice enough, but nothing to rave over."

"Is that the way he impressed you, Frances?" said Louise.

"Yes; he is a sweet-tempered, rather simple-minded man, very fine-looking, but not by any means the Adonis Rose makes him out. Perhaps mother may be a little hard on him, but not very. I didn't feel like jumping at the cousinship as the children did."

"Frances always sides with mother against me," said Rose, who made her cousin a personal matter.

"There is no question of sides," said Louise, anxious to restore peace among the jarring factions. "You have given me such mixed ideas that I shall have to see him myself to judge."

"He said if he had known of our being here he would have been over all the time last summer," pursued Rose. "It would have been so pleasant. I am often sorry that we did not know him before. He says he looks on me just like a sister. He always wanted a sister, poor fellow, but he never had any family life."

"Marion," said his wife at dinner, "do you know a man named Eugene Fleming?"

"I don't know any good of him. Why?"

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Louise. "He is Rose's cousin. What has he done?"

"He hasn't done anything—that's the trouble with him. He dabbles in politics occasionally, but I believe he hasn't anything on hand just now. He's one of those men who never accomplish anything."

"Oh," said Louise, and let the subject drop. She thought of it, nevertheless. Certain people in this world consider the end-all of life to accomplish something. As if

everybody did not know that there were some failures more glorious than mere vulgar success, which those same certain people took to mean the piling up of money. She respected Fleming for not being able to do what any common man with a head for figures and that stupefying "business talent" seemed to do so easily. He was like her father in that. He was one of those dreamy, poetic natures, doubtless, who would enjoy a fortune much more than those sordid souls who amass one with so little apparent difficulty. He was one of those of whom their friends say, "He was born to be a millionaire," but who always manage to escape their destiny in some mysterious fashion. It is always that kind of destiny that one does escape.

One soft December day, when the weather had decided to justify the pretty things that enthusiasts say of it, and the farmers were scolding because there were no signs of rain yet, Mr. Eugene Fleming took the boat from the city to San Manuel, in order to refresh his starved affections by a visit to his "sister-cousin," Rose Percy.

He was a man that any woman would have noticed instantly, for he had the rare gift, quite apart from beauty or intellect, of interesting women as a class. Men did not recognize it, and could not understand it, as women fail to understand the subtle fascination of some of their own sex for the other; it comes by nature, like Dogberry's reading and writing, and is neither to be acquired nor explained.

Fleming seemed quite unconscious of anything exceptional about himself; even his scrupulous dress and handsome face were worn as if this favored among mortals were in all respects like other men. In truth, though at this moment he was thinking about himself—his usual subject for reflection—his meditations were not about his physical advantages. He was thinking that he was coming to the end of his tether very rapidly, and that he must set all the machinery at his command in motion to get himself out of serious complications, and make any sort of future possible. As Mrs. Lennard had sus-

pected, he had plenty of ways of finding them out; indeed, he knew quite well that Gilbert, whom he had met repeatedly, was his cousin; but he did not suppose that a poor young man in a newspaper office could ever be of much assistance to him. But as soon as he heard of Louise's marriage, he determined to make himself known to his relatives at once. There was no knowing what an infatuated old man might do for his young wife's relatives, and it was as well to establish himself on that footing at once. He knew that the Warings had been living at San Manuel for more than two weeks, and during that time he had never been able to catch a glimpse of the bride. He knew that it was useless to attempt any claim on Marion himself, but thought that time and luck might work in his favor. Mrs. Waring he must first know and interest; but how to meet her?

So musing, he wended his way to his cousin's, with the well-defined intention of getting an invitation to stay at her house for a day or two at least, during which time he knew he could manage to bring about a meeting with Louise.

Rose was delighted to see him; Jack, who came in later, not so much so. He never was much of a favorite with his fellow men.

"What brought you over?" inquired the Doctor.

"To be gallant and say the proper thing, I ought to answer, a wish to see you and Rose; but I'm going to be honest, and tell you that my physician has ordered me to leave the city for a few days. I'm running down a little, and rest will do me good."

"Oh, that's too bad—for you, I mean—" said Rose. "Where are you to be?"

"At the hotel, of course. I shall not be here long enough to make it worth while looking for a boarding-place. I'm afraid you and the Lennards will see a good deal of me, though. The little ones are nice children; Frances is an interesting girl, too."

"Why, Eugene, the hotel will be lonely for you, so few people are ever there in the winter."

"I expect to be lonely, and uncomfortable enough, too," said Fleming slowly, looking from Jack, who sat unsympathetic and impassive, to Rose, who became eager with interest and pity. "But that is what a man has got to expect, if he gets sick in the winter."

"No, no; it's a shame," cried Rose impulsively, thinking of her brothers in a similar plight. "Jack, there is our spare room; it has never been used."

"A spare room has been the death of many a man," said Jack, lightly, but in a tone the reverse of encouraging.

"Mine won't be Eugene's death, I can answer for that," answered Rose with pride, "Will you come, Eugene?"

"Don't urge him against his will, Rose. You don't know how uncomfortable it is for a man who lives as independently as he does to conform to hours as we do," said Jack, evidently expecting him to decline.

"If I don't disturb your arrangements, I shall be too happy to come," said Fleming, "only you must assure me that nothing shall be altered for me. I couldn't make you understand how beautiful your home life is to me."

"It's singular to me, Rose, how you could fall into that fellow's trap so easily," said Doctor Jack, as soon as he was alone with his wife. "He was just fishing for that invitation, and I didn't mean to give it to him. I hate to be sponged on."

"Why, Jack, how can you be so hatefully suspicious? Poor boy!" cried Rose, very much hurt.

"And what did he mean with that rubbish about a 'beautiful home life?'" said Jack, in unsentimental wrath. "Well, it's done. He's somebody to help me smoke my after-dinner cigar. You won't let me smoke where you are, and as a man never feels in such a good humor as he does with his cigar after dinner, why you lose a great deal of my sociable mood."

Jack was inclined to be vexed at his wife for her hasty invitation, after scarcely three months of married life; and in revenge rebelled at her objection to his smoking, when

otherwise he would have said nothing about it for some months to come, or perhaps years, depending on the length of his consideration.

But though his remark wounded Rose a little, she was too fond of him to bear malice long, and too pleased at playing hostess; and her first thought of what she should do to amuse Eugene settled into a determination to ask the Waring's to meet him at dinner.

"We won't try to entertain," she added, seeing Jack look surprised when she mentioned her scheme; "but you know we haven't had anybody inside the house yet, and—"

"You want to show what you can do in the way of house-keeping," said Jack, good-naturedly. "Well, have along the Waring's. Nobody else, though, will you? The dining-room won't hold them."

"We ought to have another woman to balance the table. As it is, either Eugene or Mr. Waring will be all alone in his glory," said Rose.

"Ask Frances, then."

"She's always sure to have an attack. You can't depend on Frances at all," answered Rose, thoughtfully. "It would make me feel dreadfully if she should go into a spasm at the table, and she's just as likely to as not."

"Why don't you get Georgie Carolan? It will amuse her, poor girl, and she will break the monotony after dinner, with her playing and singing, if she can use the piano. You haven't touched it for so long, I don't know what it sounds like."

"Oh, everybody gives up their music after they're married," said Rose, easily. "Well, I will ask Georgie Carolan, then."

The night of Rose's little dinner was the night of the season's first rain; strong, straight, up-and-down, pouring rain; a storm that had made up its mind to stay for a week at least; and if ever a man comfortably housed, after a comfortless ferry passage, desired to remain in peace by his own fireside, Marion Waring was that man. He took very little interest in Rose at the best of times; considered her a dear, sweet girl, of course,

and calculated to make Dr. Jack Percy the happiest of men, but it was lucky that every one had not the same taste—lucky for Rose. He could have cheerfully borne to know that his wife's half-sister was in Africa that rainy December night.

In the dressing-room, where Louise went to uncloak herself, she found Georgie Carolan, more drenched than was exactly convenient. Rose was helping her off with her water-proof cloak and wet shoes. Dry shoes were being extracted from some mysterious, hidden receptacle known only to Miss Carolan, when Louise made her appearance—dry, warm, smiling, point-device, and thought how short a time before she would have been in just the situation in which she found her fellow-guest.

She knew Miss Carolan very slightly, and Mr. Waring did not know her at all. Rose had only known her well since her marriage, as she was a great favorite with old Mrs. Percy, and Jack liked her in a brotherly way that inspired no jealousy even in a bride.

She was more of a woman than a girl, two or three years older than Rose. Her mother had died when she was seventeen, leaving in her charge a worthless father, who depended on his daughter for support. He had been a man of some ability, but had washed it all away in drink and dissipation. The little money her mother had managed to rescue, from time to time, she had spent on her daughter's musical education; and on her deathbed, she made Georgie promise to complete it. She had done so to the best of her ability, and had tried to get music scholars, with moderate success. Some three years before she met the Lennards, her father fell and broke his hip, adding lameness to his other attractions, and by the advice of physicians she went with him to San Manuel to live. The Percys took a great interest in her; old Dr. Percy constantly attended her father, and by the most strenuous exertion, she made both ends meet. Sometimes, in a good season, when her city pupils were out of town, she managed to get a large enough number of pupils among the summer visitors to buy an occa-

sional necessary new dress, or a few luxuries for her father; who, however, preferred wandering about the streets on his crutches, making her shame and sorrow, when he was able to get out, to all the amusements she could devise for him.

She was not exactly pretty, but the serene patience and character in her face, the direct gaze of her steady, blue eyes, and the vivid interest she took in everything, made her attractive. She was a little transcendental at times, yet with her transcendentalism was blended a quaint practicality.

"You have some music with you?" said Louise, as they left the room.

"Yes. Mrs. Percy asked me if I would mind singing after dinner. I always like to sing."

And Eugene had his wish, and met Mrs. Waring. She was already prepossessed in his favor, and was more impressed than she had expected to be. He was tall, and perhaps rather slender than otherwise, but his figure lacked the vigorous athletic development of Jack's, though originally it may have been the better of the two. His dark complexion and drooping lids gave him a faintly foreign look, but not enough to injure his air as a gentleman. His hair was almost too carefully arranged over his forehead, but only Mr. Waring and Jack noticed that. His pride was in his hands and feet, which he made his passport of birth and breeding. He obtruded his hands slightly, in a languorous way, never gesticulating—his movements were too quiet for that—but his arm would hang gracefully over a chair, with a curve of the wrist that was noticeable to anyone with an eye for beauty, and he had a peculiar way of touching or taking things with his long, delicate fingers.

Not one of these movements was lost on Louise. When the dinner was over, during which Mr. Waring's voice had seemed to grow louder, and his laugh more resounding than ever, she thought of Fleming, sitting there with the others, as if made of a different clay, with his softly modulated voice and careful accent; and she remembered how before dinner he had sunk into one of the arm-

chairs before the blazing grate, and basked in the warmth like some sleek tiger, while in contrast the storm wailed outside. She took the same chair and gazed into the red coals. The time had come, as she had known it would before she married, when she must compare her husband with other men, and blush for him. She wondered if Rose was conscious of how like an overgrown school-boy Jack appeared beside her cousin. How could Miss Carolan have sat there and held her own with such composure, evidently not in the least overawed, and once or twice inclined to ridicule him in a good-natured way. He took it with the most perfect manner, of indifference to her opinion, combined with appreciation of her wit, that would have embarrassed Louise if addressed to herself, but did not have the slightest effect on Miss Carolan.

Suddenly across her meditations came the thought: "What does he think of me for having married such a man? What can he think!" and she envied Georgie Carolan—music scholars, drunken father, and all—because she was free, and because she had done nothing to be ashamed of. Whatever troubles she might have—and her face showed the lines of trouble resolutely borne—they were not of her own making. For a moment Louise wished herself back again, a girl in her father's house, with an intensity that seemed to bring the reality; and she almost started to hear the men coming back from the dining-room. Her silence was mentally commented on by the philosophical Miss Carolan.

"What a pity that pretty girl has been so spoiled by marrying money. She has grown rude and arrogant."

## X.

"MISS CAROLAN is going to sing for us," said Rose, "so I want you to listen, Eugene, you are such a judge of music. Jack and I think she sings very prettily."

"Shall I accompany her?" said Eugene, half rising from the chair he had taken beside Louise.

"Do you play?" inquired Louise, with growing reverence for his talents.

"The piano a little, enough to play after-dinner accompaniments. My instrument is the violin, but I have been out of the world so long that I haven't anybody to play with now, and I have grown rusty. It is a great deprivation to me, I assure you. Music is one of the few things in this life left for me to care about."

He spoke half absently, his mournful eyes straying past her, following some mental vision; and just then came Rose's bright voice, exclaiming:

"Hush, my children, now you are going to have Jack's favorite, 'Casta Diva.'"

Miss Carolan began, without affectation, and sang in a way that surprised both Fleming and Mr. Waring. She had not a voice to make every operatic singer die of envy, but it was full, sympathetic, sweet, and faultlessly cultivated. She sang with the ease and finish of a professional, and there was a certain quality of impressiveness about her that gave the spirit of a composition better than many professionals are able to do. Some great teacher once said that there were three great qualifications requisite for studying music: "brains, and then brains—and then brains." Miss Carolan had brought brains to her work, and the result showed in her singing.

"Splendid execution," murmured Eugene. "Do you sing 'Caro Nome,' from Rigoletto, Miss Carolan?"

Miss Carolan did and would. Mr. Waring listened with great approval, critically as well.

"Don't you sing something besides that Italian flummery?" he said. "Don't you sing Beethoven's 'Adelaide'?"

"Yes, a great deal; but I haven't it with me tonight, and it isn't like that Italian music that you can make up chords to if you forget the accompaniment. I remember being very much amused by an Italian tenor that my singing-teacher was training," answered Miss Carolan. "He was learning 'Adelaide,' and found it terribly stupid; and it happened that he was going to sing it at

some concert, so he brought a cadenza that he had written in at the end of the first part. He said he meant to cut the last part, sing his cadenza, and come in on the last two lines. I always wondered how he got out of the house alive, but he didn't sing 'Adelaide' at his concert."

Rose, the indefatigable, had unearthed a collection of songs from some dusty music, found the desired one, and now placed it on the rack, and Miss Carolan addressed herself to the keyboard again. It was impossible not to feel the difference in the way she sang the two classes of music. The opera airs showed off her voice, as some difficult composition of Liszt shows off the qualities of a fine piano; but in the great German song she betrayed her intellect, her heart, her soul. In its own way, it might almost be called a great interpretation.

Louise listened, breathless, and at the end turned her shining eyes on Fleming for sympathy in her excitement.

"Oh!" she cried, "Rose said she sang prettily. Don't you think that is more than 'pretty' singing?"

"That's a man's song," remarked Fleming; "but she reconciles one to hearing a woman sing it. Where has she been all this time? I wonder that I never heard of her. You know they call that the most perfect love song that ever was written."

"I should think it might be," said Louise, with enthusiasm. "I never heard anything like it."

"A woman never sings so well as when she is in love," observed Fleming, with his eyes on the fire.

"Why?" inquired Louise, startled. "Do you think that is at the bottom of Miss Carolan's beautiful singing? How do you know?"

"Oh, by a great many little signs. For instance, she sings with the feeling of understanding and experience, and not mere imagination. There's a great difference, let me tell you. Then, she is as settled in her ways as a married woman, and at her age that isn't natural, unless one man excludes all men."

"What an observer you are!" exclaimed Louise, with the naïve flattery of youth and genuine admiration.

"I wonder if Miss Carolan is as happy in English as she is in the other two languages. Do you think she would mind if we coaxed her for an English ballad, Cousin Rose?"

"I am afraid we are imposing on her," answered Rose, doubtfully. "You might try, though."

"I want very much to hear her sing 'Auld Robin Gray,'" said Fleming, opening his eyes suddenly on Louise's face and drooping his lids again.

"Oh, not that!" she exclaimed involuntarily, starting forward.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Waring," he answered, gravely courteous. "I didn't know you disliked it."

"It's such a silly thing!" returned Louise, with an affectation of lightness. "Miss Carolan, won't you please sing 'Auld Robin Gray'?" It is a special favorite with Mr. Fleming.

Georgie complied, and under his eyelids Fleming watched the color slowly draining out of Mrs. Waring's cheeks, and the nervous clasping of her hands. There is something in an English song that always appeals to people, and a little burst of applause greeted the close of Georgie's ballad, in which Louise joined heartily. She rose, and went to her husband, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Marion," she said in a distinct voice, "do you remember the fat widow who used to sing that to the consumptive college boy down at the Sierra Madre Villa? She made the song perfectly ridiculous, Miss Carolan; but your singing has brought it back to its rightful place, and I'm sure Mr. Waring and I owe you a vote of thanks."

"She was pretty awful," said Mr. Waring, giving her a look of undisguised affection for this unwonted demonstration. "I wonder if she got him."

A look of placid satisfaction overspread Fleming's face, as she took a chair by Dr. Jack; and Rose, seeing Mr. Waring lead Georgie to the sofa, bestowed herself comfortably opposite her cousin, and made a

quartette of small talk with him, her husband, and Louise.

"You sing like a professional. You may think that's flattery, but it isn't," said Mr. Waring. "You mustn't think I'm impertinent if I ask you a few questions, but your voice has interested me wonderfully. Now I know you are giving piano lessons. Have you any singing scholars?"

"I did have one, but she lost her voice, through no fault of mine. That was against me, though. I may succeed in time."

"Why don't you sing in a church?"

"I'm not influential enough to get into a church. I tried, but there were so many favorites, that there was no hope for me. I couldn't even get a trial Sunday."

"Have you ever tried concerts?"

"No, it happened this way. You see, just when I was ready to come before the public my singing teacher quarrelled with most of the musicians. Poor old man, he was so irascible and unreasonable, I didn't blame them, but it made it very bad for me. He did get up a little concert to bring me out, but it was a failure; we didn't even pay expenses; and now I can't afford the risk of hiring a hall, and going to the expense of a concert."

"Those things are not apt to be successful, anyhow," said Mr. Waring thoughtfully. "I have known of so many people being disappointed when they tried it." He knew whereof he spoke, for his known fondness for music and kindness of heart made him the first object of every musician's quest for patrons when they projected concerts.

"You must have favorite musicians to help you, and support you, and though I am a musician myself, I know of so few of them, living quietly over here as I do. I have no mother, you know, and I have had to judge for myself always, since her death, some years ago, when I was a good deal younger than I am now. I must wait for my happy time, and if it doesn't come, why,"—she smiled—"I am no worse off than other people."

"You are a brave woman, I know that," said Mr. Waring. "Don't throw yourself

away on a worthless man as so many of your sort do."

She shook her head, and over her face there spread, not a blush, but a sort of light that seemed to rise in her eyes and overflow.

Louise sat silent and absorbed as she and her husband drove home. She did not notice when he spoke once or twice, but she was roused from her abstraction as the carriage stopped under the porte cochère before her home.

"This rain is good for the wheat, I know," said Mr. Waring as he unlocked the door, "but it isn't good for me. It never occurred to me that it had got to rain all winter when we decided to live here. I'll look up a house in town tomorrow. Don't you like the idea?" For she was standing in the dim hall looking at him with appealing eyes.

"Oh yes," she answered mechanically. "To leave here and be where there are other people, somebody to talk to about your dress and the theater, and never about what you think, and forget it yourself. Marion, tell me," as he looked at her a little bewildered, "tell me truly; I must know, and don't be afraid to say the exact truth. Would you have dismissed Harry from the bank if I—if we hadn't been married?"

"What in the world"—began Mr. Waring in amazement. "Why, my dear child, that had nothing to do with my business affairs. There happened to be a vacancy, and I was looking for a reliable man to fill it. I heard of your brother by chance, and liked what I heard, and in talking with him I found he was exactly the man I wanted. What set your poor little brain puzzling over that?"

She shook her head without speaking. If Harry could have gone on just the same without her marriage, one great justification for it had fallen away.

"Don't talk about your having refused me, my girl," said Mr. Waring, throwing his arm around her. "I can't imagine it now. You are the light of my eyes, and things couldn't be any different."

He kissed her fondly, and they went up the wide staircase together; but his last sentence haunted her all day long and for many

days. "Things couldn't be any different." Ah, but they should have been.

Mr. Waring left his request for a house in the hands of a proper agent, but felt a slight misgiving that all would not be right unless Mrs. Valentine were consulted; so, in all the rain, which had not lulled once in the twenty-four hours, he repaired to her and explained what he wanted.

She always knew everybody's whereabouts and plans, and immediately suggested that the DeWitt Jacksons were going to New York for the winter, and from there to Europe in the spring, as soon as they could let their house furnished. She greatly approved and applauded Mr. Waring's resolution.

"It's just the house for you," she added. "Beautiful lower floors for entertaining, music room, and everything."

"I want to see that music room," observed Mr. Waring. "Most people find a small, uncomfortable, dark room, without a fire-place, shove a piano in there, and call it a music room. That isn't my idea; and if Mrs. De Witt Jackson has stuffed her music room with cushions and curtains, and whatever you call those things they hang over the doors now, why they've just got to come down."

Mrs. Valentine made no answer to this outburst. Music always sent her to sleep, and she never went to any public musical entertainment except when "the whole town" went, and it would be a social crime not to be seen there. So she only said:

"You had better have Louise send out cards for a reception as soon as you get settled. I thought it was a great mistake on your part to go over to San Manuel for the winter. Nobody can call on her over there, and she wants to form a circle, of course. However, there isn't much harm done yet. The winter doesn't really begin until after the New Year, and you haven't lost anything. But it's high time you began; and you see De Witt Jackson as soon as you can about the house."

The next step was for Louise to like the house, which, upon inspection, satisfied Mr. Waring, subject to weeding out the music



room. She was acquiescent, as usual, when he advanced a proposition, but she did not take kindly to the idea of a change. She had lived in the country and loved it all her life, and the serene valley and flowery woods, low hills and gentle river about her native New York village, had given place in her affections to the bold, characteristic mountain scenery about San Manuel. Of San Francisco she had only seen the low, business part of the city, as most of her time had been spent at a hotel or in shopping; and Mrs. Valentine, who was the only person she had visited there, lived in a flat part of the city, where there was no view, declaring that she was too old to climb hills.

The impression the dear old city gave Louise on her drive to her new house she never forgot, and it only deepened as the years went by. San Francisco seems like a whimsical individuality, showing strangers her ugliest, seamiest side, but developing new beauties every day after the eyes have grown accustomed to her original appearance. The hills lie round her as round about Jerusalem. And the bay, one of the loveliest in the world, even to those who have seen Naples, holds her in its arms; and wherever you go, you have the city, man, and civilization before you, at your feet; and about and beyond you, the everlasting hills and the everlasting sea.

It was a soft, warm, clear day, the rain all gone, when Louise drove with her husband to see her city home; and as she alighted from the carriage, she stood still and looked about her with delight. The house stood on a hill, of course; of a pretty one, that situation is a foregone conclusion in San Francisco. Off to the south, across a valley filled with houses, rose the Twin Peaks and their sister Mission hills, soft with the new green that clothes them after a rain as if by magic; looking to the west she saw the Fort, the Golden Gate, and the ocean beyond, a streak of shining, glittering silver in the afternoon sun; and to the north, a bit of the bay, bounded to her vision by the bold, red mountains on the opposite shore, the intervening house-covered hills of the city, and the mon-

ster dunes of the beach, more like a placid mountain lake than an arm of the sea, with the vivid blue sky above.

"We don't need to go in, Marion," murmured Louise. "I never thought it was beautiful like this." And Mr. Waring felt grateful to her for being pleased.

## XI.

THERE was distress in the Lennard family when she communicated her plans to them.

"My dear, I shall never see you again," said Frances, breaking down altogether. "You will have too many new occupations to be running over here all the time, and I can't go across to you very often."

Mrs. Lennard sat quiet, divided between grief at the separation—for it was practically that—and delight in the fortunes of her favorite child. It warmed the very middle of her heart that her Louise should leap at one bound to the position of a fashionable woman, and, doubtless, leader as soon as she should feel assured. She had a little formula in speaking of various people: "Yes, they have done very well—as this world goes," the last part of her phrase being a sort of concession to what was expected of her in the way of unworldliness as a clergyman's wife; but in her soul she felt that it was absolutely well. Some one has remarked: "On Earth so much is needed, but in Heaven, Love is all." Mrs. Lennard held privately that it was all very well for love to be enough in heaven, but meanwhile she wanted all that was needed on earth, too, and as she could not have it, the next best thing was that Louise should. Then she thought of her own lessening home circle, and the tears came into her eyes. Of the seven olive branches so lately about her, only four were left, and sometimes but three, for Harry did not always go home at night. Most of Gilbert's work was done after six o'clock, and he, of course, lived in the city. Rose and Louise were married, and their interest in their old home would grow less and less, in the nature of things. She tried to dry her eyes, but the tears rose faster than

she could wipe them away. Seeing so much woe about her, Julia got the impression of a tragedy, and threw herself into Louise's arms with a burst of grief, and was kissed and comforted lovingly.

"Tell me about it, too. I don't know what you mean, Louise. What makes them all cry?" demanded Susy, who always had to have a situation explained.

"Well, Miss Matter-of-fact, I'm going to live in San Francisco, and they think I'm going to forget them, which is quite absurd and impossible," said Louise.

"Why, you'll come back every little while and bring us candy, won't you?"

"You have a promising pupil there, mother," observed Louise. "*She* won't require much urging when the rich man comes along."

Frances looked shocked, and Mrs. Lennard's breath was taken away by this sudden onslaught. Then she recovered herself.

"You know I never considered money any advantage in itself, Louise. It is the man that I look at; and I hope none of my children will ever do themselves or their husbands such an injustice as to marry from the low motive you suggested just then. I believe every woman is happier married; she needs taking care of; I have always said that. In your case, an excellent man, one of the best I ever knew, by a fortunate accident was rich besides. It was only a pleasant addition to his other good qualities; not the absolute qualification for your marriage."

Louise quivered with a desire to say that she had not understood it so, but she controlled it, and only permitted herself to say rather bitterly:

"I wonder why it is right to marry for money and wrong to say so?"

"Nobody thinks it is right," said Frances, hastily and positively. "I wish I knew why you talked so. What has happened?" Then she followed Louise into the little hall as she went away, and said low and hurriedly: "You always used to tell me everything, Louise. They say the first year they are married people have trouble, and it is hard

for them to get used to each other. Have you had your first quarrel?"

"There's nothing to quarrel about," said Louise wearily, with a mental addition that they had so little in common they could not even find a subject of dispute. "My dear, I am only blue about leaving you all, so you mustn't mind what I say."

Frances appeared satisfied, and nodded to her brightly from the doorstep; not over-pleased, however, to see Eugene Fleming coming towards the house. He stopped for a moment to speak to Mrs. Waring, and would have liked well enough to walk back with her to Rose's house, which was her destination; but Julia and Susy had seen him, and came rushing out rapturously, clamoring for the first kiss.

"She has the divinest blush," said Eugene, smiling at Frances, who looked at him rather gravely, he thought.

"It is very pretty. She always blushes at nothing at all. When most people blush she turns pale," said Frances, calmly, preceding him into the parlor. He greeted Mrs. Lennard with the affectionate deference he always showed her. It was beginning to act a little on her distrust of him, and soften her manner towards him.

"I met that favored among women, Mrs. Waring, as I came in," he said. "You won't let me call her cousin, aunt, and neither would she; but you mustn't think me too gross a flatterer if I say that I never saw any one more fitted by nature to grace the highest station. Waring ought to be President for her sake."

"I don't know whether he has any political aspirations," said Mrs. Lennard graciously.

"He has immense influence," answered Eugene. "You know how those rich men always get what they want. He has only to speak. Of course, his name never appears. It's an open secret that Birnie is his *âme damnée*, and does all his dirty work for him, as they say."

"Mr. Waring never has anything of that kind to be done," said Frances, with unexpected emphasis.

"I know," said Fleming with his sweet, sunny smile. "But men in political life are apt to be misjudged. People say that what Waring wants to happen, always does."

"You must be glad to be able to defend him when people talk against him," said Frances, warmly.

"Talk against!" cried Fleming. "There isn't a man in the city more looked up to than Waring. People speak of him with bated breath. He has enemies, of course, but you ought to see them bow down when he appears. You have a powerful son-in-law, aunt—however you managed to get him—" he added, mentally. "I wonder that he likes it over here in the winter."

"They don't like it. Crossing in the rain is very inconvenient, so they have taken a house in San Francisco for the winter, and I am afraid we shan't see much of Louise, until they come back here to San Manuel in May or June. It's a long time," she concluded, with a sigh.

"In the city," thought Fleming. "That makes my work very much easier. I was really beginning to despair of ever getting into the house. This is the first week in January, and election year. I must bestir myself."

He went back to the Percys, and there beguiled Rose into a long, circumstantial account of Louise's acquaintance with Mr. Waring, in the course of which Mrs. Valentine's name figured conspicuously. Eugene followed, full of interest, which delighted Rose, as she interwove a good deal of her own little romance into her story, and he always managed to throw the largest amount of sympathy into his face at those points.

Like many other cold-hearted, thoroughly selfish men, he had large surface sympathies, and entered into the conversation, plans, fancies of his momentary interlocutor, especially if it were a woman, in a way that led her, not unnaturally, to think him the dearest, most engaging friend to confide in. He never betrayed her confidence, because while she might bring tears to his eyes during a conversation, he completely forgot the whole affair as soon as his back was turned, except where it

bore on his own interests, and then he never forgot. He remembered faces well, and always connected them with the right names, and if in a later interview subjects were introduced casually that had utterly slipped his mind, as frequently happened, he was generally sufficiently adroit to elicit enough, by cautious questioning and skillful half-sentences, to find out all he needed to know for carrying on the conversation on hand successfully.

He brought his short visit with Rose to an immediate conclusion; and once in town again, he made his appearance at Mrs. Valentine's one afternoon, as unexpectedly as he had at Mrs. Lennard's, with the exception that Mrs. Valentine had known him of old, and that he had been one of her great favorites.

"The wanderer has returned!" she exclaimed, as she came into the room. "How long is it since you have set foot inside my house, Eugene Fleming?"

"Well, I know it is a long time, but I have not had the heart to see anyone lately, not even an old friend like you. I thought you would forgive me, though, knowing the cause."

"You had my sympathy through the whole affair, but I did think you might come to get it, considering that you used to dine with me every Sunday of your life."

Fleming gave a long sigh. It was genuine. There were circumstances in his life that made him unhappy, and he was very much perplexed about his business affairs and his future; but he relieved his overburdened heart in his friends' presence, when most men would put on a stolid front, and he got more credit for deep feeling than they do.

"Are you going to turn over a new leaf, now, Eugene? Will you dine with me next Sunday, and be sociable again?"

"I know it would do me good," said Fleming reflectively. "I will try to come. If I don't feel equal to it, I will let you know. Nobody but the family, of course."

"Only Hattie and the boys. Jim, my son, has gone East, and Mr. Valentine is out of

town on business, so it will be a charity to us. I hate a dinner table without a man. Now, tell me what you have been doing with yourself lately."

"The last week I have spent with young Doctor Percy, at San Manuel. He married Rose Lennard. You know the Lennards are cousins of mine."

"Cousins of yours, are they? Well, I knew there was something nice about Louise—Mrs. Waring—when I first saw her, and now I see what it was," said Mrs. Valentine, with good natured irony. "How did it happen I never met you over there?"

"Oh, I only discovered that they were here quite recently," returned Fleming, who had no intention of explaining that he could claim no relationship with Louise. "We had lost track of each other for years, and I wasn't very likely to hear about church matters in San Manuel."

"That's true," laughed Mrs. Valentine. "Now, Eugene, I want you to do something for me. I want you to come back among your friends again. There is no use in your shutting yourself away from people, as you have been doing."

"I can't promise you that, Mrs. Valentine, but I will yield in one point. I will come whenever *you* ask me," said Fleming, slowly. "If you think anybody would be glad to see me."

"Of course, it is selfish of me," said Mrs. Valentine frankly, "but everybody knows that you always were the life of a dinner party, and I want to give one to the Warings pretty soon—as soon as my husband gets home, that is. You see, most of the people are perfect strangers to her, and I want to make it as pleasant for her as possible."

"Naturally," interjected Eugene.

"Yes. Now, as you are a cousin and a friend, you will be a great addition to my dinner, if you will only be yourself—your own self, I mean."

"There's nothing I wouldn't do for you, Mrs. Valentine, and I will come to your dinner," said Fleming.

"Thank you. I appreciate your feelings; but you will do your best to amuse your little

bride, won't you?" said Mrs. Valentine gratefully.

"I'm farther along than I was this morning," thought Fleming, as he left the house. "I think, if I work things right, I can get an invitation to call out of her that night, and then I am fairly started. Confound Waring, I wish I had a better hold on him than the one I'm getting, but I don't see my way to anything else, just now. This does very well for a beginning, though."

He glanced up in time to catch a bow from Georgie Carolan, and immediately stopped to speak to her, as if the impression her singing had made upon him had never left him since, day or night.

"What makes you look so delightfully happy?" he inquired; "that is, if I have the right to ask."

"Was I looking happy? Well, I feel so," she answered brightly, with a momentary impulse to tell him the reason, roused by his friendly manner. Then she thought how she had never met him but once before, and being accustomed to think twice on every occasion, and being naturally slow of speech, she controlled the impulse, and added: "It is such a heavenly day."

"And you are happy because the day is bright! You are to be envied," he said, as they parted. She had not walked on far, before she was overtaken by Phil Carter.

"Where are you going? May I walk a little way with you?" he said, holding the hand she gave him until she gently withdrew it.

"You may walk with me as far as the music store, if you like. From there, I am going to take the cars to my boat," she replied. They walked on silently for a little way, and then Miss Carolan said smiling: "I met that Mr. Fleming just now; what a curious man he is! He asked me why I was looking so happy, and for a moment, I was tempted to tell him, he spoke so like an old friend."

"I never thought there was much to Fleming," observed Carter carelessly. "But tell me why you look happy, Georgie. You haven't had a fortune left you, have you?"

"Almost as good," replied Georgie. "How you always think of money first! Mrs. Waring sent me a note yesterday, asking me to try her voice today, and I have just come from there. She got into her new house only the other day. She is going to have a very pretty voice, I think. She is modest about it herself, and says she is only taking lessons to please her husband, who is fond of singing, and liked my method better than any singer's he had heard out here."

"That's good," said Phil, approvingly.

"She seems to be a lovely little creature, and I think I misjudged her when I first saw her at the Percys."

"She must be a Hottentot, if she isn't lovely to you," replied Phil with fervor. "I always tell you that you have only to be seen to be appreciated, and I predict that Mrs. Waring's friendship will do a great deal for you."

Georgie smiled as she always did, indulgently, over Phil's predictions. They were always of the most cheerful character, but distinguished for that vagueness which made the heathen oracles successful. Once upon a time she had believed in them, and they had strengthened her. Now that she had learned their value, they comforted her as so many more proofs of his belief in her.

"Well, but I have other news besides. Mr. Waring is one of the officers of the Symphony Society, and he has arranged for me to sing at the February concert. Oh, people are so good to me!"

"I wish you weren't so humble-minded," grumbled Phil. "They are not good to you. Do you suppose they don't know what they are about, when they get hold of a singer like you? And yet, you talk as if they were doing you a favor."

"How often have I told you, my dear Philip," remarked Miss Carolan, tranquilly, "that you must not suppose other people to be affected by the same glamor that surrounds me for you."

"Glamor! that's all nonsense!" exclaimed Phil. "Am I a man to invest anything with a glamor? I know you as you are, and these other people don't, and never will. How I

ever managed to penetrate through your reserve is a miracle to me. It has been the making of me, but it hasn't done you much good, my poor girl."

"Don't talk so, Phil. You know I never have been so happy. It has been the best and highest thing in the world to me. I only dare to take it out and look at it occasionally, it means so much to me." Her clear voice vibrated as she spoke.

"Don't you suppose I curse myself for an incompetent ass every time I hear some new proof of your talents? Don't you suppose I know how selfish and dishonorable it is of me to have kept you bound these three years, when you might have met and married some man who was able to take care of you, and give you the luxuries you deserve?"

"Phil, don't reproach yourself. It was my own wish to be bound. I knew it was almost hopeless from the first. You never concealed anything from me, dear."

"I don't believe any other man could love you or appreciate you as much as I do, and only for my cursed poverty—"

"Now, don't get violent, my dear," said Miss Carolan cheerily. "Suppose you had all the world, it couldn't have made any difference. I couldn't marry you until my father gets better. He needs me all the time, and I couldn't divide myself, nor bring him into your home. Cheer up, Phil, and remember, whatever happens, if we never are to be man and wife, you have given me the three happiest years of my life."

"It's a bitter pill for me to swallow, that you should appear before the public, Georgie, though I glory in your success. I wish you understood how mixed my feelings are on the subject. I am proud that you have the talent that gets the best price in the market for your teaching, and the genius to command the world's recognition; but I wish I could marry you and carry you away from it all, teaching and concert, to be just the delight of your friends and mine."

"What big words," said Georgie, laughing. "Genius and the world's recognition. Don't provoke me into telling you how narrow and

old-fashioned your ideas on woman are. I enjoy every minute of my work; it keeps me well and happy. Why, do you think I could endure the strain of this long waiting and hope deferred, if I were not busy all the time? And you know it is delightful to 'hear the nations praising you far off,'" she went on after a little hesitation, as if waiting for him to make some rejoinder. "If the desire for fame is born in a man, why not in a woman, when she knows she has something in her to command fame, even if it is only a little suc-

cess at a little concert in one little city? It is the only field I have, and if I conquer it you mustn't grudge me my success, dear. You'll come to the concert, and lead the claque for me, won't you?"

"You have more pluck than any woman I ever saw!" exclaimed Phil, admiringly, as she stopped at the door of the music store; and after he had put her on her car, he walked down the street, more than ever resolved to make a future and a fortune worthy of his future wife.

*Helen Lake.*

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

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AT DAY-BREAK.

The earth is rolling toward the sun.  
 Another day—another day begun!  
 And all the hates of yesterday,  
 And thoughts that night should charm away,  
 Stir to new life, as swords of light  
 Cleave down the cohorts of the night.

The earth is rolling toward the light  
 From out the clinging shades of night.  
 And all the griefs of yesterday,  
 Loom dimly up on Life's highway;  
 Like giants grim they stir and wake;  
 And Memory comes when day doth break.

The earth is rolling toward the east.  
 Of all the shining planets, least;  
 But full of strifes and mad distress,  
 That night lulls to forgetfulness.  
 The soul must arm her for the fray  
 At break of day—at break of day!

Come hates, and strifes, and fears, and woes!  
 The earth is rolling into rose.  
 Before the shafts of golden light  
 Flutter the truce flags of the night.  
 O soul, be strong to war thy way!  
 Faint not, faint not, at break of day!

*M. F. Rowntree.*

## EXPLORATIONS IN THE UPPER COLUMBIA COUNTRY.

THE Big Bend country of the Columbia River lies on its south bank, and somewhat over three hundred miles from its mouth. Beginning at Ainsworth, Washington Territory, it is embraced in a semi-circular curve of the Columbia, extending to the neighborhood of Camp Spokane, which lies some fifty miles to the northwest of Spokane Falls, on the Northern Pacific Railroad. This whole country is, for the most part, an open, rolling prairie, and few towns exist except those along the line of the Northern Pacific. On the north bank of the Columbia, opposite this Big Bend country, is situated a tract of land known as the Moses Indian Reservation, which has lately been turned over to the public domain, and which has many notable attractions. It was through this portion of the country bordering the Columbia River that, with a small party, I made a trip in the months of July and August, 1883.

At Ritzville, Washington Territory, a small town on the Northern Pacific, we left the east bound train at midnight on the 6th of July, and, joining one or two others who had preceded us, pitched our camp near the railroad track, to take a few hours' rest preparatory to our trip across the Big Bend country. Ritzville is a town as yet in its infancy, situated on the Northern Pacific, about midway between Ainsworth and Spokane Falls, Washington Territory, right out in the open prairie.

The heat of the summer months is very great, especially during the middle of the day, in this country, and we had decided to start very early on our daily marches, so that almost every morning we arose at half past three, and, after breakfasting and packing up, usually started out at sunrise, and completed our day's journey by noon. Our late arrival at Ritzville gave us very little sleep this first night, and as I awoke the next morning I sat up among my blankets, and looked around to see what was the size

of the town where we had spent the night. My eyes were greeted with a view that led me to ask "Where is Ritzville? Has it disappeared, or was it only a 'paper town?'"—for certainly I did not see anything that could be called even a settlement. There was only a station-house, a water tank, and one small dwelling, and not a tree in sight. I afterwards learned that the town was laid out in house lots, selling for fifty dollars apiece; but the prospects of a thriving place in the future were not such as to tempt any of us to speculation. We procured an excellent breakfast at the station-house, however (for Ritzville had been a meal station on the Northern Pacific Railroad only a short time before), and then loaded up the wagons, mounted our horses, and set out towards the Columbia River, taking a general northwest direction, following a wagon road used in transporting supplies to a military camp, situated at the point where Foster Creek empties into the Columbia.

In the vicinity of our trail, and all around as far as we could see, was an alkali prairie. It is crossed at intervals by small, running streams, whose waters we found to be cool and refreshing after a hot day's ride. Six days were consumed in crossing the country, a distance of one hundred and sixteen miles, from the railroad to the Columbia River, at the mouth of the Foster Creek, about nine miles above the Okenagan and joining the Columbia from the south.

The prairie is covered with sage brush; there is a scant growth of bunch-grass, and during the summer months a remarkable scarcity of water. Heat and dust added much to our discomforts. At one of our camps we dug a hole near a sort of lake to get water. The color was that of mud, but we drew a pailful and let it stand, supposing the impurities would settle. They would not, however, and we found that the color was due to the alkali.

The running streams all have a southwest direction, and we crossed several—Crab Creek, about twenty miles out from Ritzville, and, further along, Kenewan Run and Wilson's Creek. The water in these seemed pure and cold. Ranches are scattered along Crab Creek and Wilson's Creek, and the soil, wherever cultivated, is extremely rich. We saw at intervals pools left by the rain in hollows, as well as lakes surrounded by cat-o'-nine-tails. The only trees along the trail were cottonwoods by the streams and lakes. Knowing that these indicated water, a sharp lookout for them was kept; but frequently what seemed a growth of cottonwoods in the distance would, on nearer approach, prove to be only a cluster of sage brush, such was the atmospheric effect on the prairie. The distances between water in this dry season were on an average twenty miles, but the beds of dried-up streams were very frequent.

Sage hens were abundant among the tall rye-grass. They resemble the quail, but are considerably larger; one shot on the trip weighed nearly nine pounds. At this season they seemed very tame and almost refused to fly, in consequence of which we kept our larder well supplied. Their meat is very good if well seasoned, though somewhat dry.

The scenery, like that on any open prairie, was very monotonous, except in two coulees—one the Grand, the other the Moses—running northeast across the Big Bend. They look like the beds of rivers, and it is supposed by some that the Columbia once ran through them. The Grand Coulee is southeast of the Moses, and in some places four or five miles in width, the Moses much narrower. Both have steep, rocky sides and sandy bottoms, and very few crossings for wagons can be found. These coulees in the spring are well supplied with streams, but in the summer these dry up, leaving only pools and lakes, where the wild duck finds a secure place to rear her young. "Salt licks" are numerous in the vicinity of these bodies of water, and deer are often pot-hunted when they come to them at night. One of our camps was made in Moses Coulee, more from necessity than from choice, for we had made

a hard day's journey, and the shortest distance to water from the coulee was some sixteen miles, which we did not feel like traveling until the following day. Never were more discomforts collected together in any one spot than just here. Huge horseflies tormented us incessantly until sundown, and after them, mosquitoes kept up an attack until morning, when we were glad enough to pull out.

In this coulee, near the banks of a small stream, was found an Indian sweat house. It allowed only room for one person, in a sitting posture. The frame was of bent twigs stuck into the ground, and over these was placed rye-grass, making a dome-shaped, compact roof. Large stones were seen inside, and opposite the entrance the ashes of a fire. The sweat house or *wicky up* is a common prescription for the sick Indian. It is built in a very short time; a fire is placed near the entrance, and large stones are heated to be placed around the inside. All being in readiness, our sick man strips and enters this rude hut, where he remains until he is in a good perspiration, and then jumps into the neighboring stream of cold water. Here is a Turkish bath in its crudest form. We saw many of these sweat houses all through this country.

After a hard pull out of the coulee by a very steep road, we traveled some twenty miles, and in the afternoon reached the mouth of Foster Creek, on the Columbia, about nine miles above the Okenagan River. Approaching the Columbia, the gentle swells of the prairie merge into a succession of sandy, rolling hills. When we had gained the divide, the river greeted our eyes—a welcome sight after the hot, dry ride.

Here we found the encampment of some troops, which had been ordered to this point in the early spring, on account of a rumored Indian outbreak, which never took place. A necessary delay kept us here some two weeks. We profited by this, and by the intercourse with Indians who daily brought meat and vegetables to sell, to pick up a good deal of the Chinook dialect spoken by all the red men of this country in their dealings with



the whites; and we also procured the services of one of the Indians as a guide in our projected trip through the Moses Reservation. This fellow, an Omak Indian, with the half English, half Indian name of Alexander Smitkin, proved himself invaluable in many ways. His mount was a small, compactly-built mule, which carried him patiently throughout the trip, and with his rider formed a most interesting picture.

Two of us started out one morning to visit an Indian settlement at the mouth of the Okenagan. At a point on the Columbia opposite their small village, we tied our horses, and having hailed an Indian, gave him half a dollar to ferry us across, which he did most skillfully. The rude dwellings of these Indians were mainly tents, supported on poles, and large enough to contain six or seven persons pretty well crowded together. It was a sleepy looking settlement. The Indians were reclining on their blankets and furs, the women sewing and mending, and the men smoking. The babies, strapped on boards, were asleep, and the older children followed us around with shy and curious glances. We exchanged a few words with the men, and examined their abodes. Constant intercourse with the whites has changed their wild habits to a certain degree, and especially in the matter of dress. The women wore calico skirts, sometimes a shawl for a waist, and usually a handkerchief over the head. The men wear trowsers of cloth or buckskin, and usually a flannel shirt, but, as a general rule, nothing to cover the head. All wear moccasins. Their features are frequently very regular, and with long, black hair, straight and coarse, and sinewy, well-developed figures, they are sometimes almost handsome, and, at all events, strikingly picturesque. They are curious, but reserved; will look at and carefully scrutinize you, but rarely ask any questions. When spoken to, they are civil and intelligent in their answers. If questioned about a portion of their country, they will take a piece of stick and map it out on the ground quite accurately. Of distance, as such, they have little conception, but can tell how long it will take to travel between any

two points. I asked my guide one day how far it was to a certain place; he looked at the sun, and pointing to a position to be occupied by it later on, said: "*Sun yah-wa mi-ka klap o-cook il a-he,*" meaning, "When the sun is there, you will reach that place"; and his reckoning was correct, time and rate of travel being his basis of estimating distance.

It was July when I visited these Indians, so they were in the midst of their preparations for a winter's supply of food. Around their camp, salmon and strips of venison were hung to dry, and on the ground, berries. The salmon are caught in large quantities in a sort of net-work of sticks placed across a stream, or else speared with long poles. The women and children gather the berries. Sometimes the women accompany their husbands on hunting expeditions, and are often as clever with the rifle as the men.

They have rapidly learned the value of money and want good pay for their services. Our ferriage across the Columbia cost us fifty cents each way. Their means of conveyance were dug-outs,—logs of wood that had been cut off, and hollowed out into canoes about two feet wide, eighteen inches deep, and from ten to twenty feet long. Rather rickety affairs they are for one not accustomed to such boats, but managed most skillfully by their pilots, who safely paddle them across the swift streams, and that, too, when they are loaded down almost to the water's edge. When we left their camp, an Indian ferried us across the Columbia, and at the same time drove his pony, swimming, to the opposite bank; then secured his canoe, mounted his pony, and rode off.

It was later than we had anticipated, so after looking after our horses, we conceived the idea of recrossing the river to the Indian camp, paddling the canoe ourselves, to see if we could not get some supper. This risky business was finally crowned with success after several unlucky starts, and we got only a slight wetting. The Indians stand up in these dug-outs, but to increase our chances of safety, my companion and I took the extra precaution to sit down. At the camp,

one of the women prepared a very fair meal, of which we did not hesitate to eat heartily—salmon fried, and bread baked with yeast powder. Bidding them a good-night, we again crossed the river, mounted our horses, and rode back to camp.

The nature of the country on the north side of the Columbia, through which we were to continue our journey, rendered it impracticable to proceed with wagons, so these were left behind, and a mule train provided instead. The crossing of the Columbia in such places—where there are no ferries, and where the current runs so swiftly—is a somewhat difficult operation. The boat used must be pointed at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$  up-stream, and then the point of landing is fully a mile below that of starting. Our mules had preceded us, about fifteen in number, with the packers. Men traveling in mountainous countries may well appreciate the valuable services rendered by a pack mule, who, with his burden of nearly three hundred pounds, trudges slowly and patiently along day after day. It is quite amusing to see one of these mules just after his pack has been lashed on, and the blinder taken off; he gives a series of kicks, then gallops off and repeats the performance, until finally he seems convinced that his pack will not come off, so he tamely submits. The habit of following the bell mare makes it very easy to manipulate a pack train. Our boat, a large flat-bottomed scow, contained all our traps, and after it had been packed up ready to start, was pulled by some soldiers, and steered by our Indian guide. Our horses swam after the boat and were safely landed on the opposite shore, although they did not quite know what to make of this unusual method of procedure. Unloading the boat, we collected together our baggage, and pitched camp for the night, thankful for a rest after a hard day's work. This first camp was about eight miles above the mouth of the Okenagan river.

On this same evening, the Indians about twelve or fifteen miles up the Okenagan, at its junction with Loop-a-loop Creek, were having a grand time. Chief Moses, who, with two sub-chiefs, Sus-sopkin and Ten-as-

ket, had been to Washington to confer with the *hyas tyee*, or "Great Chief," as they call the President, about quitting his reservation, was making known the result to his people. The next day we were furnished with an account of this meeting, where fire water flowed too freely, and bad Indian blood was consequently stirred up. Pistols and knives were used promiscuously, but fortunately a few bad cuts and slashes were the only injuries received. It was thought that the Indians had procured their whiskey from a man in the vicinity, and as they were very fond of it and particularly susceptible to its influences, they became drunk and furious. Their desire for it is strikingly apparent, when it is known that they paid from three to four dollars for a bottle of the worst concoction ever made, said to be a mixture of alcohol, cayenne pepper, and molasses. Fortunately, we did not arrive among these hilarious red men until the day after their grand spree, when they felt very penitent and sore-headed.

Breaking our first camp at early dawn, we turned our faces towards the Okenagan, following the Indian trail in a general northwest direction. Near the Columbia the country was open, sandy, and uninteresting; but a few miles beyond it grew wilder and more attractive. The Okenagan is a somewhat sluggish stream, with rather warm waters. Its banks are bordered for the most part with cottonwood trees. A few mountain streams flow into it. The valley extending in a general southerly direction is quite wide and fertile, covered with good bunch-grass, while here and there an occasional ranch, tilled by its Indian owner, yields fine crops of oats, corn, potatoes, watermelons, etc. Most of the Indians own large herds of ponies, American horses, and a cross between the two; also fine beef cattle; but no good milch cows were seen, owing to the fact that a certain kind of weed, which grows on the prairie, renders the milk very bitter.

It was our object to reach the Methow River, which lies to the west of Okenagan, and flows into the Columbia about eight miles below it, after pursuing a general southerly

direction from a point near the British line. This stream passes through the middle portion of the Moses Reservation, and very little has been known of it, except in the vicinity of its mouth. To reach it I had first intended to follow the Columbia, cross the Okenagan at its mouth, and then proceed to the mouth of the Methow, and ascend the valley of the latter stream. But my guide told me of a short cut across the mountains, and an easy ford across the Okenagan, which I could not find at its mouth. We reached this ford about noon, crossed our legs over the pommels of our saddles, and landed high and dry on the west bank. Here I dismounted for a few moments, and examined the soil by looking at the banks of the river. The surface soil is about three feet deep, of a fine, rich texture, and rests on a stratum of gravel. Abundant proof of its fertility was given when, a few miles farther up-stream, an old Indian *clootchman* (woman) brought us a bag of fine, large potatoes, which she had raised, and for which we gladly paid her a dollar.

At this spot we decided to camp for the night, there being a beautiful little stream of clear, cold water flowing from the west into Okenagan, plenty of wood and good grass—three requisites for any camp. For a little while everything was bustle and commotion, but soon we were straightened out, our animals were grazing, and our cook busy preparing the dinner.

At this place we found two Indian girls, who had stopped by the stream to rest and water their ponies. One of these girls, an intelligent looking creature of about twenty years, answered my salutation, and told me she had lost some *istas*, what-nots of silks, ribbons, etc., which she had bought at the encampment of troops we had just left. She did not appear to be in the best of spirits, and upon being asked what was the matter, replied: "*Nika hyas sick kopa latet, nika hyas pot-tle-lum kopa po-lak-lie*—I am very sick in my head; I was very drunk last night."

It seems that she had been commissioned to procure some of the whiskey that the

men had used at their festival the previous night, and not being able to restrain the strong appetite to drink, which seems common to all, man and woman alike, she had indulged freely on the way back, succumbed to its influences, and lost her *istas*.

Her pretty little black pony was beautifully caparisoned. The saddle was peculiar, having a very high cantle and pommel, and was ornamented with fringes of buckskin worked with different colored beads. Over this was thrown a blanket of gorgeous colors. The bridle was a piece of braided leather, forming a tight loop around the lower jaw of the pony, while the other end served as whip and reins. After a short rest, the girls mounted their ponies, man-fashion, and rode off, returning later with the lost silks and ribbons.

At this, as at almost all of our camps, we were visited by the Indians, who brought us vegetables and fruit. They curiously examined everything we had, and were very much interested in the doctor who was with me, and who kept them entertained for hours, showing them his medicines. Sunset was the signal for them to leave us and return to their homes.

While in this country, we were kept well supplied with blue grouse. The birds were very tame at this season of the year. When we came into a covey of them, they would fly up into a neighboring tree, and sit there, while being picked off one by one. The sport was tame, but we were hungry. Rattlesnakes were also abundant, but we fortunately escaped being bitten.

Our day's march had been pretty hard, or had seemed so, since it was the first we had taken since leaving the encampment of troops, so none of us visited the Indian village on Loop-a-loop Creek, about two miles above, and perhaps it was just as well to allow them time to recover from the effects of the bad whisky so freely used on the previous night. The principal thought was to get a good night's rest; and, after dinner, having finished our pipes, and made the necessary plans for the next day, we spread our buffalo skins on the ground, wrapped our blankets around

us, and resting our heads on the saddles, made a little softer by our coats, we were soon wrapped in sound slumbers.

Continuing our journey the next day, and passing up the Okenagan for about a mile and a half, we came to a small stream, running into the Okenagan, called Schlee-wheest Creek. Here the trail turned pretty sharply to the west, and arose to the divide between the Methow and Okenagan. Above the Schlee-wheest comes in Loop-a-loop Creek, at whose mouth is the Indian settlement before mentioned. I saw a few tents and rude huts collected together in a small space, while on the outskirts were several small farms, surrounded by good worm fences, and yellow with oats and corn. Several Indians starting out for a hunt from this village joined us in our trip across the divide, and brought news of the grand time they had had two nights before. I had very little chance to talk with my guide during this day's journey, as he was busily engaged in conversation with an old Indian who was telling him, in their native language, not the Chinook, about the pow-wow with Moses. It was very amusing to see this old fellow gesticulating, and hear both of them uttering those harsh guttural sounds which make up their native dialect. Moses's doings while in Washington had evidently been displeasing to his subjects; they declared that he was not their chief, and had no right to sell their lands. Since that time, however, the Indians have quietly moved from the Moses Reservation, and no murmurings or other signs of dissatisfaction have been heard, so it may safely be assumed that their displeasure died away.

During this day, we left the treeless portion of our journey, and were now riding among the tall pines. The air became clearer, and cool, refreshing streams crossed our trail at intervals. Climbing up over several foot-hills, the main divide was at last reached by a steep and rocky ascent of about six miles. About three miles west of the Okenagan we crossed a sort of plateau sparsely covered with sugar pines, to which the Indians give the name "Lee-kwotsk," or "grove." From the top of the divide, a

gradual descent of about five miles by a cool and shady trail brought us to the Methow River; and upon nearing it, the distant peaks of the Cascade range greeted our eyes, and here and there a snowy cone would be clearly defined against the blue sky. The whole aspect of the country changed, and we could see the Methow, a narrow, rapid stream, dashing its cold, clear waters over a stony bed, and winding in and out on its course, as if it wished to make as long a route as possible through its own valley, before mingling its waters with those of the Columbia.

The trail up the valley of this river crosses from one side to the other. The valley varies in width, narrowing very much as the head-waters are reached. The point we had struck in crossing over from the Okenagan was about twenty-five miles above the mouth of the Methow, and right opposite us on the left bank the mountains rose almost perpendicular to a height of about three thousand feet. One of the lofty peaks at this point was marked at its apex by a perpendicular wall, some three or four hundred feet in height, from which the disintegrated portions of a volcanic rock falling away, leave a white V-shaped cliff, resembling quartz in its general appearance. This mountain (which has an almost exact counterpart in one that we saw later on the borders of Lake Chelan) is called by the Indians "Loo-choo-pan," or "broken stone" mountain.

From this point we continued our journey up the beautiful Methow valley, where, close to the water's edge, is a luxuriant growth of cottonwoods, and further back and up the mountain sides are the stately pines, offering a cool shade from the hot rays of the sun, and here and there an open space in the timber covered with thick bunch grass, where our animals found excellent grazing. A swift, cold stream, fed from melted mountain snows, and averaging a hundred feet in width, the Methow dashes over smooth, round boulders, rapidly wearing away with the rush of its waters. Volcanic causes have produced among these boulders conglomerates and pudding stones, some specimens of

which are very beautiful. The salmon seeks its head-waters in the fall, returning in increased numbers in the spring. The Indians take all possible advantage of this fact to lay in a stock of dried and smoked fish for winter use. Game is abundant in this wild and solitary region, and bear and deer hunts were of every day occurrence.

At the first narrowing of the valley, which begins about fifteen miles above the point where we first came to the river, the scenery, hitherto wild, becomes grand and imposing. The mountains towering above us and rising to a height of four or five thousand feet, embraced within their walls magnificent scenes, where occasional openings through the timber allowed the reflected flashes of sunlight from the sparkling waters to reach us, and the rustling pines and dashing mountain streams seemed holding converse in Nature's own language, which should not be interrupted by the voice of man.

Near one of our camps on the west bank of the Methow was a good ford, over which my guide and I crossed in quest of game. Arriving at the summit of the hills just as the pink glow of the setting sun was resting upon the snow capped peaks of the Cascade mountains, I paused, and looked around me, and could not help thinking that Nature had selected this spot, far away from the abodes of civilized man, for her own children; for surely these rugged peaks, with saw-tooth forms, seemed to bid defiance to any but the wild beasts. As we came down from our high elevation, the twilight began to fall. Just as we approached the first foot-hill, my guide suddenly cautioned me to keep very still, and pointing below, indicated to me a large black bear, which had come out from his day's hiding-place in search of food. Telling me to follow him slowly, Smitkin scrambled down the mountain side, while I, having come to a large rock, crouched behind it to await the bear or further developments. There was some doubt in my mind at first as to whether I had better remain here, not knowing exactly the characteristics of these animals, and especially when wounded. My guide, as he left me, had said, "*hyu kwash*," *i. e.*,

very much afraid; and I was in doubt as to whether he meant himself or the bear, as the Indians sometimes have queer superstitions about certain wild animals. But having a good rifle and plenty of ammunition, I awaited the result, and soon, almost directly beneath me, heard a rustling among the bushes, and saw this huge, black creature making a hearty meal from the bear berries. The target presented was too tempting, and I was in the act of raising my rifle to take aim, when I caught sight of Smitkin, still farther down the hill, also ready to shoot. So I crouched down behind my rock, and it was well, perhaps, that I did; for a report followed, and then a shower of splintered stones fell around me from a point directly over my head. My guide had missed the bear, and, fortunately, I had gotten out of the way. The bear started to run, and scampered away up the mountain, with Smitkin and me in hot pursuit. A second shot from the Indian struck our game in the forepaw, but he never slackened speed, and escaped without further injury, on three legs. So we lost our game, and I learned that it was the bear who was afraid and not Smitkin.

Farther up the valley the mountains draw in closer and closer, until a regular cañon is formed, where progress became difficult and slow. From this point, which is about forty-five miles from the mouth of the river, there are two distinct trails up the valley, designated as the high and low water. In the spring the river overflows its banks and becomes nearly a mile wide in places. Huge trunks of trees are carried down a considerable distance at this time, when the force and swiftness of this stream is enormous.

It would seem that such a beautiful valley as this would be sought by the Indians for their homes. The grass is very good, the soil rich; and, to all appearances, the site would seem more favorable than that of its sister stream, the warm and sluggish Okenagan. But several causes have combined to render it undesirable to the red man, one of which is the extreme cold in winter, and the great depth of snow, which is said to be piled up sometimes in six-foot drifts. Then, too,

superstition has played its part. Some years ago the dreadful scourge of small-pox swept the valley, then thickly settled, carrying off large numbers of Indians, whose numerous burial places attest their deaths, and probably hold out a warning sign to others. These graves, which are rarely raised to a mound, are surrounded by a rude log fence, and for a headstone is placed a stick of wood. In many of these enclosures, frequently seen throughout the valley, I was told that there were from ten to twenty bodies. The deaths were so numerous and rapid that a separate burial could not be given to each. It is not to be wondered at that they hastily moved from the Methow to the Okenagan, after having been the victims of such a terrible disease.

Clear and almost ice-cold streams, rising far up in the mountains, and emptying into the Methow, were crossed at intervals, and their names, as given by the Indians, I will mention. The Ni-mi-e-malk, Sa-ha-ne-tache-lo, Chee-whelch, As-chin-chin-natk, and Ne-quam-tum. The last-named is the first tributary of the Methow at its source, and from the confluence of these a regular cañon extends to their headwaters.

After running along the side of the cañon for a few miles, the trail up the main branch turns down to the water; and my guide said we would have to proceed up the river bed, which we could do at this season of low water. I, however, was looking for a practicable pass across the Cascade mountains, and it was evident that it did not exist here, for steep, rocky mountains enclose the river in a narrow gorge, where travel is impossible except in the river bed, and that only when the river is low during a few months of the year. Deer trails leading down to the river were numerous, but no signs could be found of any previous visitation by man. I therefore retraced my steps to the junction of the Methow and Nequamtum, where I found the Doctor, who, after proceeding several miles up the latter stream, had arrived at the same conclusions as myself in regard to crossing the mountains at this point. We then turned our faces towards the south, hoping to find

a pass from some point farther down the river. My guide said that he knew of no pass, and future events showed that none of a practicable nature existed. Every small stream was explored as far as possible, but all ran into impassable cañons near their headwaters.

We then turned our attention to another feature of this country, Lake Chelan, which forms part of the western boundary of the Moses Reservation, and about which very little was definitely known.

About eight miles up the Methow, from the point where we first reached it when crossing over from the Okenagan, the river Twitsp comes down from the mountains to the west. It is very similar to the Methow, although somewhat smaller; the scenery throughout its narrow valley is wilder. Before reaching this stream on our way down from the headquarters of the Methow, we had struck farther back into the valley, to ascertain the nature of the surrounding country. It was very fertile throughout, well timbered, and plentifully watered. Several lakes of considerable size, at the headwaters of small streams, were found, whose waters were reported to be well stocked with fish.

Leaving the Methow and following the course of the Twitsp, we experienced hard travel through thick timber and around immense rock-slides, until, at a point about fifteen miles from its mouth, the trail became completely obliterated, and we followed the blazes on trees made by a party the previous year. The thick standing timber was certainly a sufficient barrier to progress, but the fallen trees strewn in every direction across our path added to our difficulties, and caused many a wide détour to be made. The river was at this point a regular mountain torrent, and, dashing down over its rocky bed, sent forth reverberations like huge waves breaking upon the sea-shore.

We did not care to meet with any grizzly bears, and, fortunately; perhaps, were spared an encounter; although the scratches on the bark of trees where these creatures had sharpened their claws, indicated that they were near us. One night's camp on the Twitsp

was made in an open space right among the dense forest trees, and a rather amusing incident occurred, which might not have been so funny had the result been different. Our cook had not been careful to extinguish his fire before going to bed, and it began to spread through a sort of peat formed by successive layers of pine needles, which for years had been falling from the trees. The Doctor, an old hand at camp experiences, was awakened by the smell of smoke, and not caring to disturb any body, quietly arose and went to extinguish this smouldering fire. In attempting to find some receptacle for water in the dark, he fell over our tinware, making a good deal of noise, which awakened the cook, who promptly seized his rifle and shouted out: "Who's there?" The Doctor, not hearing him, made no reply, and our cook, who must have been dreaming of grizzlies, raised his rifle with the intention of shooting. Fortunately, he called out once more, this time receiving the answer, "It's me." Even the sound of a human voice did not allay the cook's fears, for he again shouted, "Who's me?" whereupon, the Doctor answered again, and established his identity. The story as related the following morning created a great deal of laughter, and the cook confessed that he was so sure a grizzly bear was around the eatables, that he could not be convinced to the contrary, at first, even though a human voice had replied.

At this camp, our supply of tobacco gave out, but a substitute was obtained from the Indians in the dried leaves of *ki-nick-a-nick*—a weed with small leaves, resembling the well-known box, with the taste of cubeb.

After we left the spot where our cook had so bravely encountered the imaginary grizzly, the trail became exceedingly difficult. Our mules frequently became wedged between the trees, our horses were badly scratched, and none of us escaped without having our clothing torn. Up a steep incline we pulled for six good hours, and made only five miles. But now we were almost above the growth of vegetation, and in the region of eternal snow, among the high rugged peaks

of the Cascade mountains. At the summit we had reached was a sort of basin, which would protect us from high winds. This was chosen as a site for our camp, and fires were speedily built for warmth, as at this height it was quite cold.

Here we came across two miners, who, starting out in June from the Columbia, had followed the mountain ridge along the eastern border of Lake Chelan, and had just reached the head of the lake, it then being the middle of August. Two months and a half it had taken them to make seventy miles, but they had been obliged to cut their trail almost the entire distance. They were eager to leave the country and reach their homes. Their provisions had almost given out, and the flesh of a mountain goat had been their main subsistence for some days, and they had lost two of their horses, which had rolled over the steep side of the mountains. They reported the whole country to be unfavorable for miners, and they did not seem to have any specimens of great value. Giving them some provisions, for which they were very thankful, we bade them success and a quick trip home.

To the west of our camp was a ridge from which a most beautiful sight greeted our eyes. The smoke was very thick from forest fires in the vicinity, but still I could just discern the outline of a lake which, almost perpendicularly beneath, and at a distance of five thousand feet, lay quietly hidden among the mountains. The latter were rugged and steep on either side, and the trail of the mountain goat appeared to be the only path winding down to this body of water. I could also faintly see a tortuous river flowing into the lake, which I knew was Chelan. A slight rain, followed by a few flakes of snow, fell during the night, and the next morning the smoke had disappeared, and the air was beautifully clear. Going again to the ridge, I obtained a fine view of Lake Chelan. Nestling away down below me, its waters were a perfect emerald green, and as smooth as glass. Its utmost perpendicular banks covered with pines to within a few hundred feet of the summit, and then capped with

snow, were a beautiful sight ; while the river flowing into it, although muddy, did not seem to affect the clearness of its waters in the slightest degree.

A question not fully decided at that time as to the form of the head of Lake Chelan, that is, whether it branched out into two, or had only one, I had been called upon to answer. It was evident that we could not settle the matter from the position we then occupied, as it was possible to see only a few miles of the lake, so the Doctor and I discussed affairs, and finally decided upon the following plan : Smitkin, with another Indian, who had joined us for this part of the trip, was to go down to the head of the lake, and plant there a long pole with a white rag on it ; then our whole party was to return by the same trail we had taken up the Twitsp to the Methow, down this stream to its mouth, and thence along the Columbia to the foot of Lake Chelan, where a boat could be obtained which would enable us to fully explore its waters. This course seemed the best to pursue, as it would give us a thorough insight into the whole valley of the Methow.

Accordingly, we were soon packed up, and by dint of fast travel reached the mouth of the Methow in three days. Our trail along the latter river below the mouth of the Twitsp lay on the east side, and led us through a more open, yet well-timbered country. The whole valley in this part was thick in rich bunch grass, and abounded in beautiful sites for homesteads and ranches, perfectly sheltered from high, cold winds and storms. The winters, to be sure, are said to be severe, but the warm weather, beginning early in the spring, lasts until late into the fall ; then, too, although the river rises considerably in the spring, its banks here are much higher than in the upper valley, and there need be no fear of an overflow.

At the mouth of the Methow we found a good ford, and saw the only Indian ranch that exists on the river. Its owner brought us fresh vegetables, which we were glad to have. Indian dogs also visited us, and if there ever was a sneak thief in the true sense

of the word, these animals must be the originals. Long-bodied, short-legged, and with the head of a fox, they look the very embodiment of villainy ; and they practiced it, too, on our provisions, leaving us a good many pounds lighter in this direction.

Before bidding good-bye to the Methow, I must not forget to mention the great number of hornets that are found throughout its valley. Their cone-shaped nests, hanging from low bushes, and hidden by the thick foliage, were the source of great discomfort to our horses and mules, who frequently disturbed them. The result would be a general running, kicking, and balking until we were some distance from the dangerous spot. At our camps along the river we were continually pestered by these creatures, and especially at meal time. They seemed ravenous, and fairly swarmed upon our plates, so that we feared being stung at every mouthful, but they appeared only to think of their own appetites, and we soon looked upon them as inevitable but never welcome guests.

Along the Columbia, below the Methow, we found a generally dry prairie country with few or no trees. Our trail lay along a bluff varying from about twenty to nearly two hundred feet in height. On a wide stretch of sand right by the Columbia's banks, and four or five miles from Lake Chelan, we came upon some Chinamen washing out gold. They slept in rude dug-outs covered with boards and straw, and there on this sand-spit they patiently toiled, mining out seventy-five cents per day per man. I tried to procure some tobacco but they gruffly refused to sell, and I left them willingly, and proceeded.

From the mouth of the Methow to the foot of Lake Chelan, which we reached about noon, was a distance of eighteen miles. Here we procured and loaded up the boat so as to start up the lake early in the morning. Everything superfluous was left behind with our horses and pack-train, and a few men to care for them.

The next morning we started out in the boat,—a large, flat-bottomed scow provided with oars, and fitted with a large square sail made of two of our shelter tents.



Low hills, and a rolling stretch of country at the foot of Lake Chelan, merge into high precipitous mountains as its headwaters are approached. In width it varies from a mile to two miles, and takes a serpentine course up its cañon. Cottonwood trees cluster around its banks at the foot, where its outlet, Chelan River, a small stream running with great velocity, empties its waters into the Columbia about three miles below. A short distance up the lake the scenery rapidly changes, and presents a beautiful aspect. Huge frowning mountains arise, covered with pines whose trunks almost lie flat against the steep sides. Nature has given to this place all the delights of beauty and grandeur. The waters, clear as crystal, are very deep. Natural wharves of rock exist at intervals, and in some of the sheltered harbors level plateaux stretch back to the base of the mountains, and are so fascinating to the eye that it seems strange that there are not handsome villas to occupy the sites. Farther up the lake the steep banks barely permit a good foot-hold, and here the mountain goat, unsuspecting of danger, browses on the slopes. We landed several times and stole upon them, bringing down several fine specimens. They are snow white, slightly larger than the tame goat, but resemble it very closely in general appearance. The meat is strong and gamey, and has a slight taste of mutton.

From the tops of the high mountains bordering this lake some of the prettiest little mountain streams come jumping down, eager to empty their silver offerings into the lake. Tiny cascades pouring a fine spray over some steep precipices melt into watery vapor, on which the sun throws the most gorgeous rainbow hues. The gorges, in which the streams are sinking deeper and deeper, are most beautiful, and seem like the homes of fairies.

In some places, tall perpendicular cliffs, rising from the lake, have been curiously worn by the action of the waves at their base, and the softer rock, yielding more quickly, has left the harder veins standing out in ribs, projections, and ledges, on which one could easily stand.

Wind favoring, we proceeded quite swiftly

up the lake, and oars were almost unnecessary. At noon of the third day from starting we landed at the head of the lake, having sailed a distance of about sixty-five miles; found the pole the Indian had placed for us, and settled the question that the lake has but one head. Resting for a few moments, we took a survey of this beautiful wild spot.

Snow-capped peaks hemmed us in on all sides, except where the valley of the Stah-kin guides this muddy stream into the head of the lake. It was impossible to proceed up this stream owing to the marshy nature of its banks, but previous reports had told us that it also ran into a cañon near its headwaters.

On the right of Lake Chelan, about half a mile from its head, on a perpendicular cliff, can be seen curious figures made by the Indians. Fish, deer, bear, goats, men and women are rudely outlined in red paint. The story is current that they were drawn by the Indians years ago; but it seems a matter of doubt whether this paint would stand for ages, and I am rather inclined to think not. I examined them very closely, and they are certainly very curious. The Indians to the west of the Cascade mountains, in the vicinity of Puget Sound, and those living at the foot of Lake Chelan, journey between each others' homes, following the course of this lake, and make trades. Such being the case, it is not improbable that some one of them, having procured a pot of red paint, tried his skill as an artist on the cliff.

At the head of Lake Chelan, our onward journey ended. We were loath to leave such a beautiful country, and felt well paid for our trip, although we had found it impracticable to cross the Cascade Mountains to the north of Lake Chelan. The scenery, incidents, and experiences throughout our entire journey, all lent their aid to its attractiveness. Our thoughts turned homeward, but we knew that many a time in the future the recollection of some incident would pleasantly recall one of Nature's most beautiful domains.

The trip down the lake was made in a little over two days, by the aid of a strong

wind; and having arrived at the foot, we hastily packed up our traps, and following the course of the Chelan River for about three miles, reached the north bank of the Columbia, about twenty-seven miles below the encampment from which we had originally started to enter the Moses River Reservation.

At this point, which is from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet below the level of Lake Chelan, is a settlement of Indians who take their name from the lake; and they seemed to have quite an extensive village. Several ranches and fine herds of cattle were seen in the neighborhood, and even hens and chickens, which we had no idea of finding in this country. Two Indians with their canoes crossed the river with all our traps, our animals swimming. The skill of the Indians as boatmen could here be seen to its fullest extent, as they successfully took their narrow dug-outs, loaded to the water's edge, across the swift river, nearly three quarters of a mile wide.

Safely landed on the other shore, we made camp for the night. The next morning we

turned our faces towards Foster Creek, and upon our arrival there unloaded our mules, and put our traps again into a large wagon, preparatory to crossing the Big Bend Country a second time. We had heard, however, that there was a better road to the north of the one we had taken coming out, which would bring us into Sprague, Washington Territory, a good-sized town some twenty-two miles northeast of Ritzville, and we decided to take it. The first two days were hot and dusty, but the last three were made much pleasanter, as we found the country more settled. We passed many large ranches, and it seemed more like civilization again. At noon of the fifth day we rode into Sprague, and after a few hours' delay our party took the west-bound train to return to our homes.

This interesting country has recently become part of the public domain. Future developments will surely open it up in such a way as to render it accessible to all; and the day will come, when, with the rapid advance of civilization, flourishing towns will be seen where until recently the Indian has built his rude hut.

*Samuel Rodman, Fr.*

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## AN HERITAGE OF CRIME.

THE volunteer soldiers from California who were in service during the rebellion, found themselves in an unsatisfactory situation. The demand upon the State for troops was small, and, though the people but faintly realized the struggle that was taking place at the East, was promptly met. In many of the northern States, it was found necessary to offer large bounties to avoid the draft, but there was nothing of that kind here. The motives that had caused the Union soldier to enlist on the Pacific Coast were the same as at the East: the regiments that were successively raised each went in with the hope and belief that they would, if the war lasted, eventually reach the scene of hostilities, and take a direct part in the suppression of the rebellion. But they were not permitted to do so, and

were distributed from the British Columbia line in Washington Territory to the Rio Grande and Texas border, and from the sea-coast defenses of San Francisco and the mouth of the Columbia to Salt Lake—replacing the regular troops that went east, occupying localities where the secession element dominated, and thus preventing a possible outbreak, driving back the Texans, who had already commenced a march on California from the southwest, besides fighting Indians in numerous directions.

All this was very necessary and important service, but it was not what had been anticipated, and was not calculated to long maintain the patriotic enthusiasm with which the troops had entered the service "for the Union." Neither did the State legislature nor

the citizens generally seem to appreciate it as they did elsewhere, and the Union soldier felt that he was having rather a thankless and inglorious time of it; nor was it strange that he should anxiously look forward to the end of a struggle, in which, in spite of himself, he was destined to bear no active part. In time, however, the War Department was enabled to relieve even the California volunteers by the regular regiments which were sent out from the East, and San Francisco has not yet forgotten the appearance of the "Bloody Fourteenth," nor the commotion which was caused by its short stay at the Presidio, while preparing to march to its final destination. But this is incidental, and has little to do with what is here to be related.

The regiment to which I belonged was serving in Arizona, and was relieved in April, 1866, after which no time was lost in complying with the orders which had been issued for us to march at once for San Francisco, and be mustered out at the Presidio. We started the day following the arrival of the Fourteenth Infantry at our station. As was almost invariably the case in the movement of a body of troops—and especially where the men had been recently paid, as ours had—there were numerous camp-followers, who hung in the rear, or, more frequently, went in advance, and would appear and disappear with perfect regularity at the various camping places on the march down the Gila.

Among these were two men, both gamblers, and apparently partners, whose undisguised purpose was that of gambling with the soldiers each night while in camp. They were usually lounging about the forage stations on our arrival, where they knew we must camp; and after the camp was made, would locate at a convenient distance, and arrange for "opening the game," the appliances for which were carried in their saddle bags. With the close of the duties of the day, their "work" began, and continued far into the night.

The largest and oldest of these two was not remarkable in any way—a bulky, coarse, red-haired man, whose origin, as indicated by his dialect, was apparently somewhere south

of Mason and Dixon's line; in appearance, of the ordinary cow-boy type, though the latter term was not then in vogue, nor, as it is now, the pride and glory of men of his stamp.

The other was more noticeable, and a very different character. A lithe, slenderly made young man, possibly twenty-five years old, rather above the medium height, very dark, though remarkably clear complexion, darkened still more by exposure to the rays of a southern sun; always cleanly shaved, except a somewhat heavy moustache, which almost concealed the mouth, and hair cut close to the head; neatly and plainly dressed, and, though without the usual plainsman's ostentation, after the custom of the border—a broad-brimmed felt hat, light woolen shirt, opened low down at the neck in front, canvass trowsers, covered to the knee by a pair of Mexican leggins, and the inevitable revolver in his belt. His bearing seemed unmistakably that of a gentleman, and a superficial observer would at once have called him a strikingly handsome man; a more careful scrutiny of his clear-cut features, however, would have, at times, detected a strange, cruel glitter, which was indescribable, and seemed to flash with the quickness of an electric spark from his very black eyes and regular white teeth when he smiled, though these occasions were seldom. In spite of his surroundings, his manner indicated an association with a widely different element from that in which he now appeared; and whatever may have been the character of his language when engaged in his disreputable occupation, when not in conversation with his usual companions it had the quiet reserve and polish of an educated gentleman, made still more remarkable in contrast with the nature of his present calling and associates. There was something about him that seemed to reveal the New Englander, but, at the same time, a decidedly foreign appearance, which left one in doubt as to his nationality.

This person went by the name of Ewing—Jack Ewing, as he was familiarly called. He appeared to be pretty well known in the territory, where the gambling fraternity was

a large one, and where he had been something more than a year; was said to have been in the service of the Confederacy, and to have come through from Texas with one of the numerous bands who made their appearance in that region during the latter days of the rebellion. Altogether, he was an enigma, and an object of very considerable interest and speculation with the officers; though he but seldom came into contact with them, not only for the reason that they naturally avoided one of his mode of life, but also because he seemed equally anxious to shun them. His partner was always in sight, and, by his manner, implied that, while he knew he was obnoxious, it was a public road, and the military could not help themselves.

After we passed Oatman Flat, these two men disappeared, and it was supposed we had seen the last of them. But a day or two before we reached Fort Yuma, or Arizona City, which was the same thing—the two places being only separated by the Colorado River—three citizens rode into our camp at midnight, who were just out from Arizona City. They were in great haste, and dismounted only long enough to inform the officer of the day—who met them—that a wagon master had been murdered the night before in the quartermaster's corral in the most cold-blooded manner, and that the gambler, Ewing, of whom they were then in pursuit, was the murderer; though his partner was also believed to be implicated in the matter, and had already been arrested, and was then in the guardhouse at Fort Yuma. (There was no jail there at that time, nor any civil magistrate nor authority of any description, excepting that of the military.) Of course, the officer of the day could only inform him that Ewing had not been seen since he left the command at Oatman Flat, some days previously, and they passed on up the road. Although this conversation was during the night, some of the members of the guard had also heard it, and by reveille in the morning there was not a soldier who was not aware of it, for Ewing was well known to all of them. The subject was soon exhausted, however, as a topic of conversation among them, for the

killing of a man in that country was too trivial a circumstance to occupy their attention very long.

Much to the surprise of everybody, on the morning of the day on which we were to reach the Colorado, Ewing suddenly made his appearance in camp, without his horse, his clothes torn, and in a condition of general dilapidation, bearing conspicuous signs of having had a hard tramp. He had first approached a soldier by the name of Chambers, who had strayed a short distance from camp among the mesquite trees, and had told him that his horse had gotten away from him, and he had been two days in the hills at the south of the road, trying in vain to find the horse. He inquired incidentally whether there was "anything new," or had "anybody passed out from town recently." Chambers manifested no surprise at meeting him there, and answered that various parties had passed out from town, but had "nothing in the way of news." This was, of course, the reassurance he had hoped for, and the two came in to camp together. Singular as it may appear, not one of the soldiers betrayed any unusual interest in his appearance, either, and he accepted their invitation to eat breakfast with them. After this, he said he might as well return to town, too, as it was useless to look further for his horse, and started with the troops without a suspicion that he was a prisoner, and could not possibly have taken any other course, if he had wished to. The buckboard, with the mail from Tucson, had passed while Ewing was eating breakfast, and by this means word was sent in advance that he was with the command. In a few hours, some men on horseback met us, immediately arrested the murderer, and after placing him on a horse which they had brought for the purpose, galloped away, and we saw no more of him until the following day.

The quartermaster's establishment at Arizona City was known as the Yuma Depot, and was a refitting point for troops marching in either direction, where all transportation was overhauled, repaired, or changed, previous to going "inside" (as it was called when going towards California), or passing into the

territory. This caused a delay here of twenty-four hours, during which time Ewing's case met the action which will be described.

The next day, at an early hour (for it was already very hot, though in May only) Ewing and his partner, who had not seen each other since the night of the murder, were both brought inside the four walls of an adobe building, which was in course of construction, though it, as yet, lacked a roof. A table occupied the center of this enclosure, around which sat six men in the capacity of both judges and jurors—whether self appointed or not I did not learn, though probably selected in some manner. It was not a lawful body, but was composed of six of the best men in the community, two of whom I still remember: John Hinton—better known as "Jack Hinton"—of the firm of Hooper & Hinton, one of the principal business men of the territory, who acted in the capacity of foreman, or chief judge; and a younger man, John Blake, an ex-lieutenant of the California Volunteers, whose regiment had recently been mustered out, and who had remained in the country. He acted in a capacity which might, in some respects, correspond with that of a judge advocate at a court martial. In fact, the method of procedure, though much shorter, resembled the form of a court martial. Witnesses were examined, the trial—if it may be so called—occupying about one hour. The result: strong circumstantial evidence, showing beyond a possible doubt that Ewing had, through jealousy on account of an Indian girl to whom he had taken a fancy, gone into the corral, where his victim was sleeping, and literally beaten his brains out with the butt of his revolver in the most brutal and savage manner, though the two men had separated but a few hours previously on apparent terms of friendship, having spent the earlier portion of the night in gambling and drinking together. Ewing's partner was also an accessory to the crime, but to what extent was doubtful. Ewing was given an opportunity, but had nothing to say in his defense, and only replied, when his judges pronounced him "Guilty," and sentenced him "to be hung immediately," that

if they had so decided, he supposed it was "all right."

Without further delay, the prisoners were led from the place, their hands tied behind their backs, and followed by almost the entire population—citizens, soldiers, Mexicans, and Indians, jostling and elbowing against each other with intense eagerness to lose nothing of the details of the ghastly spectacle so soon to follow. The place that had been selected for the execution was a large mesquite tree about a half mile distant on the outskirts of the town, very nearly on the site where the territorial prison has since been built, if I am correctly informed. To this point they were conducted, and Ewing placed under the tree, the other man facing him, about twenty feet away. The crowd formed all around a space which was left open, in a circle of about fifty feet in diameter. A white-haired steamboat captain named Roberts, whose boat was then lying at the levee, acted as master of ceremonies and executioner. There was a short delay, during which the condemned man was urged to say a prayer, and asked if he had no dying request to make. But he steadily refused either, perhaps intending to leave as little behind him as possible whereby his identity might afterward be determined. One end of a rope was then passed over his head, and drawn tightly about his throat, and the other end, after being passed over a limb of the tree overhead, was held by several men, who only waited for the signal, which was to be given by the wretched man himself. All these preparations were made in a quiet and orderly manner—no noise, no loud talking or confusion of any kind—for that motley assemblage seemed to realize how nearly they had approached to the awful presence of death.

The honest captain, apparently conscious that it was unseemly for a human being to be thus launched into eternity so unceremoniously, tried to extemporize some suitable words for so solemn an occasion, but his voice choked, his utterance became husky, and what he wished to say was unintelligible. Ewing steadily avoided any outward sign of emotion; the fatal signal came, and all was

over. The guilty life had been returned to that unknown power from whence it came.

His partner in crime was glad to escape with life after the terrible scene he had been forced to witness, during which he had blanched and cowered in an agony of fear and suspense. But he was permitted to go, with a significant warning never to be again seen in that country.<sup>1</sup>

A SUCCESSION of events, each leaving its impress, had more or less obscured these incidents in my memory. But a few years ago, I had occasion to visit the Eastern States, where the recollection of the terrible scene I had witnessed so long before was again vividly brought to mind, and gradually restored in all its particulars.

The peculiar American custom of family or "tribal" gatherings—if the word tribal is admissible, as applied to civilized people—has of late years become quite a common one. The idea had its origin in the genealogical interest which has been so universally developed among our best families, though mainly at the East and North, and among those of New England and New York descent principally. Americans, like most nations, as they grow older, are becoming curious about their ancestors, and a great deal of systematic work is being accomplished by families in good social position, with a view to tracing their ancestry as far back as possible, and determining the origin of the family. Many of these have carefully established and recorded the results in print, as far back as to enable them to trace their descent to the progenitor who first brought the name from England—or elsewhere—and in frequent instances to periods more or less remote in the mother country. These tribal gatherings are composed of the descendants of a common ancestor, usually six or seven generations removed from even the older representatives now living. Such a posterity is larger than would at first be anticipated,

<sup>1</sup> As this account will probably be read by some of the eye witnesses to this tragic affair, it has been given considerably in detail, and exactly in accordance with the facts as they are now recalled, as well as the real names of several of the actors in the scene.

and a great many representatives appear on these occasions. Although as a rule they are of the same names, it is not invariably the case, as others who are of the same blood are admitted to a sort of honorary membership, though the blood has become pretty well diluted, and the relationship but slight and far removed.

While visiting a family in the old-fashioned city of Salem, I received an invitation to be present at a gathering of the W—— family, the blood of which, as I then learned for the first time, I had myself inherited—though, as it appeared, the marriage through which my connection with the family was established had been that of an ancestress with a Puritan name, who had preceded my mother by three generations, and of whose existence I had hitherto remained in ignorance. This family was one of the oldest and most respectable in New England. During the seventeenth century its head had an especial prominence in the affairs of the Massachusetts Colony, and later, in the dark days of the witchcraft delusion, his son was conspicuous in the history of the times. Succeeding generations had creditably maintained the name, which also furnished a fit representative during the revolutionary struggle. In fact, the blood, where it still follows the name, is yet considered as of the bluest in the old Bay State.

This gathering was a curious and interesting one. The female element predominated, but there was a fair representation of men of more or less note, nearly all of the professional class: among them a California judge, who had come to Salem for the especial purpose of being present; also a distinguished naval veteran, who was with Farragut at the opening of New Orleans. But of all who were there present, I was principally attracted by a gentle, white-haired lady of about sixty. Her appearance, though her manner was retiring to an extent that was remarkable, was still such as could not escape the notice of the most careless observer. Notwithstanding her advanced years, I thought I had never seen a more lovely person, and at once sought her acquaintance

through an introduction which was given me by my friend. This preliminary was simplified, and a possible constraint removed, by a kindly reminder on her part that we were "all of the same blood." Nor did acquaintance change the impression which I had received, unless to deepen it. Her figure retained the grace of youth, while the clear, transparent complexion (peculiar to the seaport towns of New England), regular features, and soft, blue eyes, with a crown of silver hair, suggested that possibly there might, after all, be something in blood—a point which heretofore I had not been entirely willing to concede. Her personal appearance, however, did not equal the charm of her manner and conversation, as was evidenced by the many who sought her society. But my interview was brief; for, notwithstanding her gentleness, she had an air of sad reserve, which seemed to forbid a more intimate acquaintance, and a personality into which it would have been rudeness to have attempted to penetrate. I hoped to meet her again, but in this was disappointed; though before leaving the city I learned the sad story of her life from my host, who, beside being a relative and of the same name, had been for years the attorney of the family and manager of her financial affairs.

Salem was not always the quiet, staid old place it now appears, but was once an active commercial center, whose ships and merchants were known at most of the larger ports of the world. Wealth had not only been inherited, but had been constantly accumulated by the stirring enterprise of its inhabitants. In the earlier part of the century its East India trade had been among the first, and even at the somewhat later period with which we now have to deal, its commercial importance was very considerable, and the affairs of individuals had not ceased to take color from an environment of this nature. Society, though then characterized somewhat by that rigid exclusiveness which prevails among the old families in New England, had still a cosmopolitan element quite similar to that which we meet in San Francisco today, and which must be an element

in the society of all seaports in active business relations with the busy world outside. Foreigners from many of the cities of Europe were among the occasional guests of the prominent people. Traces and memories of the early, active life of this good old place may still be found, but scarcely more.

During the period that has been indicated, not one of the young people at Salem had brighter prospects, or was a greater favorite, than Ruth W——, the lady whom I had met in her later years, and in whom I had become so much interested, then in the first bloom of womanhood. Combined with youth, beauty, and a rare degree of intelligence, she had one of those sunny dispositions whose gladness was contagious. An only daughter of one of the most wealthy and influential citizens, she had, as was natural, many admirers. Among them came a handsome Neapolitan, named De Razio, who sought and finally obtained her hand, though not without some reluctance on the part of her father, Judge W——, whose constant companion she had been in his hours of leisure and relaxation from official care. His wife had died at the birth of this daughter, leaving him also a son, then ten years old.

The Judge had not given his consent without a careful inquiry as to the antecedents of his proposed son-in-law; but in every case with what seemed satisfactory results. He personally visited the Italian minister at Washington, by whom he was informed that the young foreigner had truthfully claimed to be of a respectable and wealthy family, which was engaged in large commercial transactions, though the official had no personal knowledge concerning him other than that obtained by him through letters of introduction which he—the minister—knew to be genuine. He had also represented the object of his visit to this country as being a purpose to engage in a commercial enterprise, acting in concert with several business houses on the Mediterranean; and this had been his ostensible plan at Salem. Other than the fact that it seemed strange and unfit that his daughter should be united with one of a race so for-

eign to his own, it appeared to the father that he could not offer a reasonable objection; and as the happiness of his daughter was his greatest consideration, he did not longer oppose the marriage, which soon after took place.

Though there had been grave apprehensions on account of this marriage, for the few months which immediately followed, at least, there was nothing to mar its felicity. The husband, in the meantime, appeared busily engaged in his projected business arrangements at Salem, where most of his time continued to be passed. Later, the young couple visited several of the larger cities of the Union, spending a good deal of time in New Orleans, a city where the Italian had numerous acquaintances, of a character which, to his wife, seemed unusual, though she saw but little of them; and where, too, she was left alone for longer periods than she had ever before been accustomed to. Her confidence remained unshaken, however, and his explanation of "business preparations" was always quite satisfactory. Prior to their return from the last journey of this kind, a vague rumor had reached the ear of Judge W—— in connection with the past history of his son-in-law, and with regard to this he at once communicated with him. De Razio's answer was a simple and positive denial, with the suggestion that the reports to his discredit had doubtless originated in a natural prejudice which existed against him as a foreigner, and he invited the most searching inquiry at the European city which had been his home; while he smiled with such perfect candor at what appeared the suspicions of those by whom he was surrounded, that the Judge was reassured, and matters passed on as usual. In our time it will seem strange that there could long have been a mystery or doubt connected with the history of a person who had assumed such important relations, or whose station in life was so well defined, and the place from whence he came, though a foreign country, so well known. But it must be remembered that this was long before the days of international postal regulations; submarine tele-

graph lines had not an existence even in the most fertile scientific brain; correspondence by letter with "foreign parts" was unusual; even the European mails and government dispatches were mainly transported in sailing ships, and months were frequently required to send a letter from this side of the ocean and obtain a reply. The first steamship crossed the Atlantic Ocean in 1839, and the cable was not in operation until twenty years later. Information that may without difficulty be obtained by us in the space of hours, appeared at that time almost, if not quite, beyond the range of possibility, so much have we advanced in this respect within less than half a century.

It will be remembered that Judge W——, at the death of his wife, had been left with a son also, then a boy ten years old. This son, Henry W——, now a man of thirty, was an officer in the navy; he had been on the African station, where so many of our cruisers were then employed in the suppression of the slave trade, for nearly three years, and had but recently learned of the marriage of his sister. About the same time, his father and sister were informed by the Secretary of the Navy that he had been ordered home on a special duty at Washington, had exchanged into a ship belonging to the Mediterranean squadron for that purpose, and would return *via* Liverpool in one of the fast sailing packets. On his appearance at his father's house soon after, a tragedy was enacted, the excitement caused by which agitated society to its very center; nor has it even yet been forgotten at Salem, where that solemn brick mansion, which stands on Essex street, is still pointed out to the stranger as the scene of this terrible occurrence. The interest which was then aroused, was probably never equaled in Massachusetts, unless at a later period by the noted Webster-Parkman murder, owing in both cases to the individual prominence of the victims, and the social standing of the families to which they belonged.

While at Naples, after leaving his ship, Henry W——, who had already learned the name of his sister's husband, with the ac-



count which he had given of his former life, at once proceeded to make inquiry concerning him. He was not long kept in doubt as to his history, for his real name had been retained by De Razio, whose plans, as they appeared in the light of farther developments, were evidently to have remained at Salem but a short time longer, and to have escaped before the discovery of his previous crimes. The terrible truth which was the result of the investigation of Lieutenant W——, almost overpowered him. He found that his sister had been deceived and betrayed by a most accomplished villain. De Razio, while possessed of wealth in abundance, and of an excellent family, had two years before murdered his mistress, and disappeared before the law could reach him; leaving also at Florence a wife and child. The letters which had been presented at Washington were genuine, but had been obtained the year preceding his crime, for use in a proposed visit to America, with the purpose of establishing the business relations he had pretended to be engaged in while at Salem. This plan had been abandoned, however, and forgotten by all save the crafty Italian, who had carefully erased the dates of the letters, substituting more recent ones to suit his purpose; and with these he had imposed upon the official who represented his own government at Washington, who unfortunately, and for some unaccountable reason, had not heard of his villainy.

Henry W—— resolved upon a terrible vengeance on the creature who had blasted his sister's life and dishonored his father's name, and deliberately determined to kill him. Reaching home late in the evening, and being met by his father only, he at once sought De Razio, whom he found in a separate apartment and alone. The Italian, though ignorant of his arrival, at once decided upon his identity, and divined his purpose; nor was he found unprepared. The report of two pistol shots followed so closely as to be almost simultaneous, and the brother fell, shot through the brain. De Razio, but slightly wounded, was about to pass out of the room, but at the doorway encountered

Judge W——, and an unequal struggle took place, which ended as only it could between two men where the disparity of ages was so great, and the venerable father also lay dead at his feet, his skull crushed by a blow from a brass andiron, with which the murderer had armed himself after the discharge of his pistol—for this was before the days of revolvers. During the excitement that followed, he had no difficulty in passing the single servant who had witnessed the death of the Judge from the stairway, and escaped; and was never again heard of. Exactly how he escaped was not known, but it was found that an outward bound Spanish brig had left the harbor on the night of the murder, in which, it was believed, he had obtained passage, though this circumstance was not considered until late the next day. A revenue cutter at once sailed in pursuit of this vessel, but returned twenty-four hours later without having seen her, and upon the arrival of the brig at Havana he was not found on board, nor could any information concerning him be obtained by the American consul at that port. Such an escape would now be impossible, but forty-five or fifty years ago the aid of electricity and steam did not enter into the calculations of men as they do at present; nor had the inundation of our country by the criminal hordes of Europe made it necessary to keep in operation an organized system for the detection and apprehension of criminals.

The nervous shock to the sole remaining member of this now desolated family was so great that for days her life was despaired of; but she finally recovered sufficiently to realize the terrible misfortune that had fallen upon her life, and must hereafter form a part of it. Added to this, she shortly after became a mother; possibly, it was this young life which had been added to her own, that prevented her from settling into a melancholia which would have ended in the loss of reason. The affection which had been so freely given to the guilty father was now transferred to the son, and she felt there was still a duty in life from which she could not, and did not wish to, shrink. Society saw her no more, and her life was devoted to but one object—

her darling boy, whose wrong she felt was equal to her own. In time, she became almost happy, in watching with maternal tenderness the budding intellect of this child, but the old-time joyfulness and buoyancy of spirit had gone forever.

She resumed the old family name, and the boy, who had heard no other, was christened Walter, in honor of his grandfather. He was a sprightly, handsome child, in whose appearance the mother had a justifiable pride, and whose more than usual intellectual promise obscured for a time an innate cruelty of disposition and deficiency of moral perception, which were early discerned by others than the poor mother. But, even to these, there seemed no cause for apprehension, and it passed for the thoughtlessness of an over-indulged child. He passed successfully through his preliminary education, and later, at the age of twenty-one, graduated creditably at Harvard. During his college years, reports of an unpleasant nature, affecting the character of the young man, sometimes reached Salem; but they were carefully kept from his mother, with the hope that they might prove to be but the usual pranks common with wealthy young men, and would disappear with the season for "sowing wild oats." He had, too, a strong redeeming feature in his character, in that his love and devotion to his mother was something remarkable, and partook in its nature of that which she had for her fatherless boy.

The year that followed his graduation also brought the great war of the rebellion, and young W—— decided to join the army. The family influence and connections obtained him a commission in one of the new regiments, which was early added to the regular army; and his mother parted with the handsome young officer with a proud though aching heart, for in him were centered all her hopes and interests in life; while the call of her country, in its hour of need, had aroused the slumbering family pride and the patriotic blood of her revolutionary ancestors.

Reports of his gallantry during the early engagements of the war were extremely grat-

ifying to this lonely mother. Her friends hoped that the ambition which had been aroused in the breast of the young officer would be sufficient to counteract the evil tendency which had been observed in his earlier life. With youth, intelligence, and education, combined with the family and social influences that would be exerted in his favor, it seemed certain that he would rise rapidly in the honorable profession upon which he had entered; and besides the service he would render to his country, he would himself attain a distinction that would be a credit to the family, and do much toward compensating for the baseness of that father whom he had never seen. Already—in the second year of the war—he had attained the rank of captain, and it seemed that further advancement could be prevented only by death.

After the news of the Battle of Gettysburg—on the 3d of July, 1863—a dispatch reached Salem that the name of Captain W—— was among the missing; and, though his body had not been recovered, it was certain he had fallen in the gallant charge which had been made by his brigade against the advancing lines of the rebel infantry, where so many brave men, of both the blue and the gray, fell, only to be numbered with the unknown dead. The mournful duty of breaking this news to the stricken mother devolved upon my lawyer friend, who would gladly have avoided it. But the tie of relationship and of long and intimate association, as the manager of the extensive property she had inherited at the death of her father and brother, made it fit that he only should be the first to bear the tidings. He did not find her unprepared for even this—the severance of the last tie that bound her to life. She had schooled herself for the terrible blow, which she knew had always been possible; and her life experience proved a discipline that now enabled her to pass with mournful fortitude this final ordeal. By degrees she again became reconciled to a life in which there seemed nothing remaining; she was strengthened in this by a consciousness that the life of her son had been given to his country, and that his death had been worthy

of the race from which—in part, at least—he came.

It were well if the story could end here ; but more remains. As has been already said, my friend was the manager of the estate of this family ; and while he was satisfied of the death of Captain W—— on the field at Gettysburg, there were certain legal proofs that were wanting, and that must, in time, become necessary to perfect the title of the property for the heirs who would follow, at the death of this unfortunate one who was its sole possessor. For this reason, and without communicating his purpose to others, some months later he visited the officers of the regiment to which Captain W—— belonged, in their winter quarters. At first, he was unable to glean any other information than that which had appeared officially—that he was “missing in action.” Nor was he able to find any witness who had seen him on the field at Gettysburg, or going into the engagement after which he had been reported as missing. With the keen instincts of his profession he at once divined a mystery, and was convinced that all had not been told. Obtaining a private interview with one of these officers, he made known the necessity for the information he had asked. After some hesitation on the part of the officer, he learned what he already half suspected : although it was true that the young man had been missing after the engagement, there was no especial reason why his death was a matter of certainty, and the following facts were disclosed to the lawyer, which the officers of the regiment had intended—for the reputation of the regiment, and in consideration of the feelings of the family of the officer in question—to keep to themselves. On the morning of the day on which this battle began, Captain W—— had been arrested, charged with a base crime upon ample evidence. He had been placed in irons, and was at the rear when his regiment marched to the field, the intention having been to send him under guard to the proper authority at the first opportunity. During the excitement with which the engagement opened, he had effected his escape, how or exactly

when was not known ; but at all events, there seemed but little doubt he had gotten inside the rebel lines, and it was certain he had not been seen afterwards.

With this information the lawyer returned, carefully concealing it, and keeping his own counsel. After hostilities had fairly ceased, and it had become practicable to travel in the Southern States, he personally visited that section, where, by the aid of detectives, and at much expense of time and money, he was finally enabled to gain the information he sought. The fugitive had passed into the rebel lines at Gettysburg, dressed in the uniform of a private soldier, and had surrendered himself as a deserter from the Union forces. He had entered a Louisiana regiment, from which he had again disappeared at a later period. Step by step his course was traced, though not without the most discouraging obstacles—sometimes all traces being lost for months—until finally, it was learned that he had crossed the Rio Grande from Texas, near the close of 1864, and had gone through New Mexico and into Arizona, under the name of Ewing. From thence he was followed to Arizona City, and the actual circumstances under which he finally met his death were easily learned ; for it is scarcely necessary to add, this was the man whose execution I had witnessed, and whose appearance had so puzzled the officers who had marched down the Gila so many years before.

If my informant was surprised to learn that I had personally witnessed the death of this unfortunate human being—for who shall say to what extent he could be held accountable for the vicious inheritance that had come as the only legacy from his father ?—I was not the less so to learn his history. We made an agreement that the identity of the man who was hung at Arizona City, in May, 1866, should not be disclosed during the lifetime of that unfortunate lady who was his mother. Nor has it ; for in January last I learned of her death. She died as she had lived, in ignorance of that last and worst stain, which, through her misfortune, had been brought upon an honorable name.

*F. K. Upham.*

## LOST JOURNALS OF A PIONEER.—III.

*Sunday, 1st January, 1854.*

As birds, when morning rends apart  
 The chilly veil of night  
 With fluttering wings from slumber start,  
 And praise the gladsome light,  
 I, by an idle instinct led,  
 Hail with a song the year,  
 Which, rising fresh from nature's bed,  
 Leads forth through winter sere,  
 Young Spring, with scented blossoms crowned,  
 And Summer, rich with fruits.

Hail, then, new monarch of the scythe and glass,  
 Whose scepter's sinking is the stroke of fate,  
 In mercy let thy doom upon me pass,  
 And, since thou canst not make more desolate  
 My sad condition, sink me not more low,  
 But gently lead me back to hope and light;  
 Teach me the truth in righteousness to know,  
 From my vexed spirit drive despair and blight;  
 Then, with an ode of gladness mixed with woe,  
 I'll stand above the tomb where thou art low,  
 And bless thy name as grateful children bless  
 The sires, whose teachings brought them happi-  
 ness.

*Friday, 6th January.*—Ice was made last night strong enough to bear a heavy man, I was told by — M. Carle, who walked over a frozen pool this morning about eleven o'clock. This winter is like that of 1850-'51, but much colder.

*Saturday, 7th January.*—The slough is frozen entirely over this morning. I think a boy might walk to the island. The ice did not thaw at any time during the day.

*Tuesday, 14th February.*—Instituted Morning Star Temple of Honor, No. 2, this evening. . . . It is a little remarkable that each of the temperance organizations—Sons of Temperance, Cadets of Temperance, Daughters of Temperance, and lastly, the Temple of Honor—should have had their origin in California in the second town of the State, Sacramento, instead of the first, San Francisco—a reversal of the order of events to be accounted for by the mercenary disposition and habits of the commercial capital of the Pacific Coast, which diverts all thoughts to

money-getting, and stifles morals and intellect.

*Thursday, 2d March.*—Diamond Springs in the stage. This is one of the most permanent of the mining towns. When I passed here in 1850 there was one house, and very little mining was going on, the deposits being on the surface, and too small to tempt the miners of that day. The town now contains nearly one thousand inhabitants, and, under the system of sluicing, the miners are making money.

Instituted Diamond Temple of Honor, No. 4, this evening.

*Friday, 3d March.*—Rode over to Cold Springs, and in the evening instituted Crystal Fount Temple, No. 3.

*Friday, 10th March.*—Marysville on the "Governor Dana." Instituted Marysville Temple of Honor, No. 5, this evening.

*Thursday, 30th March.*—The Supreme Court of this State have decided that San José is the capital, Wells and Heydenfeldt making the decision, Murray dissenting.

*Monday, 3d April.*—City election day. The excitement today is much greater than I have known at a charter election in this city. The Whigs are full of confidence, and so are the Democrats, yet each party looks with fear and dread upon the third ticket—the temperance ticket. Had due care been observed in nominating this ticket, to secure the written pledge of honor from the nominees to abide the contest, we would have entered the contest with a degree of *éclat* that would have drawn a heavy vote from each party, and compelled them to put aside pledges, and take men who were on that ticket as the only hope of partial success; but the weakness of our candidates in permitting themselves to be seduced or frightened into a withdrawal has rendered the politicians vain of their own strength, and confident that we are weak. . . . We were obliged on Wednesday night to fill our tick-

et by putting B. E. S. Ely on it for mayor, and George L. Prentice for marshal, so it now stands: B. E. S. Ely, mayor; N. Greene Curtis, recorder—nominated afterwards by the Whigs, and who will be triumphantly elected; G. E. Montgomery, city attorney; G. L. Prentice, marshal; E. L. Barber, treasurer; E. C. Windell, assessor—nominated by the Whigs also, and likely to be elected; Th. Wm. Moore, harbor-master.

*Friday, 7th April.*—The Temperance vote is reported at fifty-three. This is probably true as to the ticket itself; but I am well satisfied by the statements of persons who voted for me that I received at least twenty-five more votes. Captain Moore's vote is fixed at eighty-three.

*Tuesday, 16th May.*—I dedicated the Hall of Excelsior Division, Sons of Temperance, this evening. The meeting was large, quite a number of ladies being present.

*Thursday, 13th July.*—A fire broke out about eleven o'clock, and [burned] until three o'clock, destroying about [one hundred] and fifty houses, mostly of wood, and the Court House.

*Wednesday, 26th July.*—Held a Temperance State Convention this evening at Stockton City, the object being to consider the propriety of political action by the Temperance men at this time. . . . Pending a pledge to sustain Temperance men alone for office, the convention adjourned. . . . All the speakers except Rheese, who is a lawyer, were Methodist preachers.

*Friday, 4th August.*—Instituted Mountain Gem Temple, No. 7, at Placerville, El Dorado County, this evening, with twenty-four charter members. This is the third established in this county.

*Wednesday, 9th August.*—Instituted the Grand Temple of Honor of the State of California today. The order now numbers about two hundred and thirty-seven connected with Temples in the State, and there is a large number of non-affiliated members. The first Temple in California—Golden Horizon Temple, No. 1—was opened by me on the 17th day of May, 1853, with seven members, a bare quorum, and as one of these,

being ambitious of office and failing in his aspirations, failed to attend the second meeting, I had to obligate two additional petitioners before I could open the second meeting. . . . The next annual session will, I am confident, exhibit a number much exceeding one thousand members.

*Monday, 28th August.*—Instituted Nevada Temple, No. 8, with seventeen charter members.

*Friday, 22d September.*—Alviso by steamboat "Sophie," San José by stage. Instituted Eden Temple, No. 9, thirty charter members. This was one of the most enthusiastic meetings I have had.

*Wednesday, 11th October.*—Came in the stage to Mud Springs, and established El Dorado Temple, No. 10, being the fourth established in this county.

*Monday, 23d October.*—Came down to the bay upon the "Helen [Hensley]" this afternoon, to attend the annual [meeting of] Grand Division of Sons of Temperance.

*Tuesday, 24th October.*—Recommended political organization in my report today.

*Wednesday, 25th October.*—The Methodist preachers have complete control of the Grand Division, and in the elections this afternoon selected the officers by their mutual vote, all from their own body.

*Friday, 27th October.*—My recommendations, to my surprise, were adopted without a dissenting voice, and a convention called for May next, in Sacramento City, to nominate State officers.

*Friday, 29th December.*—Much may be learned of the progress of a country in comfort by the prices of board and lodging; and the gradual diminution of the charges in these matters is a good index of the improvement of the condition of things in California. When I arrived in Sacramento, in July, 1850, the price of lodging in the best house in town, the Columbia Hotel, was two and one-half dollars, for breakfast and tea, each, one and one-half dollars; for dinner, two and one-half dollars, making eight dollars a day; and the lodging rooms had from two to four rough cots or bedsteads in them, single rooms being an unknown luxury;

while the charge for bunks in the dirty tiers of the inferior lodging houses, the price was one dollar, and some one and one-half dollars. Now the charge in the best houses for single rooms is one dollar, and meals the same; and passing up I Street, I noticed this morning a house on the slough having the sign, "Lodging, twenty-five cents." The [bunks] are of course numerous in each apartment; but they are as good, and, in fact, [better], than those we paid two and one-half dollars for in 1850. . . . The change itself is worth noting, by way of a contrast that exhibits in strong light the advancement made in California in comfort and home character, the alteration from sojourners to fixed inhabitants, that five years of settlement have made. Another year will bring us very nearly to eastern prices in all things.

*Friday, 5th January, 1855.*—Snow for twenty minutes this morning—the first seen in Sacramento since its settlement.

*Saturday, 13th January.*—The House of Assembly has distinguished itself by insulting the ministers of the [Gospel] by passing a resolution inviting them to open the sessions with prayer, and including a Mormon elder by name among them. . . . The excuse and justification for this unworthy conduct is, that our laws give equality to all religions; but this is not an excuse, since the laws do not countenance crime, promulgate polygamy, . . . or any doctrine violating moral right or destruction of social order.

*Wednesday, 21st March.*—The Act for the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors was the special order of the day in the Assembly today. Mr. Buffum, of San Francisco, a "Know-Nothing," introduced a proviso "that the provisions of this Act shall not apply to wine manufactured from grapes grown in this State." This enabled a number who were pledged to vote for the law, but who were opposed, . . . to resist it. Mr. Buffum advocated grape culture as a substitute for whisky. Mr. Gober, of Santa Clara, who introduced the bill, drawn by Mr. Ely and myself (by his request), replied, opposing the proviso and sustaining the original bill.

Mr. Smith, of Marin, supported the bill and opposed the proviso, making the best speech delivered during the debate. After he had spoken about ten minutes, some person sent in a glass of brandy and placed it upon the desk before him, producing a general laugh (he not being a temperance man in practice). After recovering from the laughter produced by the appearance of the liquor from under the paper that concealed it, he concluded the portion of his speech on which he was engaged; and remarking that some one had furnished him with a text, made an excellent argument in favor of the law from the glass, to the evident discomfiture of the authors of the trick. Mr. Terrall, of San Diego, supported the proviso and opposed the bill, saying his county of three hundred voters were vine-dressers. . . . After some other speaking and several attempts to adjourn, the proviso was adopted. Mr. Gober, after this vote, came to me and asked what they should do. I said to kill the bill, in which he agreed with me, and moved to strike out the enacting clause. . . . The motion was lost, and the previous question being moved, the bill with the proviso was adopted. . . . The clause submitting the question of prohibition to the people remains in the bill, which, I fear, will pass the Senate as it stands. . . . It will delay the passage of a prohibitory law nearly two years, unless we succeed in defeating this in the Senate, and so remodelling Tuttle's bill as to make it identical, or nearly so, with the bill introduced by the Committee on Vice and Immorality. I have very, very feeble hopes of being able to do this.

*Tuesday, 3d April.*—The progress of the temperance reformation does not appear to be great in this State, as we look upon individuals and enumerate the houses in which liquors are sold, . . . and notwithstanding the number of Divisions of the Sons of Temperance recently organized, the amount of drunkards and drunkenness does not appear diminished; yet the dread which the political papers exhibit of our influence, and the eagerness with which politicians are crowding into the Sons of Temperance, shows that

in their estimation the sentiment of the people is in favor of the passage of laws to suppress the sale and use of intoxicating beverages.

*Wednesday, 16th May.*—Second annual session of the Grand Temple of California commenced today. There are now eighteen Temples in operation, and three chartered, but not instituted.

*Wednesday, 20th June.*—The [State Temperance] Convention met today in Benton's Church. There are about sixty delegates in attendance; four-fifths of them are adverse to nominations. El Dorado and Placer Counties, the two strongest temperance counties in the State, are not represented.

*Thursday, 21st June.*—The resolutions of the committee . . . were in substance that nominations were inexpedient; that the temperance men throughout the State should exert themselves to secure the nomination and election of sober men in their several localities; and directing the Central Committee to propound to the candidates for the State offices the question: "Will you, if elected, give your influence in favor of a Prohibitory Liquor Law in California?" This, with the adoption of an address to the voters of the State, written by Mr. Simonds of the "California Christian Advocate," and retouched by Dr. J. Nelson Hume, . . . was the whole business done, and the Convention adjourned.

*Wednesday, 3d October.*—The entire vote of the State is a little less than one hundred thousand. The vote on the Prohibitory Liquor Law is about forty-nine thousand, or nearly one half, of which there was in favor of the law twenty-one thousand three hundred, and against it twenty-eight thousand eight hundred, being a majority of about seven thousand five hundred, a small vote, considering the inactivity of friends of the measure, and the activity in many quarters of its enemies. If we assume the same proportion of opponents and advocates to exist among those who neglected to vote (and I think this is conceding far more than the liquor interests are entitled to claim), and there is at the outside a vote of sixteen thousand to be

overcome. I think the truth is, that of those who did not vote, at least one-half were temperance men in principle, who thought the movement premature, and hence were unwilling to hazard eventual success by passing a prohibitory law at the next session of the legislature, to become a dead letter and weaken our cause and influence from lack of public sentiment to enforce and sustain the measure. If this be fact, we have barely eight thousand votes to overcome.

*Friday, 12th October.*—After many mutterings, much talking, and some threatening, the Abolitionists of California have made a demonstration, and are about to act. They have induced some negroes to call a convention of the "colored citizens." Who or what those may be, I am not lawyer enough to discover, unless it be the Mexicans, some of whom are rather dark-skinned; but these agitators of evil have led some Yankee-bred blacks to adopt it for the purpose of procuring a reform of the social mischiefs that afflict them, and a restoration of their political rights—in other words, to procure a restoration of that which they never possessed. This movement, following immediately upon the success of the Know-Nothings, is pretty significant of what some of the leaders of that party aim at in California. . . . The movement is an unfortunate one for the negro of California. The number in favor of even the repeal of the disability to testify against a white man is numerically so trifling that it would be idle to ask that just and proper concession at this time; and to demand political rights and privileges, to give them public schools, to admit them to citizenship, would create an excitement which will perpetuate the existing laws, and probably lead to the enactment of statutes forbidding not only their immigration to this State, but requiring those already here to leave, which, however severe, would be wiser and safer than the continuance of the agitation of this subject.

*Friday, 11th April, 1856.*—The Black Republicans have called a public meeting for Saturday evening. . . . Mr. E. B. Crocker, attorney-at-law, published a letter in the

“Union” of this morning, justifying the organization of the Republicans. . . . As a member of the Union, it is the duty and the interest of California to prevent the agitation of subjects that hazard the peace and integrity of the Confederation.

*Tuesday, 15th April.*—Some persons express doubts of the usefulness of a railroad from the Missouri River to California, if built, at least through the winter season. The assumption is without other foundation than their fears—or their hopes, for it is the New York steamship interests that are the authors of the objection. . . . There cannot, to those who have crossed the plains, be any reason to believe that railroad tracks could [not] be kept as perfectly open the whole year, with but very little more trouble or expense than is demanded to keep the road between Boston and Albany free in the mildest winter of that climate.

*Thursday, 15th May.*—James King of William, having made a foul and unmanly attack upon James P. Casey, formerly of New York, accusing him (whether truly or falsely is little to the purpose, as he has sustained a good character in California) of having been in the penitentiary in New York, and when called upon for reparation or explanation, refused to retract, and reiterating his abuse without offering himself as personally responsible for the wrong, was shot by Casey this afternoon in San Francisco. It is a sad, but almost a necessary resort, since, while declining to give the only satisfaction he could afford, King has been a general slanderer, assailing without cause other than the purpose of blackening characters, and levy blackmail upon the timid, all whose names were sufficiently known from any cause to make allusion to them popular with that evil-minded, gossiping crowd who delight in noticing and reciting the foibles of their fellows. . . . With them, James King of William is such a martyr as they would feel themselves to be if suddenly caught by the ears and pinned by an awl to the wall, while looking through a hole on the privacy of a family whose secrets they meant to gather and retail for the amusement of a vicious

neighborhood; and they have created an intense excitement, with the view of murdering Casey. An attempt was made to take him from the hands of the sheriff, but without success, as the sheriff's posse firmly faced, and thus overawed and intimidated them. They now threaten to seize him by force and drag him from the jail, having organized a Vigilance Committee; of this, however, there is not the slightest danger, so long as the sheriff will do his duty. However bloodthirsty, they will not face even thirty muskets in the hands of men determined to do their duty. The mob is ever cowardly, and had the officers done what the law required of them in 1851, the Vigilance Committee would never have been organized; if they do it now, it will proceed no farther than threats.

*Friday, 16th May.*—Governor Johnson was telegraphed for by the mayor of San Francisco, to give assistance in repressing the riotous mob organized to wrest J. P. Casey from the county authorities, and went down accordingly. If he does his duty, the difficulty is at an end.

*Thursday, 22d May.*—James King of William was buried today; and as an incident of the funeral, Casey and Cora were murdered by the Vigilance Committee, being hanged out of a window of Truett's Building on Sacramento Street.

*Friday, 6th June.*—W—, in a letter from San Francisco, dated yesterday, describes the process by which the Vigilance Committee was organized, and through which it has exerted its influence upon the community of that city, and the method by which it has created sympathizers throughout the State. It is the old plan of the creditors and employers of the East and England—the coercion of debt and want depriving men of independence and courage and integrity, and obliging them, under the terror of attachment laws, to support and countenance, with pretended favor and money, the tyrants who are grinding them into slavery and shame. By this means the organization was begun. . . . The threat to men whose simple object in life is gain, whose virtue or vice is necessity or plenty, was imperative as



the blast of the archangel's trumpet; and they succumbed and enrolled themselves in the service of the committee, making numbers but not men. Those who had minds, wills, honesty of principle, and manliness of purpose, were ready to obey and sustain the law—are so still, and will, as freemen should, to put an end to the coercion of the counting house and banking house. Having secured their debtors in their toils, the command was issued—at once obeyed—that they should withdraw their patronage from the "Herald," as the chief organ of the citizens of the county, and then from all papers adopting the opinions of the "Herald," and also that they abstain from dealing in any way with those who would oppose, or even refused to unite with, their iniquitous association. The array already effected under the Governor's proclamation is composed of about fifteen hundred men of stanch and steady nerve, and is even now fully equal to arresting the leading men and terminating the career of the Vigilance Committee, of whose troops a large number, from the circumstances in which they were driven into arms, will not fight, but, on the contrary, will rejoice in an opportunity to disband. I fear, however, Governor Johnson will not enforce the law energetically, but makes a parade to affright the traitors into disbanding.

*Monday, 9th June.* The rebels of San Francisco justify themselves by calling their proceedings a revolution, and applying the first section of the Bill of Rights of the Constitution. The hollowness of the pretense is easily exposed. A revolution must come from the people and be their general act: this movement emanated from a few, and continues controlled by a few. A democratic revolution must have the suffrage of the people; this has studiously avoided appealing to the masses. A revolution brings out new and avowed rulers, and adopts new laws—and this body governs by new laws;—this single coincidence, if it proves it a revolution, proves it a retrograde movement, a revolution from freedom to despotism. For the people have no voice in the choice of their masters, no knowledge of the laws by

which they are governed, and are overawed by military array—having a citadel in the midst of the town, from which searching parties, spies, and patrols are continually hurrying to annoy, injure, abuse, and wrong them; without responsibility from error or injustice, or any means of ascertaining from whence the blow comes, why it is struck, when it will be withheld, and when or how often repeated. It is not a revolution, for they do not address themselves against the State government. It is a riot, a mob, a rebellion against the local authorities, . . . and it behooves the State authorities to put it down. The people are ready to sustain them, loudly as the newspapers cry out against law, and favor the committee. The people are not with them. The majority of the bayonets about the fort of the Vigilance Committee are not held by citizens, and the citizens only need be summoned in earnest, to obey with promptitude and act with resolute courage, that shall dissipate the rebellious mob that assumes their name and function.

*Thursday, 12th June.*—The "True Californian" of yesterday proposes a convention to form a new State Constitution. This is a feeler, put forth by the Vigilance Committee, to ascertain whether or not their rebellion and riot may be fostered into a revolution, that paper being their especial organ. It will meet with no response, excepting one of reprobation and rebuke, outside of San Francisco. The people are satisfied with their laws and officers, and have not the slightest disposition to change them, except in the legal method, at the ballot-box, in November next.

*Monday, 23d June.*—A fellow named Hopkins made an assault upon Judge Terry in San Francisco, on Saturday, as the Judge, in company with Dr. Ashe, Navy Agent, and others, was proceeding from the office of the Navy Agent to the armory of a volunteer corps commanded by the Doctor. Hopkins had previously tried to seize a man named Maloney, a clerk in the office, I believe, upon some pretense, and carry him to the rooms of the Vigilance Committee, which he failed to do; after which Ashe and Terry and

all present proceeded towards the armory, and were overtaken by Hopkins, who seized a gun Terry had on his shoulder, attempting to take it from him and arrest him, being countenanced and assisted by a number of others. Terry, of course, resisted. Hopkins drawing a revolver, Terry drew a knife and stabbed him in the neck, on which the Vigilants retreated, and Terry and his friends retired to the armory, which was immediately surrounded, and after some parleying, was surrendered to the Vigilants, who seized the arms therein, and all others accessible to them, and also arms which were on board some schooners proceeding to the State prison. Nearly seven hundred rifles and muskets were thus obtained; and as the chief difficulty has been to procure arms for the militia enrolled, it is now apparent that one-half of those organized at the Bay are deprived of their weapons; and this, with the coldness and incapacity of Johnson, defers any effort to suppress the rebellion of the Vigilants until the arrival of the orders from the President, on whom a requisition for aid was made by the last steamer. This cannot be refused, and with the array of militia under the [author]ity of the United States, all resistance must cease, even if it be continued until the return of the messenger.

A meeting was held this evening in front of the Orleans Hotel, which was addressed by Volney E. Howard, despite many interruptions. The number of disturbers was small, but noisy and bold. At least half the meeting, which was about six hundred, were in favor of the law. Colonel Baker was so interrupted that he stopped.

*Tuesday, 24th June.*—Charles Durkee, the leader of the Vigilants, who seized the arms on board the schooners on the bay of San Francisco, has been arrested for piracy. One hundred thousand dollars bail was offered, and refused for him. It is plain the offense can be made out: the bay is an arm of the sea, and in admiralty jurisdiction; the vessel was navigating those waters under protection of the laws of the United States and of nations, and the act on land would have been robbery. It is thus manifest that the

charge is clearly and unmistakably piracy. . . . Some of the committee, it is said, proposed taking Durkee from the marshal's custody by force, but the majority decided it was not safe, as the United States sloop "John Adams" was in front of the town.

*Friday, 27th June.*—Two young men are to be executed today for murder, making the third execution in this city within the month. In no country has there been so large a number of capital convictions in proportion to the number of offenses as in California during the last six years; and in no country has a larger number of convictions been followed by the extreme penalty; yet, what is the result? Crime is as bold as it ever was; offenses are numerous; life is taken unhesitatingly, and since the organization of the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco, and the murder of Cora and Casey by them on the pretense of the necessity of punishing and suppressing crime, more homicides have been committed in that town than at any period before, . . . showing the community is demoralized, and the [reign] of law and morals weakened by their action; that we have receded to the violence and lawlessness of 1849-'50.

*Wednesday, 2d July.*—The Vigilance Committee of San Francisco announced some days ago that their entire force would parade, fully armed and equipped, on the Fourth of July; but they have since reconsidered the order, and only a small portion, they say, will parade. The alteration was probably caused by several very powerful reasons: in the first place, a considerable number of those enrolled, now that the excitement of the organization is past, and fear and reflection are beginning to operate upon their minds, under a knowledge of the fact that a requisition has been made upon the Federal Government for assistance, do not wish to be publicly identified in a dress parade, flaunting the authorities, and making a boast of their guilt. Again, they do not wish to contradict their statement that they have ten regiments of eight hundred men each, which, doubtless, they would be obliged to do, and it would prove that they have not increased

materially since the murder of Cora and Casey; and again, they have not the large supply of arms that they vaunt, and if they had even five thousand men, could not array them under arms at one and the same time, the muskets, swords, and accoutrements being passed from corps to corps, as they are needed; and again, the parade would look like a defiance, and with all their bluster, they still fear to provoke the Governor too strongly. These considerations, with the unnering influence of conscious guilt, have prevented this piece of impudent bravado, and saved us from the stigma of an armed procession of traitors, exulting in their tyrannous suppression of those rights which that anniversary honors the patriots of 1776 for acquiring. The dwindling back into citizens by the Independent City Guard is an acknowledgment of cowardice and infamy that will make their parade an open insult to the people, yet an insult too pitiable to be noticed, excepting with contempt.

*Tuesday, 8th July.*—The Vigilants now openly avow their purpose to organize a political party; Know-Nothingism having run itself out, this is to be the new hobby. . . . Happily, it is still four months to the election, and it is a presidential election, and this will bring and fix a majority of the people to the principles of Democracy, and secure our success with good men, despite any trickery that exploded Whiggery, Know-nothingism, and Black Republicanism in Vigilant disguise, may resort to.

*Wednesday, 9th July.*—It appears that Mr. Allen, one of the editors of the "Californian American," published at Sacramento, and Colonel James C. Zabriskie, have been commissioned and empowered by Governor Johnson to compromise matters with the San Francisco Vigilance Committee, and in pursuance of this authority, addressed a letter to Judge Terry, proposing, probably, from the tenor of his reply, that he should resign—at least, that is the only conclusion to be drawn from his answer, in which he says: "Let the offenses charged against me be submitted without delay to an impartial jury. If I am convicted of any offense whatever, I

will immediately resign." This gives great offense to the Vigilance Committee, and their organs say he will be transported immediately without a trial, and that the publication of his answer by his friends is an outrage. If this does not bring the mob to reason, it is because they cannot think. An outrage to make known his readiness for trial! It can only be so, because such a trial would expose the wretched falsehoods by which the Committee was originated, and is carried on; and this offer, so far, will be, doubtless, made the pretext for the expulsion of Judge Terry from the State, and will be the means of convincing the people of the interior of the real designs and principles of the actors in the San Francisco *émeute*. That the Judge should desire his reply to be made public is natural; it is his only security against falsehood and misstatement by the Committee. . . . I see no escape from the despicable situation of the State, but the voluntary surrender of the Committee, upon the pledge of indemnity, or the commission by them of some offense so flagrantly and palpably that the people, disregarding the folly of their officers, will rise in a body to vindicate the law, and suppress at once and forever this open violation of its provisions, and of the safety pledged by it to every person accused until conviction under its constitutional forms. Which will be the termination, time must determine.

*Saturday, 12th July.*—The authors of "Types of Mankind" assert all the Indians of America to be of one stock, and instance the Californian as identical with the Cherokee and the Dakotah. Any one who has seen the three tribes named knows that two of them bear no resemblance to the third, and very little to each other. . . . In complexion, temper, habits, size, they [the Californians and Cherokees] are as distinct as the white man and the negro. An incident occurring yesterday in Sacramento will illustrate this (premising that it is conceded the American Indian of the prairies and eastern woods will not willingly—nay, will die, rather than become a laborer, or subject himself to the laws of the white man; and the daily

experience of all Californians, showing that the Indians of this region are willing to become servants, and work). In a drinking bout at the rancheria on Colby's ranch, about four miles from town, one Indian killed another yesterday morning. The tribe, without interference by white men, brought the murderer into town, and carried him to the police office, and gave him in charge for the act, to be dealt with according to white man's law. Does not this indicate a disposition essentially different from that of the eastern tribes? Such a thing would be an impossibility among them. They would deal with the offender according to their own code, and defy restraint.

*Sunday, 13th July.*—It is one of the saddest traits of the Vigilance Committee excitement, that the preachers of the Methodist Church North, the Congregationalists, and other independent organizations for religious purposes, have pandered to the mob, and preached blood from their desks.

*Monday, 14th July.*—A number of the citizens of Tuolumne county, generally prominent and influential men, have published a very able address to the people of the county, calling upon them to support the law against the Vigilance Committee. The Sonora "Herald," and other papers in the pay of the clique, sneer at this, because they say there are *only* one hundred and fifty names to the address, and the towns from which it comes, Sonora, Columbia, and others, have [26] hundred voters. This is a most absurd argument, and, indeed, an admission of inability either to answer, or treat it with contempt, as unimportant from its origin. The signatures are those of men of standing and influence in the county—J. M. Coffroth, C. L. Scott, — Dudley, each of whom can count their friends by dozens. To have the signatures of all the friends of the measure would be ridiculous. We may safely assume that each represents five besides himself, and we have nine hundred voters addressing the remaining seventeen hundred, the neutral, and the friends of the committee.

*Thursday, 24th July.*—The pretension of the San Francisco rebels and their minions

throughout the State, to be the *élite* of the country—its aristocracy—is exhibited in a set of newspaper articles in their organ, "The True Californian," and taken up by the press devoted to them throughout the State, in which all the credit of the settlement, progress, and prospering of California is arrogated to the self-styled merchants—men who arrived in the country . . . after the crowd of miners had filled its villages with gold. They—the traffickers in murder—are called the best men of the country, and the test of their worth, boldly and openly presented, is their money. . . . So that we have here the Vigilants' political programme marked out: merchants—from him who ships or buys a cargo to him who purchases by the keg and sells by the dime's weight—are the vigor and intelligence and worth of the country, and the best evidence of vigor, worth, and intelligence is money. They must, therefore, be elected to office, and become richer at the people's expense, . . . and thus they hope to scrape their way into the legislature, and secure bills of indemnity for their crimes. A hopeless endeavor. They may dragoon the cowed voters of San Francisco to elect them, but their audacity will so arouse the people as to prevent the success of their policy, and to punish the attempt the instant it is made. They are sowing a mob retribution or legal punishment for themselves, and that to ripen ere they are warned of the danger.

*Saturday, 26th July.* The Vigilance Executive Committee, it seems, have decided by a majority on the acquittal of Judge Terry; but they are afraid and unwilling to discharge him, and have appointed a board of officers to try him; thus committing their underlings to the policy they wish to pursue, and shirking responsibility. It is the first avowal of the dissension and timidity that has long prevailed in their councils, and will take from them the support of numbers who have been overawed by the boldness of their acts. Compelled to acquit, they yet do not desire to release, Terry; and this subordinate examining board can, and perhaps will, decide that he should be sent out of the country, and the superior defer to it. . . . But

if they do acquit, and even discharge, him, it does not follow that they mean to disband; on the contrary, the probabilities are that their political organization will be more fully and boldly developed immediately thereupon, under the presumption that the act will be imputed to justice, and conciliate the people in their favor. They have delayed it too long to gain credit for magnanimity. The change of popular sentiment is already made, and their conduct will receive a right explanation [as] cowardice and conscious weakness, and they will [lose] instead of gaining strength by the act. [They] had reached a point when to persist in error was better policy than confession of a fault. They will now be obliged to disband—the open acknowledgment of Terry's innocence, the concession of the great point of the last two months, silences their advocates, encourages their adversaries, decides the doubtful against them, and disbandment is inevitable. It will be reluctant, but will be certain. Their rod is broken.

*Tuesday, 29th July.*—The Vigilance Committee murdered two men this afternoon by hanging—one named Brace, for the alleged murder of Captain West, in the neighborhood of the Mission Dolores, many months ago, for which he was tried and acquitted; and the other of the name of Hethrington, for shooting Dr. A. Randall, in an affray a few days since. These murders were committed to endeavor to pander to the vicious spirit of the mob, and regain the ground lost by the detention of Judge Terry, and as a bravado to the State and Federal authorities, and to pretend a strength and daring which they do not feel; and instead of being an evidence of strength, is a proof of weakness and division. They must disband and [will] do so, despite this bloody display of im[porta]nce, in shame and chagrin before or immediately [after] the arrival of the next steamer from the East, without resisting the Federal authorities. If they wait until the United States interpose, they must disband hastily, and leave much to expose their nefarious proceedings, and disband entirely. If they separate before that time, it will be only a

nominal, an ostensible separation; the real organization being kept up for political purposes, and a strict watchfulness maintained upon their members to secure secrecy as to the past, and indemnity for the offenses that have been perpetrated by them, singly and as a body. Doubtless, too, many of them will slip away from the State by every opportunity, until they are all beyond the meshes of the law.

*Thursday, 7th August.*—The Vigilance Committee have released Judge Terry, and he has taken refuge upon the "John Adams." He will come up tonight.

*Friday, 8th August.*—Judge Terry arrived from San Francisco this morning about three o'clock on the steamboat "Helen Hensley," and was received by a large crowd with cannon, rockets, and bonfires. The Confidence Engine Company, No. 1, and about one hundred and twenty-five persons in citizen's dress, making upwards of two hundred and thirty, escorted him from the landing up K Street to Fourth, up Fourth to J Street, down J Street to Second Street, and to the Orleans Hotel, where a welcoming speech was made by Tod Robinson, to which Terry replied, and the assemblage, which was large, was then addressed by several gentleman, and dispersed. The uncertainty of the hour at which the boat would arrive, and the certainty that it would be long after midnight, prevented any but the most enthusiastic from attending. . . . The award of this reception to a man a stranger in this city, is a stronger evidence of public feeling than thousands assembled in broad day to receive a familiarly known and popular man. . . .

*Thursday, 14th August.*—The San Francisco papers publish an alleged telegraphic dispatch from Washington to New York, saying that the General Government had refused to attend to the requisition of the Governor of California for assistance to repress the Vigilants, and that the refusal is based upon the failure of the legislature to join in the demand. This stamps the story as a falsehood, and proves it to be a dispatch, if at all, made to order, for use here. The truth is, the demand had not [yet] been

made, and could not have been. When it is formally presented, it will doubtless be complied with to the full extent if in due form, the Governor being the only authority needed to the application during the legal recess of the legislature.

*Wednesday, 17th September.*—The correspondence between Governor Johnson and the President of the United States explains why the Federal officers declined to interfere in the affairs of the county of San Francisco. The same excessive timidity which reigned in the proclamations and proceedings of Mr. Johnson at home, presided over and dictated the letter that he thought was a requisition for assistance upon the authorities at Washington. A feeble narrative, reciting an unmeddled riot, stimulated, not cowed, by useless proclamation, . . . and conclusively showing to the President that, so far from the means of the State being exhausted, and an occasion arising imperatively demanding the action of the Federal Government, that the State's means—nay, the county's powers—to suppress the riotous assembly had not been essayed, but the whole affair left to run its own course. With such a showing, it was not only legally impossible, but would have been morally wrong, for the General Government to intermeddle with the affair.

*Wednesday, 22d October.*—The furor created by the Vigilance Committee on the subject of ballot-box stuffing has been industriously fanned by the "Bulletin," of San Francisco, and other Vigilance papers, and a number of knaves are attempting to make profit of it by means of what they call "patent ballot-boxes," made of plate glass, with an apparatus to register the votes as deposited. The object to be attained by such boxes is in part immunity to cheat, since the unwary are deluded with the idea that the fraud is perpetrated by the introduction of extra tickets; but this is not so—it is done in counting.

*Monday, 27th October.*—The members of the Vigilance Committee are exceedingly eager to bring that question into the present canvass. They fail to see that the excitement that gave them countenance over the

sentiment of the people was strongly turned against them, and that from the day of the arrest of Judge Terry to that of their public disbandment, it grew stronger hourly against them, and has not been turned again in their favor. They are fearful, too, of prosecution for their offenses, and wish to secure the passage of bills of indemnity. They therefore, in this county, have submitted to the candidates for the Assembly the questions: first, Whether they approved of the Vigilance movement; second, Whether they would pass indemnity bills; and last, Whether they would pay the proclamation and other bills of the governor. The Negroes and Know-Nothings, at least a majority of them, have answered these questions affirmatively. They will discover that the people will see through this anticipated perjury, and refuse to trust men who announce in advance they will violate the law and constitution they are sworn to maintain. An indemnity bill is *ex post facto*, and beyond the power of the legislature to pass. If it had any effect whatever, it would be an entire suspension of all law during the period for which it was designed to operate, and would vitiate every trial and sentence during that period, not for the county of San Francisco alone, but throughout the entire State. The English Houses of Commons and Lords pass such bills, by virtue of the omnipotence in all human affairs with which the British constitution invests them; but the pardoning power is explicitly vested in the Governor under our system. Indemnity is pardon, and that can come from the Governor, and can proceed from him alone. The legislature may repeal the laws under which criminal proceedings are to be, but this will operate in favor of all criminals—not one class of offenders, or the criminals of one county. To license crime by leaving us without the means of punishing offenders might suit the guilty wretches who composed the revengeful and sanguinary horde known as the Vigilance Committee, but will hardly meet the approbation of the people of the State, when opportunity is afforded for calm reflection and coolly deliberate action, and the Vigi-

lants have over-reached themselves in presenting the question to the people. . . . Unless they, by meddling, draw notice again upon their acts, the indemnity of time and scorn may save them from merited punishment. If they oblige the people to notice, they may discover that notice compels the infliction of the penalty of their crime.

*Wednesday, 5th November.*—The Know-nothings have carried the city by a trifling majority. The Republican vote in the city was about five hundred.

*Friday, 7th November.*—Fremont has carried the county of Santa Clara, formerly the stronghold of Whiggery, by a large majority. To it is to be added San Francisco, where the Vigilance ticket is elected, although Buchanan received a respectable majority.

*Monday, 1st December.*—The "Bulletin," as the organ of the San Francisco Vigilants, is exceedingly indignant at the arrest of the members of the committee who have gone to New York by those whom they exiled upon civil process for false imprisonment. It sees with truth in these arrests, and in the treatment received by the master murderers, the true estimation in which the Vigilant movement was held in the East. The potent engine of indignation proposed is non-intercourse, the effect of which would be a plentiful batch of attachments by the principals in New York against their fraudulent agents

and debtors in San Francisco, and an exposure of the cause of the Vigilant movement at home, as startling as they fear that in New York will the development of the fact that the *émeute* was encouraged to cover fraudulent bankruptcies, and gain time for arrangements which would defraud eastern shippers, and at the same time furnish an excuse and convenient subterfuge for a delayed payment and final bankruptcy.

*Wednesday, 31st December.*—

The year's descending moments swiftly sink  
In gloom. The shadows of the past come round  
In mournful guise, and pointing to the brink,  
Where the brief, hurried present disappears,  
Tell of the disappointments known, and sound  
The spirit's darkest depths, whose sad profound  
Echoes the moan that tells of grief that sears,  
The bloom of hope, and with a madman's sneers  
Exults in the despair that rules the mind,  
And leaves life's losses only well defined  
Upon the torturing record page, that shows  
Life one long loss, no joy to light the woes  
That crowd it from its dawn to this cold moment's  
close.

*Thursday, 1st January, 1857.*—

Ah, would I might the song believe,  
Forbearing doubt and sorrow,  
It might the dismal past retrieve,  
And fill with hope the morrow,  
Ay, make the future the fair type  
Of the heart's wish when joy is ripe.  
It will be such, I'll strive to dream,  
And bid the fancy close my theme.

G. E. Montgomery.

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#### COMRADES ONLY.

THE residents of a certain retired street awoke one morning to find a small shop sprung into existence, mushroom fashion, in their midst. The neighborhood was not peopled by the upper ten, yet it grumbled not a little to find its shabby gentility in such close contact to a shop—and a dairy at that. Yes, there hung the flaunting sign, "Xavier Schnüriger, Dairy Products."

"Why couldn't his name have been John Smith?" querulously remarked the old lady

across the way, as she established herself behind the window blind and prepared to take items.

"For my part, I don't see any use in names that nobody can pronounce without calling in a dentist afterwards," said Mrs. Janes's daughter, an unmarried female somewhere between forty and fifty years of age.

"I wish the man himself would come to the door," continued Mrs. Janes. "A shop

in our square! Really, I've lived here well on to fifty years, Lurida—that was before your time—and this is the first shopkeeper who has had the bold face to open a place of business here—right in the very house, too, where Mary Frances Perkins's first husband's sister lived for years. Our quarter is not exactly the most fashionable one, Lurida, but it is eminently respectable and cultivated—no talk of shop. Well, I never! Lurida, just come here a moment and look out."

Miss Lurida let her knitting drop to the floor, as she hastily moved over to the window and opened another slat in the persienne, close to her mother's.

"Why, mother, he is young, isn't he? good-looking, too, in spite of his name. He must have a great deal of pluck to open a store—here. His looks would secure him a presentation anywhere. I hope his grammar is correct—for it would be a terrible shock if he turned out to be one who said 'them people is,' or 'usen't,' or 'git out o' thar.' Really, we must encourage him by giving him our patronage. I'll buy today's milk there."

"Lurida!" exclaimed Mrs. Janes, too much astonished to say anything, for a moment: then, "My dear, I wish you would not go on at such a rate. You talk as if we were intending to give him an invitation to call upon us. Invite the shop-keeper in our square?—never—no, not if he was as beautiful as the Ettrick shepherd."

"How sweetly appropriate your allusions always are, mother," sighed Lurida. She was accustomed to these inconsequent comparisons in her mother's speeches, but they never failed to irritate her, for Lurida made a great point of culture.

"Lurida Janes, anybody would think you were still in your teens to hear you talk and sigh in that sentimental way."

"Well, so I am young, mother, in my feelings. I am going over to get some milk. I want to see what he is like," said the adventurous Lurida, donning a hat lined with red, that cast a most unpleasant tinge upon her high cheek bones and her somewhat prominent nose. Taking the milk can from its

hook in the kitchen, she went across to the new store to satisfy her natural curiosity.

"If there isn't Luridy Janes a-going for that young man a-ready!" said Mrs. Stillwell, the next door neighbor, to the English pug dog in her lap. "Law! Romeo, that frightful old maid is never happy without there is a man a-capering at her heels. If I was she, I'd begin to settle down—she's fifty if she's a day."

In censuring Lurida's fondness for masculine attention, Mrs. Stillwell did not stop to reflect that she herself had recently buried her fourth husband, and that a certain quota of coquetry is understood to have been practiced in order to entrap four spouses. Charitable comparison is a stranger among neighbors—it is always the mote in the other person's eye that fills our thoughts.

Ding-a-ling-a-ling—quavered Mrs. Stillwell's front door-bell at that moment. Romeo barked with unusual vehemence, while his mistress, with a startled flush, stepped to a mirror to see if the parting of her frizette was exactly in the middle; then, throwing a lavender crape shawl about her shoulders, she stepped to the door. It was only Mrs. Richards, who kept a private boarding-house next door but one; and she had brought her impish six-year-old son with her.

"Did you ever!" exclaimed the visitor breathlessly, when she had sunk into the depths of the late Mr. Stillwell's favorite easy-chair—an act that seemed little short of sacrilege to the bereaved widow. "Did you ever! Luridy Janes is over there already"—indicating the shop with a crook of her bony finger.

"Just like her," said Mrs. Stillwell, as she moved a little nearer to her caller, in order not to lose a word of the lively gossip that would be forthcoming. Mrs. Richards had a vivid imagination—quite equal to the extravagant tales of the Arabian Nights, except that her histories were brimming over with malice that scorched and deadened wherever they touched, like a stream of molten lava. "Just like her," repeated Mrs. Stillwell. "No maids like the old maids. She's fifty if she's a day. Even her fine airs and all



her talk about culture can't hide her old age."

"Fifty? you don't say! I've often wondered, but—Jimmie stop wetting your finger every time you turn a page of that album. You've left a great thumb mark on every page, you wicked boy. Stop, or I'll whip you."

"No, you wont," nonchalantly retorted Jimmie, continuing to moisten his thumb in order to make the pages turn more easily.

"Did you hear me, Jimmie Richards?"

"Yes, ma."

"Well, you better mind, then. Where was I, Mrs. Stillwell? O, about Luridy Janes's age. According to that, her mother must be nearly a hundred. Awful homely old woman, isn't she?—uncultivated, too. Why, what do you think? The other day, says she to me, 'I've been tryin' to persuade Luridy to take dancin' lessons—one is invited out so much more when one dances.' But Luridy says, says she: 'Don't you think it's most too late for me to learn to dance? I'm going on fifty.'"

"I should say!" exclaimed Mrs. Stillwell, who was eyeing Jimmie nervously. He had removed all the bric-a-brac from mantels, tables, and brackets, and had made a Noah's ark procession of the articles, two and two, that stretched clear across the room.

"Jimmie Richards!" cried his mother, "you just put them things back. He don't mean any harm, Mrs. Stillwell. Boys will be boys. Jimmie, mind me this instant."

"Yes, ma," he replied, without the smallest idea of obeying.

There was an ominous silence of one minute, then Jimmie rent the air with a piteous howl.

"There, now, you'll disobey me again, will you?"

She thrust him into a chair beside her. Mrs. Stillwell replaced her bric-a-brac, and then the two women resumed their comments, but this time upon people not concerned in this narration.

Lurida, in the meantime, was forming the acquaintance of the shop-keeper, who seemed more like a gentleman of high standing than

like a dairyman. He had placed the five cents' worth of milk in the can and returned it to her. Still she lingered.

"Curious old girl, that," irreverently thought the proprietor, who was wondering why she did not go. Lurida's eyes rested upon the window, in which were tastefully arranged some plants—two palms, and a number of tall ferns.

"How pretty your window is. Who would ever have thought of making a store out of this old house. You can't imagine how surprised we were to see a store opened in our square. It is the first time."

"Just because it never had been, did you think it never could be?—is that the theory you follow out in life?" he asked, with a shadow of annoyance in his voice.

"O, well, we thought we were too far up town to suffer from such an invasion," she answered, without taking his feelings into consideration.

"You are too conservative for an American," he answered, quickly. "I have been trying all my life to make that the central idea of my writings—a broader social democracy than we have now. They talk of European aristocracy—there is no country in the world where people are so rigidly exclusive as in America—exclusive to everything but money. Bah!"

"You write, then?" asked Lurida, with renewed interest, looking about the shop interrogatively.

"You wonder why I am here if I write?" he said. "Well, I wouldn't be here if people bought what I wrote. It is one thing to write, and quite another to make money in that calling."

"Are your family going to live here in the house?" inquired Lurida, eager to know more of this singular person.

"Family?" he repeated, with a vague look of dismay. "Family? I have none—never had. Fact is, I am both an orphan and a bachelor."

"Then you will have plenty of room here—and quiet," smilingly responded Lurida, taking her leave.

"Well, Lurida Janes, did you stop to help

him tend shop?" tartly demanded Mrs. Janes, when Lurida had come into the sitting room and hung up her hat.

"He's delightful," remarked Lurida, ignoring her mother's ill temper. "He talks like a gentleman—and he is a writer. I should think he'd be rather lonely, living in that big house all alone. I always pity a man who has no kith nor kin. But, then, perhaps it is better for a writer to live in seclusion and solitude—he has a chance to concentrate his ideas on his work. Why, mother, is anything the matter?"

"Matter!" said Mrs. Janes, sternly, eyeing her daughter over her spectacles. "Matter enough. Did he tell you all that while you were buying the milk? He's a bad young man—take my word for it, Lurida—if his tongue runs on like that."

"But, ma, I asked him the questions. He would never have opened his mouth if I hadn't asked him the questions," said Lurida, with a vague tone of apology.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the mother, more disconcerted than ever. "Lurida, you are a fool! The neighbors will have it about tomorrow that you have been running after the store young man. Yes, they will—you needn't shake your head—for I saw Mrs. Richards going into Mrs. Stillwell's a while ago. Then the slats of the window blind were moved, so I knew what was going on. We'll hear of this tomorrow, if I am not mistaken. O, Luridy, Luridy, you little fool!"

Xavier Schnüriger was not altogether dependent upon his custom. The fact was, that he was a man of unlimited literary ambition. In the first flush of his youth, he had edited the college paper. Later, in his twenty-first year, he had been assistant editor of a political organ, of which his father was the manager. His father's death at once caused the failure of the paper, and threw the young man out of his position. The brief glory of being one of the "we" on an editorial staff had unfitted him for any other calling in life—in his own estimation. He was not without ability, but the barriers which publishers must necessarily place about

themselves for protection, left Schnüriger just without the golden bars behind which manuscripts were retained as "available."

"By Jove!" he often grumbled; "if I was a pig-sticker or a rag-picker the world would be agog with my talent. As it is, because I am in easy circumstances, and for the reason that I have had every advantage, they put me down in their black list."

Of course, this was the view of a disappointed aspirant, but it seemed very real to him. Being by nature a man of indomitable perseverance, he never permitted his disappointment to conquer him beyond all hope. For fully ten years he had written his manuscripts, and sent them upon their way with return stamps enclosed—to the best magazines first, then down the list, until they were accepted somewhere. There came a time later on, when some things that he wrote were gratefully accepted as long as no price was attached—but never a check greeted his expectant eyes.

"If I were only a rag-picker," he had repeated over and over, "they would make me a hero."

Stern necessity had forced him to go into some business, and a friend had offered him the city agency of his dairy products. So it came about that destiny had made him "the butter-man of our square." When well settled in the new place, he smiled a grave, amused little smile, and said to himself:

"Well, this will do for present needs, but the publishers will have to come to terms some day, for I shall write, write, write until I am called back to Heaven, and if they have paper and pen there, I have no doubt but that I shall still continue through all time."

Not long after he opened his dairy depot, he wrote a story that seemed to him to be of stirring interest. It was a graphic romance, founded upon a certain Indian massacre which devastated an island in Humboldt Bay, California, some fifty years before. A few weeks after it was sent away, it was returned to him with a note which said:

"We would advise you to stick to butter-making. It may pay you far better than literature."

Whether the message was meant to be offensive or not, he could scarcely tell. It might have come from the weary "reader" of the great publishing house; that overworked individual who continually felt the humiliating certainty that everything in the literary profession below the "great lights," was an everlasting grind for which there was no compensation. Schnüriger gave the writer the benefit of the doubt—and even went so far as to say compassionately, "Poor devil!"

Miss Janes's daily calls had established somewhat of a friendly footing between them. He no longer looked upon her as a homely old girl of too youthful proclivities, as he had at first. Indeed, he had found her interesting from many standpoints, and he rather enjoyed his conversations with her. It had not gone far enough for him to call upon her—still the intercourse was very friendly.

One morning Lurida came in, and found him in a decidedly bad humor; but she knew she had it in her power to dispel the shadows for that morning at least.

"I have been writing to my cousin," she began, "—my cousin in New York."

"Strange!" sarcastically murmured Schnüriger, with no great civility.

Miss Lurida colored a bit, but persevered, saying: "Yes. Some time ago I mentioned your name to him. My cousin is the owner of 'Popper's Magazine,' you know."

"You don't mean it," said Schnüriger with awakening interest.

"My cousin said that he knew of you," continued Lurida, "and he asked my honest opinion in the matter. He has always put great reliance in what I say, and as he is immensely interested in the budding genius of the West, it has fallen into my power to bring him into business relations with quite a number of able men and women here. What do you think he asked me? He asked if you were *really* a butter-maker, and if you intended to go on wasting ink through all eternity."

Schnüriger bit his lip at this sally, and then bent a scrutinizing gaze upon Miss Lurida, to see if she understood the cut, and

if she was laughing at him. Apparently, she was innocent of all offense, for she continued, this time coloring slightly: "I wrote back that you were gifted with indomitable perseverance, and—well, I'll not tell you the rest. Finally, I wrote to him that none of the neighbors thought that dairying was quite in your line."

"Confound those women!" he growled. "What makes them think I am not a butter maker?"

"Well," returned Lurida with thoughtful reluctance, "I suppose it is because—because—you know you do make outrageous blunders once in a while—when people ask you about dairy management; and then, do you remember the day when you sold that young Jersey cow to Mr. Peters, and he made you take off half the price, because he said that old age had made her lose her upper front teeth, and you believed him? Such blunders don't pass unheeded, my friend. Are you offended?"

"Not at all. But now I would like to ask you for the whole of your cousin's criticism."

"You must remember, Mr. Schnüriger, that you are an absolute stranger to my cousin John," said Miss Lurida with visible embarrassment.

"You mean, then, that the criticism is hardly flattering? My feelings are pretty well calloused by this time; I can endure a great deal," he answered, with a curious half laugh.

"Then I shall ask you to drop in this evening and read the letter yourself; it will be easier than telling you," she said, rising to take her leave.

"What will Mrs. Stillwell say, to see you entertaining the shop-keeper? I heard her tell your mother it was a burning shame for her to permit you to speak to such an inferior person."

"If you don't mind it, I am quite sure I don't."

When she had gone he muttered to himself:

"It would be strange if, after all my prejudices against that woman, she should be my

stepping-stone to success. I wonder what compensation she expects. I haven't anything to give her but myself—bah! what an idea. Such an old woman!" In the evening he made his first call across the way. After much persuasion, Miss Lurida brought forth the document, of which it will only be necessary to give the extract in question.

"If the man is really a butter-maker, he shows an extraordinary acquisition of knowledge. If he has had every advantage, then his genius is somewhat colorless, or rather, overdone. I would give him a lift if I thought it would do him any good; but he is too much like the ordinary swarm that makes life a burden to me now. Perhaps if he cut out the countless historical and mythological allusions which adorn his works; if he reduced the *avoidupois* of his figures of speech; if he cut each one of his long-winded sentences into at least three clean, straightforward, manly statements; if he localized his genius, and let the old European highways severely alone; if he searched for hitherto unwritten bits of legendary history that must be floating about that new western country—if he did this, I might look at his work. For the present style I have no available time. So, Lurida, use your judgment; you know I am always willing to prop up your weakling protegés when they deserve propping."

Underneath Lurida's plain exterior, there ran a vein of earnest purpose, which had made her long to be of some use in the world. Long ago, she had found that it was not ordained for her to shine in any sphere as a creative genius; but her labor had been directed towards helping others to shine, and she was happy in this work. As she now looked at her guest, her face showed a grave sympathy. Yet she knew that she could not have done him a greater service. His lips were firmly pressed together while he read and re-read the letter. Lifting his eyes from the paper, at last, he said:

"By heavens! How can you make gold out of lead! How can you make a new man out of an old one? Well, Miss Lurida, at least you know now that I am no butter-maker. I lay claims to gentility—may I remain and chat with you?"

The evening passed pleasantly, and when he finally rose to go, he said, gratefully,

"How shall I ever repay you?"

"Repay me for cutting your heart to the

core with rough words? But if you are grateful, don't let me see that you feel the obligation, for that would mar my pleasure."

"This is a great service for you to undertake for—your butter-maker," he said, with a tinge of bitterness.

"I am too democratic to think of that now, even if I did at first," she replied, smiling a little at his sense of abasement. "Good evening, and remember you are to call often. If I can be a help to you, I will."

"Good evening"—and he was gone.

Their friendship took rapid strides after this—it being no longer necessary for them to confine their conversations to those held over the counter. There came a day, at last, when the postman brought, instead of another "unavailable," an imposing document in a legal envelope, which the expectant author tore open with eager curiosity.

"MR. XAVIER SCHNURIGER—

"*My dear Sir:* We shall be pleased to accept the MS. you have kindly sent us. Enclosed you will find check for the same, which, though hardly adequate, is all that we feel we can afford to an author who is as yet unknown to fame. Hoping to hear from you from time to time, we remain, yours,

"EDITORS POPPER'S MAGAZINE.

"To Xavier Schnüriger."

He thrust on his hat, and rushed across the street to tell Miss Janes the news. Lurida's face beamed with glad satisfaction as he entered, and before he had time to speak, she had taken his hand cordially, and said:

"I know about it, for I, too, have had a letter. It makes me very happy, for I know the day will come when I shall be proud to say that I had the honor to help you become famous." He almost loved her as she stood before him, making her sympathetic speech. She no longer seemed old or ineligible—she was to him then a cultivated woman, who would make—as she had made—a helpmeet.

"O, Miss Lurida, I can never thank you —" he began, drawing her a little closer to him.

"Sh!" she answered, smiling at his excess of emotion. "There is no need to speak of

any return. Besides, my friend, I am old enough to be your grandmother."

"Not quite—" he laughed, somewhat disconcerted by the shrewd way in which she had anticipated what would have been an awkward scene. "Not quite, Miss Lurida; any man might be proud to ask you to be his help-meet."

"Sh!" she entreated. "I am enough your senior to be permitted to make of you a protégé without any impropriety. We will be friends, comrades, instead."

"Comrades," he repeated, still holding her hand. "That sounds very sweet to a lonely man. Well, good night, and God bless you, comrade"—giving her hand another hearty grasp, and taking his leave.

"Yes," he said, as he went across the street, "she is the best little woman on earth; and if she were only ten or fifteen years younger—"

And Mrs. Stillwell said to her pug: "Humph! I do b'lieve she's given him the mitten. Served him right!"

*Emelie Tracy Y. Swett.*

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### A WINTER AMONG THE PIUTES.

I HAVE been asked to write something of an old-time experience of travel and sojourn in a certain wild mountain region, which not very long ago was set down on the maps as unexplored—a region which, owing to its distance from any railway, may be considered, even at this late day, a somewhat secluded corner of what is generally known as the Far West. Though the scenes and events herein narrated are of the past, and are seen through the mist of twenty-one years, yet the recollection of those wild days still goes with me, on the whole a pleasant and never-fading remembrance. And if this narrative is a very simple one, yet it at least offers to him who would know his country through and through, some account of a very peculiar portion of it, which tourists generally seem to have made but little acquaintance with.

It lies in the extreme south-eastern part of the state of Nevada, with Arizona and Utah on the south and east, and the Mojave desert in the extreme south-west—a wild country, where what few valleys there are that are blessed with the rare luxury of abundant water, were in by-gone times the real home of the various bands of Piute and Shoshone Indians. It is a region of mountain ranges, extending north and south with singular regularity. Many of the ranges are pine-clad up to their very summits, while others are bare and desolate. The intervening valleys

are many of them waterless deserts. It is a stretch of country of some tragic interest, since it embraces the locality just beyond the line of Nevada, in Utah, known as Mountain Meadows, the scene of that never-to-be forgotten, tragical Mountain Meadow massacre. From this as a starting point, about two hundred miles due west takes us to Death Valley, crossing on the way many valleys, among which are those spots of fertility known as Clover and Pah-ranagat Valleys, the latter at about forty miles east of Death Valley. Excepting these oases in the desert, it is a land where the wild cactus flourishes with no end of fantastic shapes; a land, in summer, of drought, of blazing skies overhead, where occasional streams of tawny colored, alkaline, and seemingly worse than useless waters, mysteriously sink in the sandy desert, to reappear again in other and far distant localities. Yet, in spite of the alkaline and verdureless valleys, there is to the lover of nature a sort of wild pathos and a grandeur in many of its mountain ranges that is scarcely found elsewhere.

Among the furrows that nature's ploughshare has seemingly drawn broad and deep through the western part of that mountain land, is, I have said, the one known as Death Valley—a broad and waterless sink, which will always remain without living occupant save an occasional traveler—unless, indeed,

human enterprise should some day get the better of nature, and tear down the divides, and thus open a way by which the waters of the ocean shall be coaxed far inland, so as to make of that valley a great inland sea; for the floor of Death Valley has, through scientific investigation, been proved to be one hundred and fifty-nine feet below the level of the ocean. And if possibly the deep waters should ever roll over it, and cover the valley from human sight, as the waters of the Dead Sea are said to hide the site of the cities of the plain, even then the tragic event of its early history might well be worth handing down to posterity. This tragedy, commemorated by the name of the valley, happened thirty-seven years ago, in mid-summer, and during the early days of the settlement of California, when to a party of two hundred emigrants, en route to Southern California, it proved to be a veritable valley of the shadow of death.

My own acquaintance with the valley happened in the early part of the month of March, in 1864, and fortunately it was just after a light snowfall in the adjacent mountains, so that our need of water was fully met by melting snow.

That was a haphazard journey, by a hitherto untraveled way, through a desert wilderness, from our winter camp in the mountains near Pah-ranagat Valley, on in a south-westerly direction, crossing Death Valley on the way. It was a hurried journey, for the staff of life had been broken; or, in other words, we had been eaten out of our camp by half-starved Indians, and thus driven to seek a refuge somewhere, to avoid starvation. And the way that we came to be in Pah-ranagat Valley, and our acquaintance with the Indians there, constitute the subject of this sketch.

The mountain ranges east of Death Valley were as late as the year 1864 unexplored, at least, so far as the precious metals were concerned; and perhaps that, in good part, was why that region seemed at that time so attractive to the mining fraternity of the Pacific Coast. At all events, nature thereabouts had long been suspected of withholding from them a certain secret—namely, that

she had the precious metal hid away in her bosom—and to wrest that secret from her was, in short, why and how it happened that we—a party of four of the aforesaid Californians—after a long and tedious winter journey with pack and riding horses, at last found ourselves camped in an Indian country, on a mountain side, overlooking the valley of Pah-ranagat, and spending our time in racing up and down the mountains in pursuit of the yellow phantom, and pestered meanwhile by Indian visitors, whose half-starved condition threatened the direst consequences.

As for the valley of Pah-ranagat, it is one of the few valleys of that otherwise arid region that are blessed with fertility and abundant water. The spot we chose for a camping place—a winter home in the wilderness—was, however, some distance from the valley. It was a spot high up on a mountain among the pines, and at the lower edge of the snow-line, where water—that indispensable need of camp life—was fully supplied by melting snow. It overlooked the long, narrow strip of valley, marked by a yellow line of dried grass and reeds, which far away down the valley is lost to view in Lake Pah-ranagat. The silver sheen of the waters of the lake, as seen in the distance on a clear day, may have in by-gone times suggested to the Indian mind the name by which the valley is now known; for Pah-ranagat is purely an Indian name, and one which in the Piutes dialect signifies “shining water”—the Valley of the Shining Water—a name which, at least, reflects no little credit on the poetic faculty of the Indian dwellers in this valley of the mountains. After all, it is a pleasant thought, that in the past that little strip of fertility, with its grass-bordered streams, has been an Indian paradise.

Our camp on the mountain, as it happened, was not far from the wickiups of Pah-Witchit, the Indian chief, and his band, who at that time, with women and children, were supposed to number some two hundred persons, the most of whom were making their winter home at the springs near the head of the valley. Pah-Wichit, as we had occasion

to know, looked upon the valley and its neighborhood as a kind of Naboth's vineyard, and of great price.

He was unable at first to comprehend just what it was that had induced us to come to this country. Although I never quite understood his jargon, yet one could occasionally catch at his meaning. He said, "You Mer-ry-cats,"—a name they saw fit to give us—"what for you come to our country digging up stones? and your ponies eating up the grass in the valley, and next summer, perhaps, destroying our corn and melon patches."

In fact, they seemed disposed to construe our visit to their country to our detriment; and as their good will in the joint occupancy of their domain was essential in the case, therefore we must needs be conciliatory in all intercourse with them. They must be fed to keep them good-natured; and what if, after all, they should see fit to forcibly confiscate our grub stake, and drive us forth into the wilderness to starve? The case was serious, for at that time we knew that what little grass seed and corn they had gathered in the autumn, and stored away in sundry holes in the ground near their wickiups, had been nearly exhausted, and they were driven in some cases to such sustenance as roasted lizards afforded.

Aside from the climate, nature in this wilderness seemed so very close-fisted that it was really a mystery how these Indians managed to wring from her a bare subsistence. For there was no wild game around by which either an Indian or a white man might at a pinch eke out a failing stock of provisions. The only wild animals that gave any sign of their presence were the coyotes, and they were so hungry that we had to sling our eatables by a rope, and hoist them up a tree out of their reach. They often invaded our camp in the darkness, and once they carried off some greasy knives that by chance had been left lying about, and after securing the grease and finding what remained wanting in flavor, they wisely dropped them where we picked them up the next morning. It would have been well if no more serious consequences

had followed the invasion of our camp by hungry Indians than in the case of the coyotes.

Not that the Indians actually set upon us, and forced us to do battle for the bread of our life; but it might happen that, rendered desperate by hunger, they *might* do it. Therefore it was on our part an act of prudence to purchase their good will by generously feeding them; at all events, it was far better to feed them than to fight them, though the price we paid, when measured by the enormous capacity of Indian stomachs, seemed not a little exorbitant.

But, after all, for Indians, they were not a bad set of fellows. For in all our intercourse with them during that winter, I never knew of a single theft, though we left our camp alone repeatedly, and oftentimes in charge of one or another of them.

There was one in particular, an old man, who was a privileged guest at our camp. His head, with its ample shock of hair, was silvered by age, hence he was known among us as Old Silver-top. He was always ready to pay his way, by gathering wood for the camp fire, driving up the ponies, or any other little necessary chore. It is a strange thing that he, a decrepit old Piute, should have been so distinctly photographed on my memory. There was not a little that was singular about him. His face, though thin and withered, was nevertheless very expressive. There was a certain indescribable jollity that shone out through his homely features. The old man, at a guess, might have seen eighty years, but still there was nothing venerable about him. He was tall and straight, and quite unbent by the weight of years. I seem to see him now, sitting with us around the camp fire, each one smoking his pipe and enjoying the blaze, while he was the butt of many a joke. He was a great smoker, and smoked his own *toquop* (Indian wild tobacco). He was clothed, as they all were, except their chief, in a breech clout, with a robe of coyote skins wrapped around him in primitive fashion, bare-legged and bare-headed. To be sure, the cold was never severe, but still the clothing was little enough

to shield any Indian from an occasional cold blast, much less one like him, in the chill decline of life.

It happened on one occasion that he came up from the warm valley below to visit us at our camp on the mountain. It was after a light snow-fall—a snow which, in the Indian village below, was only a warm rain. I watched him as he picked his way along bare-footed through the snow, carrying his moccasins in his hand, to save them from being wet and spoiled. I saw that the old fellow now and then shivered, but he never lost patience, or was in the least disconcerted. He seemed to take any little hardship, like this, as a matter of course. No doubt, in his time, many a shiver had called for a far greater exercise of patience than this, and through it quite likely his sensibilities had now become somewhat blunted, so that in no case could he feel anything very acutely.

But aside from and better than all that, our aged brother proved himself to be perfectly honest and trustworthy, for many a time, when we were abroad in quest of mineral, we left him in charge of our effects at camp, and on our return never missed a thing. And furthermore, it is safe to say of him that he never quarreled with his destiny or with the author of it, as those in civilized lands do, who take their lives in their own hands and cut them short by suicide. (For that matter, seldom, if ever, was an Indian known to commit downright suicide.) Alas, that there should be any of our countrymen to give currency to such an atrocious saying as, "There are no good Indians but the dead ones"—a saying that, to say the least of it, is calculated to blind one's perception of the truth. Why should the impression prevail, that the native Indian and the white man of our country are natural born enemies, and that we are here only to fight and kill each other?

At any rate, in the present case, ours was an honest struggle to live in peace with our Indian neighbors; and we found them, in many respects, not very unlike what any community of two hundred white men would

have been under the same circumstances. Nor did the number of those who seemed to manifest the baser traits of human nature appear to be in undue proportion.

To be sure, there were some who were the most shameless of beggars; some who came to us oftener than need be, and hung around our camp with looks that seemed to say, "Give a poor dog a bone." To such we were sometimes obliged to run the risk of seeming uncivil; and when in their lingo they said "*Shot-cup*" (Victuals), we replied by saying, "*Cotshot-cup, Indian pigway* (No victuals, Indian go away)—you can refresh your stomachs on grass seed and lizards."

I have alluded to the policy of feeding them generously. As for hospitality on our part, it was really of a dismal sort, and it became more and more dismal as the winter wore on, and finally it became apparent that if we would save ourselves from starvation, it would be absolutely necessary to eke out our already failing store of provisions by the most rigid economy. We had beans among our stores; and bean porridge, with water as the prevailing ingredient, we found well adapted to purposes of economy, and at the same time, apparently agreeable to Indian stomachs. To be prepared to serve our Indian guests, we kept the camp kettle filled with the watery mess. A family of the old New England Pilgrims might have been forced to keep their porridge in the same way, and for reasons very similar—for as the legend runs, theirs was bean porridge hot, bean porridge cold, bean porridge in the pot nine days old. But the oft-repeated calls of our would-be guests never allowed our porridge to attain the age of nine days before being eaten. The rising smoke of our camp fire, far up on the mountain side, was to them a hint that the Merry-cats were at home, and its light in the evening seemed to draw them, just as a candle may draw dorbugs on a summer night.

Pah-Wichit, the chief, made an occasional visit to our camp. One of his visits in particular impressed itself on my memory. Pah-Wichit was no wild, painted-faced savage, like some of his red brothers of the North.



It would seem that once, at least, he had visited the Mormon settlements in Southern Utah, and learned enough of the Mormons to draw the line sharply between them and the Merry-cats. For he said: "Merry-cats *to-wich-a-wy-no*" (very good); "Mormons, *cots*" (no good). Yet Mormon civilization had already begun his education by clothing him in her cast-off garments. For the coat he wore was dingy and grease-spotted—it had no doubt done service for some emigrant Mormon proselyte; and his pants, like the coat, through world-wide wandering, were of stove-pipe sheen. The hat that crowned his frowzy head was wrinkled and battered by long service, making on the whole a costume, to say the least, very unbecoming a chieftain. It was at the edge of the evening, and we were busy at the camp-fire preparing our evening meal. Both the camp-kettle and the coffee pot were simmering over the coals, when Pah-Wichit, with a number of his followers, made their appearance, and after a mutual salutation of "How, how!" Indian fashion, we all gathered around the fire, and the chief began his wordy harangue. Much of it was Greek to us, but the portions of it accompanied by signs were perfectly intelligible.

He saw fit, at the outset, to remind us that that region was his domain. He said: "Me one great capitan," and with impressive gesture, he pointed down the valley; but suddenly dropping that subject, he went on to compliment us by saying: "Merry-cats *to-wich-a-wy-no*: Merry-cats have blankets," and glancing at the camp-kettle, he added: "and plenty of *shot-cup*."

With that, and much more, he proceeded to unroll a lot of coyote skins. Then pointing to a blanket which happened to be near, he intimated his desire to trade coyote skins for it, by saying, "Merry-cats, swap." Of course, there was nothing for it but to hand over the blanket, and take the coyote skins.

But immediately after the trade, the chief saw fit to suggest a picnic, by saying "*shot-cup*." It was a brilliant, if not a friendly, thought on his part; for he well knew that

his starving people had drawn heavily on our resources of late, and we might very properly have declined it, with the intimation that our grub stake was already reduced to the very smallest proportions, and that we were then actually discussing the necessity of an early journey to San Bernardino or some settlement in Southern California, to replenish our failing stock of provisions. But then, it would never do to run the risk of offending the chief. So there was nothing for it on this occasion but to make the best of it.

The occasion called for some additional cooking, and our guests were not backward in taking the initiative at this. They gathered fuel, and fed the fire with great armfuls of brush-wood and pine, and the blaze added no little cheer to this chance festival, while we, with fry-pans in hand, baked the cakes. Having completed the preparations, and taken the frying pans from the coals, in miner's parlance, we all go down, or rather, squat around the victuals. Here fingers were supreme, and hands took the place of plates; but the real wonder about this feast was, the facility displayed by those Piutes in making away with *shot-cup*, and in the end, clearing off all the remnants. Though I have no idea that the chief lacked sustenance at that time, still it was quite touching to see with what eagerness he swallowed the bean porridge.

It was late when he and his followers left us that night, and we prepared to lie down for a night's rest. Before spreading our blankets, I happened to bethink myself of those coyote skins that the chief had swapped for our blanket, and with a view of utilizing them at once, I thought with no little satisfaction of how much softer our bed might be made that night with those skins under it. Little did I dream just then of the penalties attached to intercourse with Indians. So, without consulting my partner, who had had more Indian experience than I, I spread them on the ground under our blankets. That was a night to be remembered.

Nor shall I ever forget the wrathful maledictions my partner heaped on Pah-Wichit, the Indian chief. The coyote skins proved to be infested with vermin. I presume

the chief, in his familiarity with their condition, counted it a very common-place thing. But for our part, it was a serious matter; one that could not be got rid of at once, but went with us for a time—an unpleasant reminder of those ghastly Indian festivals—those panderings to Indian stomachs, that drew on and lessened our grub stake so materially as to lead eventually to our being fairly starved out of the country. Not, however, until we had secured a goodly number of specimens of its silver ores—specimens which finally found their way to Frisco, and were pronounced by the most expert assayers of that city to be of the highest grade.

The upshot of it all was, that in due time Pah-ranagat Lake mining district came to be considered—at least, for a time—a mineral district of great promise. The ore was there, but somehow, later on, the stuff proved to be rebellious. There was a difficulty in separating the bullion from the ore, which so far as I know, was never successfully overcome.

However, be that as it may, one morning early in March we broke camp, packed our animals, and reluctantly turned our backs on our winter home, leaving Pah-Wichit and his band to wonder at the sudden disappearance of the Merry-cats.

*William Nye.*

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#### MYSTERIOUS FATE OF BLOCKADE-RUNNERS.

THE September issue of THE OVERLAND MONTHLY gave an instance of successful blockade-running during our late Civil War, in which the undersigned was a participant. This sketch proposes to present some details of an unsuccessful attempt by one of my comrades on that occasion, who, with his co-workers in Canada, loaded two schooners at Halifax, Nova Scotia, towards the close of that eventful year, 1864, with the hope of successfully landing their cargoes at some Confederate port, for the use of our Richmond government.

Captain P. C. Martin, before the war a prosperous wine merchant of Baltimore, but during most of the war a resident with his family of Montreal, Canada, was introduced to your readers in the former sketch, as my *compagnon du voyage*, on the schooner "Marie Victoria," from Bic, on the St. Lawrence River, to St. Georges, Bermuda, and thence on the Clyde-built steamer "Lilian," through the blockade, to Wilmington, North Carolina. This gentleman made favorable arrangements with the Confederate authorities at Richmond, where we spent a week together after our safe arrival, for the sale of his cargo

at St. Georges, and for the delivery of future supplies. He then ran the blockade a second time in safety to St. Georges.

Captain Martin returned to Montreal without accident, and late the next fall—in November, if I remember correctly—he prepared to run two schooners, loaded with blockade-goods, from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to Nassau, New Providence Island, in the Bahamas.

This British port, so noted during the war as a rendezvous for blockade-runners, deserves a passing notice. New Providence is one of the dozen principal or inhabited islands in that innumerable group of the West Indies known as the Bahama or Lucayos Islands. San Salvador and Watling Islands, each of which has been said to be the first land discovered by Columbus, in 1492, are among the twelve chief islands. Nassau is the capital city of the group.

These islands of coral and sea-shells, occupying the shoal waters of the celebrated Bahama Banks, cover a much greater surface than the Bermudas. Their countless isles and reefs are included between North latitude 20° and 27°, or a distance of nearly

five hundred statute miles; and between the 68th and 79th meridians west of Greenwich, or covering not far from seven hundred miles of longitude. The town of Nassau is only about two hundred miles due east of the southern extremity of Florida, and about the same distance north of Nuevitas, in Cuba. The west end of the most westerly island of the group, the Great Bahama, is only sixty miles due east of the Florida coast. Through this narrow space, called the Strait of Florida, the wonderful Gulf Stream rushes, with its maximum velocity of five to six miles an hour. New Providence Island was first settled by the English in 1629, but was occasionally seized by the Spaniards and French, until in 1783, it finally, by the treaty which closed our Revolutionary war, became a part of the British possessions. From 1703 to 1718 it was notorious as the resort of blood-thirsty pirates. It is an odd fact, not often referred to, that it was seized by the enterprising navy of our Revolutionary ancestors, in 1776, and held by them for a short time; hence its transfer to the English Crown by the treaty of 1783.

During the last few months of our late war it was the favorite resort of many blockade-runners, as it lay so near the coast of Florida. It had then become more difficult to pass the Federal blockading squadrons, even at Wilmington; and it was for this reason that Captain Martin decided to have his two schooners, late in 1864, make the longer voyage to Nassau, rather than to sail for the Bermudas, as we had done the preceding spring.

Captain Martin, when a prominent tradesman of Baltimore, in *ante bellum* times, had so often made voyages in the capacity of supercargo, that he was quite an expert sailor, and was for that reason willing to take more risks in the hazards of blockade running than a mere landsman would have been. As he was obliged to go to Nassau himself to look after their proper disposal, his family did everything in their power to dissuade him from risking a trip in either of the schooners, as he had done the previous spring. They wished him to go by steamer

from Halifax, as he could readily have done, and with greater security. But in spite of all entreaties, he persisted in taking passage on one of the schooners. He placed marine insurance on her cargoes, in which he had invested all his means, and had a handsome insurance on his life for the benefit of his family. Before sailing from Halifax he took the precaution to leave all his insurance papers in the hands of a man whom he trusted as he would trust a brother, and gave him full power of attorney to act for him in his absence, or in the event of his death.

Both of his schooners sailed about the same time. One of them was wrecked near the shore, before it was outside of the harbor of Halifax. Vessel and cargo were a total loss, though the crew was saved. Neither the schooner on which Captain Martin sailed, nor any soul on board, was ever heard of afterwards.

The man with whom his insurance papers were left was Alexander Keith, a trusted agent of the Confederate government at Halifax. When it became evident that Martin and both of his schooners were lost, Keith, under his power of attorney, drew all the insurance on Martin's life and cargoes, and left for parts unknown; appropriating, also, some Confederate funds entrusted to his care. By this infamous act, Captain Martin's family was reduced from affluence to want.

The exact cause of the loss of these two schooners, and of the tragic death of Captain Martin and one of his crews, was completely shrouded in mystery until twelve years afterwards, when the veil was in part lifted, and—strange as it may seem—in connection with one of the most diabolical schemes for the wholesale destruction of property and human life at sea, that ever curdled the blood of Christendom.

Some of our readers will remember the terrible loss of life by the premature explosion of an infernal machine, towards the close of 1875, on a wharf at Bremerhaven, Germany, just as the steamer "Moselle" was on the point of sailing for America. Many passengers and their friends, while in the act

of leave-taking, were terribly mangled by the fearful explosion. Immediate and prolonged investigation by the German police, afterwards aided by American detectives, made known the following startling facts:

While all was in confusion in and around the steamer, immediately after the tragedy, groans were heard, proceeding from one of the staterooms of the "Moselle." Supposing one of the wounded victims was suffering there, policemen tried to enter the door, and, finding it locked, forced it open. There lay a man, writhing, and weltering in his blood, shot in the head with a pistol. He survived long enough, and remained sufficiently conscious, to acknowledge that he had shot himself from remorse, as he was the cause of this hideous butchery. He confessed that he had arranged a torpedo in a box to be placed in the cargo of the "Moselle," and, by careless unloading, it had exploded on the wharf, before he had intended it should. It was his plan to have the torpedo exploded by clock-work—which he had placed with it in the box—but not until several days later, after the steamer had left England, where it was to touch on its way to the United States, as is customary with the German lines of merchant steamers. His intention was to sail on the steamer, but to leave it at the English port. His fiendish purpose was to secure money, for which he had placed insurance on part of the cargo—and this, too, in utter disregard of the lives of the many passengers.

A thrill of horror swept throughout the civilized world wherever the news of the devilish design was spread. Farther investigation showed that the name by which this human monster had been known during his short stay in Germany was Thomassen, which is merely the German for Thomas. It was first stated and believed that he was an American, because he had come to Germany but a short time previous from the United States. It was learned that he had employed an innocent clock-maker—innocent, because he knew nothing of Thomas's object—to make a dozen or more pieces of clock-work, which the wretch intended to use systematically in

destroying vessels, to secure insurance money on their cargoes.

I was in Berlin, Germany, a few months after this terrible occurrence—that is, in February, 1876. Investigations were then progressing, and the German press was still discussing the horrible event, and with no little bitterness towards America. Some of their newspapers declared that such monsters as Thomassen were a natural outgrowth of American institutions. It created universal and deep interest. Wax models of Thomassen's head, and full length figures of him, were displayed in the German museums, as were some of the specimens of the clock-work, which he had invented to explode his infernal machines.

But what was the sequel? And what has all this to do with our blockade-running in 1864?

This will now be explained. Imagine my utter astonishment, while reading a morning paper at a London hotel table soon after leaving Berlin—April, 1876—to find a statement substantially as follows: The joint efforts of German and American detectives had fully traced Thomassen's antecedents, and he was completely identified. He was not an American, but a Scotchman by birth. At one time, during our civil war, he had lived in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he was an agent for the Confederate Government. He had also been interested in blockade-running, being connected in 1864 with one P. C. Martin in that business, and his real name was *Alexander Keith!* Then followed an account of the loss of Captain Martin and his schooners. It told how Keith absconded with all of Martin's insurance money and other funds, amounting in all to between \$200,000 and \$300,000. It told how he went to Missouri, and other parts of the United States, under one or more assumed names. Under the name Thomas, he had married a lovely, innocent woman, and eventually found his way to Germany, and there ended his career as the fiend Thomassen, of "Moselle" memory.

Then how clear the mystery of poor Martin's fate became. Twelve years before, amid the varied and thrilling events of our war,

Thomassen, or Keith, had practised his worse than brutal business of destroying vessels clandestinely, and stealing their insurance. How evident it was, that the genial, whole-souled, and brave Martin, and one of his devoted crews, had fallen victims to the same fiendish lust for gold that had planned this wholesale destruction of the "Moselle" and other ocean steamers!

Just how Keith secured the loss of the two schooners, with their valuable blockade goods, bound from Halifax to Nassau, and the death of the unfortunate Captain Martin, is a secret that will, perhaps, ever lie buried in the realm of the great unknown. The schooner that sank near Halifax, and from which its crew escaped, may have had its hull so tampered with as to cause it to founder early in the voyage, that its crew might be saved, Captain Martin not being with them. Some one in league with Keith may have been on board to secure this result. Who knows?

On the other schooner, Keith probably placed an infernal machine, not unlike the one prepared for the German steamer, twelve years afterwards, that he might make sure of the loss, not only of the cargo, but of Martin's life.

However this may be, the loss of both schooners, coupled with subsequent events here related, is conclusive evidence of design by the consummate villain, Alexander Keith.

The general accuracy of the facts given in this narrative is vouched for by the writer.

In closing this sketch, it seems fitting to allude to the late tragic fate of another of the passengers of the Scotch built steamer, Lillian, when she ran the blockade at Wilmington with her \$1,000,000 cargo for the Confederacy, in June, 1864. This was Frank Vizitelly, referred to in the previous narrative of blockade-running experience, as the then correspondent of the "London Illustrated News," who, with Mr. Lawler, successor of Doctor William H. Russell, as correspondent of the "London Times," went to visit and write up Lee's army and maneuvers, through the blockade at Wilmington, as already related. Since my previous

article was written, the following press dispatch from London has confirmed the fears for his gloomy fate, as one of the most distinguished victims of the massacre, by El Mahdi's blood-thirsty Ishmaelites, of Hicks Pasha and his ill-fated army of 10,000 men. This news item, of world-wide interest, says:

"The fate of Frank Vizitelly, the artist correspondent of the 'London Graphic' is considered settled. He was supposed to be the only survivor of the massacre of Hicks Pasha's army in November, 1883, and was known to be a prisoner in El Mahdi's camp for some months after that disaster. Nothing has been heard from him since November, 1884, and even the most hopeful of his friends have given him up for lost. Vizitelly was a war correspondent of great experience. His first campaign was with Garibaldi. Next he went to America during the civil war, first on the Northern side, and then running the blockade at Charleston, he joined the Confederates. During the campaign that ended at Sadowa, he was on the side of the Austrians. His last war service, before going to the Sudan, was during the Carlist war in Spain."

Such an eventful career as Vizitelly's is worthy of the permanent record which the pages of *THE OVERLAND* can accord it. It is proper, too, that a slight error of statement in the above press-record should be here corrected. It was not at Charleston, South Carolina, but at Wilmington, North Carolina, that Vizitelly ran the blockade to join the Confederates, of which fact the writer is an eye-witness.

None entered with more zest into the calm though intense excitement of blockade running than did Frank Vizitelly, while the silent and fleetly-gliding "Lillian"—than which, it is perhaps safe to say, no faster iron steamer ever cleft the waves—sped onward gallantly and unharmed through the lines of grim United States war steamers, on that calm night in June, '64. He was the leading spirit in the jovial band that made a night of rejoicing around the steamer's festive board, as she and her consort, the "Clio," which ran in safely three hours after the "Lillian," lay at anchor in their quiet haven, under the heavy guns of old Fort Fisher.

The gallant Martin and Vizitelly, congenial spirits among genial men, who wished only to be happy and to make happiness among their fellows, have both left hosts of friends to mourn over their tragic and mysterious fates—the one with his grave in the mighty deep, the other amid the shifting sands of the Sahara, and each the victim of consummate villains, who selfishly and fiendishly subordinated all the rights and interests of others to their own overwhelming and unholty ambition.

It is, also, worth recalling in these reminiscences that another of the companions of Martin and Vizitelly, on the trip of the "Lillian" here recited, was Captain Young, who,

with a band of Confederates that had escaped into Canada from Northern prisons, soon afterwards spread consternation along our Canadian borders, by his sudden raid on St. Albans, Vermont. Captain Young still survives, and in these piping and prosperous days of "white-winged Peace," when Northmen and Southmen are friends once more, he is a prominent railroad man, in the good old commonwealth of Kentucky.

May our goodly land never again know these hazards, and pangs, and desolations of civil war, and may the world's records never again be blackened by the name of so hideous a monster in human form as was Alexander Keith.

*J. W. A. Wright.*

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#### INDIVIDUALITY—ITS BEARING UPON THE ART OF UTTERANCE.

As there is no dissent to the opinion that the study of the art of utterance is a most important one, the fact of the unpopularity of that study in most of our higher institutions of learning is to be explained. Surely, nothing more can be done than is done in the way of systematic development of the voice; and rules have been given to cover, apparently, every phase of expression. What, then, is the radical error on the part of the teacher of elocution? To me it is indicated by a persistent and vain effort to lose his individuality—to sink it entirely—in such impersonations as are required by recitation or declamation, and in encouraging his pupils to do likewise. Even upon the stage, where every theatrical help is extended, the actor often fails, because he does not grasp the essential truth that the individuality of the performer can never be absolutely lost in the character assumed. It may sound paradoxical, but I venture the assertion that the further the actor gets away from himself, the worse is his acting.

It must be borne in mind, that this whole business of the theater is a compromise between actor and audience. The auditors agree that Mr. Booth, or Mr. Irving, or Mr.

Barrett, as the case might be, shall attempt a certain impersonation; but at the same time, it is tacitly understood that the actor is simply tickling the imagination, and the hearers will permit that agreeable operation only to a limited extent. What is called over-acting is but another name for insulting the imagination of the audience. In fact, the highest enjoyment of the cultured listener is not in being carried away by, we will say, the Hamlet of Booth, but in watching just how far Mr. Booth can thrust his individuality into the representation of Hamlet. And so it is that every actor who has achieved signal success has discovered that he is best fitted for one part—the part in which he can best portray himself. Booth would have failed as Hamlet, were he not in his very personality, seemingly, the studious, reserved, melancholy counterpart of the "dreamy Dane."

There seems to me a solid philosophy at the bottom of this theory. We all love truth better than falsehood: so we enjoy the *attempt to personate* (which is a truth) more than the *personation itself* (which is a falsity). Take other theatrical modern instances. I will designate but a few. Sothern on the

stage was Sothern off the stage. The evident easy-going, amiable disposition of Mr. Jefferson is indispensable to the elaboration of Rip Van Winkle. Old play-goers will remember Harry Placide as Sir Peter Teazle, and that the innate courtly demeanor of Mr. Placide was an essential factor in the portrayal of the character. Perhaps Mr. Raymond could be cited as an instance in another branch of comedy.

Whether these are happy illustrations or not, it proves to be the case that if an actor has wit enough to ascertain what personation is best suited to his individuality, he may travel the continent for years, fascinating his audience with what is not so much the getting out of himself, as the full and perfect development of himself. The tragedian Irving conquered success by showing that what were called mannerisms were an essential part of himself, and therefore impossible to discard.

It is a curious study,—this of individuality,—appearing, as it does, so marvelously prominent even in the very humblest everyday experience. In this sense none of us can be lost in a crowd. One can never walk the streets without identifying the very back of an acquaintance almost as readily as the face. Gait, gesture, tone of voice are as pronounced, too, as the physiognomy, and betray the owner under any disguise of dress. Every bank-teller shields his institution from loss by discovering that the customer's signature is an integral part of himself—something indeed at his finger's ends—and that the customer may use a bad pen or poor ink, or intentionally try to vary the usual form and deny the individuality of the hand,—but in vain. If this were not so, the whole mercantile community would be at the complete mercy of the forger.

Outside of these, and a thousand and one instances of common-place life, the same personal limitation is observable in the entire world of art. Genius, itself, is bound by the inexorable law. Almost every model of celebrated architecture reveals the special architect. Statuary is colorless, but to the acute observer the hand of the individual sculptor

is visible. It is so with all the liberal arts,—with oratory and painting and music and poetry. The orator will use his rhetoric in vain, unless he can convince his hearers of his sincerity,—of his being true to himself. Those great painters who stamped the religious enthusiasm of their nature upon their works might have toiled to no purpose, but for this impress of personality. In music, though the entire scale of harmony is open to them, Mozart and Beethoven and Rossini are never confounded,—no more than Handel and Haydn and Meyerbeer and Bellini,—nor a host of other illustrious composers. Once there was a singer before whom the whole world, critical and ignorant, bowed in a burst of adoration. She was gifted with a marvelous voice and art had perfected it: but the secret of Jenny Lind's success lay in the complete merging of her pure and womanly nature into her music. When she sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," there was a conviction of entire rounded truth, and a complete satisfaction to the hearer, such as no mere musical accomplishment, however brilliant, could insure. If we examine the history of the literature of romance we find many evidences of a success that is made permanent by the writer's truth to himself. Take, by way of illustration, the name of Walter Scott; and if the man himself, as he was finally known, were not revealed in every word and poem, how incomplete they would be! Would not Robert Burns be shorn of half his strength if he did not show the workings of his heart in all he wrote—the love, and patriotism, and frailty, and despair of the man? This fidelity is certainly characteristic of two of our own poets, for how much of Bryant's power comes from the response of his being to the love of nature, and of Whittier's from his sympathies. Exceptions, real and apparent, in every branch of art could be urged, but not enough to invalidate the law itself. Perhaps the strongest argument against the Baconian-Shakspere theory is, that, although the plays are generally attributed to one man, it is impossible to think him the man whom Pope described in a single line.

More than a few suggestions would be beyond the scope of this article : and to come back to a consideration of the art in question,—the art of utterance,—happening to meet with a lady member of a Shaksperian club, who could fairly interpret, as she thought, the individual natures and characters of the readers by a close observation of the manner in which they treated their respective rôles, I asked her if the most accomplished readers did not baffle her. “Not so,” was the reply, “they are the easiest to analyze.” Whether her analysis was correct or not, the attempt is very suggestive of the difficulties to be encountered by those who, book in hand, essay an assumption of dramatic character as complete as that of the actor who is aided by every theatrical illusion. The older such a club, and the more intimately acquainted its members with the idiosyncrasies of each, the harder it is for them to pose, at a moment’s warning, as Hamlets and Ophelias. Their increased knowledge of the plays will demand more and more that impersonation granted only to the imagination of the silent reader.

If, then, this law of individuality be so far-reaching, covering the common-place and the ideal,—if the actor who has every possible help in stage accessories, must be very careful how he trifles with the imagination of the audience, how much more careful must the public reader or reciter be, who has none of these helps. It is true that the reader, book in hand, may properly assume a character, so far as it may be done by *moderate suggestion* of voice and manner ; but the personation is limited by the most palpable display of the individual as a reader, and not as an actor. The gentleman in citizen’s dress who, without malice aforethought, but with the best possible intentions, is perpetually starting up to ask if this is a dagger which he sees before him, may find himself a failure, because, even upon the bare platform, he insists upon merging his individuality into that of Macbeth. Yes, and he insists upon doing this without, it may be, having read to his hearers the previous passages of the play, and so far prepared them

to see with him the air-drawn dagger. Let us unite in commiseration for the maiden clothed in white samite, or garment equally attractive, who takes down her back hair that we may be the more saddened by her recitation of the Bridge of Sighs. She does not altogether fail of her purpose, it is true, but the emotion is of a character not expected by her pretty self. The boys are still standing upon the burning deck ; and there are few to tell them, it seems, that no two boys should deliver the lines in precisely the same manner, because no two boys would meet the fire in precisely the same manner ;—that the gestures of one boy should not be identical with those of another, because gesture is the emphasis of the body, and there are cool, phlegmatic bodies as well as fiery, impetuous ones.

Gesture is certainly mechanical, and worse than ineffectual, if it does not conform to the individual. Every child gestures gracefully upon the play-ground, for there his nature is free to assert itself. The problem is to transfer the gestures from the real theater to the mock one ; and to my understanding, that problem is solved by the Kindergarten system, which justly claims to develop both mind and body harmoniously. I cannot watch the child trained by this system, without being convinced that as he reaches manhood his gestures will be suitable, unconstrained, and graceful. Especially will this be the case if the philosophy of Froebel is held to in higher courses of education.

Nothing herein written can apply to such public readers as acknowledge the situation, nor is there an attempt to underrate a study which has to deal with every sort of speech, from colloquial to oratorical. One point only is submitted : when the average elocutionist is convinced that it is hard for a man to get rid of his individuality, and that, in a general way, it is unadvisable to make the attempt, the noble art of utterance will meet with proper recognition in all the halls of learning, and the teacher of any branch of knowledge whatsoever will be compelled by public opinion to cultivate his native accents.

*John Murray.*



## A NEW STUDY OF SOME PROBLEMS RELATING TO THE GIANT TREES.

A SUMMER vacation not long ago found me in a listless, indolent mood, at the Calaveras Big Tree Grove. The trees had never been without interest to me, ever since in boyhood I first heard of them. But now it seemed to me that the work of such men as Gray, Whitney, and Muir had left little more to be known or said upon the subject; and I felt sure that upon all points of general interest regarding the trees, authentic information could readily be had at the Grove itself. As the listless mood wore off under the bracing effect of mountain air and exercise, I began to question men and things about me. To my astonishment, I found that beyond what any one might ascertain for himself, almost no *authentic* information upon these matters was to be had there at all; that genuine records were all out of sight and out of mind; that instead of these, myth and extravagant conjecture, if not downright misrepresentation, were currently reported and believed, till the plainest features of the subject were enveloped in a fog of uncertainty and distortion.

My curiosity was now piqued, and I set myself to work—traversing, of course, not infrequently, ground that had been already traversed by others, but sometimes, as it afterwards appeared, laying hold of fresh clues and knocking at doors that had not been tried before. Presently these isolated discoveries began to cohere in some definite shape and grouping. Little by little they attracted to themselves strange drift-wood and unexpected waifs from many a distant realm of my previous thought. Thus a study that was at first undertaken principally as pastime for an idle hour, grew so upon me in interest and importance as time went on, that I have ventured to think some brief account of it might be of interest and value to the general public as well.

The greater problem upon whose margin I was working, may be termed the Life-Prob-

lem of the Sequoia Race. This greater problem has, as yet, been touched upon only at isolated points. Many hands have been, and still are, eagerly at work upon its details. Not only botanists, biologists, and geologists, but students and explorers in many realms, have brought their contributions to the common stock of knowledge concerning it. But the only glimpse of the wider field we have had so far, has been in a paper from Professor Gray<sup>1</sup>—a paper written with characteristic mastery and insight, yet hardly attempting more than the genetic phase of the problem. The time is not ripe for its complete discussion.

Meantime, this mighty race of Titans, with all the grandeur of an elder world upon them, is fading away. Is it *inevitably* fading away? Life is an endless chain of many links. Might it not be that the chain were weak but in a single link, and that link, perhaps, not wholly past man's skill to brace and strengthen to the saving of the whole? One might, at least, with this end in view, try the strength of all the links in succession. This was one phase of the task to which I addressed myself, and this we will now consider. Our chain of life is circular; we may begin with that section which is nearest at hand; and that chances to be Reproduction.

The Sequoia race is not likely to fail from insufficiency of seed. Each cone yields probably from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred sound seeds. Two particular cones, windfalls and quite below the average size, chosen only because they had lost none of their contents, were found by actual count to yield three hundred and twenty-four seeds. Vast numbers of these cones are produced each season. The total seed-product, therefore, of a single tree, in any year, must be reckoned by millions. One grove would furnish seed enough to stock a continent—almost enough to stock a world.

<sup>1</sup> "The Sequoia and its History," in "Darwiniana."

Nor will the race fail for lack of means for the dissemination of this multitude of seeds. The mature cones, it seems, do not drop from the trees till the drought of summer has shriveled their partitions and opened their sealed chambers, and the storm winds of approaching winter have shaken the seeds loose and scattered them far and wide. This carriage by the wind is rendered specially effective, first, by the lightness of the seeds (two hundred of them weigh but a single grain, and they are "like the chaff which the wind driveth away"); second, by the membranous and wing-like expansions with which they are furnished; and third, by the elevation of the fruit-bearing branches far above the surrounding forest, into the upper air and free pathway of the winds. During the storms of the Sierra region, such as Mr. Muir has poetically described, and such as many of my readers may have witnessed, these seeds would be carried for miles or even leagues from the parent tree, while their multitude would ensure their lodgment, sooner or later, in every eligible situation throughout a wide area of country.

But have these seeds vitality? Does the magnificent life of the tree really reach and quicken them? Are they not rather empty shells, with a vain semblance of life? Is not the fatal weakness really impotence? One is at first strongly tempted to accept this suggestion. Young Sequoias are not merely inconspicuous in the groves; as compared with other young trees, they are actually few, and the smallest seem to be the fewest. A fair search through the north grove might be made, without discovering half a dozen seedlings under five years of age. Nevertheless, the experience of gardeners completely disproves the suggestion. They find no difficulty whatever in raising Sequoias from seed. And a closer study of the groves reveals the significant fact, that while infant trees are generally rare, in certain spots they are to be found in multitudes. This, of course, could not be, were there any general failure of vitality in the seed. By no conceivable process of sorting could the comparatively few potent ones be placed thus in jux-

ta-position. The failure, then, is not here, yet we must be close upon it.

The next stage is Infancy. But before we consider it, let us glance for a moment at the later stages in this life-cycle. There is no failure, surely, in the noble maturity of these trees. Imperial strength is there enthroned on every feature. Nor is weakness found in their aspiring youth, when they gird themselves for their long race with the firs and pines, and leave these behind them, decrepit and old. Their modest and inconspicuous childhood seems liable to no special mischance or accident—a hearty, well-fed childhood, free from all taint of disease. Our field of search on this side, then, as well as on the other, is narrowed down to the infancy of the tree—possibly to its very first season. These considerations led to a close investigation of the particular spots or nurseries spoken of above, where the start in life has been successfully made. The object was to ascertain what one condition, present in them all, determined the success. At first the apparent diversity was perplexing enough. Their frequent association with fallen trees, and especially with great fallen trees, presently became apparent. They would be found standing in groups of threes and fours<sup>1</sup> upon the rim of a huge crater, caused by the uprooting of some old giant; or accurately ranged along the now empty trench, where a mighty trunk in its downfall had sunk deep into the yielding earth; or springing in strange profusion from within the enclosure of some old prostrate shell, where fire and decay had eaten the central substance quite down to the earth, but had left the sides standing like walls; or, more strangely still, perched high in air upon a mass of soil adherent to the upturned roots. Elsewhere they were found in the most unpromising situations—for example, on banks of bare subsoil exposed by slides or by the wash of

<sup>1</sup> This same close grouping by twos and threes continually recurs in the case of adult Sequoias now standing in the groves. It indicates clearly that the conditions of climate and moisture have not greatly changed within their lifetime. The struggle was already sharp when they were seedlings; they, too, could get foothold only in favored spots. The mills of the Gods grind slow!

streams. But most remarkable of all was an open space of considerable size quite filled with thrifty young Sequoias of uniform age and height. Upon inquiry I learned that some dozen years ago a fire raged long and with unusual fierceness among the fallen trunks at this point, till not only they, but the whole deep layer of vegetable rubbish which covers the actual soil in these forests, had been reduced to heaps of white ashes. Such burning as that, of course, cannot enrich the soil. The soluble salts from the ash can never compensate, as regards ordinary plant life, for the irreparable loss of humus and of the rich black mold of slow decomposition. Yet it had evidently given these trees their long-delayed opportunity. For the clue which led me out of this labyrinth, I am indebted to a friend. In all these cases, it seems, the infant trees have succeeded in establishing themselves upon veritable earth, and not upon the rubbish-layer mentioned above. The significance of this discovery becomes apparent, when we consider the impossibility of finding a permanent supply of moisture in this layer, and the supreme necessity of such a supply to a plantlet from a seed so minute as that of the Sequoia. Each of these points will need brief consideration.

The rubbish-layer of a coniferous forest differs materially from that of a forest of deciduous trees. It will not pack into a firm mass, as the other does. Its wiry cylinders of leaves, its corky pyramids and wedges of cone-scales, can never become pulpy under the influence of moisture. Their very shape and texture enable them to resist packing, just as a mass of loose pins or nails would do. And finally, their firm substance and the presence of abundant resinous material in every part, greatly retard the process of decay which would reduce them to a homogeneous black mold. The extreme of possible packing of filmy leaves and pulpy stems is seen in the formation of coal. No coniferous forest, I imagine, could have produced a seam of coal. This superficial layer affords, no doubt, some arrest of the downward movement of water which falls upon it; but

its openness—its absolute incoherence—offers little hindrance to the abstraction of its moisture from above by the air. As a matter of fact, it does dry out very rapidly and deeply in our rainless Californian summer.

So much for the soil. Let us turn now to the seed. In the animal world we find this law prevailing:—the longer the life-period, the longer the infancy; the more masterful the maturity, the more helpless and dependent the adolescence. The same general law prevails in the vegetable world, though neither the helplessness of vegetable infancy, nor the nature of its dependence upon the parent plant, is so immediately apparent. But the helplessness is not the less certain because we must infer it, nor the dependence less real because provision takes the place of supervision. The typical annual—a weed, for example—receives no legacy from the parent plant beyond a pushing vitality, and material enough to furnish a rudimentary axis and a pair of leaves. Whatever else it needs, earth, air, and the season must furnish it. It can and does avail itself of all these from the very start, and runs its short course with ever-increasing momentum. It is like the quail or partridge chick, which, but for warmth and protection, might well enough dispense with the parent bird altogether. The typical weed needs no depth of root to sound for moisture, nor frame of consolidated fiber, nor blanket of bark against the winter's chill, since its life is limited to the brief season of prevailing warmth and moisture. The typical seed, therefore, of this group of plants carries no baggage; it is minute, mobile, prompt to respond to the first influences of season.

Tree-life is of another sort. It moves by no single impulse; it is arrested by long and enforced pauses; for each of these pauses it must make definite preparation. The seedling cannot live from hand to mouth, as does the weed. It cannot apply the whole, nor even any large proportion, of the sustenance it gathers to extending the apparatus for appropriation. On the contrary, it must concentrate its energies and provide for coming emergencies. Its roots must be pushed

at all hazards, till a permanent water-supply is reached; but its very nature and circumstances forbid it to push its leaf-growth as the annual does. Yet the leaves are its real feeders. Since they, thus limited, cannot furnish all that is needed for these other uses, the only alternative is to have the parent plant set its children up in life—provide them with a store of food upon which they may draw while thus establishing themselves. The typical tree-seed, therefore, is one of appreciable size and weight, and is packed full of nourishment which the parent stock has elaborated. This type of seed is well illustrated among exogens in the tree-group of the rose-family—the apricot, peach, plum, cherry, nectarine, and almond, in the vast tribe of oaks and chestnuts, in that of walnuts and hickories, and by the whole series of nuts, edible and inedible, ranging through many families, native and foreign. Among endogens, the type prevails throughout their single tree-group, the palms. Foreign trees furnish more striking examples of this dependence and provision than are to be found among our natives. The cocoanut palm, for instance, provides not only a double store of food and drink for its offspring, but an artificial soil as well, in its spongy husk: so that a crown of half a dozen great leaves, and roots as large as a man's finger, are sometimes grown by the nuts as they lie in stack out of doors. The mangrove, on the other hand, is really viviparous—almost mammalian in type. Its seed sprouts while still attached to the parent stem, and the young plant is actually nourished there, till its trunk-like root has reached down and taken hold of the soil below.

Many exceptions, of course, are found both within the groups mentioned above, and outside of them; but the type is not affected thereby. On the contrary, some of these exceptions will be found curiously to illustrate and confirm the type, if only we can discover the compensating circumstance which makes the exception possible. The remarkable family of conifers, for example—the family to which our *Sequoia* belongs—varies widely at some points from the type

of tree-seed set forth above—the type seen in its pine-nuts, and signally in the California nutmeg. Now, this variation becomes very suggestive when considered in connection with climate, and particularly with reference to the element of moisture in the soil. Note first this fact of geographical distribution: nut-pines, *i. e.*, pines with large and heavy seeds, so far as I have seen or known of them, are the pines of arid regions. Familiar examples are the Digger pine of our scorching foothills, the piñon, similarly placed in the Colorado and New Mexican district, the Inyo and the San Diego nut-pines, and others which need not be mentioned. Note next these familiar facts of vertical distribution upon our mountain flanks: lowest, as we have seen, and in the arid belt, comes the Digger pine, with its heavy seed or nut. Further up, and just within the zone of permanent moisture, both here and on the eastern slope of the Rockies, comes the yellow pine, with seeds correspondingly smaller. Our firs and spruces, with seeds still more minute, at first can maintain themselves only on the northern face of the hills, or along the margin of streams; while within this same more favored zone the yellow pine, the sugar pine, and the cedar, with ampler seeds, are the ones to face the sun on southern slopes and on the dry uplands. As we ascend still further, the tamarack pine—with the smallest seeds of any pine I have known—grows on the margin of cold mountain bogs and glacier-pools. This is the zone of maximum moisture; the firs have become a continuous forest, stretching over hill-top and valley; but even here, heavy-seeded pines alone can grow on the dry moraine ridges of ancient glaciers. Higher still, the firs have all vanished; and as we climb toward the barren granite peaks, the very last trees we find are nut-pines again—the *monticola* and the *flexilis*.

Or, again, to approach the subject from another standpoint—keeping still in mind this same element of moisture—let us consider the natural habitat of the members of some particular group of trees within this great family of conifers. Let it be a group well-

marked, wide-spread, and minute-seeded throughout;—the cypress group, for example. It does not spoil it at all for our present purpose, that the Sequoia itself is a member of the group. Cypresses grow well under human protection in the greatest variety of situations; but not so in wild nature. There they might almost be characterized as the swamp-group of conifers. The cypresses of our northern States—white cedars, as they are called—and those of the south as well, grow only in swamps. Our own beautiful Lawson's cypress—everywhere cultivated—in its natural habitat stands with its feet in the waters of the Shasta streams. Our common hedge evergreen, the Monterey cypress, is found only on a narrow strip of seashore ever swept by the fogs of ocean. But its seedlings, once started, will thrive on the dry sand-dunes about the Hotel del Monte. There is not the slightest doubt that it was once quite widely dispersed; but it has not been able to hold its own in these dryer times. The Monterey pine with its heavy seeds has driven it almost into the sea—not, be it noted, because it cannot live, but *because it cannot make its children live*. The redwood is more fortunate; it still maintains itself on a long sweep of coast, and even lingers falteringly in some favored spots inland. But its central range, we notice, touches the region of summer rains. Most significant of all, however, is the fact that it has developed a method of reproduction quite independent of seed; namely, by suckers from the root. Not merely is this a rare thing among conifers; it would probably be difficult to find in all the world another forest tree that depends so habitually for the perpetuation of its race upon this method of reproduction. One risks little in affirming that the redwood colonies east of the Bay of San Francisco could never have lingered on to this present time, if they had been dependent upon seedlings alone to fill up their ranks, for it may well be doubted whether seedlings ever spring there spontaneously. How much this tendency has favored the redwood in its struggle for life within its proper range, no one can guess. But the redwood with this

strange aptitude survives; the giant tree without it has been steadily vanishing from the earth.

Our brief survey, then, of the great family of conifers, with its wide diversity of habitat and of seed, leads us to this conclusion: that in general those species which maintain themselves in regions of summer drought are large-seeded species; while, on the other hand, the minute-seeded species and groups of species are either swamp trees, or are so situated as to be sure of moisture from rain, or stream, or fog during the growing season. Furthermore, the necessity of such irrigation is often clearly limited to the earliest years of the plant—possibly to its earliest year—since many of these trees, once started in life, are able to maintain themselves well in situations of very scant summer moisture, either of air or of soil. Evidence enough has been adduced, perhaps, to establish these points; but I cannot forbear citing further one or two familiar witnesses in proof of the amount and variety of testimony which might be brought forward, were confirmation necessary. The willows, a well defined family with minute seeds throughout, are sharply confined to marshes and stream-bottoms. They exhibit, moreover, in a marked degree, a tendency toward a collateral method of reproduction; their broken branches and twigs strike root promptly whenever they effect lodgment in soil, and thus become new trees. Then, again, the strange Eucalyptus family affords in many ways a striking parallel to our Sequoias. They rival our trees in bulk; they excel them in height; they are, in fact, the tallest trees on the globe. They have the same tenacious grasp on life—seen in their prompt recovery from deadly mutilation and in their tendency to start anew from the root. Their seeds are even more minute than those of the Sequoia. Their natural habitat, as I am told, is in wet and swampy districts. They certainly thrive in such situations—witness the groves of them in the fever-smitten marshes near Rome, and on the islands of our Californian rivers. But they thrive also, after the start has been given them in the nursery, on the sunny ex-

posures of our hills, where neither the iron-clad manzanita nor the chaparral-oak can secure a foothold because of drought. Yet from another point of view the eucalyptus is much more like a weed than a tree. Its infancy has the weedy push and expansiveness—nay, more, the weedy texture and outward appearance. Its life has the continuous forward movement of the weed, suffering no sharp arrest by the seasons, and making no careful provision therefor. It is now, in mid-winter, in full bloom upon our streets, a dream of the antipodes, perhaps; yet a dream that does not prevent it from growing all summer long besides. But the most significant fact after all is this; the eucalyptus forests on our dry uplands are as certainly doomed to perish as are the Sequoia groves, unless they are replanted by man. No seedlings spring there. But seedlings may be found by thousands in the black, swampy muck about Temescal.

I must not neglect to note in this connection that, in general, the struggle for air and sunlight is quite as critical for the infancy of trees as is the struggle for moisture, to which we have been confining our attention. But in this other struggle, also, the advantage is on the side of the heavy-seeded trees. It may well be suspected in the case of the Monterey pine, for example, that its victory over the cypress is due quite as much to the ability of its seedlings to smother the cypress seedlings, as to their superior command of moisture. But in the case of the Sequoia, facts lay the stress upon the other element.

The point of weakness, the failing link in our chain, seems fairly found at last. The nature of the weakness, too, has been approximately ascertained. So far as we can see, it by no means transcends human skill and effort to mend, or at least to strengthen and to supplement. This conclusion has been supported by general considerations of antecedent probability, and by a somewhat wide analogy of parallel cases. It is greatly strengthened, moreover, by the result of actual experiment at numerous stations throughout the world, where young Sequoias

are reported to be thriving in a manner quite reassuring to their friends and well-wishers. The race *need* not die out. Sometime, when our wanton destruction of forests has brought us to extremities, when wiser counsels shall prevail, when we shall have ceased, like savages, to concentrate our whole effort upon instant and immediate good, when Sequoia timber is known to be in every respect as valuable as redwood, as swift of growth,<sup>1</sup> as easy to work, as beautiful, as enduring, and inferior to nothing that grows on all our western shore: when this comes about, experiments will become practice, Sequoia forests will be planted in all the sheltered valleys of our mountain flanks. No richer or surer crop, I am convinced, can then be grown in that region. Sheep shall not forever ravage and trample under foot that fair heritage of a Titanic race. Nor should this seem chimerical. There is no need to wait a thousand years for the trees to grow. Millennial faith and patience will hardly be required. Trees of that age do not make the most desirable saw-logs. But the point is this: presently, if we are to have timber at all, we shall have to wait for it to grow; and we need wait no longer for Sequoia timber than for any other.

HERE might we pause, as at the end of our quest. But if the end of your patience, good reader, is not also reached, I would like to ask your attention for a little while to another group of problems at the other extreme of the scale. We have so far been considering life as conditioned by mere minuteness. But it is conditioned by greatness as well. There are some questions of tree-structure not wholly familiar nor generally understood, it may be, wherein great size is the determining factor. These, of course, could hardly be left out of view in a discussion regarding the Big Trees.

First among these, because the facts concerning it are most frequently misapprehended, we will consider the tap-root. The com-

<sup>1</sup> A redwood tree, 1200 years old, was found to measure eleven feet in diameter. The Pavilion tree in the Calaveras Grove, 1240 years old, measures fifteen feet

plete absence of any such central, dominant, and vertical root in the prostrate Sequoias, is a matter of unfailing surprise to the tourist, and the occasion of much astonishing speculation as well. That the tree should have breasted the storms of a millenium or two without such a support, is a small matter. How, at last, are the mighty fallen because they had no tap-root! How might they be flourishing still, if they had only had the good sense to adopt so simple a device! But the fact, I suppose, is, that no trees that have grown to great size have any longer such a dominant, central root. In no cases that have come under my own observation, of great trees overthrown by storm or undermined by flood, has any such root been noticed. Of late years, in my forest ramblings, this matter has been constantly in mind; yet I have failed to find a single large tree wherein the principal roots were not upon the circumference.<sup>1</sup> The reasons for this state of things are not far to seek. In the first place, a perpendicular root which shall be comparable in bulk and length to the dimensions of a large tree-trunk, is, in most situations, a physical impossibility, because of underlying rock. Then, again, a tap-root must be perforce a transient affair of youth, since it is impossible for it to get nourishment after the growth of lateral roots is fairly established. In exogenous plants, we must remember, the material out of which roots, as well as all other organs, are made, is elaborated by the leaves, and descends along the surface of the trunk just within the bark. The lateral roots at the collar of the tree intercept this material and appropriate it to themselves; while the central roots, now further and further removed from the supply of food, are finally starved, and so

perish. The rivalry between these laterals themselves for "chief rooms at the feast," is extremely sharp. Such a root grows mainly by deposit of material upon its upper surface: by this means it presently lifts itself above ground, and actually climbs up on the trunk of the tree, that it thus may get the upper hand of its fellows. Lastly, the needs subserved by the peculiar form of the tap-root are transient. Roots have two general functions: they are water-mains and anchors. The tap root represents the concentration of the young plant's energies upon the speediest attainment of these ends—speediest rather than most permanent. Lateral roots by-and-by sound just as deep and range much further, with less expenditure of material. And when the tree is no longer flexible and whip-like, the socket-support which the tap-root gave becomes wholly inadequate. For mechanical reasons, if for no other, the tree must turn its toes outward. When this is done, the stress of gale which crowds it over on tip-toes on one side, brings also into counterplay the tight stretched cables and deep-buried anchors on the other.

One phase of the buttressing observable in all great trees has already been alluded to, as the effort of the roots to maintain themselves upon an ever-growing circumference. Viewed in the opposite phase, it is the effort of the tree to secure the shortest lines of communication with the distant absorbents. It takes the hypotenuse, instead of traversing the sides of the triangle; it builds high the in-step and neglects the heel. The problem is worked out more completely in the case of some tropical trees. The mangrove, for example, starts its new roots from points high up on the stem, till branches and roots are at length in immediate communication, and the original axis is almost lost. The banyan solves it even more decisively, by dropping vertical roots from its low and far-spreading branches, thus avoiding the long horse-shoe route altogether.

One most remarkable accident of this buttressing, in the case of the Sequoias, is the imprisonment of portions of bark within the firm substance of the growing tree. The sec-

<sup>1</sup> Since the above was written, Dr. Joseph Le Conte has called my attention to a very interesting exception. The long-leaved pine of our Southern States, he tells me, growing along the coast in deep, loose sand, keeps a dominant descending axis for some distance below the surface. This huge root is locally known by the significant name of *hurricane-root*. The tree is of considerable stature, yet slender, and quite below the scale of greatness here considered; and its exceptional circumstances suggest some explanation of its exceptional development.

tion which forms the floor of the Pavilion at the Calaveras Grove shows many such inclusions—some of them quite extensive—and reveals very clearly the method of their formation. All growth in these trunks, as was noted before, proceeds by formation of a layer of new wood between the old wood and the bark; this means, of course, that the bark must be lifted from its place to make room for the new growth. But the bark in a recess between two adjacent buttresses is braced like an arch against its abutments, and cannot be lifted. Its substance yields somewhat under increasing pressure, but the layers of growth at the crown of the arch become thinner and thinner, till they are almost invisible. The sap, which can no longer gain entrance here, is forced forward to the point where the strain is relieved, and is deposited there in a layer of unusual thickness. The inner edges of both buttresses thus become the points of most rapid growth, and gradually fold themselves about the space till they actually touch. The next ring of wood, then, is continuous, and seals up all that is within. The increased growth, meantime, has gone to the nourishment of a new lateral root; a new buttress is built out beyond the former vacant space; and presently the old buttresses and their roots are flanked and out of the race. That this phenomenon is not more frequently noticed in other trees cannot be, as I think, because it does not occur. The thinness and the texture of their bark would, no doubt, more frequently allow the arch to give way and crumble under pressure, thus making the occurrence rarer. But these imprisoned masses, it must be remembered, are largest below, and are there in actual contact with the earth at the under surface of the trunk. Decay would, therefore, in the case of most trees, effectually remove or disguise even what had been actually imprisoned, and so destroy the legibility of the record. It would not be strange if this were found to be the origin of internal decay in many old trees. Here, too, there might be a reasonable explanation of the frequent accounts of living toads being found imprisoned in the heart of trees. The animal, in his search for sum-

mer quarters, might well enough have crowded himself into such a cavity but a very short time before he was discovered.

The age of the Sequoias is the one point most hopelessly befogged to the ordinary tourist. No amount of inquiry at the Grove could elicit a syllable of real information from those who should know, and who really did know, as I afterwards ascertained. A count of the annular rings of one of these trees was made years ago by J. D. Whitney, of the Geological Survey, and the results were published in his "Yosemite Guide-Book." Professor Gray, too, has made a study of the rings in a section which was sent to Cambridge, and in his paper previously referred to, he makes mention of still another count. But no glimpse of these results was to be had at the Grove. Nor could I there learn that a single other one of the thousands of visitors at the Grove had ever undertaken the simple task of finding out for himself. The vaporings and idle imaginings of the newspaper man, I am compelled to believe, are more acceptable both to landlords and tourists, than any presentation of actual facts. Of course, I undertook the recount of Professor Whitney's tree. It was a tree of full, though not extreme age, and it offers greater facilities for accurate determination than any other. The recount, I may say, was made with every possible precaution to secure absolute accuracy. It was, in fact, a double count of the opposite ends or faces of the lowest section of the trunk. There was nowhere any need of guessing or estimating, save at the very center, where the record of some five or six years was obscured by slivering of the wood. The faces counted were eighteen feet apart—a distance which would correspond to a growth of from twelve to fifteen years, according to circumstances. The lower face gave 1240 rings, and the upper 1226—a perfect tally, as I considered it. The discrepancy between these results and Professor Whitney's is very slight. His count was made at a point higher up on the tree, and yet his result—1255 years—is somewhat greater than my largest number. But when we consider the nature and purpose of



his errand in these regions—that it was but a *reconnaissance*, and aimed only at approximate results—I do him no discredit, surely, if I rely more for accuracy upon my own count. In any event, as Professor Whitney intimates, the wild talk of three thousand or four thousand years must be hereafter relegated to the realm of absurdity and impossibility.<sup>1</sup>

The change of habit in the Sequoia, as it passes from youth to mature life, has been, in its outward aspect, remarked upon by Mr. Muir. Regarded from within, it is but another instance of the working out of that great law of economy in the processes of life which we saw exemplified in the problem of the roots. Were there no forests, no crowding, in the world, trees would need neither trunks nor branches. Such trunkless, branchless trees are actually to be found. In the barren wastes of Africa, for example, there is such a tree<sup>2</sup>—a conifer, too, by the way—whose parts above ground are nothing but a flat, table-like expansion of wood, two huge, leathery leaves firmly planted on its upper surface and slit into ribbons by the wind, and, at the right season, blossoms and seed-cones peeping out here and there about it. Sunlight and air can be had quite as freely at the desert's surface as at a hundred feet above it. Such is the easy solution of the tree-problem where there is no competition. But in the twilight of the dense forest, with millions of hungry leaf-mouths eagerly snatching at the food in the air, neither sun-energy nor material for it to work upon is to be had in the free measure which is possible above. The true economy, then, for young trees so situated, is to concentrate all their upward energies upon the race for light and air. Hence, the singleness of aim and the

sharply aspiring habit so characteristic of young conifers. The lateral branches are, during their day, essential to the maintenance of the tree; but they get in return from the tree only that niggardly and slighting support which is given to members understood to be of no permanent and lasting value. These laterals, then, are one after another starved to death and drop off, while the main axis is pushed on at their expense. But when once the surface level of the forest is reached, the principle of economy begins to work the other way. Greater height now means needless strain upon the pumps which must lift water to the laboratories above, unnecessary length of pipe, and useless expenditure of material to form trunk. Most conifers do not reach this level till their course is nearly run, and there is therefore little opportunity for change of habit. But the Sequoia reaches it while yet young. Arrived at the border of the promised land, the linear movement of the march must give way to diffusion and possession. Singleness of aim is no longer useful, nor even thought of. Such upper laterals as are favorably situated are now steadily encouraged, and grow to be giant branches, rivaling the main trunk. There is racing still, but it is between divisions of the same tree; and a race, not to make distance, but to occupy space. Thus, instead of the slender spire and lance-tip, we have the dome-shaped top, becoming more and more round and ample. Finally, in old age, when storm and lightning have done their work, we have the rugged and picturesque isolation of the few members that still remain. I have said that this change in the economy of the tree is not often reached by conifers, yet some notable examples may be cited. The Digger pine soon clears the low level of oak-scrub and chaparral on our foothills, and then branches diffusely upwards, losing all unity of axis thereafter. The stone pine of Italy, similarly placed, but with minuter subdivision and greater compactness, forms a flat umbrella top. The sugar pine, when it has overtopped its neighbors, stretches forth a few long,

<sup>1</sup> I am well aware that this method of determining a tree's age has been sharply challenged. The annual production of these rings, and the lunar origin of the tides, are questions upon which the Californian wiseacre becomes periodically excited, and rushes wildly into print. I have given the subject some attention, yet can find no reason—at least, in the case of Californian trees—for doubting the truthfulness of this "Annual Register."

<sup>2</sup> *Welwitschia*.

characteristic arms above their heads. The nut pine of the bare New Mexican hills looks like a low apple tree; while the pines of our alpine summits seem to be not trees at all, but bushes rather.

One interesting problem in this connection would be, to ascertain the comparative rate of growth of a given tree at different periods during its life-time. A rough approximation may be made by dividing the whole cross-section into annular zones of an equal number of rings—say one hundred each—and computing the area of each zone separately. This work was done for the Pavilion tree, and the results appear in the table below. The figures in the column of areas represent the comparative growth of each century accurately enough from the economic, *i. e.*, the lumberman's, standpoint. The biologist, however, who would seek to measure the life-force itself by measuring its total effect on a given line, must not neglect the factor of height—at least, up to the point where it became constant. This also has been roughly attempted<sup>1</sup> in the last column of the table, whose figures give the approximate volumes of growth in each century, the maximum growth being taken as unity. Thus revised, the steep ascent from the first to the fourth century becomes steeper still. The magnificent record of the fourth and fifth centuries, to my mind, indicates the distancing of all rivals, and the era of expansion in the sunlight and free upper air. The fluctuations that follow we may figure to ourselves as the records of disaster and recuperation; of loss of great branches by storm, or scorching of its roots by fire; and of the healing of these wounds in great measure, and of vigor restored, till in the twelfth century a second maximum was reached scarcely inferior to the first.

<sup>1</sup> By assuming that 300 years brought the tree to its full stature, and that during this period the height varied as the diameter of the tree. Exception, of course, may be taken against either assumption; but neither one can be very far from the truth. For the data in the second column, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. James L. Sperry, proprietor of the Hotel and Grove, who recently measured for me the spaces between the 100-year marks of my own previous count.

TABLE SHOWING THE GROWTH  
OF THE PAVILION TREE.

Centuries.	Width of Zone.	Area of Zone.	Ratio of Volumes.
	INCHES.	SQUARE INCHES.	
1	14.5	661	77
2	10.4	1287	308
3	8.7	1599	557
4	8.9	2128	963
5	7.6	2211	1000
6	5.3	1756	794
7	5.2	1869	841
8	5.0	2008	908
9	4.3	1831	828
10	4.0	1807	817
11	4.2	2006	907
12	4.2	2118	958

In regard to the old age and death of these trees, the following points seem fairly established:

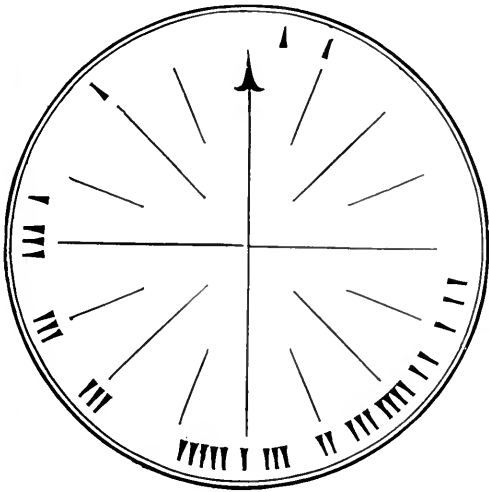
A very large proportion of them survive to old age. Prostrate Sequoia trunks are nearly all *great* trunks. There must therefore be wonderful immunity from disease and from fatal accident.

There is much evidence to prove that in general they perish by actual overthrow while still alive. They lose their grip upon *earth*, rather than upon *life*. So, at least, in the Calaveras groves, have gone all that have perished from natural causes within the limit of human records. Scarcely any dead Sequoias are found standing.

This overthrow is in no proper sense an accident. Most of the older trees are visibly and literally leaning to their doom. The final storm determines only the moment of the catastrophe, not at all the manner of it—probably not even its direction. This leaning of the Sequoias is so closely connected with the question of the manner of their death, that it demands something more than a passing notice. Young Sequoias are erect, as are all their tribe. With the change of habit already alluded to comes an overreach of the southern branches toward the sun. These branches grow to an enormous size, and carry a vast weight of foliage. The later leaning of the tree is in the line of this unbalanced weight, and must be caused by it. A study of the fallen trees bears very significantly upon this point. In the north grove thirty-six fallen trees were found, whose point of origin and

whose direction could still be determined—half as many as are now standing in the grove. In the accompanying diagram, these fallen trees are represented upon the point of compass toward which they fell; doublets upon the same point are of necessity ranged side by side. A glance at it reveals the overwhelming tendency which has borne them down toward the south. The grove, it is proper to add, stands in a deep, narrow valley opening toward the W. S. W. The storms, I am told, are from the S E., with occasional “northers.”

DIAGRAM SHOWING DIRECTION OF FALL.



Lastly, the effect of extensive burns at the base of the trees must be noticed, since it in part coöperates with the tendency just spoken of, and in part modifies it. The effect of a burn is to destroy the vitality of parts below the burn, rather than above, since the nourishment moves downward. A burn, then, at the collar of the tree, deprives the roots immediately beneath of their life, and they perish hopelessly to their remotest fibers. In trees which have grown to the size of these Sequoias, and have their far-reaching root-system, such a burn may be a very extensive one—may involve even half of the circumference, perhaps—and still not immediately cripple the growth above to any great extent. Water is all that the leaf-laborato-

ries must have from below: the pumps that remain can be run at greater speed to meet the emergency. The trunk itself is a mighty reservoir of moisture, which may be drawn upon to supply a deficiency.<sup>1</sup> The gravest menace which attends these burns is mechanical rather than physiological—a menace to the tree's stability; and this, as we have seen, becomes in the end the vital question. Death of the roots along one face of the tree means presently their decay. That means crumbling of the foundation and inevitable settling of the structure, if the load<sup>2</sup> bears at all on that side; if it bears the other way, it means cutting of the anchor chains and guy ropes. In either case, the inevitable result is greatly hastened. A study of the fallen trees fully confirms this view, since their burnt surfaces, in most cases, are generally beneath, or more rarely on top, as the trunks now lie. And, singularly enough, a study of the living trees shows a preponderance of heavy burns on their southern face.

Gathering up the scattered threads from this part of our discussion, we conclude that the Sequoia has an astonishing exemption from disease; that this exemption, taken in connection with its sturdy build, gives it unusual immunity from accidents of storm and flood; that the resources stored up within its mighty trunk enable it to repair damages which would be directly fatal to most trees; that its thick, non-resinous bark gives it considerable defense against the sweep of lighter forest fires, while the elevation of its top keeps that from being scorched; that the effects of fiercer fires, even in seasons of drought, are not immediately fatal, though they tend

<sup>1</sup> An astonishing proof of this was had in the case of the poor tree which was literally flayed alive in 1861. The bark was wholly stripped off to the height of a hundred feet or more from the ground. All vital connection with the roots was thus decisively ended. Yet the top flourished on, much as if nothing had happened, for three seasons more. And seven years after the deed was done, twigs of green foliage might still be seen here and there on the upper branches—poor, pitiful signals that the struggle for life was not yet quite given up.

<sup>2</sup> In the case of the Pavilion tree, I find that the bare trunk, as it stood, must have weighed 850 tons. The branches, foliage, and bark would probably have brought the whole weight up to 1,000 tons.

to become so eventually; that, after all, it is the tree's own weight—its overgrown wealth — which drags it to destruction at last.

The spectacle of a life so magnificent and masterful brings one involuntarily to the question, "How much longer might such a life maintain itself? The Pavilion tree at twelve hundred years old gave no token of diminished vigor. Could it have lived another

er twelve hundred years, or twice that? Is there a natural limit to life—a limit which without intervention of disease or accident determines its close? Has the fiat gone forth, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed"? Far-reaching questions, surely, are these, and full of intensest pathos as well as interest. But here must we stop. Let another answer them.

C. B. Bradley.

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### MARCH.

BY THE ATLANTIC.

A LION *couchant* on the field of grey,  
 White, restless clouds which the bold winds fray,  
 Dark western skies engulfed with gold,  
 Pale snowdrop buds in the warm brown mold,  
 A hint of green in the hazel copse,  
 A robin's song, from the linden drops,  
 The windflower learning its dainty blush,  
 The brook released from its icy hush,  
 A warmer tone in the sea and bay,  
 And Mistress April on her way.

Helen Chase

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### MARCH.

BY THE PACIFIC.

HARK, from the budding boughs that burst of song!  
 And where the leagues of emerald stretch away,  
 Out rings the meadow-lark's ecstatic lay,  
 While the green hills the liquid notes prolong.  
 The slender callas shine, a saintly throng,  
 From their broad leaves; and her slim stem upon,  
 The royal rose unfolds her to the sun.  
 O gentle March! O turbulent and strong!  
 The dove, the tiger, in thy changeful mood.  
 For while the larks sing, and the linnets brood,  
 Lo! sullen storm-clouds sweep the smiling dome;  
 And roar of winds; and the mad tempest-wrath  
 Beats on the blossomed plain, the forest path,  
 And the vast ocean smites to seething foam.

Ina D. Coolbrith.

STEDMAN'S POETS OF AMERICA.<sup>1</sup>

It is an obvious remark, that in undeveloped communities the intellectual forces must be, from the nature of things, heterogeneous and unorganized. There can exist no body of intelligent criticism, no acknowledged standard of literary taste, that can assert itself against mere individual aggressiveness and impertinent self-conceit. Hence, the caprice of a few ignorant, but socially influential, persons in a new community, may, and frequently does, endorse as true literature much printed matter that is fit only for the waste-basket. Even if good literature does come with it, the absence of the unconscious conservatism of good taste, which is part and parcel of the organism of a society grown to full maturity, leaves unguarded, susceptible to bad as well as good impressions, the minds of all save a few, who are born with the poetic, artistic, and critical faculties in preponderance. There accumulates inevitably a heterogeneous, unclassified mass of literary product, concerning the value of which, relatively and collectively, the average mind can form only confused ideas.

American literature has hardly yet emerged from this disagreeable preliminary stage of growth. It was remarked on a certain occasion by one of our most distinguished representatives of literary culture, referring to Mr. George Ticknor's "Life, Letters, and Journals," then just out of press, that the book marked an epoch in our literary history, and must be regarded as the first contribution towards a body of American literary tradition; the book is scarcely more than ten years old.

Another important event has now taken place. Whatever may be the ultimate verdict concerning the justness of his views, Mr. Stedman's latest work, "The Poets of

America," both on account of its appearance at an important and critical time, and of the authority with which the writer speaks on all matters pertaining to literature, marks another epoch in our literary history. Mr. Ticknor's work was not formal literary criticism, but a reminiscence—a sort of informal entertainment. But now comes Mr. Stedman, in full dress for the occasion, and invites us to a reception given in honor of the American poets; and a most hospitable and gracious host he has shown himself to be. We are introduced to his honored guests in the most chivalrous fashion possible; and where so much pains has been taken to make everything agreeable, it would seem ungracious to find fault with our entertainment; but if an honest expression of opinion compels us to do so, we shall endeavor to be as courteous to our host as he has been to his brother poets.

The first effect of Mr. Stedman's book will be to cause a halt, an inspection of forces, and a taking account of supplies; and we shall not be able to go very much farther without an election of new leaders; but it will undoubtedly render a much more substantial and permanent service by furnishing many true and valuable estimates, and by setting up many guide-posts for us along the ways that are yet untrodden.

In endeavoring to place a value upon the critical part of the work before us, we must take account of certain conditions which the author himself has either explicitly or impliedly called attention to: that our poets have labored under peculiar limitations, which have made the excellences of their work other than they would have been under different conditions, and made it necessary to apply criteria somewhat different from the older traditional ones; that the critic here should work to a comparative, not to an absolute, standard; measuring the American pioneer poets, not by the great masters of

<sup>1</sup> Poets of America. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

English poetry, but by their contemporaries, and more particularly by each other; and that Mr. Stedman's work is professedly that of constructive, not destructive, criticism; and, finally, it should be borne in mind that the critic himself labors under the same sort of limitations as the poets whose work he scrutinizes—that he is like them a pioneer, striking out new paths, many times in rugged places, where smooth ones will not be possible.

But after we have made due allowance for facts of this nature, we are still unable to follow Mr. Stedman through all his optimism and extreme courtesy without frequent annoyance. He is never indignant, we get from him no invectives against anything; and this is a misfortune for us, for how can we common folk have the courage to throw into the waste-basket and the fire the rubbish in literary garb that is constantly accumulating on our hands, if our literary monitor does not protest against its preservation? This complaint applies to all that part of the critic's work which is designed to help us to a just discrimination in the literary product of our time. We are not crying out for that slashing criticism which Mrs. Oliphant tells us "is infinitely easier and gayer work than a well-weighed and serious criticism, and will always be more popular," but an authoritative sanction of much of the stuff called literature can be looked upon as nothing less than positive disaster; and while we should be far from accusing Mr. Stedman of sanctioning anything that is pernicious, his silence in many places gives consent where we should have a cry of warning. We are grateful for the suggestion that Joaquin Miller "has something like the Byronic imagination, set aglow by the freedom and splendor of the western ranges," but the unwary should be warned that he has a great deal of unwholesome affectation which is fatal to poetic art. It is a great pleasure to read Mr. Stedman's magnanimous estimate of Walt Whitman's genius and work, but do we not all know, and does not Mr. Stedman know, that Mr. Whitman has written much that is neither poetry nor prose, nor literature of

any sort? and in such an important work as the *Poets of America*, why should we not have the fact recorded in unmistakable English? A just discrimination in the comparative worth of a poet's work—against the bad and for the good—is a grateful acknowledgment of his services to mankind, and is the best of praise. When Matthew Arnold tells us that a considerable portion of the verse written by Wordsworth is dull, and then edits an anthology of his better poems, every one of which can be read with profit, he pays the highest possible tribute to the memory of his favorite poet. Discriminating work of this sort could do much for American poetry.

Mr. Stedman's reluctance to condemn inferior work is most apparent in his last chapter. The great mass of the verse that has been written by the persons whose names he has here recorded he would certainly condemn, if he did not decline to say anything about it. But he prefers "to glance at the existing condition of our poetry, and to speculate concerning the future. Not to prophecy—we scarcely can forecast next month's weather from the numberless shifting currents of today. Yet, one may hopefully surmise, for example, that a dull spell will not last beyond all reason and experience." Criticism conducted on this plan may have a formulative element in it, in that it seeks a comprehensive view, and is essentially comparative, but it is not creative; it clears none of the rubbish out of our way, and does not discover any trustworthy foundation upon which our next superstructure can be built. It was therefore inevitable that the estimates formulated in this last chapter should be the least critical of any in the book; they are in fact, for the most part, mere suggestions—hap-hazard weather prognostications—and not critical at all. It is certainly not critical, though it is extremely kind, to say of Will Carleton, that he "struck a natural vein by instinct, in his farm ballads, and has been rewarded for the tenacity with which he has pursued it." There is even a lack of suggestion in setting down the names of seventeen writers of poetry and verse, beginning

with Mr. Sill, and ending with Mr. Robert Weeks, and dismissing them with the sole remark, that they, "among our well-known writers of lyrical verse, represent widely different grades of motive and execution." In several other places in this chapter, the paragraphs consist of scarcely more than lists of names. As a brief summary of the work of the past few years, constituting the material now available for prognostication by Mr. Stedman's method, the chapter fulfills its purpose fairly well. But is such work worth while?

From this hasty survey it is quite apparent that the *Poets of America* discharges, in no sense, the function of destructive criticism. The student who wishes to find out what must be avoided in American literature will get no assistance from that source.

Even in the more elaborate parts of his work, where he has taken most pains to be accurate and discriminating, Mr. Stedman assumes the rôle of an interpreter rather than that of the critic. He says, when speaking of Longfellow, "A critic must accept what is best in a poet, and thus become his best encourager"; and of *Evangeline* he says, "This one poem, thus far the flower of American idyls, known in all lands, I will not approach in a critical spirit. There are rooms in every house where one treads with softened foot-fall. Accept it as the poet left it, the mark of our advance at that time in the art of song."

If this seems like declining an opportunity, yet as an interpreter, he has done important work. Nearly all that he has said about the masters of American song is not only full of noble appreciation and insight, but each analysis has been worked out with its relation to the whole kept constantly in view, and a nice adjustment of parts has been the result. So important is this feature, that the work, taken as a whole, must be regarded as essentially synthetic, and its special analyses should not be isolated, nor, if it is to be consulted at its best, should it be read piecemeal; much less could a just idea of its

scope and purpose be given, or a true estimate of its value be obtained, by quoting or reading specimen paragraphs from its various chapters. The request entered at the beginning of the last chapter would be an appropriate preface to the entire book: "I would ask that its parts be weighed together if at all."

The nine chapters devoted respectively to Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, Longfellow, Poe, Holmes, Lowell, Walt Whitman, and Bayard Taylor, constitute that part of the work to which these remarks have direct reference. The study is essentially one of poetry, regarded as a function of individual character and of nationality. The author's precept is, Seek for the interpretation of human nature and for the secret of national growth in the art and literature of the nation. Our American poets cannot yet be regarded as belonging to the great classic choir of singers. Our poetry is a part of the nation's growth, and as such must be studied and judged. It is a very important part of our first century's history, the very key to a proper understanding of all that is to follow. In order that the records may be complete, in order that the American poetic judgment of the nineteenth century may have definite expression in permanent form, Mr. Stedman comes, with wide experience in the busy life of his country, with large literary acquaintance, and interprets that judgment with insight, scholarly dignity, and noble courtesy; a patriotic service indeed, and one whose value posterity will appreciate far better than we can. Much of what he has recorded is trite to us; it will not be so to the next generation, to whom it will be valuable as a record of our opinions, if nothing more. We shall not always accept his estimates and interpretations as our own—the last thing one should read a critic for is to agree with him—but so long as the verdict of preponderant opinion concerning American poetry remains what it now is, *The Poets of America* will constitute the basis of future criticism.

## RECENT FICTION.—II.

WE spoke last month of the generally slim character of the English pamphlet reprints among our collection of new novels, and mentioned B. L. Farjeon's as the only one of any value whatever. We must add to this now *The Master of the Mine*,<sup>1</sup> which, being by Robert Buchanan, can hardly fail to be a more or less pleasant story, and possessed of character and intelligence. It has a fine young fellow for a hero, and fine young women for heroines, and some excellent Cornish folk. The chief incident in the plot is the old and ugly one of the "gentleman" scoundrel and the cottage girl, which is not to American ideas appropriate for use in any but a seriously tragic spirit—as in "Adam Bede," for instance. It is useless to expect this, however, of the English light novel, in which it seems to be indispensable to about one half of the limited number of plots that constitute their stock in trade. Mr. Buchanan has, in fact, so far presumed upon his ability to make all that he writes about reasonably entertaining, as to use stock incidents very freely, including the fishing of the wicked rival out of a flooded mine by the good rival at the extremest peril of his life, in the most old-fashioned manner.

We have also a somewhat intelligent, but a somewhat dull, story of the deterioration of a brilliant young man under the temptations of public life, *John Maidment*<sup>2</sup> by name; and an exceedingly religious trifle of a novel called *Last Days at Apswich*.<sup>3</sup> The first is written in good English, and has evidence of sincere intention in character-analysis. If it were not for some lack of originality and the slight dullness, we should call it a fairly good novel. The second is not merely religious,

but pious, and what they would probably call "evangelical" in its mother country. It is also in good English, and not a bad specimen of the Sunday School class of novels—though, being a love story, it is properly disqualified for Sunday School libraries.

We spoke, also, last month of the crude American attempt, which is almost worse reading than the English machine novel, yet which often contains much real earnestness and the germs of true observation and feeling. We must add one more to this list in *An Iron Crown*.<sup>4</sup> One more, we say, because we pass over, as not suitable for serious notice, a stupid and confused paper covered story called *The Pomfret Mystery*,<sup>5</sup> and labelled "A Thrilling Detective Story"; and a still more stupid and confused one called *The Haunted Life*<sup>6</sup>—both of which (and especially the second) fall below the most rudimentary form of anything properly to be called literature. *An Iron Crown* is a ponderous treatise, which tries to fulfill the wide promise of its subtitle by cramming into one volume as many different phases of American life as possible. The author has as much faith in the patience of his reader as if he had strayed out of the eighteenth century; and lingers affectionately to devote chapter after chapter to the full history of the hero's farming experience and mining experience. It is intended as a reforming book, aimed at Wall street gambling; and Mr. Gould and other public characters figure in it under thin disguises. It is of the same school as "The Money Makers," but better written than that ambitious attempt. It is, indeed, rather well written, with no virtues of style, however, save the lack of vices; there are points well made in it, and characters of some distinct-

<sup>1</sup> *The Master of the Mine*. By Robert Buchanan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1886.

<sup>2</sup> *John Maidment*. By Julian Sturgis. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White.

<sup>3</sup> *Last Days of Apswich*. New York: Harper & Bros. 1886.

<sup>4</sup> *An Iron Crown: A Tale of the Great Republic*. Chicago: T. S. Denison. 1886.

<sup>5</sup> *The Pomfret Mystery*. By Arthur Dudley Vinton. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co.

<sup>6</sup> *The Haunted Life*. By Josephine R. Fuller. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1886.



ness. The best thing in it is, by all means, the Malley family—even though they be a trifle burlesqued. It is quite too ponderous and long-winded to carry much weight, even were it altogether wise and right-minded (as it is in the main), and more able than it is.

It used to be said that collections of short stories had no sale. Publishers would seem to have found that the tide has turned in that respect, for we find no less than four collections before us at present, all in paper covers, and three in the "Harper's Handy Series." One of these is probably an English reprint, as the author's preface leads us to suppose the sketches were collected between covers (after periodical publication) in England. This is W. Clark Russell's *In the Middle Watch*.<sup>1</sup> Though its sub-title is "Sea Stories," only four of the twenty-six sketches are stories in any proper sense; the rest are essays on such matters as "Figure-heads," "Sailors' Food," "Sailors' Stories," "Tugs." This leaves us very little fiction to review; so we may spare time to speak pleasantly of the small essays, which would be most agreeable reading had not they been put into such unpardonably fine type that one could hardly care to read any but the most exciting news in it; and these sketches are not exciting, but suitable to large print, a sense of leisure, and a nook on the sea-shore to read them in. The same is true, as far as it goes, of the stories, which have in addition a good dramatic quality. It is pleasant to observe that they are as simple and unpretentious in composition as Mr. Russell's first work—a virtue that is not by any means always able to withstand the effect of sudden success. It is possible that Mr. Russell's resources are a little limited; that he repeats, in the general traits, at least, his sea descriptions, and with the edge of their beauty a little dulled: nevertheless, the variety of the sea is infinite, and we do not find yet anything in Mr. Russell's expression of it that is not pleasant and inspiring to read—provided the print be not *too* fine.

Daudet's *Stories of Provence*<sup>2</sup> are also only in part stories, for seven out of the seventeen are descriptive or meditative essay, pure and simple. The stories are delightful, with a peculiar tenderness and delicacy, a playful brightness, and a satire quite without bitterness of spirit, even when the subject matter is bitter, with one exception. The exception is upon the subject of making a living by literature in France. In addition to his sympathetic expression of human experience, there is a no less sympathetic expression of the out-door nature of Provence. The delicate dramatic sense very rarely permits a touch of melodrama; and though the perceptions of the artistic value of the sorrows and joys of the Provençals is far from naïve, neither would it be fair to call it self-conscious. We should not desire to see our own literary material handled exactly as Daudet handles his; yet our own writers might to a very great extent use him as a teacher with advantage.

The author of the sketches collected under title *Cabin and Gondolas* might have done so, to judge from results. Certainly, the best French and English story-writers have been her teachers, and she has qualities of her own that enable her to write well the observant sketch of human life which we call a "study." The stories in the present volume have been printed before, as magazine stories, and by fastidious magazines. Several are of Florida and several of Europe. Some are stories proper, rather than studies, such as "What Curiosity Led To." To our mind the most effective one in the volume is the simplest one: "In a Cracker's Cabin."

Still another collection of short stories is *The Broken Shaft*,<sup>4</sup> in which stories by F. Marion Crawford, Robert Louis Stevenson, F. Anstey, W. H. Pollock, Wm. Archer, Tighe Hopkins, and Henry Norman are

<sup>2</sup> Stories of Provence. From the French of Alphonse Daudet. By G. L. Lee. New York: Harper & Bros. 1886.

<sup>3</sup> Cabin and Gondola. By Charlotte Dunning. New York: Harper & Bros. 1886.

<sup>4</sup> The Broken Shaft. Tales in Mid-Ocean. Told by F. Marion Crawford, R. Louis Stevenson, F. Anstey, W. H. Pollock, Wm. Archer, and Others. N. Y.: D. Appleton & Co. 1886. For sale in S. F. by J. T. White.

<sup>1</sup> In the Middle Watch—Sea Stories. By W. Clark Russell. New York: Harper & Bros. 1885.

woven together by a thread of narrative, telling how these writers, together with an easily recognizable Eminent Tragedian and *Beatrice*, were detained in mid-ocean by a broken shaft, and entertained each other with stories. The device, including, as it does, a fragment of portraiture of the writers and conversation put into their mouths, is a little bold, but original and entertaining. The stories have a curious family likeness, which we had never noticed before in the separate authors; they proclaim themselves English, and English of the same school, widely as they differ in subject and spirit. F. Anstey's seems to us, on the whole, the best, even remembering Mr. Stevenson's curious study of the problem of good and evil in the same man ("Poe with a moral sense superadded," as the critic in the book comments, though he might better have recalled Hawthorne).

Perhaps we should also include among collections of short stories the three, which are neither long nor short, bound together in *Jackanapes. Daddy Darwin. A Short Life*.<sup>1</sup> These are beautiful little tales, simple, even to the simplicity that is generally dedicated to children, yet only one of them could properly be called a child's story. Two of them are pitiful, and a sensitive child would cry hard over them, yet they are not in the least morbid, but have in a high degree that sentiment of even romantic courage, knightliness, and love of duty that sometimes comes out with an unexpected charm from under the prosaic English character. Our literary ideals in America hardly admit of taking life so seriously, and such tales as these three could hardly be written among us. Children play a large part in all three, and they are very real children. Two of the tales are illustrated by Caldecott. The book is one that our readers will do well to read.

*Inquirendo Island* we should recommend

<sup>1</sup> Jackanapes. Daddy Darwin's Dovecot. The Story of a Short Life. By Juliana Horatia Ewing. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

<sup>2</sup> *Inquirendo Island*. By Hudor Genone. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

with more caution—still, it is worth reading by anyone who can catch the satire, and who is reasonably at leisure. It is a religious satire, after the model of *Gulliver's Travels*, as far as the narrative device goes, though it is not at all Swift-like in spirit, being perfectly good-natured, and (except theologically) inoffensive. In fact, the satire is occasionally forgotten for the sake of a bit of sheer humor, and very fair humor, too. In several places, even the *blasé* reader will be betrayed into a laugh. It is ingenious, neat, intelligent, yet not of the most intelligent order, and not at all orthodox.

Grant Allen adds another to the list of landsmen that must tempt the sea of fiction—and a dangerous attempt it has hitherto proved. He comes out better, however, than Dr. Hammond or Admiral Porter. His theme is simple and manageable—a farmer's boy in Western New York, and a peasant boy in England, one of whom has a native genius for painting and the other for sculpture; and the steps by which they escape the bonds of circumstance, get to Rome, where they meet, and win fame and their sweet-hearts. In an affectionate and somewhat naïve way, which beguiles the reader to lay aside critical judgment and enter into the spirit of the thing with him, he follows his two lads along, as also the little peasant-girl whom he has destined for the young sculptor. He ought, however, to have made her turn out the possessor of a literary gift (she was quite clever enough), and then have sent over a nice American girl, bound, like the Lady of the Aroostook, upon the development of musical genius, and bestowed her upon young Hiram, leaving the English aristocrat where she belonged, to the Bostonian, Audouin. But we fear he does not believe in nice American girls, and thinks England the only place where any one should look for a wife. He considers America the realm of the Philistine, but does not fail to administer various raps to the British Philistine also. He is not altogether ignorant of America, and knows perfectly well the differ-

<sup>3</sup> *Babylon*. By Grant Allen. D. Appleton & Co. 1885.

ence between Boston and western New York, and between the different sects of dissenters here, and their colleges and academies; he knows the flowers and birds and other local matters of the neighborhoods he deals with; and though the good deacon's dialect and diction is such as never appeared outside of a book, the author's intention in him is not so incorrect as his execution of it.

Still another man, eminent in a different line, turning to fiction—this time the sculptor and poet, W. W. Story. And as a sculptor and poet ought to be able to write a better novel than, not only surgeon or admiral, but also naturalist, we are not surprised to find *Fiammetta*<sup>1</sup> a very much more artistic affair than Grant Allen's "Babylon." Indeed, it is as well written as possible, and quite as good for a novel as Mr. Story's poetry is for poetry. Its theme resembles Miss Howard's "Guenn" too nearly; it is less painstaking and less ambitious than "Guenn," perhaps less spirited, but is gentler and prettier. It is, we think, both good art and good nature to drop intentional wronging of each other more out of our stories of life and human relations, and show more how fates unavoidably clash. In this particular theme—the Elaine theme, we may call it—it is an open question how far the Lancelots should be, as they usually are, held responsible morally for having allowed love to be given which they could not return in kind. The girl herself should have some right to say something in the matter; and it is certain that such a girl as either Guenn or Fiammetta would choose to have had the love and its consequences, rather than the lifeless peasant content that would otherwise have been hers. Where there has been no effort to win love, no advantage taken of the love given, no deception or creating of expectations that cannot be fulfilled—merely the opportunity given for the girl's pure and unsolicited devotion to attach itself—it is a question whether the novelist should hold up the result as disastrous, and the man as a wrong-doer. It is a

fortunate arrangement of fate that the girl who is not strong-hearted enough to prefer, on the whole, the higher loving and its consequence of sorrow, is also the girl who gets over such an experience easily, and takes the cheaper attainable, rather than the costly unattainable.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's story in "The Broken Shaft" is a small excursion into the same region he ventures farther into in *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. This is a fantastic little romance of the scientific-supernatural sort now beginning to take the place of the old-fashioned ghost story, but has a very definite "moral purpose superadded." This is no drawback at all to it as a story—in fact, rather an enhanced interest. It is extremely well done, without a shadow of sermonizing, or the least deflection from the smooth course of the narrative. Probably most readers will find in the romance a good deal of opportunity for thrills of suspended interest, and also for an occasional shiver of mild horror, and will find "Frankenstein" recalled to their minds. "Frankenstein" is the only thing in literature that one can refer to, to give an idea of the general method of Mr. Stevenson's story; but so far does even the frightful become gentle and graceful in his hands, that we confess to have ourselves found it impossible to shudder once over the experiences of Dr. Jekyll. They are aimed as much at the reason and moral sense as at the imagination, however; and though they do not spring up like an ordinary tale of horrors, to haunt one in the dark, they do remain deeply and seriously in the memory.

Another admirable novel, decidedly one to be read, is Edward Greey's translation from the Japanese of Bakin, *A Captive of Love*.<sup>3</sup> The translator calls it a paraphrase, and the word is perhaps demanded by strict honesty, as he has taken liberties not only in

<sup>2</sup> *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

<sup>3</sup> *A Captive of Love*. By Edward Greey. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Methodist Book Depository.

<sup>1</sup> *Fiammetta*. By W. W. Story. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

the way of condensing, but also in inserting details wherever they are necessary to supply the defect in the reader's knowledge of Japanese customs or other local matters, which were taken for granted as understood by the author, writing to a Japanese audience. How far the omissions and condensations have changed the romance from a dull and long-winded one to the powerful tale we have before us, it is impossible for anyone but a student of the original to say; but remembering the English novel of the last century, and considering that the Japanese are even more patient than our great-grandparents, we may guess. None the less, no trimming away of details could put power into a work that did not have it already; and accordingly we are justified in attributing no small share of genius to the Japanese novelist. His pictures of life at the epoch he describes—the fourteenth century—are said by Japanese scholars to be very true, and his perception of the character and spirit of his people keen. The title of the original is "The Moon Shining Through Cloud-rifts on a Rainy Night." Mr. Greey's substituted title is not only much better suited to Anglo-Saxon taste, but more happily descriptive of the story. It is very curious to see the novelist's formal orthodoxy and sense of obligation to punish the rebel against religion, competing throughout with his liking for the gallant though rascally rebel, and his sympathy for him as a captive of love; and the reader is well pleased to see justice, religion, and sympathy all satisfied with so much spirit and dignity in the final scene.

It remains to comment on one more notable book, which does not fall under the head of fiction by full right—Dr. Holmes's *A Mortal Antipathy*.<sup>1</sup> We shall not strain our faculties in an attempt to classify this piece of literature, but shall simply take it at the face value as a novel. It is, of course, no new book to most of our readers; not only was it read as a serial, but we are late in reviewing

it, and it has been out for some time in book form. If *A Mortal Antipathy* is not equal to the work of Dr. Holmes's best days, neither does it show any signs of failing powers. Yet it is very evidently an old man's book. Not only does he himself take satisfaction in playing avowedly the rôle of an old man, but his ways of looking at life speak for themselves of a past generation. In nothing is this more evident than in his attitude toward the phenomenon of the learned woman. He obviously does not approve of her, and yet is too genial and too just to be hard on her, and makes "The Terror" an excellent and true-hearted creature, even while he laughs at her. He is altogether too old a doctor, and too old a Cambridge man, to entertain the least question of the possibility of great intellectual power in a woman; but he avenges himself for the concession by refusing to let her have that and physical vigor, common sense, and ready affections, too, and by expressing not faintly his own preference for a buxom, sensible, and affectionate lass, who is not uncomfortably clever. A residence from youth alongside the Annex will have taught the Dr. Holmes of the next generation the unquestionable fact—which a younger man would probably even now have accepted—that in woman as in man there is a distinct tendency to increase in physical vigor, in strength of emotions, and in practical sense, with intellectual power. Instances to the contrary frequently occur, and Euthymia and Lurida are not especially out of the way as individuals; but as types, they are rather the product of the imagination of an older generation, trying to construct for itself the results of our modern ways with girls, than of observation. As to the antipathy and its victim and its cure, Dr. Holmes probably does not expect to be taken seriously, in his professional capacity, but is merely indulging in a whim of the medical imagination, as in "Elsie Venner." It is highly ingenious, and is interesting, merely in a dramatic way, quite apart from the "way he tells it"; which is, if not Dr. Holmes's best, still Dr. Holmes's.

<sup>1</sup> *A Mortal Antipathy*. By O. W. Holmes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

ITALIAN POPULAR TALES.<sup>1</sup>

A RECENT important contribution to the accumulating stores of folk-lore is a collection of *Italian Popular Tales*, translated by Professor Crane, of Cornell University, from several recent Italian collections, and most of them entirely unknown in English. They were taken down by the Italian collectors from the lips of the people, literary versions being avoided. Professor Crane's book is intended primarily for students, and fully annotated with reference to their needs; yet, from its very subject matter it is interesting to the general reader. There is an introduction giving the history of the recovery of the stories into literature or historic record, and a full bibliography of them; and there is some analysis of their contents, their peculiarities, and their relation to the stories of other peoples. The author calls attention to the habit of beginning and ending with set forms, like our own "Once upon a time there was," and "They lived happy ever afterward." The forms are various: "There was one time," "It is related there was one time," "It is related and related again, to your worships," "This very fine story," are Sicilian beginnings; but our own form is the ordinary one. The ending is apt to express some discontented sense of contrast, such as "They remained happy and contented—and we are without anything"; or the Tuscan ending, "They stayed and enjoyed it, and gave nothing to me." Sometimes, however, it is some form like "Story written, story told; tell yours, for mine is told." These formulas are usually in a rhyming couplet. Professor Crane classifies his material as "Fairy Tales," "Stories of Oriental Origin," "Legends and Ghost Stories," "Nursery Tales," and "Stories and Jests." The fairy tales are almost without exception variants of which we have versions. The most wide-spread class is the

one in which a wife endeavors to behold the face of her husband, who comes to her only at night, and expiates her indiscretion by separation, journeys, and tasks—obviously "the popular form of the classic myth of Cupid and Psyche." Derived from this is a class in which the husband is the indiscreet and curious one; then the one in which the husband is a monster, is separated from his wife by her sisters' envy or her own disobedience, and finally regains human form. Our own version is, of course, "Beauty and the Beast." It is no surprise now to students, but still seems amazing to those who are new to the subject, to read, taken down from the lips of some Sicilian peasant, who never read a page in his life, nor talked with an Englishman, a tale told him by his grandmother, who heard it from hers, and which has never been in print before, yet whose resemblances to our familiar tale of "Beauty and the Beast" are greater than its divergencies.

The mediæval commerce of Italy with the East brought thither a number of versions of Oriental stories; and others came, by way of France, from the Saracens in Spain. This class of stories did not, like the others, originate very far back, and owe their entire transmission to oral telling and re-telling; they existed in Arabic written collections of stories before they were known in Europe, and some of them made their way thither very early in translations. Some of them, however, must have come by the mouths of travelers, for stories from the "Arabian Nights" were current in Europe before the earliest translation. Since their introduction, these stories have become naturalized as folk-lore, being handed down from generation to generation without the least knowledge that they exist anywhere in a book. Of course they go through great transformations in this process but "Aladdin," and "The Forty Thieves," and "The Hunchback," and others, are still recognizable in the tales the Italian peas-

<sup>1</sup> *Italian Popular Tales.* Translated by T. F. Crane. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

ant will narrate to the inquirer; and a story called "The Traveler from Turin" turns out to be nothing else than "Sindbad's Fourth Voyage."

Among the nursery tales, one recognizes many versions of the one known to us as "The Pig Who Wouldn't Go over the Stile," (where "The cat began to kill the rat; the rat began to gnaw the rope; the rope began to hang the butcher; the butcher began to kill the ox; the ox began to drink the water; the water began to quench the fire; the fire began to burn the stick; the stick began to beat the dog; the dog began to bite the pig; the pig in a fright jumped over the stile, and so the old woman got home that night"). In a Sicilian version, Pitidda refuses to sweep the house until she has a piece of bread, and, after repeated invocations, the cat begins to eat the mouse, the mouse begins to gnaw the rope, the rope begins to choke the cow, the cow begins to drink the water, the water begins to quench the fire, the fire begins to burn the stick, the stick begins to kill the dog, the dog begins to kill the wolf, the wolf begins to kill Pitidda, Pitidda begins to sweep the house, and her mother runs and gives her some bread. A near relative of this story is evidently the one in which an animal is referred from one to another to get the means of purchasing a favor, till his request accumulates like this (from Avellino): "Fountain, give me water; water I will carry to the forest; forest will give wood; wood I will carry to the baker; baker will give bread; bread I will give dog; dog will give hairs; hairs I will give old woman; old woman will give rags to cure my

head." One rhymed jingle of the same class comes from Verona, and is as follows: "What is this? The Bishop's chamber. What is in it? Bread and wine. Where is my share? The cat has eaten it. Where is the cat? The stick has beaten him. Where is the stick? The fire has burned it. Where is the fire? The water has quenched it. Where is the water? The ox has drunk it. Where is the ox? Out in the fields. Who is behind there? My friend Matthew." And so it goes on for a few more questions. Professor Crane does not speak of any English analogue to this, nor have we ever seen any in print, nor heard any one recall any; but in the present reviewer's schooldays there was a game, traditional in the country school, which, if memory serves, ran thus: Two players piled clenched fists alternately on one another's, prolonging the process till the whole pile had been twice made; then followed this colloquy: "What have you there? Bread and cheese. Where's my share? Cat's got it. Where's the cat? In the woods. Where's the woods? Fire burned 'em. Where's the fire? Water quenched it. Where's the water? Ox drank it. Where's the ox? Butcher killed him. Where's the butcher? Behind the door cracking nuts. Look out, or he'll cut your head off," and a scamper and pursuit followed.

Among the "Stories and Jests," is found an unmistakable cousin to the "Scissors" story current among ourselves. In this one the details all differ, except that the woman, after her head has gone under water, thrusts her hand above the surface to still maintain "Scissors!" by a motion of her fingers.

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### ETC.

THERE would seem to be occasion for some candid investigation, by some one versed in questions of public charity, of the alms-giving methods of the county boards of this State. In Alameda County there has this year been a great increase in taxation, which is generally accepted by the people as mysterious, since no especial demand for taxation occurs. This has rather drawn people's eyes to the transac-

tions of the supervisors; and one of the incidental results of a more careful reading of the proceedings of the board has been astonishment at the increase of pauperism. Name after name is proposed, first by one supervisor and then by another; now for admittance to the county poor house, now for out-door relief. The same state of affairs is to be found in other counties, though nothing has happened to draw at-

tion to it as much. There seems to be no special investigation in these cases; a supervisor recommends them, and that is enough. Meanwhile, we hear of one family in Alameda County which is receiving county help, while a stout girl in her latter teens simply refuses to go out to work, though people, desiring to help them, have frequently offered her the chance; another, in Santa Clara County, where a perfectly able-bodied woman could not be persuaded to do some washing for a neighbor, who, in an emergency, with illness in the house, and no laundry in reach, offered her double price to do it—she had all the money she needed from the county, she said; another in which a woman refused to continue doing some light janitor work unless her pay was increased—although it was already reasonable—preferring to do nothing and depend entirely on the county; and so on, through the whole list of able-bodied relatives shifting their burdens upon the county, and of able-bodied paupers preferring to live on a meager pittance with leisure rather than to have a comfortable living with work. It is doubtless asking the impossible, to ask that these county boards should seriously study up the subject of charities, as a part of their official duties, and should then investigate each case and try to set the unfortunate on their own feet again, before resorting to alms-giving: yet it is a pity to think that the creation of a pauper class must go on under our eyes in our country districts, hitherto so fortunately free from this trouble.

WE have, in common with all other journals in the State, received a circular requesting our action in accordance with the San Jose resolution:

“That every newspaper, journal, or periodical, published in California, be requested within the next thirty days to declare its position upon the Chinese question, and that any publication failing to do so shall be deemed an enemy of the cause.”

THE OVERLAND'S views upon the Chinese question may be found, in part, in editorials in the October and December issues of 1885. In spite of the threat contained in the circular, which must be offensive to American ideas of honest journalism, we should not object to repeating and completing the expression of these views in the present issue, had we not already given up all its available space to our correspondents on the subject. We shall revert to the matter from time to time, as our own judgment dictates. At present, we will make only the one comment, compelled by the article of a contributor in this number, that the only legal or moral difference we can see between the Rock Springs methods and the Tacoma method, is the difference between the highwayman who murders a man and takes his purse, and the one who stops him with, “Your money or your—I'll say what, if you refuse to hand out.” Our contributor's article farther urges that the purse was very much needed by the highwayman, and that he was very much happier after he had it, and not a bad fellow

to begin with; but these points have never been considered pertinent in law or morals, except as pleas in extenuation.

### The Monthly Magazine.

GOOD friend! Good friend! O, faithful more than all,  
O, wise and rich-voiced guest,  
Kind champion of rest,  
Thrice welcome when the evening shadows fall!

Days may be dark, and nights be lacking cheer,  
While sullen rain-clouds beat  
The garden path and street;  
But all is well, warm friend, when thou art near.

O faithful more than all! They are not so—  
A little heat or cold,  
A little whisper told,  
And they who seemed the dearest, turn and go.

Foes have not turned thee from my lonely door.  
Through slanderous darts unkind,  
My portals still you find,  
Not less to love me, but to serve me more.

Thou dost for me a hundred heartaches keep,  
Which, told to other friends,  
Would serve unseemly ends,  
To turn again and rend me ere I sleep.

Thou canst all places and all seasons bless.  
E'en to the couch of pain  
Thou dost admittance gain,  
Offering bright fancies to forgetfulness.

Most courteous guest, O, welcome more than all!  
Wise watcher of my care,  
Prince of the study chair,  
Thrice welcome when the evening shadows fall!

Lillian H. Shuey.

### Resolutions on John S. Hittell's Article.

SAN JOSE, February 5th, 1886.

JOHN S. HITTELL, ESQ.

Dear Sir: We beg to inform you that the Non-Partisan Anti-Chinese State Convention have passed the following resolutions, *nem. con.*:

Whereas, One John S. Hittell, in THE OVERLAND MONTHLY of February, 1886, caused to be printed an article, signed by him, on the “Benefits of Chinese Immigration,” and,

Whereas, Said article grossly misrepresented the true status of the Chinese question upon this coast, and the true condition of our laboring men;

Therefore, Resolved, that we, the delegates elected as representatives of the anti-Chinese element in this State, in convention assembled, do declare that said article is a misstatement of facts, unfair, impolitic, and does not voice the sentiment of the people of this State, as expressed by their almost unanimous vote.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, properly signed, be forwarded to the Editor of THE OVER-

LAND MONTHLY, and that he be requested to publish the same.

We have the honor to be, sir,

Yours Respectfully,

C. F. MCGLASHAN,

President of Convention.

WM. H. HOLMES,

Secretary of Convention.

### Chinese Question.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND MONTHLY:

In your last number, Mr. Sheldon, who undertook to review all the arguments against the Chinese, seemed to overlook a serious consequence of their further occupation and immigration.

In the beginning of the agitation, the Chinese problem remained for some time local; later it was broadened by being recognized as a labor question; now it has assumed the dignity of an American question, affecting harmfully the ends and purposes of American institutions and the rights of citizens; and it is to this phase particularly that I desire to direct your attention.

The United States were originally wrested from a despotic rule in the interests of civil liberty. Man's capacity for self-government was asserted. A republic was founded to protect its citizens in "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and a constitution adopted to secure "the blessings of liberty" to them and to their children. Thus established, the gates of America were thrown open to the oppressed and liberty-loving people of the old world, and a new and immensely important experiment inaugurated—the hope and perhaps the vindication of mankind. It has thriven for more than one hundred years, and now it is threatened.

The condition imposed on the new settlers for the enjoyment of rights and privileges was citizenship and allegiance, and it became the correlative duty of the State to protect them. On this basis the country was settled, and the immigrants who have since been and are constantly being moulded into the American people, acquire legal and moral rights which the government cannot now suffer to be invaded without compromising its own dignity.

It is well understood that the invitation of the new republic was addressed to the people of Europe, and that the Mongolians were not included in it. They were practically not known at the time, and were not considered: if they had been known, they would not have been considered. In interpreting our naturalization laws, the Federal Courts have held that the Caucasian race is alone contemplated by them, and, by special exception, the negro race. The Burlingame treaty, made in ignorance of the character of the people, encouraged the immigration of the Chinese; but the subsequent restriction laws of Congress, as approved by the president, marked the change of national policy, and gave notice to the Chinese of their undesirability; but still they force

themselves upon us by technical and fraudulent violations of the law.

But looking at the situation generally, the Chinese do not come in the name of liberty, as oppressed; nor are they willing to renounce their old allegiance. They do not seek "the land of the free" for the love of it; on the contrary, they are attached to their own country by a superstitious bond, and never think of leaving it permanently. Their very bones must go back, by their own direction, if they unhappily die on foreign soil. It is also plain that by their mental organization they have no capacity for, or appreciation of, "the blessings of liberty"; but, barring all consideration of this kind, to even become *bona fide* settlers is equally remote from their purpose. In fact, few Chinese migrate voluntarily at all, but are brought hither under contracts made by their masters; and once here, their object is to gather together what they can and prepare to return. Of such stuff citizens fit for a republic can not be made.

It follows from these premises that, first, there is no obligation on the United States to receive the Chinese as other peoples are received; and, second, that there is an obligation on the United States to exclude them, on the ground of duty and of self-protection, if they thwart the mission of the republic and invade the rights of citizens. Now, do they do this? They do, by putting a vastly inferior civilization in competition with our own, and destroying the population on whom the perpetuity of free government depends. It is needless to recite the familiar facts which easily establish this statement. Coming here without wives and without appetites, temporary sojourners, with no home and families to maintain, no social nor political duties to perform, no schools and libraries to support (contributing thereto practically nothing by taxes, direct or indirect), taking no holidays, respecting no traditional anniversaries, but laboring incessantly and subsisting on the most meager food, they enter the lists against men who have been brought up by our civilization to family life and civil duties, and all that these things imply. And that civilization itself was brought up from barbarism by the patriots, martyrs, and benefactors of mankind; and now shall it be permitted to perish? That is the real broad issue.

If it were possible for single white men to compete with Chinese, they must remain single. Is not that an evil? If families were reared under such conditions, they would gravitate irresistibly and without blame to the poor house and the penitentiary. Society must recognize this: to the white workingman it is only a question of self-support or State-support. If there be no remedy, whence are the ranks of a free population to be recruited?

The Chinese may be good laborers, but they are not good citizens; they may in small numbers benefit individual employers, but they breed the germs of national disease, spreading as they spread. The Roman State was healthy until the Roman laboring



class was superseded by the myriad bondsmen, victims of captivity. But they had their revenge: these bondsmen not only drove the free population to the cities to subsist on *panem et circenses* and incite domestic tumult, but they made possible the cultivation of those large estates and the creation of monopoly, which, according to Pliny, ruined Italy—" *Latifundia Italiam perdidere.*"

This is the answer to Mr. Hittell's claim that the Chinese benefit the State. It is impossible for them to do so in any proper sense; certainly not from the standpoint of the well-being of the republic. In this view, which is the only tenable one, it matters very little whether with Chinese labor there is increased productiveness or not, or whether a greater or less number of enterprises are initiated. The material interests of a State must be subordinated to the social and political interests of the people. More than "canned fruits, cheap strawberries and cigars" are the "life, liberty, and happiness" of the men who maintain the country's institutions, and add by their presence to its true wealth.

White men are both producers and large consumers, but the Chinese are not. Coolie labor appears to the short-sighted farmer and manufacturer as desirable, so long as *other people* find employment for the white man. But substitute all Chinese labor, the home market will disappear, and California will practically be lost to the republic, and will become for most purposes a foreign territory. What political economy can reconcile this fact with the good of the State?

But even political economy condemns the Chinese, as between it and white labor. The Chinese leave the results of their labor, it is true, but they take out of the country the equivalent; and contrary to those economic laws whose due observance is the material wealth of nations, their earnings do not circulate, nor are they reinvested. So, what work they perform is paid for *doubly*, by the employer and by the community.

But returning to our point of view, it is urged by Mr. Hittell that the Chinese, while unprogressive, are a good laboring class. This we must admit. But the question is, Can we in this country, and in consonance with our institutions, segregate a labor class and regard them only by their capacity for work? Sir Thomas More, in his "Utopia," considers this very subject. In constructing his ideal State, he made men equal; but in order to relieve its members of humiliating labor, which would, he thought, disturb the equality proposed, he provided for a distinct class, which was to perform all the disagreeable functions of society. If this idea were approved by us, the Chinese would be the most desirable people for such a purpose. They work well, they are docile, and they would not be concerned about their political condition. But we know how repulsive such suggestions are to American civilization. America has dignified work and made it honorable. Man-

hood alone gives title to rights, and the government, being ruled by majorities, is largely controlled by that very class which "Utopia" starts out by subordinating. This political power invested in men further shows the necessity of keeping up the standard of the population, and not permitting it to deteriorate by contact with the Chinese. In "Utopia" men are equal in respect to their occupations, while with us, in the language of the French Declaration of 1789, more explicit than our own, "men are equal in respect to their rights."

But more objectionable even than the Utopian helots, are the Chinese who now, in a free country, are masquerading as men, while they bear every characteristic of slaves; working for barely living wages, enjoying no political participation in the government, inured through centuries to the loss of freedom, and indifferent to every other consideration than ceaseless and unremitting toil. Unassimilative, they are to the body-politic what any extraneous matter is to the human system. They are not, and cannot be, incorporated into its being. They are not a part of the social mechanism, and must sooner or later throw it out of gear. Is not the terrible friction today on the Pacific Coast, after a third of a century's endurance, sufficient evidence of this?

But in the face of every argument, there is a set of men who stand imperturbably in the way of prompt and necessary legislation—the representatives of New England in Congress—and they, strange to say, justify themselves by American principles; but, in doing so, they become—a distinction to which they are welcome—

"The steady patriots of the world alone,  
The friends of every country but their own."

Nevertheless, Mr. Editor, by their exclusion the Chinese are certainly not wronged; rather, their prejudices are respected. By their exclusion, American principles are not violated, rather preserved.

*J. D. Phelan.*

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 10, 1886.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND MONTHLY :

THAT the influx of Chinese is ominous in the extreme, there can be no doubt. But to solve the question of avoiding the dire results arising from Oriental immigration by crime and rapine, would increase our guilt, already involved in this question. In the first place, who is to blame for the presence of the Oriental in the Occident? Did he not ever proclaim non-intercourse, until our people with force and arms awed him into cosmopolitan relations? Now that he is forced into competition, he proposes to compete.

This is no news to the West, when we take in review the past. Ages ago our fathers migrated to the West, and why? Because they could not live in the East, amid a people more skilled in the science of life. This doctrine may be laughed at, but it is

a stubborn and humiliating fact. We left the cradle of the human race, not because of its incapacity to support us, but our incapacity to support ourselves. We were preceded by the Cave-dwellers, by the Lake-dwellers and Etruscans; then came the great migration of nations, and settled Europe. Why did they leave Asia?—Asia, the largest division of the globe; Asia, the wonder of the world; the place of every clime, every soil, the highest mountains, the most extensive plains, the most varied products—yielding everything, in fact, that we now consider a luxury or necessity of life—Asia, where all the most venerable events of the earth's history occurred, and the world's religions were born. We fled because we could not compete with the Asiatic for life.

The Chinaman has no ear for music nor foot for dancing; but his capacity to live and prosper has no parallel in the West. He is from Asia, the seething ocean of the human race. We are on the periphery of existence; we are the mere outposts of humanity. Humanity in all its varied phases can be found only in Asia. Nowhere else in the world is living so skilled and elaborate as in Asia. In vain we may appeal to our vast schemes of material grandeur, our advancement in steam, electricity, and other scientific attainments. The Asiatic sits down right beside us, and knocks the spots clear out of our presumption. He will thrive without these things, where we perish with them. Men are talking about this now. This question was discussed ages ago, and settled by a grand exodus. It seems already obvious that the Chinaman can supplant us with as much facility as we did the Indian, provided he had the opportunity. And I would ask, how long will that opportunity be delayed? When China with her vast myriads becomes, under Western instruction, as military as we; when manufacturers and traders will place as efficient firearms as ours in their hands; then the opportunity will not seem so distant nor uncertain.

Another thing ominous to us is the fact that China for ages has gone on accumulating strength and consequent concentration of power. She has never been known to go back nor make an effort to disseminate; never colonized before. Now her people seem to be charmed by the good things they can grasp in foreign lands. Has China been lying dormant for ages, to accomplish by one great effort the supplanting of the West? It seems almost a probable conjecture. Of China's capacity to colonize, no question can be raised. A hundred million could be spared, and scarcely improve her ventilation—to say nothing of their being missed by their blood relations. Of their desire to migrate, there is no longer any question; yet happily this desire is only in its incipient stage of development. A few years of improved internal communication, and the news of those returned will spread like wild fire, and the suffering, starving hordes of Chinese will be stirred as if by a magic spell, and an unusual desire will seize its people to

go forth and partake of the prosperity and general blessings of the West.

The Chinaman is not a contemptible competitor, although we are often prone to ignore his capacity. Do not presume on John's ignorance; for if we do, history will look upon us as being profoundly stupid. In every conflict, diplomatic, economic, or otherwise, we have come out second best. In the first place, our treaty, if there was any advantage in it, was either to John's advantage, or he lost no time in securing the benefits of such convention. He was invited, caressed, yea, persuaded to come among us. For a time, his arrival was hailed as a blessing, and is so considered by many today. Yet his residence among us has demonstrated his unfitness for our society. And it seems clear to any ordinary perception, that instead of being a benefit to us, in the end he will convert us into a source of profit to himself. Thus, instead of his being the sober, patient beast of burden we presumed him to be, we are becoming the beasts of burden. These things, so disagreeable to a vain people, becoming odious, we then went into the restriction business. But it has proved a failure, an unprofitable investment. Restriction laws did not restrict John. Our shrewdest restriction laws could not cope with John's ingenuity and our own people's corruption.

And now we are resorting to petty persecution and brutal violence. This is the last resort of the craven and the brute. What of our boasted civilization, when our acts resemble the customs of petty savages? The majority of Chinamen persecuted here today came by and on specific agreement, by treaty entered into and ratified by both nations. And yet we, the glory of the nineteenth century, the example of the world, the pride and hope of oppressed humanity, the blessed of God, the engine of benign and humanizing influence, propose to disgrace our race, call in question our civilization, and subvert the fundamental principles of humanity, by exhibiting our petty spite on individuals, whom we pronounce semi-barbarians, heathens, and ignorant fools. Why? Because John is more elaborate in the profession of living than we are. Away with such magnanimity! Away with such a Christianity! Away with such a civilization! It is not fit to be respected by mankind. Let us be more considerate of a moral sense in our motives, and assume that all are more or less responsible for their acts at the just and final tribunal, where all must be judged. Now, from the course of events, it seems obvious to demonstration that John is not the article we bargained for. He is no rude Cave-dweller, nor is he a Lake-dweller; and he has demonstrated that he is more elaborate in modes of existence than the descendants of the last migration of rude people compelled to leave Asia to find means of subsistence. Then to escape being supplanted like the aborigines of this country and Australia, we must get rid of John, and do it promptly and thoroughly. We must ship John back home. He is a heterogene-

ous and disagreeable element here. We can never harmonize with John. He would presume to attempt civilizing us if he remains another decade. This we can never endure.

Livy tells us vices so numerous and with such wide ramifications could not be pruned without great agony, and to lop them entirely would induce death. Better make some sacrifices now, than be sacrificed in the future. Let John be dealt with in a just manner: in expelling him, let him feel that, although impelled to this arbitrary act by absolute and unrelenting necessity, yet we will protect him in person and property, and recompense him for all he leaves behind; and the impecunious must have their passage paid by the national government. And, my people (the Aryans), this is the only way we can get out of the grave dilemma which threatens our very existence as a people.

Then, good-bye, John; as Uncle Demps used to say to me, "Jimmie, I was deceived in that man."

*J. L. Romanau.*

[Our correspondent forgets that, though it is quite possible the westward migrations of our people were the result of competition from those left behind, rather than of adventurousness on their own part, these competitors were not Turanians, but other Aryans. It will not do to speak of "Asiatic" as synonymous with Mongolian, or even Turanian, when so large tracts of Asia are peopled by Aryan races.]

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND MONTHLY:

John S. Hittell, in his article on the "Benefits of Chinese Immigration," published in THE OVERLAND for February, stated some very important facts which seem to vitiate his reasoning and to entirely disprove his conclusions.

At the outset, he fairly states the principle upon which the Chinese problem should be solved, as follows:

"The greatest good of the greatest number must be the main object of every good government."

He then admits that "The greatest number in California are the white laborers, and therefore whatever does most for their benefit does most for the advancement of the State."

Then, in the course of his argument, he gives the following striking and truthful illustration of the real effects of Chinese cheap labor:

"A small area of land, near San José, irrigated by artesian wells, has such advantages for strawberry culture, that it supplies nearly the entire demand of San Francisco. This land belongs to white men, who demand half the crop for rent—equivalent to one hundred dollars an acre annually. The land is worth more for strawberries than for anything else, and the Chinaman has added much to its value, because he will pay a higher rent than any white man would."

After stating that the Chinaman buys boxes and cases, and pays freight and commission upon his strawberries, Mr. Hittell proceeds:

"If all the Chinamen would leave California, the value of the strawberry land at San José would fall twenty-five, or perhaps fifty, per cent.; much of it would be used for other purposes; the rent of that still cultivated in strawberries would decrease; the sums paid for boxes, cases, freights, and commission would be much less; the price of the berries would increase fifty or one hundred per cent; and half the people who now can afford to buy strawberries in the season of their greatest abundance, could no longer afford to purchase them."

Speaking of another business, he says: "It may be said that the white men average two dollars a day for their labor. The Chinamen get one dollar."

I freely admit that land rent is much higher in consequence of Chinese cheap labor than it would otherwise be, and that the rent of "strawberry land" would be greatly reduced if the Chinamen should leave. But, how would a reduction of rent injure "white laborers"? Mr. Hittell forgets that a landlord, as such, is not a "white laborer," but a non-producer, whose only function is to collect tribute from labor "for the use of the natural and inherent powers of the soil"; and he seems also to forget that he is, according to his own limitation, discussing the effect of Chinese competition upon white labor. Is it not an absurdity to contend that white laborers would be injured by securing the use of land for a smaller share of the fruits of their labor than that which they are now compelled to yield?

Cheap labor always enhances the rental value of land, just as slave labor augmented the royal revenues of Roman landlords, while it crushed and impoverished the free laborers of that republic, driving them to enforced idleness, destitution, and profligacy, and ultimately involving the nation in social and political decay.

There is no terror for white laborers in Mr. Hittell's predicted reduction of rent.

Why he fears that much of this particular strawberry land "would be used for other purposes," I am unable even to guess, since, in a preceding sentence, he says: "The land is worth more for strawberries than for anything else." Nor can I understand why he thinks "the price of berries would increase fifty or one hundred per cent.," since he tells us that Chinamen, at the present prices, can afford to give "half the crop for rent," pay for their boxes, cases, freight, and commission, and take to themselves wages at the rate of one dollar per day. If, as he says, the land will yield, at present prices, two hundred dollars an acre annually, and if half of that sum will pay all expenses and leave a margin of one dollar per day for wages, surely the other half must be sufficient to pay another dollar per day for wages, and enable the cultivator to pay a rent for the land equal to the entire cost of boxing, casing, shipping, and selling the goods. This latter rent would be equal to the entire amount now received by railroad companies and white laborers for handling the strawberry crops.

All other conditions remaining the same, a general increase of wages will naturally and necessarily cause a corresponding decrease of rental values; for rent is the margin of value which any given piece of land will yield above the cost of cultivating or using it, and as an increase of wages increases the cost of production, it must correspondingly decrease that margin.

The legal power of landlords will, of course, enable them to demand a higher rent than labor can afford to pay, and for that reason, or to gratify any other passion or whim, they may withdraw their strawberry land from use, and thus, by lessening the supply, increase the price of berries. That increased burden upon consumers, however, would not result from the elimination of cheap labor, but from the greater evil of allowing the land, which is the only source of production, to be the merchandise of non-producers.

The demand for strawberries would certainly be as great after the increase of wages as it has heretofore been, and, if prices remained the same, the volume of consumption would naturally increase, since the purchasing power of consumers would increase with their wages.

Mr. Hittell's prophecy, that, if the Chinamen should leave California, the sums paid for boxes, cases, freights, and commissions, and the number of white laborers directly and indirectly employed, would be much less than at present, is, to use his own expression, "bald assertion" without evidence, and needs no further answer.

He refers to the testimony of W. W. Hollister, before the Chinese Commission of 1876, which was to the effect that he could not profitably cultivate his seventy-five thousand acre farm without Chinese labor; but he admitted that if it were broken up into homes for seven hundred and fifty families, each hundred acre tract could be profitably cultivated. What a calamity it would be to the white laborers of California, if "bonanza" farming should become so unprofitable that they would be enabled to secure homes!

The rest of the testimony quoted can only be accepted with great caution and qualification, notwithstanding the honesty and high character of the witnesses; for it is certain that every one of them would, if asked, admit that his testimony with respect to the necessity for cheap labor was based upon the idea that rent and interest should be paid at prevailing rates, whereas, land rent is a false quantity, resulting in great part from cheap labor itself, and should never enter into such a calculation. Any business which will pay the prevailing rates of wages and interest above taxes and operating expenses, is a paying business. All that it will yield above this is a margin of production, and may be taken as rent without checking production. If any business which will yield wages, interest, taxes, and operating expenses, cannot be properly carried on in a community, it is simply because it is strangled by landlord-

ism; and the people have complete authority, through legislation, to curtail the power of the strangler.

It is amusing to see "rents" classed among the returns received by manufacturers and merchants, as if Mr. Hittell supposed that merchants and manufacturers, as such, ever receive rents. Indeed, it is difficult to find a merchant who receives rent in any capacity. I am tolerably familiar with the great business thoroughfares of this city, and I venture to assert that on Market street from Second to Seventh, there are not more than five persons who are doing business of any kind upon their own land; while upon Kearny street from Market to Broadway, I do not know of a single person who is not paying rent for his place of business.

But Mr. Hittell's preliminary propositions absolutely exclude rent gatherers from consideration in his discussion of the "Benefits of Chinese Immigration"; and yet, he has scarcely attempted to show that any other class of people, much less white laborers, has been, or is likely to be, benefited by Chinese cheap labor.

I have not sought to discuss the merits of the prevailing anti-Chinese movement, but simply to expose some of the fallacies of what I conceive to be a vicious and misleading argument

Yours, &c.,

*James G. Maguire.*

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 15, 1886.

### Singular Traits of a Lone Pigeon.

SOME years ago, when I was living on a ranch in Colorado, a single pigeon, of uncommon variety, with slate-colored plumage, having a few dark bars and white feathers on its wings, came as a visitor, although there were no other pigeons on the ranch, nor any kept in the neighborhood at that time. It seemed half-way disposed to stay. It surveyed the roofs of the buildings, made occasional flights around the premises, and was either a visitor or a stranger on its travels. It disappeared at night, and yet was back again by day, until a change of weather brought snow, and then the pigeon was seen in the corral at night, walking round in the snow, and liable to be trampled by the cattle, which numbered, perhaps, a hundred head.

This was a dangerous place at night, as sometimes coyotes would suddenly start the cattle to "churning," and they might race round and round the enclosure, trampling the entire surface, before the stampede would end. We tried to catch the pigeon, which could be plainly seen on the snow; it ran like a rat—now under a Texan steer, then between the legs of an unbroken cow, or fluttering along the ground among half-frightened calves. It soon became plain that our intention to save the pigeon really increased its danger by moving the cattle, and the chase of "Dick," as we named the pigeon, was abandoned.

The next morning Dick was all right. He was tamer than before, although he kept out of reach;

he was also unwilling to go into a house even for food. That night, however, Dick was found in the stable, quietly roosting on the edge of a stall, and this evidence of good judgment was a subject of commendation. The next night, Dick was sitting on the back of "Billy," a favorite saddle-horse, apparently to the satisfaction of pigeon and horse.

The weather was cold, and Dick's winter arrangements seemed fair. Food was abundant; the stable afforded comfortable quarters; the horse's back insured warm feet at night. These pleasant relations existed for a time, and matters seemed definitely settled.

One night Dick was missing; Billy was restless, continuing to look round as if lonesome. We searched the stable carefully. No trace could be found of Dick, alive or dead. From the chicken house, however, situated one hundred yards distant, came notes of distress: the cut-cut-cut-ke-dah-cut of the Brahma cock suggested other troubles. A hurried visit to the coop and the light afforded by a burning match disclosed the cock standing up, with Dick clinging to the feathers of his neck, resisting every effort made to shake off his acquaintance, cooing and sticking to the frightened cock, who finally became quiet, and rested with Dick nestling close above his wings.

This was the beginning of an attachment between the pigeon and cock that lasted for many years. The cock—a light Brahma—was a very large bird. In the day time he stalked about accompanied by his diminutive friend, who managed by many quick steps, aided by short flights at times, to keep close company. At night, when the cock took his place on the roost, Dick as regularly sat on his back. The two were inseparable; Dick would comb the cock's hackle feathers with his bill while sitting on the other's shoulders, and after the first night the cock assented to the pigeon's friendly conquest. Visitors to the ranch were much amused and interested at this remarkable alliance between dissimilar birds, possessing freedom of action, and yet mutually living in companionship.

Dick was supposed to be a cock pigeon at the time this name was given, but proved to be a female, and made several nests, laying two eggs at each time, but sitting irregularly on her nest at first, and subsequently merely with a semblance of brooding, invariably resuming her rambles with the Brahma by day, and when he returned at night to his roost, Dick was at once perched on his back.

I came home late one day, and found Dick in great trouble: she was hovering over the corral, and watching something inside. She wanted to go to roost, but her friend, the Brahma, was unable to go with her. He had walked into the corral through an open gate on the opposite side, and was now on the side toward the chicken-house, but unable to get through the fence or over it; and he was vainly running along the fence, instead of going back to the gate in a con-

trary direction. I opened a small side door, which enabled him to get out, and as he ran with long strides toward the chicken-house, Dick flew along almost touching his back. When I locked the door of the coop, a few moments later, he had managed to find his roost, and Dick was cooing her delight at the termination of their common trouble.

The incoming of new settlers, who raised pigeons, finally caused flocks of them to fly near me, and sometimes to light in my dooryard. Dick took no more notice of these strange pigeons than she did of the Brahma hens, who, by the way, chased other pigeons, while Dick and the Brahma cock together ruled the barnyard.

The most singular part of my story is the conclusion. Perhaps three years after Dick had become domiciled at the ranch and associated with the Brahma, another solitary pigeon came, remained for some days alone, and then I noticed the new comer and Dick billing and cooing. The two made a nest, Dick laid the customary two eggs, and then resumed her daily tramps with the Brahma. The cock-pigeon only saw Dick at night, when she came to the nest, and allowed her nearly starved mate a brief chance to fly out and hunt food and water. He managed to survive this peculiar arrangement, as I placed food and water near him, so that his chance to feed in the dusk might be improved, as I had considerable curiosity to see the result of his hatching. Dick trusted absolutely to her mate's fidelity during the day, until one egg hatched out a young pigeon. The maternal instinct then was developed. The feeding of this one squab was jointly shared by both parents, and all subsequent sittings found Dick faithful to home duties.

Dick had many peculiarities. If a hawk threatened, and a window was opened in my dwelling-house, Dick came fluttering through the window; at such time the hawk would be circling or hovering over the roof, and was generally shot and killed, when Dick would at once rejoin the fowls. The pigeon never came to the house in such hurried way unless the fowls were frightened.

Dick's shyness was *coyness*, if I may be allowed to make the distinction. This was shown by her objection to being handled; but she was fearless toward cattle, horses, or poultry.

An open wire box-trap, used to catch gophers, surprised Dick one day by caging her while eating corn placed in the trap for bait. The scolding and pecking she gave me when I raised the door and set her free, uninjured, excepting a few ruffled feathers and a badly ruffled temper, was indescribably funny. Like some people, Dick felt that somebody was to blame for this indignity. Although I was prompt to give help, and gentle in giving it, I was punished, so far as bill could peck, wings could strike, or notes could express her most emphatic disapproval.

Dick must have been a very old pigeon when she died. Her fearlessness of animals resulted in her being killed by a horse in the stable—probably an ac-

cidental blow from a hoof, causing instant death. Her mate refused to leave the stable where the nests had been made, and he soon became sick and died.

Neither Dick nor her mate had many white feathers, but the young pigeons bred from them had considerable white on bodies as well as on wings; at the time the old birds died, there were, perhaps, fifty pigeons entirely white. These had been selected from a larger number, which had become too numerous for the space set apart for them.

It is probable that Dick, when she first came to the ranch, had escaped from sportsmen at a shooting match. No such trial of skill was likely to occur nearer than ten miles away. The pigeons procured

for the shooting clubs were often brought from other States by express—too far distant for ordinary pigeons to find their way back to the place where they were raised.

This is simply a conjecture, offered to explain the appearance of a single pigeon so far from its home. Dick was never known to fly a half mile away from her adopted home after seeking shelter at the ranch

*Edward E. Chever.*

ERRATUM: On page 217, February OVERLAND, "The Bland Bill," read "bimetallic" for "limitable," in the sentence "The single gold standard is not incompatible with a *limitable* currency."

### Darwinism and Other Essays.<sup>1</sup>

THERE can be no doubt that Mr. Fiske is one of the clearest and most brilliant of popular writers on philosophical subjects. He is known, not as a mere interpreter of other men's thoughts, as popular writers usually are, but as a really original thinker. No man could expound so clearly and so vividly the evolution theory of Darwin and Spencer unless he had not only mastered the thoughts of these men, but had also made the subject his own. Some readers *gather* and *store* other men's thoughts, arrange them nicely in mental pigeon holes, and can reproduce them in their exact original form on suitable occasions. Others *feed* on other men's thoughts; digest, assimilate them, so that they enter into the composition of their mental bone and muscle, and reappear in new forms in their own thought-work. Mr. Fiske certainly belongs to this higher class.

The volume before us is a collection of essays written at different times and on various subjects, but the same spirit and philosophy runs through all. To ensure intelligent public attention, it is necessary only to name and characterize the successive chapters. The first five chapters are devoted to Darwinism and evolution, defining their essentials, answering their critics on the one hand, and their materialistic supporters on the other, and thus defining his own position as a theistic evolutionist. Then follows an essay on "Inspiration," and another on "Modern Witchcraft" (spiritism); then one very excellent and appreciative essay on "Comte's Positive Philosophy," and two on the "Fallacies of Buckle." The first of these two is somewhat crude, but, considering that it was written at the age of nineteen, it is certainly a marvel of thoughtfulness and of style. The next, on the Danubian races, is especially interesting, now that the attention of the world is again turned on the Eastern Question. The next two, on "Liberal Edu-

cation" and "University," are a just presentation of the true aims of education.

We wish every one would read Mr. Fiske's essays on evolution. We believe his position on this subject is the only just and tenable one. Many people seem to think that evolution and materialism are convertible terms—that the truth of the one necessitates the truth of the other. On the contrary, evolution leaves the question of materialism just where it found it. We find now among evolutionists the same diversity of view on this question as among thinkers before the advent of Darwin and Spencer. If Hæckel and Büchner are materialistic—if Huxley and Tyndall are agnostic—we find Cleland, and Flower, and our author are theistic. Though the clearest and warmest expounder of evolution living, yet no one has shown more clearly than our author the untenableness and even absurdity of materialism.

In fine, it seems to us that our author is singularly just in his views on the leading questions of the day. We would, therefore, cordially recommend all his works, not only as in the highest degree entertaining, but as thoroughly healthful in their effects on the mind.

### Briefer Notice.

Several collections of amateur dramas and recitations come before us for notice. The plays collected in the *The Globe Drama*<sup>2</sup> comprise "The Flowing Bowl," "Better than Gold," "Comrades," "Nevada, or The Lost Mine," "Past Redemption," and "Rebecca's Triumph." The author of these plays, Mr. George M. Baker, has been long known as the editor of a series of volumes of selections for readings and recitations, and as the author of many excellent plays adapted to the wants of school exhibitions, literary societies, lyceums, and social gatherings. In the work he has already done he has shown a good appreciation of what is needed by young dramatic as-

<sup>1</sup> Darwinism and Other Essays. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>2</sup> The Globe Drama; Original Plays. By George M. Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by W. Doney.

pirants to enable them to hold the attention of parlor audiences and town hall gatherings. In the plays included in the present volume, however, the author evidently seeks a wider field than amateur parlor theatricals, and it is but justice to him and to these compositions to say that they are worthy of a place on the public stage. They are pure in sentiment, and superior in thought and construction to most of the material of current drama. Several of these plays, particularly "Past Redemption" and "The Flowing Bowl," present useful lessons on temperance.—*The Popular Speaker*<sup>1</sup> is a reproduction of Nos. 13, 14, 15, and 16 of "The Reading Club." The editor's aim has been to present a variety of humorous, pathetic, patriotic, and dramatic declamations and recitations, to suit the diversified tastes of those who may be seeking selections to entertain the public or the home circle. The previous numbers of these selections have been widely used among teachers and pupils in elocution, and may be found on the shelves of most of our public school libraries. In this volume are to be found many choice extracts from prominent prose writers, fresh selections of popular poetry, and also a reproduction of a number of old favorites familiar to everyone.—In many schools five minutes is now the allotted time for a declamation. None of the selections in *Five Minute Declamations*<sup>2</sup> will occupy a longer time in delivery. The collection is made up of extracts from the orations, speeches, and discourses of our most eloquent speakers. Extracts from Webster are most numerous, twenty-five of the one hundred selections which the volume contains being taken from his famous speeches. Most of these are the favorite declamations of our school days. All the selections are well chosen, and, though there may be better ones omitted, yet these are well suited to the end in view. All have been tested as public school exercises, and nearly all possess the necessary "high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit" that constitutes true eloquence.—In 1826 a Swedenborgian druggist, of Boston, published a little meditative treatise called *Observations on the Growth of the Mind*.<sup>3</sup> Mr. Sampson Reed was, by education and choice, a minister, and a druggist only because his Swedenborgian creed shut him out of the pulpits at Boston; his essay is, therefore, that of an educated man. It establishes no particular thesis, but has a good deal of value for a certain tranquil wisdom in the stray thoughts, and in the spirit and atmosphere of the whole. It has always had its following, and the volume that is the occasion of this notice is of the eighth edition, recently brought out

<sup>1</sup> Popular Speaker; Poetry and Prose. Selected by Geo. M. Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by W. Doxey.

<sup>2</sup> Five Minute Declamations. Selected by Walter K. Forbes. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Jno. N. Philan.

<sup>3</sup> Observations on the Growth of Mind. By Sampson Reed. New Edition, with a biographical preface by James Reed. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

in Boston. Its chief interest, however, to most people will be that it was a favorite with Emerson, who recommended it to every one. His correspondence with Carlyle contains admiring comments upon it from both men. It is even not impossible that in some of Mr. Reed's thoughts were found suggestions that flowered afterward into Emerson's thoughts.—*Sunny Spain*<sup>4</sup> is in text and make-up evidently designed for a child's holiday book, though it reaches us belated. The text amounts to little, and is apparently written to the pictures, which are abundant and excellent, though not finely engraved or printed. Some of them are evidently process work, and all may be. They are all that one could ask, and more, in a book of the sort. It is, however, very gravely injured as a child's book by some specific accounts of the tortures of the Inquisition.—Somewhat less lavish in pictures, but more important in text, is *Through Spain*,<sup>5</sup> by S. P. Scott. Its author has not, to any great extent, gone outside of the regular lines of Spanish travel, but these are not yet well worn, and the traveler has kept his eyes open for the people and their ways, as well as the monuments and sights. His keenest interest in the country evidently centers about the Moors, and the contrast that other travelers have noted between their civilization and the barbarism of the Spaniard is confirmed by him.—Another holiday book that did not reach us until after the holidays, is a bound volume of a child's magazine, *Little Folks*.<sup>6</sup> It is abundantly and fairly well illustrated, and entertaining in matter to a young child.—The author of that child's classic "The Seven Little Sisters," has found another idea as happy, though she has not carried it out with as much literary charm as her book of twenty years ago. The present one is in *Ten Boys Who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now*.<sup>7</sup> The ten boys are "Kablou, the Aryan boy, who came down to the plains of the Indus; Darius, the Persian boy, who knew about Zoroaster; Cleon, the Greek boy, who ran at the Greek games; Horatius, the Roman boy, whose ancestor kept the bridge so well; Wulf, the Saxon boy, who helped to make England; Gilbert, the page, who will one day become a knight; Roger, the English lad, who longed to sail the Spanish main; Ezekiel, the Puritan boy; Jonathan Dawson, the Yankee boy; Frank Wilson, the boy of 1885." These steps, "from long ago to now," are admirably chosen; and the insight into a child's mind that Miss Andrews always shows is marvelous, giving each of her few little books an educational value unequalled by any others of the sort that

<sup>4</sup> Sunny Spain.—Its People, Places, and Customs. By Olive Patch. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell & Co. 1884.

<sup>5</sup> Through Spain. By S. P. Scott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by J. A. Hofmann.

<sup>6</sup> Little Folks.—A Magazine for the Young. New York, Paris, and London: Cassell & Co. 1885.

<sup>7</sup> Ten Boys Who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now. By Jane Andrews. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1886.

we can think of. She seems to know instinctively what will be comprehensible to a child—what will fascinate his imagination and impress itself on his memory, amid historic and geographic facts; yet at the same time to preserve good perspective, presenting the really important and characteristic things, instead of sacrificing these to apparently more interesting trivialities for the sake of interesting the child. There is, too, a clear and well-arranged presentation of topic, which guards admirably against the mental confusion to which children are more liable than their caterers suppose, in matters involving gaps of time and space, and other such complexities. We have only one fault to find: and that is, that the author, after giving the child a distinct understanding that his own ancestry is being followed down, does not make it clear that the Persian, Greek, Roman, and French boys lie outside the direct line of ancestry. Indeed, the Aryan boy, "who went down to the Indus," was not the ancestor of the Anglo-Saxon stock, but only very near to the common Aryan ancestor. The child certainly should not be left to the confusion of supposing that we are descended through Indian, Persian, Greek, and Roman.—*Sweet Cicely*<sup>1</sup> makes some claim to be a novel; but as it is by "Josiah Allen's Wife," those who may be acquainted with her former book or books will expect of it only a large amount of somewhat heterogeneous social and political satire, sometimes droll and sometimes dull, sometimes very shrewd and to the point, and sometimes dogmatic and shallow, sometimes moderate and true, and sometimes burlesqued beyond all judgment; linked together by the faintest possible thread of narrative.—*The Next World Interviewed*<sup>2</sup> belongs to that department of literature which a conscientious reviewer, dividing the reviews in his magazine under proper heads, classified under the head of "Nonsense." It is a string of alleged communications from great people in the other world—fifty odd, including Carlyle, George Eliot, George Sand, Longfellow, Darwin, Dickens; and, strange to say, all these diverse authors have acquired in the other world exactly the same style (in spite of forced variations, like attempts to disguise a handwriting), and that one singularly inferior to the literary styles they employed on earth; closely resembling, in fact, the essays every editor is familiar with from young people of small capacity, whom he advises to acquire a little more education before trying to instruct. They have deteriorated, also, in the matter of grammar, and display singular defects of information, sometimes, in the historic references they besprinkle their remarks with. It is very discouraging to feel that we must retrograde so seriously in brains and in knowledge in the next

world.—We have received for notice a text-book, *Elements of Universal History*,<sup>3</sup> by a Californian. It is a painstaking book, based on much reading (though some of the best authorities, such as Mommensen, Freeman, and others, seem never to have been heard of), and covers ground from ancient India, Egypt, and China, to the death of Mr. Garfield, including accounts of religions, arts, sciences, literature, etc.—*Le Mariage de Gabrielle*,<sup>4</sup> a recent French novel, which has had the honor of being crowned by the French Academy, has just been issued in W. R. Jenkins's series of *Romans Choisis*. The author, Daniel Lesueur, is comparatively unknown on this side of the Atlantic, but nearly all of his works have received the official approval of French educational institutions—possibly because they are not only cleverly written, but because they are entirely free from the objectionable qualities of so many French novels.—Eugène Labiche's lively little comedy of *La Lettre Chargée*<sup>5</sup> constitutes number fourteen of the series *Théâtre Contemporain*, issued by the same publisher. The comedy, in this edition, has the benefit of English notes for students, by Prof. V. F. Bernard of Amherst College.—A friendly critic of Mr. Carpenter's book<sup>6</sup> calls it "the cream of the author's best sermons," and it is in some respects just to compare these condensed discourses, a whole sermon often reduced to two pages, to cream. The palate, however, does not submit to clear cream in quantities, and would prefer to it even skim-milk. And so the reader will be content to take but a page or two of the book at a time, diluting it largely with his own reflections. The same critic is sure that clergymen will find the book a thesaurus of topic and imagery to be used in their own sermons; and this, too, may be true, for Mr. Carpenter's ideas are orthodox, and yet broad, the vague mingling of orthodoxy and liberality that is fashionable. His figures, as well, are many of them striking, though often mixed and crowded. The mind, for instance, refuses to picture the ocean "dancing in unharnessed glee." Frequently the reasoning that connects the title to the thought of the various passages is too recondite to be easily discovered. None the less, readers that are not dismayed at a book of sermons with such headings of chapters as "Soul Drunkenness," "Soul Insanity," and "Self-Hell," will find many passages in the present volume that the mind will take pleasure in thinking over, and that will increase its power and its reverence.

<sup>3</sup> *Elements of Universal History*. By Prof. H. M. Cottinger. Boston: Charles H. Whiting, 1884. For sale in San Francisco by Cunningham, Curtiss & Welsh.

<sup>4</sup> *Le Mariage de Gabrielle*. Par Daniel Lesueur. New York: William R. Jenkins, 1886.

<sup>5</sup> *La Lettre Chargée*. Par Eugène Labiche. New York: William R. Jenkins, 1886.

<sup>6</sup> *Sunrise on the Soul*. By Hugh Smith Carpenter. New York: Funk & Wagnalls, 1885.

<sup>1</sup> *Sweet Cicely*. By "Josiah Allen's Wife" (Marietta Holley). New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls, 1886.

<sup>2</sup> *The Next World Interviewed*. By Mrs. S. G. Horn. New York: Thomas R. Knox & Co., 1886.



THE  
OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.*

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VOL. VII. (SECOND SERIES.)—APRIL, 1886.—No. 40.

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FOR MONEY.

XII.

LOUISE was rather agitated by the prospect of her first formal dinner. She felt that it was in a way her first introduction to the real pomps and vanities in her new character, and she wished to do justice to the situation. She ordered a new dress, on her husband's suggestion; he thought her dress-maker's bills did not come up to what the funny columns in the newspapers had led him to expect. Then she sent for the fashionable hair-dresser, a Hungarian, with a Parisian hair-dressing education, who amused her beyond description by his accounts of the great deeds he accomplished with his customers. She won him over from the beginning by saying, as she seated herself before her mirror:

"Now, Mr. Teleky, you know what I want done, and I don't. You must do your best; I am going out to dinner."

Teleky knew that Mrs. Waring was a bride, and a rich one, and he exerted himself to do her hair and his own reputation justice. He danced about her for some ten minutes, now pulling out a hair-pin from her hair, now snatching up a comb, now taking up and laying down a pair of curling tongs,

until she grew nervous for fear she had not left herself time to dress; but when he once fairly began his work the man disappeared, and only the artist remained. He looked at her hair with grave approval as it fell about her, but made no comment until it was about half up, when he said:

"Your hair is very flexible, Mrs. Waring. It is a pleasure to work in it."

Louise was proud of her hair, and glad to have it praised; but as he went on with his operations she grew more and more apprehensive, for she feared that with all the crimping and burning it would be utterly spoiled. However, she resigned herself; having once begun, she determined to go through with the whole performance without flinching.

"Do you know Mrs. Adolf Heimbaumberger?" inquired the little man, as he unfastened a crimping-pin and laid the wavy lock it released carefully in place.

"I know the one you mean," answered Louise, much amused. Mrs. Heimbaumberger was the wife of a Jewish broker, with shady antecedents, who was celebrated for her toilettes and her endeavors to rise in society.

"I go to dress her hair every morning at

ten o'clock. Did you see her at the great ball at the hotel in November? No? You were not there? She was the most beautiful lady at the ball, and no one in the room had such a distinguished coiffure. Every one remarked it. That was my work, and since then she has become the fashion. Every one who comes to me says to me, 'Mr. Teleky, I wish my hair dressed as you dress Mrs. Heimbaumberger.' But that is not my way. No; I consult the face. I say, 'Mrs. O'Neil,' I say, 'Mrs. Brown,' I say, 'Miss Swift,' I say, 'That style does not suit your face;' I say, 'Trust to me.' Mrs. Brown I give a Grecian knot and waved hair. She is classical, you understand. So she adopts my advice, and I give her the reputation for being beautiful like a statue, and she has sense and dresses to match the style of her hair."

The cool familiarity of manner with which this man spoke of one of the beauties of her circle nearly took Louise's breath away. Supposing her *seance* over, and well satisfied with the result, she rose, saying, "I like your style very well, as far as my hair is concerned," in a dignified manner, intended to prevent him from talking her over with his next customer.

But Teleky was producing from his hand bag numerous little boxes and packages.

"What are you going to do now?" she inquired with interest.

"It is a dinner, yes?" said the little hair-dresser.

"Yes, I told you that."

"Then I shall give you the parlor make-up."

"The parlor make-up? What is that?"

"It gives you a beautiful complexion for the gaslight, and no one can tell it from nature," said Mr. Teleky proudly.

"Why, I never had anything on my face in my life!" exclaimed Louise, horrified. "I never would paint."

"This is not paint," said the hair-dresser, blandly; "only a little wash as harmless as water, and a little powder to brush right off. All the ladies use it who come to me. It is very artistic. I have just put it on Miss

Swift. She always comes to me to have it done before a ball or a dinner. Every one thinks her complexion quite perfect and natural, and she leads among the young ladies. It is, of course, wrong to paint when it is known to be paint, and many ladies, they are not artists about it; but I cannot let a lady leave my hands without completing my work. Quite impossible," he concluded firmly, approaching her with a camel's hair pencil full of some black liquid.

Seeing it useless to argue the question, she submitted under protest.

"Your eyebrows are well defined, and your eyelashes are long and thick, so they need but little to make them harmonize with the rest of the make-up. It would not do to leave them untouched," said Teleky, speaking without any intention of complimenting, simply with the cold-blooded satisfaction of an artificer who finds less to do than he might, or better materials to work with than he expected. "Now," he added triumphantly, as he brought his labors to a close, "look in the glass, Mrs. Waring, and tell me if any one could find out that your complexion was not real? It *is* real; I have only softened it a little, and kept your face from growing red at dinner, like so many ladies. You keep that soft flush all the way through, and the ladies who have not the parlor make-up, they envy you your cool appearance." After a little pause, he added: "You would look well with golden hair, Mrs. Waring. It would suit your eyes and complexion. I do not advise every lady to wear it."

Louise looked at herself as requested, and with the closest scrutiny failed to detect any appearance of artificiality. The black stuff had been inserted so skillfully among her eyelashes that there was no trace of the daubed lower lid, affected by so many women in the hope of making their eyes appear larger, and which often looks as if a well-directed blow had been given them between the eyes. Her smooth cheek showed not a trace of rouge, yet something made a change in her whole expression. She could not tell where it lay, but her face had sud-

denly grown five years older, and had a hard, *blasé* look, quite at variance with her usual candid, unworldly gaze.

"You have done charmingly, Mr. Teleky. I am perfectly satisfied, but I think we will dispense with the golden hair for the present," she said.

"That is a work of time, madam. It could not be done all at once," he explained, and bowed himself out with numerous gyrations of pleasure.

"My face will surely crack if I smile," murmured Louise as soon as the door closed on him. "I feel as if I had a porcelain mask on."

Then she turned the key in the lock with an air of determination quite out of proportion to the deed she was about to do; she wet a towel, and gingerly proceeded to take off all that Mr. Teleky had spent so many careful minutes in putting on. She was rather astonished at the amount of black that came off her eyebrows and lashes, and the towel looked like a study in two crayons when she finally felt free from the uncomfortable stuff.

Her husband professed himself more than satisfied with her appearance, and she went down to the drawing-room to be received by Mrs. Valentine, delighted with the fact that she knew one of the secrets of Lily Swift's beauty and was above resorting to the same devices, but slightly annoyed to find Lily one of the guests.

The number of them was large—eighteen—some of them middle-aged or elderly, to make it pleasant for Mr. Waring, some of them young, to amuse Mrs. Waring. Louise was charmed to find herself next to Eugene Fleming, for Mr. Valentine, at whose right hand she sat, was not exactly designed by Providence for a dinner companion.

Mr. Waring smiled at the ease and unconcern with which his wife accepted the honors accorded her, and felt greater pride than ever in his choice. He saw that she was pleasantly seated with Eugene Fleming, a lady's man, on her right, and Phil Carter opposite; so he put any anxiety for her out of his mind, and devoted himself to enjoy-

ing his dinner, which was faultless, and the conversation of his hostess and old Judge McAroon, who had just returned to the city after an absence of three or four years.

Fleming was content with his position, for he felt relieved from any responsibility about his next neighbor on the other hand, Lily Swift, and was able to address himself to the task of pleasing Mrs. Waring. Lily was all absorbed in young Mr. Cruden, a pale-eyed youth from another State, a little younger than herself, and the next thing to an imbecile, said the critics on intelligence, cruelly; but the hard-won gold pieces of a beer-brewing father were to descend to him alone, if he could be kept alive until his stout and ruddy father should be induced to leave this mundane sphere; and the temptation of being a rich widow was too strong for Lily, as Fleming knew.

So he talked to Louise, and told her all manner of strange and pleasing things about himself, his experiences, his moods and fancies. He was a fluent talker, and he had a smooth, sweet voice. Some men are lazy, and like a bright woman with a ready tongue, who will run on and amuse them, but most men love to talk while the ladies listen. Why did Othello fall a slave to the gentle Desdemona, but because she slurred over her domestic duties in a perfunctory manner, that she might seriously incline to hear him relate his marvelous exploits. No woman can be really fascinating, who monopolizes the conversation in *tête-à-tête* with a man. Why was Madame Récamier so charming and so longed for at a *salon* where the guests were silent? Not because she was a talker, but because she had the gift of setting others talking. A man likes to think, after the conversation is over, not of the bright things a woman has said, but of the bright things she has made him say; and if she appreciates them, and shows that she does, he is her friend, and she is a charming woman.

So all things were going well with Eugene Fleming, and he could read in Mrs. Waring's expressive eyes that he was making just the impression he wished. Towards the close of the dinner, some mention was made of a

celebrated actress, and a play she had only put on once.

"I was there," said Fleming. It seemed to Louise that he had been everywhere, and had seen everything, for scarcely anything could be mentioned of which he did not speak as being a part. "She was wonderful in it, and by good luck I happened to get the only picture of her in that character. I think I am the only person who has it, for she didn't like the proofs, and only that one was finished. I consider it the loveliest photograph she ever had taken, and I have them all."

"Oh, I should like to see it!" said Louise, impulsively. "I never saw her, of course, but I have heard so much of her beauty that—Oh, won't you bring it with you to show me? I am always sure to be at home on Thursdays, and glad to see you."

Eugene had gained his point, and was silently congratulating himself, when just then there was a lull in the conversation, and Judge McAroon seized the opportunity to lean forward and say impressively, so that all could hear:

"Mr. Fleming, how is your wife?"

If the table had suddenly disappeared down a trap-door, leaving the guests looking into the yawning depths, they could not have sat more aghast and tongue-tied. Before Mrs. Valentine could recover from her consternation, Eugene had rallied, but he spoke with trembling lips:

"Thank you, Judge, she is quite well; she is in New York at present."

Then everybody fell to talking all at once with all his might; and Fleming, after a glance at Mrs. Waring from under his drooping eyelids, turned to Lily Swift, who carried on her part of the badinage with perfect success, as if nothing had happened.

Phil Carter felt sorry for the shock he saw in Mrs. Waring's face, and began to tell her a long winded story that she was not obliged to interrupt; but fortunately, in the middle of it, Mrs. Valentine gave the signal for the ladies to leave the table.

Louise went back into the drawing-room in a somewhat dazed condition, amid the whispers and exclamations of "Wasn't it aw-

ful!" "What was the matter with the poor old Judge?" "How could he forget so?"

"I don't believe he ever knew, really," said Mrs. Valentine, Jr. "Probably, nobody ever told him. He went away so long ago."

"Hattie always has a good word for everybody. I don't feel inclined to excuse it," said Mrs. Valentine, very much put out.

"What makes it awful? I didn't know he had a wife; that's what startled me," said Louise.

"No, you have known him such a short time," said Mrs. Valentine. "The story is only this. Four or five years ago, he married a very pretty girl, nice people, too, but she turned out dreadfully; took morphine, and disgraced him openly; and he is so sensitive to anything of that kind. So there was a divorce about two years ago. She married again in two months, and went to New York to live. They say she has reformed; but you never can tell."

"But that's wicked!" cried Louise in horror. The lax views of marriage belonging to the nineteenth century, and to San Francisco in particular, had never been brought under her notice before.

"Come and look at this portrait of my little boy," said Mrs. Valentine, Jr., laying her hand persuasively on Mrs. Waring's arm and walking her to the other end of the room. "My dear," she said, under her breath, "you must be careful about speaking so openly. You won't mind my telling you, will you? The lady standing near you just then has been married to her present husband only six months, and she was divorced about two years ago. I don't believe she heard you, though. Her first husband has given her a great deal of trouble since."

Louise's high-minded innocence did not take this second shock much more calmly than the first.

"I thought such people were never spoken to," she said in a sort of angry scorn. "Is she thought of just the same as before? Doesn't she blush to look any one in the face?"

"I don't know why she should," said Mrs.

Valentine, Jr., warmly. "She is a good, lovely woman, and this husband is devoted to her; he just lives to anticipate every wish of hers. Her uncle is a rich, influential man here. Her first husband was a terrible man, and she led a wretched life with him, and now she is just as happy as if he had never existed. Her friends are all so delighted."

Louise's face, however, showed no yielding from her first impression that the fact was criminal.

"At any rate," added little Mrs. Valentine, thinking Mrs. Waring very narrow-minded and provincial, "you mustn't say what you think, or you will get yourself disliked; because there is scarcely a family of any prominence that you will visit where you won't find either mothers or sisters or children divorced. It used to be hushed up as much as possible, and the divorced people lived very quietly; but there is so much of it now that nobody thinks anything more of it."

They went back to the other groups of ladies, and presently the men came in from the smoking-room.

"Poor old McAroon," observed Mr. Waring, laughing at the recollection over his morning coffee. "That was rougher on him last night than it was on Fleming."

"If you know the story, I wish you would tell me about it," said Louise quietly, but with less color than usual.

"Oh, there isn't much of a story to it. He married a sweet, good young girl for her prospects, in the most bare-faced way. She was very much in love with him, and he could have made her just what he chose. Well, he never amounted to anything, and her father failed. They were pretty poor, I guess, and he neglected her shamefully. It isn't any sort of a story for you. He left her alone a great deal, and wasn't steady himself, and she made friends with some fast men and women—not bad, you know, but they were pretty free with wine. She never had much ballast, and she couldn't stand it. It was all his fault. A man is mostly to blame when his wife goes wrong. He ought

to be able to look after one woman. I tell you what it is, Louise, a woman is generally what her husband makes her. I didn't blame poor little Mrs. Fleming so much. I know the women all take his part. So they did Lord Byron's. I don't know why you all side against an unfortunate individual of your own sex, and fight like little tigresses for each other if a man hints at a generalitv about you."

"But she married again," pleaded Louise.

"I believe I heard she did," he answered.

"Do you think that is right? Why, Marion, do you think it is even excusable?"

"My dear, we are going into abstractions. Time enough to think of those things when they come home to ourselves. We can't reform society, you know." And with a kiss he left her for his business.

Louise had an active mind, and had been accustomed to discussing all her fancies and theories with her brothers and sisters; and now, whenever a subject really interested her, it seemed to her as if her husband always brought the conversation to an abrupt close.

She fretted against the monotony and stupidity of her life. For several days after Mrs. Valentine's dinner she was so quiet and pale and bored, that one evening when Mr. Waring came into the library, having finished his after-dinner smoke, and surprised her looking sadly into the fire, with her figure drooped forward and her hands forlornly clasped, he decided that something was to be done.

"You are alone a great part of the day, my dear; you get lonely, and no wonder," he remarked, as she started up and shook herself into a more cheerful attitude. "Do you know, I have been thinking what a good thing it would be for you both, to have Frances over here to visit you, until we go back to San Manuel for the summer. I guess the house is big enough to make room for her, don't you?"

"And make a home for your poor, sick sister." Her mother's words came back to her, and made her blush with shame that this, only this, was what she had married him for.

She felt that she had won something from him by unworthy means, some good thing that she did not deserve to have. And with it all came a feeling of elation that she was at last doing something for one of the family. She had an uneasy suspicion that her mother was not satisfied with the small things already accomplished, and she resented the idea that they were all watching to see how much she was going to get out of this indulgent man.

She kissed him tremulously with wet lashes. "You are too good to me—to us all," she murmured.

"I'm good to myself," he answered, in the jovial voice that always dried her tears instantly, it seemed to be so lost to any idea of sentiment; and at such times, it always grated painfully on Louise's feelings. "I know you must be all by yourself a good deal, and of course you get morbid. When I come home, I like to have you bright and happy. Get on your things, and let's go and have a laugh at the minstrels. It's Saturday night, you know, and all the world and his wife will be there."

Louise would rather have a tooth drawn than go to the minstrels, but she resigned herself to the expedition in search of a laugh; and her pretty, bored face, and her husband's undisguised enjoyment of the performance, were commented on freely by their friends in the audience.

"Two more candidates for divorce before very long," observed Phil Carter to a companion, as he turned away his opera glass. "That's not a very happy woman, to my mind. When the right man comes along, won't there be an explosion—that's all!"

### XIII.

KNOWING that Frances always took everything too seriously, Louise took the precaution of gaining her father's and mother's consent to Frances's visit, before she spoke to her sister on the subject. Her mother was delighted with the plan; she had been hoping for some such invitation, and rather expecting it; but Louise saw a look of doubt

and indecision on her father's delicate, worn face.

"If it were Rose who asked me, my child, I shouldn't say one word. Frances would not see much there that she does not see at home; at least, I mean, Rose is on the same plane of living with us. But your way of life is so different from ours now, that I am afraid it would not be the best thing for the child to have a month or two of every indulgence, and then come back to us utterly discontented with the life and surroundings that belong to her."

"Father!" cried Louise, clinging to him with both hands, "don't say that that wicked money is to separate me from you and Frances. Don't let it stand between us. Oh, what shall I do! I thought it would do you all so much good. Oh, father! father!"

"Louise, you could coax my heart out of my breast. Yes, Frances shall go with you, but don't spoil my little girl."

"Am I spoiled, father?"

"You are my dear, loving little daughter, Louise. I don't think anything could spoil you for long."

Mrs. Lennard had listened to this dialogue in speechless irritation. She knew that when her quiet husband had an opinion to advance, he took the floor and held it in spite of all efforts to interrupt, and she could only be thankful for Louise's coaxing ways, which she was proud to think were inherited from the mother's side. She knew that the visit would be the best thing in the world for Frances, but if Mr. Lennard was persuaded that a matter was of sufficient importance to exercise judgment on it, he seldom or never retreated from his decision; so she rejoiced in Louise's triumph.

Frances herself was thinner and paler than ever, when Louise went up to her room to see her and tell her the news. She flung herself into Louise's arms, and let herself be half carried back to the little sofa from which she had sprung when her sister opened the door.

"Why, Frances!" exclaimed Louise, "you are not half as glad to see me as all this! You know you are not."

"You can't imagine how I've missed you—how I have longed for you all these lonely days and nights!" answered Frances, wiping away the tears that rained down her face. "It seemed as if I could not live through the time that you have been away."

"Frances, you are frightfully thin!" said her sister in a voice full of concern.

"The least thing sharpens my face, you know. I look worse than I am; I feel nearly well today. But I had the worst attack I remember day before yesterday. I thought I never should see you again."

"And they never sent me word," said Louise, reproachfully.

"You are always afraid for the worst, and mother never is," said Frances. "I have gone through with it so many times, that I shall probably die of something else after all. But it is strange to me that I don't die. It is strange that a human being can live through such agony as I endured a day or two ago. When I see how much they all suffer at the sight of my pain, it seems wrong for me to try to live."

"Frances, you will break my heart."

"I think sometimes how it will be when I'm not here. Mother will miss me most; mothers always do—poor pelicans. She'll cry sometimes, because she won't have to deny herself something that she needs to get me a pair of shoes; but after a while, they will all think of me as 'poor Frances, who is better off.' I can see it all so plainly." She ended with a half smile and a far-away look.

"Frances, you must not get so excited."

"I am not excited, dear."

"Frances," cried Louise, kneeling before her, and clasping both her hands with the fervor of her appeal, "don't talk of leaving me! You have always lived within sight of Heaven, and you are my conscience. You are all I have in life to hold to; you are the best thing in the world to me, and you talk of its being better for us not to have you here!"

"I'm one too many. The little ones are strong and healthy, and I am only a care and an anxiety all the time. Some one else has taken my place in your heart," said Fran-

ces, softly and affectionately, "and it is better so for you, though it is hard for me—somebody on whose strength, and love, and judgment you can always lean and trust."

"Will you come and make us both happy for two or three months in the city, Frances?" said her sister, passing over her last speech.

"You can't mean it!" exclaimed Frances, who took "both" to mean Mr. Waring and her sister, while Louise had referred to Frances and herself.

"I do mean it, as soon as may be. It will do you a great deal of good, and mother and father are both willing. I have asked them."

If Mr. Lennard had seen Frances's face, he would have repented his momentary impulse to keep her at home.

Louise's feelings might have been mixed on the subject of Frances's being an inmate of her house, but Frances's own were unalloyed. She scarcely heard her mother's repeated injunctions never to be careless, and never to over-exercise. She was well and happy, and she never would be ill again. She thoroughly enjoyed the new life that Louise introduced her to, and at first Mr. Waring was well satisfied with the success of his experiment in cheering his wife's spirits. The world was bowing down to her, her opinions were quoted, the flattery administered to her very face was given her in such large doses that it sickened her sometimes; and she had scarcely a moment to herself.

It was much pleasanter having Frances with her to talk everything over, than it was receiving and making visits all alone, and coming back to an empty house to wait for dinner and a companion that she scarcely cared to see again. She often confessed to herself that when he left the house she breathed more freely; and when he was in it there was always a weight on her spirits.

Eugene Fleming had taken a not too early advantage of her invitation to call, and she spent a delightful afternoon with him. He did not refer to the Valentine dinner by word or sign, and was so sunny and sympathetic, and took such strange, light, new views of

things, which he seemed to justify with any amount of reading and experience, that Louise felt brighter when he went away than she had for weeks. He did not bring the photograph, as he had promised to do—in fact, he had forgotten it altogether; but when Louise asked for it he smiled, and said he had left it behind as an excuse for another visit.

“Let it be soon, then,” said Louise, with gratifying sincerity. “You are almost a cousin, you know.”

It was soon enough when he came again to excite a comment from Frances.

“What does he want, coming here all the time?”

“All the time?” echoed Louise. “He does not come here very often. Mrs. Valentine has him at dinner every Sunday. I wish we could.”

“Why don’t you?” inquired Frances, simply. “Mr. Waring will do anything in this world that you ask him.”

“Because he doesn’t like Mr. Fleming—that is, he doesn’t think anything of him. I know from one or two things I have heard him say, and it hurts me to have Mr. Fleming tolerated here on my account. Will you go down with me and see him? It will do you good. He is so clever.”

“I think not,” said Frances. “I have seen a good deal of him already. I’m not dazzled.”

So Fleming, to his great joy, found that he was not to be hampered in his conversation with Mrs. Waring by the presence of a third person.

He thought he read her as he would read an open book. It did not need his penetration to discover that money was the only inducement to her marriage, and that she was not happy in it. Many women under her circumstances parade their unhappiness, and use it as an adroit bait to allure a pleasant consolatory friendship out of other men, with a full knowledge of its delights and dangers. They are too prudent to allow the friendship to become harmful in the eyes of their husbands; so are their friends. At the worst, there is only a little ripple of scandal,

which they rather court than otherwise, as a tribute to their attractiveness.

Eugene made his mistake in supposing Mrs. Waring to be one of these. Having, as it were, forced a confession from her the first time he met her that she was unhappy, he meant to be her first friend, the first who showed her that he understood her, and consequently the first to claim the reward of his friendship, in the use of her husband’s power for his advancement.

But Louise was a girl brought up without worldly aims, without any knowledge of the world; brought up by a mother who, whatever her ambition may have been, had never had any chance for displaying it, and by a father who was the essence of high-mindedness and a lofty ideal of duty. In the conflict between her duty to her family as put by her mother, and her duty to her own ideals and instincts of marriage, Louise had been forced to decide against herself; but she married with the most sacred resolves to perform her duty rigidly to her husband, in the hope that she might find her happiness in so doing, or if not, at least satisfy, as far as she could, the man who had chosen her. She believed that no one guessed her indifference; and while she was proud of concealing her wound from the world, she felt a little sore that no one suspected it, and it made her angry that she was considered to be supremely happy. It seemed to her a tacit accusation on the part of all the world of lack of heart, and utter lack of sensitiveness to all that goes to make the happiness of a womanly woman. Therefore, Eugene’s delicate tact and hinted sympathy were doubly grateful to her.

It is a hazardous experiment for a very young girl whose heart has never been touched, to marry a man who is unlikely to rouse in her any romantic sentiments. Sooner or later, if she is a girl of any imagination or feeling—if both have not been utterly stamped out by a life of self-indulgence and material comfort—she is pretty sure to meet some man who, she fancies, embodies her ideal as nearly as may be, and then comes a tragedy—or the worse for her dead-



ened soul if it is not. It is one of the curses of the nineteenth century that in the race for money girls leave their hearts out of the reckoning, and mothers bring them up as far as they may without them. Religion has lost its hold on many, and public opinion grows day by day more lax. When the heart of a girl married in this way does awake, she can indulge it to a certain extent without rousing anything more than a little curious gossip among her good-natured friends, and a few not over harsh comments from censorious enemies, who still visit her with regularity and welcome her with open arms, if she has position and money. She feels herself a heroine, and does not even have to accept the consequences of her willful and reckless plunge into matrimony.

Louise was trying this experiment, but she brought to it a high idea of duty, an almost morbid conscience, and a pure-heartedness that day by day trembled before social plague-spots that only formed a topic of conversation for an afternoon visit among her acquaintances. Of friends, she could not feel that she had many. Was friend a name to be used of those with whom she only skimmed over the surface of things? To be sure, when she came to know them better, she found many of them warm-hearted and charitable in their own way, but they looked on her views as narrow-minded, harsh-judging, and old-fashioned.

So Frances was a great resource and a great relief, and in the two hours a week that she saw Georgie Carolan, she had learned to love her as a kindred spirit. Georgie seemed, too, so strong to endure and to do. Whatever her troubles were, she almost always appeared bright and cheerful. Sometimes her hollow eyes and pale cheeks betrayed either sleeplessness or worry, but she made no demands on anyone's sympathy, and, as a consequence, she got more than she thought, for every one that knew her, knew of her father and of her brave struggles for a living, and the world is in the main kind-hearted, willing to lend a hand towards pushing along those who look misfortune straight in the face, and honestly try to get the better of it.

One day, just as Louise had finished her lesson with Georgie, Phil Carter came to call. He had assiduously cultivated Mrs. Waring, at first for the pleasure of making studies on her, later for her own charming sake. She had a sweet little faculty of drawing him out to talk about himself, for she honestly liked him very much, and she had likewise discovered that it was the talisman of perpetual conversation with everybody.

She looked at the card, and handed it to Georgie, saying: "You know him, don't you? Come in and see him."

Georgie smiled, and followed her hostess into the library where she received her favored guests. Phil brightened so perceptibly at the sight of her that Louise opened her eyes, grown sharper in such matters than formerly.

They talked a few minutes on indifferent topics, and then Georgie took her leave, pleading an engagement. After she was gone Phil became thoughtful and silent. At last he spoke half jestingly, half in earnest.

"Do you know, Mrs. Waring, that I feel very strongly tempted to make a confidante of you? I am sure you would sympathize with me, and you have been so kind to me always that I think I shall make a demand on your sympathy sometime."

"I wish you would do it now," Louise returned. "You have told me a great many things about yourself already, and I am waiting to hear more. I have no secrets of my own, so I am the safest repository you could have."

"What a curse poverty is!" exclaimed Phil, with the bitterness of genuine feeling.

"So you have said once or twice before—I can imagine worse," said Mrs. Waring quietly.

"No, but think of that girl, the sweetest woman, the noblest that I know, and how she has to slave. Here we have been engaged for three years, and we are no nearer our marriage now than we were the first hour, all for want of a few paltry dollars. The law may be a very fine profession, but it keeps one waiting, I can tell you. I can just man-

age to scrape enough together to live on, and I can't get ahead to marry her, and take care of her as she deserves."

"I do sympathize with you, indeed," said Louise earnestly. "I never knew anyone like Miss Carolan, and I believe you are very fortunate in having won her. I don't know of but one, or perhaps two, more who are worthy of her."

Phil thanked her, and told her that her genius for pretty speeches was one of the things that made her so popular.

"Why don't you write something?" said Louise, after a moment's thought of Gilbert, and his facility with pen and ink.

"I haven't any talent for it," answered Phil, gloomily. "It sounds so easy to blacken sheets of paper, but the next thing is to find somebody that thinks they are worth reading. I know some fellows that can write, and make nice little sums to help them along, but I haven't anything to say. No, there's nothing for it but to wait, and keep hoping that something will turn up." Vague hope of many an unfortunate, who does not stop to think that very little turns up in this world, except what he himself sets to work to turn up.

"I am afraid it sounds heartless," said Louise, "but it seems as if she would be so much better off if her father weren't alive."

"What a cautious periphrasis for saying you wish he would die," said Phil, with a laugh. "Yes, she would be rid of an incubus, then," he added gravely, growing serious again. "I am afraid, sometimes, that she is in actual danger, but she never will acknowledge it, even to me."

"I wish there was anything I could do to help you," said Louise, sincerely, "but a woman can do very little. You can come here and talk to me about her whenever you like, though," she added, with a smile, "if it will be any relief to your mind."

"Thank you, it would!" answered Phil, with a fervor that was almost comic for the kind of relief proposed. "I can't talk of her to everybody; she seems too far above most of the world, and we thought it best, on the whole, to keep the engagement to our-

selves. I have never spoken of her before to any human being."

"I appreciate the compliment, I do assure you," said Louise. "I used to hear the woman's side of an engagement from my sister, Mrs. Percy, and I am very glad to know, through you, that a man can be as true and constant, in his own way, as a woman can. Thank you for your confidence, and be sure that I shall respect it."

"Oh, I know you always talk over every thing with your sister and Mr. Waring,"—this last was an experimental stroke, such as Phil loved to try on the various people about whom he had theories; but her steady eyes never wavered, and if she changed color, her back was to the light, and he was not aware of it. "Only don't speak of it to people in general, because it would be equivalent to announcing the engagement, and neither Georgie nor I are ready for that, yet," he continued. "You don't know what a comfort it is to talk to you, after so many months of silence."

"I suppose she told you she is going to sing at the last Symphony Concert," said Louise. "We hope they will have a good house. It is the last one before Lent, and we think we have interested a good many people already. I mean her to have more flowers than she can carry away. Come and sit in our box. Mr. Waring can't get away from his business in the afternoon, and Frances and I shall be alone."

Phil promised with alacrity.

"Frances and Marion," announced Louise, at the dinner-table, "attention. I have to bespeak your interest in a poor young man."

"What about him?" inquired Mr. Waring. "I like poor young men. I was a poor young man myself."

Louise did not know then, though some one casually told her afterwards, that her husband had done more towards helping poor young men along in the world than any other five men in the city.

"It is our friend Phil Carter. He and Georgie Carolan have been engaged for three years," said Louise.

"Are they going to be married tomorrow? That's interesting, I'm sure," remarked Mr. Waring.

"No, poor fellow. He got desperate this afternoon, and told me he was too poor to marry, and always had been," Louise answered.

"That's all nonsense," observed Mr. Waring, pushing away his plate. "If a man is ready to propose to a girl, he ought to be ready to marry her the next day, and not take advantage of her by securing her from all other men till he's ready to take her."

"Perhaps he couldn't help himself, and the words came out before he meant," suggested Frances. "And he loves her too much to want to marry her before he can take care of her comfortably."

"He's mistaken, though," said Waring, positively. "He had courted her before, or a girl like that wouldn't have accepted him."

"I think it is very generous of him to feel as he does," said Louise, warmly, thinking of her overworked mother.

"Not if she loves him; he ought to look at both sides of the question," returned Mr. Waring. "She is showing pretty effectively that she isn't afraid of work or poverty, I guess; and if they worked together, she would do it with all the better heart. Does he stay away from one party, or dance with one less girl, on her account? I don't like it; it isn't fair to her."

"Well," said Louise, brightly, "I think we are all very unjust in assuming that Miss Carolan is ready to be married, and Phil Carter won't marry her. My private opinion is, that he would have to tease rather hard to persuade her just now to give up her independence." She finished with a little sigh. That school that she never took, that money that she never earned, was to Louise like the fair beyond of dreams.

Mr. Waring had said his say and silenced his feminine pleaders for Phil's constancy and consideration; but he thought a good deal of the circumstances nevertheless, and Phil's business prospects began to look a little brighter. Of course, he was too young

and inexperienced to be intrusted with any important suit, but a man of Marion Waring's wealth and business ramifications always has a number of small cases on hand, and in some of these he requested his agent, Mr. Birnie, to have Phil associated. Being thus occasionally brought before the public, he became a little better known, and soon found other business following in the wake of Mr. Waring's little ventures. He suspected sometimes to whom he owed the beginning of his prosperity, and blushed with shame at what Mrs. Waring might think was the motive of his impulsive confidence; but in truth she was too single-hearted to suspect him of a design of which he was really innocent.

Georgie's singing at the Symphony Concert was a triumphant success. The musicians reported that her phrasing was like an instrument, and the newspapers that there was no trace of the amateur in her singing or her manner. Phil and Eugene Fleming were in the Waring box, and led the applause vociferously, and Eugene professed himself more than delighted with the whole performance. The Waring *protégé* made quite a sensation, though naturally there were disaffected ones, mostly those who sang themselves, amateurs or otherwise, who found Miss Carolan absurdly overrated.

The next sensation that convulsed society was Lily Swift's marriage to Mr. Cruden. The wedding took place at the very close of the season, in the largest church, with the most flowers, and bridesmaids, and music, that had been seen in years.

"This wedding beats that one," whispered a golden youth to the maiden by his side, as Mrs. Waring and Eugene Fleming, Frances and Mr. Waring came up the aisle, to occupy conspicuous places within the boundary of the white ribbon. "She is handsome; there's no use denying that fact."

"She dresses gorgeously," responded the maiden. "In better taste than any of the other rich women. It's odd, too, for she wasn't anybody."

"Doesn't it seem terrible," said Frances, turning to speak to Mrs. Valentine, who sat behind them.

"What's terrible?" said Mrs. Valentine, with her face directed toward Frances, and her eyes rolling to the back of the church as the organist pulled out his stops, and the bridal procession seemed imminent.

"This marriage," declared Frances, in an almost inaudible voice. "They say he is dying of consumption and dissipation."

"Well, she doesn't care," returned Mrs. Valentine prosaically. "How much heart has she? and as he is rich enough, and enough in love to give her all she wants to eat and drink and wear, she will be all right. Oh, she knows what she is about, my dear. Insinuate that she is not rapturously in love, and see where you'll be. She told me that Mr. Cruden was the only man she ever met

that satisfied her affections and her intellect. She's deep, and poor little Cruden will never be any the wiser."

And Lily fulfilled her mission. She grew fairer and fatter as the years went by, was devoted to her two lovely children, nursed her husband tenderly through his last illness, and looked more beautiful than ever in her widow's weeds. After Cruden's death she gave out to the world that no one knew what a heaven her married life had been, and that a fairy prince could not beguile her into forgetting her husband. She in no wise fulfilled Phil Carter's prophecy about losing her beauty. The end and aim of her existence was accomplished, and at forty she still looked twenty-five.

*Helen Lake.*

[ CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER. ]

## ON THE TRAIL OF GERONIMO.

PASSING through Arizona in the fall of '83, on a return trip from the East, I felt a desire awakened in my mind by the vague possibilities of the Territory, to woo fortune in the land of sunshine and silver, and throughout the following winter I was subject to severe intermittent attacks of the "Arizona fever." So I cast about for a means of livelihood there, and found a situation in Clifton—a small town in Graham county, in the east-southeastern part of the Territory, close up to the New Mexico line, and February found me a citizen of Arizona.

A box cañon of the Rio San Francisco—the stream turbid and turbulent, or reduced to stagnant pools, according to the season. On all sides jagged rocks—lava and cement, the strata commingling and distorted, within and about, as if they had been twisted together when Nature was chaos, and not untwisted on her journey to cosmos; above, overhanging here and sloping there, and somehow reaching up into mountains lofty enough to demand a neck-aching poise of the head if you wish to gaze on their sum-

mits. A patch of sky overhead—a path left open for the sun. Below, before the river, three sand bars (Nature's gift); a slag-pile (man's); adobes, tents, frames, and *jacalls*; the smelters, the railway and depot, with its 20-inch ore road in connection; the flume, cottonwoods, swinging bridges; no *et ceteras*. This is Clifton as built by Nature and man, center of the great copper region of Arizona, quondam resort of rustler and thief, at present a dependency of Old Edinbro' town—for the Arizona Copper Company, upon which the town mostly depends, is a Scotch incorporation, with headquarters in Edinburgh.

You reach Clifton *via* Lordsburg on the Southern Pacific; then transfer to the Arizona and New Mexico Railway; ride through a grass-covered desert to the Gila; twist and turn along that treacherous stream; fly off at a tangent into the mountains; swing round curving trestles; grope through tunnels in a gravel bed (the rock here is soft, the gravel solid); wind up the San Francisco; and, somehow, having left a plain to pass into the mountains and ascended a stream, yet find your-

self here in Clifton at a lower altitude than the starting point, Lordsburg. And when in, wretched being, go out, or prepare to think *Miserere Domine*, or if of another turn of mind, thoughts best expressed in strong words. Time looks long ahead, and if you are at all subject to such ailment, the blues take full advantage of the opportunity.

But the sharp corners gradually soften down and mostly disappear, and you grow to like the place. Objects that you wonder at not having observed before, awaken a strange interest. Odd studies in character abound. Nature gives you a new field; man carries you back to an old one, elsewhere disappeared or disappearing, for Arizona seems to shade off the California of old days on a reduced scale. Rush and hurry and warm indolence form a strange compound throughout the long, hot, dry summer. But indolence to the Saxon, even in the heat of Arizona, is but an acquired quality, a thin cuticle of laziness, a slight scratch through which, whether for gain, adventure, or pleasure, bares the nerve.

Take a Sunday in June, hot though it be, climb the heights (the exertion will repay you), and look about. The ocatillas and cacti, the lava beds, and the hot noon-day sun glaring on the heated rocks, the strong lights and deep shadows in the thin, dry air, the lack of vegetation, and the glistening sands, unmarked, save by the uncouth form of cactus and its vegetable kinsmen, seeming a mockery of growing things, living and green, almost make one believe he is out of earth, and a dweller, for the time being, on that dead world, companion of ours, the moon. Here, you are tempted to say, are the very craters and fissures, with their sharp-cut and jagged outlines, that we viewed from earth with our giant telescopes. And then the living things, curious and unnatural, as though nature had conceived, and in the last throes of dissolution, brought forth the nightmare of a creation. And the nights, so glorious, yet weird, are as if, from our satellite, we viewed the earth-shine, grander and more beautiful by fourteen times than the moon.

An Arizona landscape brings the feeling

that our earth is really dying. The blight of old age seems upon her, and the unmistakable signs of decaying years at hand—the desert the proof of senility. But to this, the town on a Sunday evening presents a marked contrast—saloons crowded; music, dancing, and gambling; faro, licensed by the territory of Arizona, in full blast; Mexican games with Mexican cards; and the all-absorbing poker—poker in all its various forms and attractions, from the small calibre of a freeze-out game to that in which each chip stands for a gold piece, and rises with a geometrical ratio after the ante; reckless playing, and drunken playing, with an occasional cinch game; miners, professionals, laborers, business men, all in the throng, and representatives of each in the play. The great American game seems to have a tight grip on the Arizonian, and the Territory may well be termed the Hub of Pokerdom. Outside, an intoxicated Mexican expostulates with the night air, and, red-man fashion, drops into oratory; now self-laudatory, now deprecatory of everything Yankee or Gringo. The train of thought becomes confused—lost; he winds up with a howl, and losing his balance, embraces the dust. A companion-in-arms (arms of bad whisky or mescal) stumbles over him with curses, not deep, but loud. They grapple, and after many unsuccessful attempts, rise. The achievement displaces wrath with wonder. "*Carrajo*" becomes "*Amigo*"; they embrace; essay a duet, and with a full crescendo swell, sway to the ground; diminuendo from the dust—last and lost effort; prostrate they lie and sleeping, and, happily, still.

In a social way, Clifton (as is the case generally throughout Arizona) at first strikes a man curiously. Caste there is none: high and low, rich and poor, all meet on a pretty even plane. Freedom of action is allowed to all. This, of course, degenerates into license so often as to make toleration a necessary virtue, so that scarcely a thought is given to the delinquencies of one's neighbors. Arizonian communities are lenient in their judgments, and often reverse the rules of the Covenanters and Puritans. Perhaps the

social code—to put it in a mild way—might read “To err is human, to forgive, divine,” with corollary, “A vast amount of forgiving is requisite.” Still, this bold Arizonian charity is perhaps preferable to the reeking columns of the metropolitan dailies.

It is a community much given, in some of its members, to practical jokes—especially in the nature of Indian scares sprung upon the unwary stranger—at times of rather an aimless character, and often rebounding with unexpected force upon the guilty authors. For a time there was lodging with me (rooms were scarce, and every one contained more than a single occupant) a young man from beyond the Mississippi. On his arrival in camp, almost his first enquiries were in regard to the red man, and he persistently continued the subject. The wits of the town were not slow to observe this clue as to character; and congregating in the vicinity of the trans-Mississippian, each would vie with his neighbor in blood-curdling tales of the most approved yellow-backed type, in which Rattlesnake Dick, Tarantula George, Scorpion Charley, and like worthies, were made to appear and disappear in rapid succession of names grotesque, and adventures wild and marvellous. After a few days, when their subject was supposed to be brought to about the proper frame of mind, they gathered in our room one evening, and with a great appearance of excitement and fear, announced that the Apaches were out—had attacked Oro (a little mining camp three miles up the river); that the miners were fleeing in all directions, and that Geronimo, with his band, was likely to be upon us at any moment. These consoling facts delivered, they departed. Left alone, my room-mate began to show an alarming degree of nervousness, which pleasant feeling was heightened by the appearance of armed men at our door and windows (as it was during the hot season, we slept with windows and door open), who insisted that I should rise, accompany them, and help guard the town. These visits were unceremoniously repeated at short intervals, with new faces at every refusal. Finally, the thing subsided. With the consciousness of

a well-earned night's repose, I prepared to sleep. But here retribution overtook the guilty (even if guilty only in a constructive degree—an abetter, not a principal). My companion was now in a condition in which every sound was the beginning of an attack, every shadow concealed an Apache, and hence was disposed to be conversational, though in whispers; and when he received but a grunt for an answer, would risk his voice at a higher pitch, and call me back from the land of Nod. For me there was no sleep that night, and the conclusion forced itself on my mind that a practical joke might work in more than one direction. On the morrow, my room-mate told me (day having dispersed the phantoms of darkness) that we had both been made fools of, and added several covert reflections upon my cowardice in not having risen at the call of our armed visitors. Pranks of this kind were continually being played on the stranger arriving in our midst, if the least suspicion of the tenderfoot showed about him.

Some time after this, *bona fide* reports of Indians having been seen in Gold Gulch, and on the Gila, began to come into camp, and were generally discredited; until one day during May of the last year, the wire from San Carlos brought the news that Geronimo with his band of Chiricahuas had left the reservation, and would probably cross the Gila near Clifton; and advised us to warn all settlers of their danger.

Immediately couriers set out from Clifton to warn the outlying ranches and mines. We waited a day or two—mail nor wire brought news of the savages; a day or two more, with troops in station and communication by telegraph—and as yet the Government knew nothing of their whereabouts; and then the first news in a roundabout way—a letter from Alma to a private citizen in Clifton. The writer, Wood Dodd, an old frontiersman, versed in the ways of the Indians, in some manner ascertaining that they were out, boldly struck out on their trail, and attempted to overtake and pass them, and warn the scattered ranchmen of the oncoming danger. This he succeeded in partially doing. The

trail deflected to the left near Alma, and he reached the village (situated on the headwaters of the Rio San Francisco), before Geronimo crossed the river some short distance above. In one place, following a hot trail, from the brow of a hill he beheld the Apaches camped below. They saw him at about the same moment, and thinking he must have a body of men with him, stampeded in all directions, leaving behind in their flight one of their ponies, a gun or two, and various articles of clothing.

Pushing rapidly on, the gang united, killing and plundering as they went. On the Little Blue a ranchman; farther on, a prospector; at the Blue, an old man, upwards of seventy years of age (by name Benton, a cousin of the famous Senator from Missouri, and a '49er; near Alma, two Swedish boys, who had lately taken up a small stock ranch—one of whom, catching him without his gun, and thinking ammunition too precious to be wasted upon an unarmed man, they threw into a clump of spiny cactuses, and deliberately stoned to death. Then, avoiding the town, they crossed the river, continuing their atrocious deeds as they went, and with an easy jog, leisurely entered the Mogollons, and for the time being were safe from pursuit. A cunning old wretch, Geronimo, as his last and still unfinished raid shows him.

On the receipt of this news, militia companies, which had previously been organized in Clifton and Duncan, were called into active service by the governor of the Territory—which service, for a time, seemed to consist in following up rumors that always proved to be without foundation, or in standing guard beneath a broiling sun on some prominent lava heap.

One wild goose chase we had to Eagle Creek, near the bounds of the reservation, where a band of Apaches were reported as likely to cross. Our arrangements on this occasion were somewhat lax. Late in the evening we took the little twenty-inch ore road (in cars placed at our disposal through the courtesy of the Arizona Copper Company) to the iron-house; from there marched up to Morenci; from there on through the moun-

tains and down Gold Gulch (the former scene of a massacre) to Eagle Creek; and, unsupplied with blankets, awaited through a chilly night the coming of Lo, who unceremoniously declined to keep his appointment, come into our post, and be slaughtered like a decent Indian. In the morning our commissary failed to appear, and, with tempers soured by chill and fast, we relapsed into a general stampede for food—a go-as-you-please race back to town, in which the writer took rank well forward, we of the advance reaching Clifton in time for an early lunch, the main body at the dinner hour, and the halt, the lame, and the slow at supper, late in the evening, after this third battle of Bull Run, where we, deserted of our commissary, fled the field without the approach of an enemy or the firing of a single gun.

On the morrow, the wire from Duncan brought news of Indians, and asked aid to follow them. A car, kindly furnished by the Arizona and New Mexico Railway, was placed at our disposal, and noon found us at Duncan. A hasty lunch, and then, as soon as horses could be secured, we mounted and started off for Carlisle on a running walk—a gait that covers quite a stretch of distance in the course of a day, easy for beast, and, if you chance to have a single-footer, easy for rider; otherwise, quite the reverse, as a man soon learns to his sorrow.

Over mesa, up dry gulches, on the rolling prairie-like swells, and then the level stretch and hard road. We rounded Steeple Rock, over the mountain, pushed up the cañon, and dashed into the pretty little mining camp of Carlisle. Supper, mounted, and off again, taking a northeasterly course. Jog along through sharp defiles, up and down long sways of mountain road; and, gradually ascending, we reached the altitude of pines.

The night was without moon, but the stars twinkled brightly, and the pines in the faint light cast slight shadows and stood solemn and still. The rocks, shapeless and vast and dim, the line of white road, the journey and its cause, the thud, thud, thud of hoofs, the suppressed voices, and now and then the sharp note of command, threw over all a sort

of subdued, earnest feeling, difficult to express.

At length we reached a small *cienea* (a watershed draining toward its center and without outlet). Here were pools of water. We dismounted, and men and animals quenched their thirst together. Here for the first time were sounds of insect and amphibian life—frogs and crickets and other creatures chanting their queer refrains.

A short distance beyond, the Apaches had, the day before, killed two men, and were supposed to be lurking in the vicinity. We again pushed forward. Leaving the road, the party divided. A few of the stragglers became lost, and hallooed from the distance of a half-mile behind. We answered back, and as the main body moved on, we agreed to meet at an appointed rendezvous on the open side of a large hill, and with the smaller party awaited the stragglers. After many hallos and blind attempts, they succeeded in reaching us, and, receiving a few good round curses for their delay and our annoyance, rode on with us to rejoin our companions. But we failed to find them at the appointed place. They, meanwhile, meeting a party from Carlisle which had set out before us, deflected to the right from the trail, and awaited our coming at the base of the hill we had just climbed, supposing, of course, that the spot where they had left the path would be noticed, and that we would easily follow.

After many calls we learned their whereabouts, and, not wishing to return by the circuitous route we had climbed, struck out for the sound down the mountain side. We dismounted pretty soon, and began gingerly picking our way along in the darkness, over the sharp rocks and through the sharper cactuses; clothes, shoes, and flesh worsted in the encounter, with here a slip, there a full-length tumble, now coaxing our brutes over a ticklish spot, and as suddenly objurgating, as the creatures, suspicious by nature, gave a sudden jump back, and upset us on the thorns of cactus clumps. Slipping and sliding and jumping, with many a fall but no serious mishap, we rejoined our companions.

And here we learned that the party from Carlisle had discovered the trail, but a few hours old; that it appeared to take a circuitous route difficult to follow, and headed toward the Mayflower District. We decided to go back to Carlisle, cut the trail at a nearer point in the morning, and thus gain time on the winding curves purposely made by our foes.

Back on a sharp jog-trot to Carlisle, which we reached in the wee sma' hours, and turned in for a brief snatch of sleep. We were aroused when just about soundly asleep, and once more prepared to set out. Our steeds, owing to a most copious feed during the night, for which we owe thanks to the superintendent of the mines, made objection to the saddle, and began to kick and buck after the usual style of the bronco. After they had kicked and trampled on several of their riders, but with no serious result, we at length mastered them, breakfasted, and five o'clock of a clear June morning found us in the saddle—the parties united, some forty in all—and headed for the Mayflower.

A few hours' ride brought us to the trail—a well defined one, with moccasin tracks in plenty. Trotting rapidly along, we passed the Norman mine, and in the dry bed of a little gulch discovered the light ashes of an Indian camp-fire of recent make. Something peculiar to the Indian fire, and distinguishing it from that of the white, is the small quantity of ashes remaining, and the lack of charred embers, owing to their spare use of fuel, and that mostly of small twigs.

Thus encouraged, we quickened our gait, and soon came upon numerous carcasses of fat steers, left to rot or to shrivel and dry in the hot sun on the gravelly mesa. The Apaches had killed these, and cutting out only the choicest parts, had eaten their fill, and with the remainder tied in long strips to their saddles, leaving it to become jerked in the sun as they went along, had ridden away. Thus they were able to make their meals, and one might almost say, camp, riding.

Crossing a hill, we saw the remains of another fire, made the night before, and



used, no doubt, for signaling purposes. From the summit of this hill they had seen us ride into Carlisle. Whereupon, while we, during the night, were beating about in the mountains, they had doubled upon us; ridden down to the Gila, divided into two parties, one going above Duncan, the other below, rounded up what stock they could, crossed, and pushed on, to join again in the mountains beyond.

Seeing the trail now pointed directly toward Duncan, we were anxious as to the fate of that hamlet, in the absence of most of its men and arms. Fresh signs added to our speed. Here, as we reached the bottom lands, moccasin tracks might be seen in all directions, stamped on the soft earth, where the stock had been rounded up. This was so near the town that anxiety became fear, and giving full rein to the broncos, and plying the spurs into the already bleeding flanks, we dashed into the little settlement at full gallop, a mass of dust, horses, and horsemen, and found all was well. But the inhabitants of Duncan, seeing the rapidly advancing mass of dust, mistook us for the Indians. Almost without arms, and with but a handful of men remaining, they hastily gathered the women and children into the adobe corral, and the men prepared to make the best possible stand. The operator wired to Clifton: "*The Apaches are coming; we are without guns; send help immediately*"; and as we rode into town dashed off "*My God, they're here now!*" He was quickly undeceived, and the despatch to Clifton (where they were already firing up an engine to come down) countermanded.

We bolted down a hasty dinner, and as our horses were pretty well exhausted, the cow-boys proceeded to rope what fresh ones remained. After some little delay, we succeeded in getting mounts for twenty-five men, of whom twenty were ranchmen and cowboys of Duncan (under the leadership of John Parks and Lane Fisher, two true frontiersmen, and experienced in Indian warfare with the Comanches on the plains of Texas, in the days when that tribe used to ride through the thinly settled sections of the

State on their bloody raids), and five of us from Clifton—a sort of left-handed auxiliary of no great account in the eyes of cow-boys. The remainder of our party, unable to secure horses, waited at Duncan, and subsequently joined the troops, and entered the Chiricahua Mountains.

Directing our course due west, and climbing the low hills which bound the bottom lands of the Gila, we cut the trail of the Apaches on the broad mesa beyond. They had taken to the mountains which rise to the west of the mesa, hoping to baffle pursuit, or at least delay it until they could cross the San Simon valley, and reach the Chiricahua Mountains in temporary safety. We followed from gulch to ridge, ridge to gulch, and climbing a steep hill, found several mules and horses, which, weakened and worn out by hard usage, they had been forced to abandon. At the summit was the carcass of a horse recently killed, upon whose side they had slashed long gashes, to serve as some sign for those of their gang who might follow. Near by, *carrajo* poles (the long stalk of the soap weed) were laid very much in the form of a letter A, evidently a sign of time, direction, and some previously appointed rendezvous. The Apaches are adepts in communicating with one another by means of signs left along their route of travel, or in telegraphing from peak to peak with fire and smoke. With these latter they have arranged a code of signals, and can communicate many miles. By day, a thin column of smoke is allowed to ascend in the clear air, and then, by means of a blanket, made to disappear, waver, puff, at pleasure. Varying the order and number of these changes, they make known their wants. At night, the repeated flashing of a signal fire on some prominent peak is made to serve a like purpose.

Our course now becoming very rough, it was decided to leave the trail, skirt along the mesa at the foot of the hills, and pushing forward with better speed, camp at the mouth of Horseshoe Cañon, in which cañon the Indians would probably pass the night, thinking that we would follow their trail, and thus be unable to reach there before morning, by

which time they would again be well on their way.

We descended upon the mesa at about four o'clock of a hot June afternoon. We had long before exhausted the water in our canteens, and the heat, with the stinging dust that rose, soon made thirst almost intolerable. With lips and throats parched and burning, we rode silently on. No water till we reached Horseshoe Cañon, and that miles away, and perhaps ambushed. One who has never suffered seriously from thirst cannot imagine the suffering that a few hours without water on the alkali plains of Arizona produce.

The hours of day dragged on, and night came with its darkness. It seemed as though we should never reach our halting place. Wearied and thirsting, now cheered by the remark that water was but a mile distant, and then after riding two or three miles again offered the same encouragement, we plodded along in a sort of dead-and-alive mood, till about 12:30 P. M. the cry "Water" was raised, and with feverish hurry we dismounted and rushed to slake our thirst. It proved to be a well on an old stage route, now abandoned, just below the cañon.

With saddles for pillows and the steaming blankets from the wet, sweaty sides of our steeds as covers, we camped; our horses were hobbled to graze on the gramma growing about (a dry, sage-colored grass, unpromising in outward appearance, but very nutritious), and a guard or two posted to prevent a stampede. To the east we could see the occasional flash of a signal fire from the top of some distant peak beyond the Gila, but no answering flame showed itself from the rocks back of the cañon in which we supposed the Apaches were lurking.

We were aroused after about three hours' sleep, and again started on our way, just as day was breaking—this time for Doubtful Cañon, near Stein's Peak, where it was supposed that troops would be stationed (telegrams had been sent before we left Duncan for troops to be there), and that together we could round up the Apaches and prevent their escape.

The trip to Doubtful Cañon was a mo-

notonous one, varied now and then by some one in the party breaking out into song, usually some negro melody, as "De Gospel Raft," and at the chorus—

"Hide away, hide away, hide away,  
Dar's no use in try'ng to hide away;  
Get your baggage on de deck,  
Don't forget to get de check,  
For yo' can't sneak on board and hide away."

the other cow-boys would chime in with a weird and peculiar effect.

A word as to the cow-boy. Despite repeated denial, many still suppose him to be a desperado, bold and cruel, which is far from being true. Usually of harsh exterior and somewhat rough in manner (I speak now of the genuine cow-boy, not the Harvard student or wealthy Englishman coming west, aping his garb and trying to ape his manner), he is not so different from his fellow beings of other out-of-doors and laborious callings, but is just what his name implies. The cow-boy of the sensational imagination, the desperado style of a fellow (who may have been a cow-boy, or, more likely, one who has drifted west from the slums of some large city), in the territories is known by the more significant term *rustler*, and the word cow-boy is restricted to its proper use, without any of the bold-bad-man meaning that the outer world insists upon giving it.

Reaching Doubtful Cañon, we found no troops stationed there as per agreement. It was already approaching the middle of the day, and we had eaten nothing since yesterday's dinner, so the cow-boys roped a fat steer, butchered it promptly, and a fire being started, we cut slices from the warm and almost living animal, thrust the sharpened ends of mesquite twigs through the steaks, cooked them in the flames, ashes, and smoke, and bolted them down with a mixture of grease and flour, and with black coffee, meanwhile prepared with water from a hole near by. With remembrance of yesterday's thirst, we filled our canteens with water, but it was nauseous, disgusting, sewer-like stuff, with an odor and taste like a compound of sulphur and asphaltum, and whiffs suggestive of the residue at gas works.

For the better part of the day we beat about among the mountains and through the cañons, trying to pick up the lost trail. Late in the afternoon we discovered where the troops—for whom we had telegraphed—had entered a blind cañon, halted and refreshed themselves, and then turned back. The Indians, outwitting them, had followed on their track, and as the troops left the cañon, had entered, crossed a dividing ridge, and passed into a cañon beyond.

A consultation was held. The Indians must break across the San Simon valley that night, and it was decided to await them at a more favorable spot. Passing out of the cañon, we skirted along the hills at the edge of the valley to a pass near Stein's Peak, and there, concealed by a low mound, awaited developments.

Shortly before sundown we saw the Indians passing leisurely up the valley at right angles to our position. We waited a moment. Then the word was given, and we dashed on after them. The Indians just then, for the first time, descried us, and urged their horses to the utmost—and the speed an Indian can get out of these little ponies is remarkable. Away we went up the valley, whooping, yelling, and each riding at his best. We gained; the Indians threw impedimenta to the winds—blankets and rags, and various articles of clothing; and firing as they rode, pushed on. We answered with a volley, and strained every nerve to reach them. They turned to the right through rocks and mesquite, and made for the top of a small hill. We followed at breakneck speed. They reached the summit, turned and fired a volley, and, as we supposed, prepared to make a stand. We pushed up the hill after them (the writer, on a laggard brute, one of the last to reach the summit); and at the top, beheld the Indians scattered and fleeing. Several volleys were fired after them, and two were seen to fall—whether by accident or wounded, we could not tell. Some of our party afterwards riding over the field, discovered the dead bodies of the two—a man and a woman. As the Apaches of both sexes ride and dress almost exactly

alike, when firing it was nearly impossible to tell them apart.

The twilight had now already deepened toward evening, and with the foe scattered and fleeing, impossible to follow, we reluctantly gave up the pursuit. We gathered up several horses and mules, abandoned in their flight, and rags, shawls, and blankets. One of these, of gaudy colors, a companion but recently out from Scotland picked up as a trophy to be forwarded to Edinburgh; but on some one's suggestion that Indian apparel is not always free from parasites, the new owner instantly dropped the article, and his look of triumph gave way to one of deep disgust.

As we were just about to leave the field a cry was heard, and one of the ranchmen rejoined us with a pappoose, some eight or ten months old (done up in its curious little basket), which the Indians had abandoned in their flight. It was unharmed, save for a slight scratch on the face received in falling. It looked at us with eyes askance and distended with fear, but made no cry of alarm. Various suggestions as to killing it were made by some of the band, and perhaps too much in earnest; but the finder slung pappoose and basket over the horn of his saddle, and with our booty we set off on a jog-trot for San Simon. We rode for an hour or so without a whimper from the baby; but at length he burst forth and cried with all the vigor of a white child.

On over the dreary plain; and late in the evening we arrive at San Simon, white and blinded with the alkali dust, and jaded and hungry. Supper is here prepared for us, and then it is decided that the party shall divide. Those from Duncan remained at San Simon, under the leadership of Lane Fisher, and secured as many fresh horses as possible; while we from Clifton, with John Parks in command, returned to Duncan and Clifton to obtain provisions and other necessities, and then rejoin the others.

Taking a freight train of the Southern Pacific, on which we paid at the rate of ten cents per mile, we soon reached Lordsburg, where we passed the night; and on the mor-

row, after having had our pictures taken by an amateur photographer, with the pappoose in the center of the group (whom we now took occasion to christen Doubtful, after the cañon near which he was found), we boarded the cars of the narrow gauge, and were "passed" to our destination—a jaded and worn-out sextette, with eyes red and swollen

by the alkali, looking like "burnt holes in a blanket," lips parched and bleeding, faces burned to a red crisp in the severe sun, and limbs tired and aching.

Thus ended our raid after the Chiricahuas; for, not being able to secure fresh horses at San Simon, the party there telegraphed us, and returned.

*Fred W. Stowell.*

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### THE REAL MOTHER.<sup>1</sup>

NEAR the old Ducal castle stood the castle mill. It was regarded as a gold mine, although it was not the miller's in fee, but belonged to the ruling Duke, whose ancestors ages before had conveyed its hereditary use to the miller's ancestors. This use, however, was to pass only to the sons, according to the rights of primogeniture; and if at any time there should be no male successor, the lucrative mill was to escheat to the Duke. The rental and socage on this inherited mill were small; the rights and profits large. It enjoyed above all a wide monopoly. The farmers in the neighborhood were obliged to bring their corn to this mill, and durst not, under penalty of a heavy fine, carry it to any other miller. The miller could cut timber for the mill works in the Ducal forest without cost; and if the house or stables sustained a damage whose repairing cost more than three florins, the Duke had to bear the expense. Minor damages were to be repaired by the miller. But such minor damages never occurred; for whenever one happened, it was left until it grew larger, or received a vigorous thump out of hand, which at once made it larger than three florins' worth. No wonder that the miller's family were desirous to keep such a splendid possession in the family forever; and that the castle miller always married early, and looked forward to the birth of a son as anxiously as any nobleman.

Miller Kurb, who married in the year 1634, had to wait rather long; for he lived

twelve years in childless matrimony. At last, however, a son was born to him, on the 9th of October, 1646. His joy would have been great had not the times been so bad. The three great plagues—war, famine, and pestilence,—stalked arm in arm through the country, and amidst the ruin of the existing generation, little thought was given to the distant future. Fourteen days after the birth of the child, the imperial troops besieged the town, and the mother, very weak and miserable as she was, died of fright the night the enemy's shot set the barn and stable of the castle mill on fire. As an assault was feared, all the helpless folk, old men, women, and children were sent out of the town on the following day, as flight was yet possible.

The miller was compelled to part with his child. All the able-bodied men of the town were formed into a militia company, and had to help in defending the walls. So the miller remained behind as a soldier, and confided his child, for weal or for woe, to an old friend and neighbor, Sybilla Beck, who also had a little boy three weeks old; but who, as a young and healthy woman, was already able to undertake the journey. Her husband, the shop-keeper, had also remained behind under arms.

What was feared, happened. The town was taken by storm, and according to the laws of the period, pillaged for three hours. The shop-keeper was struck down by the pillagers; the miller escaped. For weeks he skulked about the neighborhood, and only ventured back to his mill after the enemy

<sup>1</sup>From the German of Professor W. H. Riehl.

had withdrawn, and the clash of arms died away in the distance.

During this war the town was not destined to witness another conflict; and so the miller rebuilt the stable and barn at the expense of his liege lord, and had again become well to do by the time the bells in the town church tolled to thanksgiving service for the peace of Westphalia, in the fall of 1648, exactly two years after those first calamitous days.

Nothing had been heard from Sybilla Beck for a long time; and the miller sought in vain for tidings of the fate of his child. The band of fugitives had indeed succeeded in eluding the besiegers; but within a short distance of the town it fell among a gang of marauders, and was plundered and dispersed. A number of the helpless people perished, others soon again returned to the deserted town; but not a few were driven farther and farther on by the din of war. Among the latter was the shop-keeper's wife, with her two children. She was soon regarded as completely lost.

After the year of mourning had passed by, the miller married again, a young widow. As he looked upon his son as dead, he went into this marriage in order to have another son; and so, at all events, retain the mill-property in the family. With this end in view he took this widow, who had already had a son, and he considered it probable that she would have another. But fate seems to delight in fooling the most cautious. The miller's wife brought him twice twins, but each time girls!

Meanwhile, it was rumored in the town that Sybilla Beck had been seen here and there in Saxony, and that she supported herself and child by peddling; and some said that this child was the miller's son, and that the woman's son had died. Others maintained the contrary. Hereupon the miller renewed his researches, when quite unexpectedly Sybilla herself appeared in the town. She had heard of her husband's death, and the loss of their property in the pillage, soon after it had taken place; but as she had always been looked on as a proud woman, she was unwilling to return a beggar, and only came back again after she had accumulated,

by her itinerant trade, the modest means of independent support. With the little money which she had taken with her in her flight, and which she succeeded in concealing from the marauders, she began this trade.

Sybilla's first visit was to the miller. She was very much surprised to hear him inquire after his child, and then related that the child had died soon after the flight, in a village not more than twelve hours from the town; that the poor thing had been too frail to endure all the hunger, wet, and cold to which it had been exposed in those days of horror. Moreover, that she had asked the innkeeper of the village to send the news of the child's death to the miller in the town; but that the innkeeper had himself been driven from his house soon after, and so the tidings were not brought. Besides, who troubled himself at that time about the death of a three-weeks-old child? Sybilla's child had survived. The miller listened to this story in silence, and did not doubt that it was true.

Sybilla now lived in the town, and by dint of great industry eked out a scanty but honest living. She rejected charitable gifts, which were offered her at first, and as she was looked upon as a proud, reserved, ambitious woman, she soon again lost the few friends which her undeserved misfortunes first had won her. An ambitious person blushes at the fact of having fallen into misfortune, even if altogether undeserved. He cannot bear to have the star of his fortune eclipsed. So it hurt Sybilla's pride to think that her husband had been killed, and her house plundered. On the other hand, she was not at all ashamed of her lowly occupation. Her only joy was that her boy had survived, and her highest ambition was to make a real splendid fellow of him. Although she gave no distinct utterance to these thoughts, perhaps had no clear perception of them in her own mind, they were nevertheless distinctly apparent in her words and actions. The common crowd, to whom everything unusual appears suspicious, whispered that Sybilla's putative child belonged in reality to the miller; that the woman had kept it as her child, because her pride could not admit that she

had lost everything—her husband, her means, and her only child also.

The rumors naturally came to the miller's ears, and he frequently urged Sybilla to confess the truth; but she became exceedingly indignant at these suspicions. She called to God to witness that the boy was her son, and henceforth avoided the miller and the other people all the more defiantly and suspiciously. The miller had no proofs other than the general talk; but he frequently said to his wife, "There is something wrong about this woman's alleged child." But his wife, who still had hopes of a son of her own, dispelled these scruples, and was perhaps the only soul in town who openly stood by Sybilla.

But now a new and heavy misfortune befell the poor woman. Her son, grown to be a fine five-year old boy, became afflicted with ophthalmy, and his eyes became gradually more inflamed and painful, until at last a film spread over his sight, and he could only distinguish objects as if seen through a thick mist. Gradually even this dim vision vanished, and he was threatened with total blindness. Now a blind man was, in those days, an outcast, for whom there was no school in youth, and no occupation in manhood; and if the afflicted one was poor into the bargain, nothing remained for him but to go begging. Sybilla had seen with horror this inevitable future for her son. Whole nights she fervently prayed to God that her son might see again, but in vain. The boy's sight grew dimmer and dimmer.

In her distress she heard that a doctor had arrived at the fair in Frankfort, who performed miraculous cures upon sore eyes—the celebrated Dr. Strambelius von Gunzenheim. She gathered up all her savings, sold the silver spoon which she had received at baptism from her sponsor, and her wedding ring, as the only valuables she yet possessed, and set out on her distant journey to Frankfort with the child. On arriving there, she found the celebrated doctor's booth, in the second row, near the waffle bakery; but it was hard to push through the crowd of persons seeking assistance, who besieged the entrance. But with patience she succeeded

here also. The doctor examined the eyes, and declared that a thin film had drawn over them, which would have to be pierced; but that the boy would then again see as well as ever; that success was certain; that he had performed the operation hundreds of times, but that it was very tedious; and he could therefore not undertake it unless the woman laid down twenty-five florins on the table in advance, and that a further fee of twenty-five florins would be due him after the operation.

Sybilla grew deathly pale, and then red in the face, protesting with tears that fourteen florins was all she possessed, and that she had collected this money with the greatest difficulty. Dr. Strambelius consoled her with kindly words, saying that he was at all times lenient with the poor, and that for the love of God he set his prices according to his patient's means. If, therefore, she would pay him seven florins down, and seven more on the morrow after the operation had been performed, he would operate on the boy's eyes just as well as if he had received twice twenty-five. Sybilla paid the seven florins. The next day the doctor, after many a painful preparation, cheerily took the lancet. "In eight days he will be cured," said he, and made the incisions. The child's pain was great, but the mother's anguish was far greater. After the eyes were bandaged, Sybilla tremblingly enquired of the doctor whether the operation had been successful. He replied with much unction, "That lies in God's hand!" She laid the remaining seven florins on the table, and carried the child back in her arms to the inn.

There, recovering from her first shock, she recalled the doctor's few words, and felt alarmed, and she thought in her simple mind that if the doctor had commended the result to God *before* he made the incision, and insured the speedy cure so confidently afterwards, it would have been better.

Sybilla had to remain at the inn eight days longer, and keep the boy quietly in a dark room. So Dr. Strambelius had ordered it. During this time she had lived upon the landlord and a few fellow-lodgers, who also made up a small purse for her on the way.

But it caused the poor woman a greater pang to receive these alms, than it had done before to lay down all her wealth upon the doctor's table. On the eighth day, the doctor took off the bandages from the boy's eyes. He now saw nothing at all any more. The doctor consoled the despairing mother, and told her to bandage the eyes well again, and return home as slowly and carefully as possible; that in a few weeks, at most, the sight would return; that slow cures were really the best. A carrier from her town, returning with wares from the fair, took up the two on his wagon.

Sybilla waited a few weeks, but the boy was and remained stone blind. Then she took heart and carried him to the Count's doctor-in-ordinary, an expert but uncivil man, on which account he was not much liked by the peasantry. He examined the eyes long and carefully, and finally said to the woman harshly that she was an obstinate and deluded woman, who was now being punished in the child for her stubbornness; that the malady had not been dangerous at all, and could easily have been cured by a good doctor, but that Dr. Strambelius was a contemptible quack, who had deliberately destroyed the boy's sight, and that now, of course, the boy must remain blind forever.

At these harsh words the widow fell to the floor in a swoon, and afterwards could not recall where or how she recovered her senses. When she was alone with the boy at home, she cursed the "wonder doctor" in silent despair, cursed herself, and then again fondled the child, and prayed to God to visit all imaginable torture upon her, but that he would perform a miracle, and make the child to see again. But no miracle was performed, and the boy remained blind.

The whole transaction, as well as the doctor-in-ordinary's remarks, soon became known in the town, and the people generally condemned the unreasonable woman, although most of them who broke their staves over Sybilla, under like circumstances would certainly not have acted with more wisdom. They too, would rather have gone ten miles to a mountebank than ten steps to a compe-

tent physician. The miller was especially agitated by the affair. The general sympathy which was shown for the blind boy revived the firm belief in him, that the unfortunate child was his son; that he must tear the child from the foolish woman, and make all possible exertions to retrieve, as the real father, all the harm the false mother had worked. Frequently he argued that this was the woman's punishment, in that as she loved the child with such supernatural love, she must needs destroy the child in that love; that this was heaven's judgment, in which God spake himself, because all human evidence remained silent, and so exposed the theft of the child. The miller by this time, carried away by purely humane motives, completely lost sight of the question of the inheritance, which formerly was his principal object in his contention for the son.

But when public sentiment had again grown cooler, and the miller's new scruples over the origin of the child became known in the town, the case of inheritance was discussed in connection with the accident to the boy. Some maintained that even if it were proven that the boy was really the miller's son, he could not succeed to the mill anyway; that it was certain that a blind boy is a son, but that it was equally certain that he could never become a miller, and both were requisite to the inheritance. But others argued that even if the blind boy should not become a miller himself, he still could be the father of half a dozen millers who could see; and as little as the right of the family would become extinct, if, perchance, there should happen to be but one minor heir, who, as it was, could not himself grind for years to come, so little did it become extinct if there were occasionally a blind son in it. The quarrel was a foolish one, but it would not have entertained the people, and attracted them in an elective affinity, had it not been a foolish one. It certainly was an important factor in strengthening the miller in the belief that the blind boy was his son, and that he must not shrink from any trouble and sacrifice to become duly possessed of the stolen one.

He went to Sybilla, begged, flattered, con-jured, offered large sums ; but all in vain. Then he threatened, flew into a passion, and accused the woman in much more severe language than the Count's doctor, of being an accessory to the boy's blindness ; yes, that here God's judgment had been made manifest in her, because of the stolen child. Sybilla, who had fallen into a swoon at the words of the doctor, listened to the much harsher upbraiding of the miller with an icy indifference, saying, that for what she had sinned against the child she stood answerable to her conscience and to God above, and would not be betrayed into uttering another word. But as her stay in the town grew daily more insupportable, and as she feared, besides, that the miller might, as he had often threatened, take the child away by force, she moved to a cousin, who owned a small farm situated in a most solitary region two hours distant. She engaged with him as a servant, in order not to eat the bread of charity, and declared her willingness to do the hardest work, provided her cousin would swear by the holy sacrament to defend the blind boy against any attempt at abduction on the part of the miller. The peasant, who sided with his cousin anyway, and who had an old grudge against the miller, took the oath ; and he was a man whose courage and prowess might well be feared.

Upon this secluded farm Sybilla remained unmolested, and was well treated by the farmer—not as a servant, but as a relative. As she could not, even for a few hours, separate herself from her boy, the farmer put her in charge of the cattle in the pasture in summer. There, sitting in the shade of an oak tree, at the border of a sunny meadow, with her boy beside her, she would forget her sorrows of the past, and rejoice in the sweet tranquillity of the present. It was, however, no idle dreaming, but a work of a peculiar kind, which this delicious leisure afforded her. She instructed her boy in all manner of useful knowledge, and instilled into his mind what she knew of God and his word. Sybilla was a Lutheran, and so was, as a matter of course at that time, thoroughly at home in

the Bible. She could not send the boy to school, as, in his blindness, he would have learned little enough there ; and she feared, too, that the miller might seize the child if he came to town. Therefore she performed the functions of schoolmaster herself, whilst herding the cattle ; and therein she really only did together what the village schoolmaster had done one after the other, for previous to going into the profession he had been for years a swineherd.

Thus three summers and winters passed in peace and quiet, and the grass seemed to have grown over the controversy about the child ; but appearances were deceptive. The miller's thoughts reverted to the stolen boy, and the more as he saw the prospect of having a son by his second wife grow less ; and on being again incited against the woman by his friends, he proceeded to the solitary farm, accompanied by several brawny mill-hands, armed with guns and clubs, to take away the boy by force. But the farmer and his servants made a desperate resistance. From words they came to blows, and on the miller finally raising his gun to shoot the farmer, the latter shot him with an old horse-pistol. The mill hands retreated, bearing with them the wounded miller, apparently for dead.

This event, which seemed to relieve Sybilla from her bitterest enemy, on the contrary plunged her into the deepest distress. The farmer, fearing to be arrested for murder, immediately went to town, reported the affair to the magistrate, and claimed that he had shot the miller absolutely in self-defence. But the miller surprised the physicians by recovering, and lost no time in bringing a counter suit against the action brought by the farmer for disturbing the peace, by suing Sybilla Beck for embezzling his child. If he succeeded in proving that the woman had really taken and kept his child, in spite of all amicable means to recover it, his last desperate attempt to take it by force was, if not justifiable, to a great extent excusable.

So at last the old quarrel got into the lawyers' hands, a thing which both parties had frequently threatened, but which they always dreaded and avoided.



In the first place, it devolved upon the miller to prove his claim to the child by evidence. In novels, this evidence is usually furnished by a scar on the child's breast, or a mole on the back, or by an amulet which the mother hung round the neck of the newborn babe, and which, after the lapse of years, still hangs there; but there was nothing of all this in this true story. The miller's friends maintained that the child was the exact image of the miller, and that that was evidence, too; but the woman's friends insisted, on the contrary, it was the exact image of Sybilla. In good sooth, the same is said of any child, even if the parents are as handsome as angels, and the child looks like a little baboon.

In the village where the miller's alleged son had died, there still lived people who could give conclusive evidence. The depositions consisted mainly in the following:

Sybilla was alone with the two children, when the one died in the barn where she had sought refuge. Soon after, several women entered and found her in tears beside the corpse. One of the women sought to soothe her with the words, "So many children die; they are well cared for. I have seven, which I cannot support, but from me our God will not take one." Whereupon Sybilla flew at her in a passion, rebuked her for such language, saying if she had once lost a child, she would not speak so again, and repeatedly cried out, "Oh, my child, my child! Had I but my child again." The bystanders—all strangers—for her townspeople had all been dispersed in the flight—therefore concluded that the dead child belonged to her. Other people, too, insisted that they had heard the woman call the boy "her child"; that, on the whole, her grief and despair over the death had been intense, which was altogether unnatural and impossible in the case of a strange child; that only a few days thereafter had she emphatically pronounced the dead child to be the one confided to her by the miller.

Sybilla admitted that she might have uttered words to that effect, as the witness said; but the child confided to her care had

been "her child," too, although not her flesh and blood; that even a hired nurse frequently called the child she soothed "her" child; that as she had taken the mother's place, out of compassion to the baby, she had also nursed it with a mother's love, and bewailed it with a mother's pain. To the judges, children of a rude period, this tender and noble construction of her motives seemed altogether incomprehensible and incredible. Besides, Sybilla was looked upon as a hard, cold woman, of masculine obstinacy, more capable of the most violent and intense hatred than of so extremely generous a passion.

The scales were sinking against the accused, when evidence in writing was discovered, which threatened to undo her completely. The miller, when he first began to doubt, had written to the pastor of the village, as the name and date of the death of the child must have been entered in the church register. But the register had been hidden in the late war, and had not again been found. But now, as the most careful search was made by order of the court, the book was found. It contained, under date of November 6th, 1646, the following entry: "Item: a little child died also, belonging to an unknown tradeswoman." In these words the miller believed to have already won the case, and the judges were almost of the same opinion. It was in vain that Sybilla construed the word "belongs" in its figurative sense, as she had done before with the words "my child." It was in vain that she protested that the statement had not been made by her for entry in the church register; that the poor child did not have a Christian burial in the general confusion, and that no pastor had enquired of her about its name or father.

Sybilla would have been lost, had not her lawyer demanded a nearer insight into the register; for now the following transpired: In those days of horror, the village had no pastor any more, and the schoolmaster attended to the current business in case of emergency. But he had died long before the trial. The entry, as in all cases of death, was in his hand, but not entered on the succeed-

ing lines, but on the margin, and indeed, in a different ink. Besides, contrary to all rules, the name of the child was omitted. The lawyer argued that the entry had been made by the schoolmaster at a later period, and from memory; probably at a time when Sybilla had long left the village; and so it proved nothing more than that the belief was at that time prevalent in the village that the dead child was the unknown tradeswoman's son.

The lawyer had scarcely averted a dangerous blow by this argument, when another witness against Sybilla came forward—the innkeeper of the village. She had not requested this innkeeper to send the news to the father, the miller, through a teamster or traveler, immediately, but eight days after the child's death. This again seemed to make it evident that, in the beginning, she had mourned for her own child; and that only after the lapse of a few days she conceived the idea of proclaiming the miller's living child as her own, and giving out his child for dead. She replied: At first she hoped to be able to return to the town in a short time, and bring the news to the miller herself; that only after her return had been frustrated, and she had been driven farther and farther from her retreat, had she made this special request of the innkeeper.

But why should she burden herself with a strange child through life, in addition to all her misery and poverty? Did she mean to deny to God, himself, that he had allowed her child to die? Had she, in her anguish over the death of her own child, clung so desperately to the strange child, that she preferred to keep it unlawfully than to part from this, her last consolation and hope? Certainly, at that period, a child was not a burden for a poor widow in the full sense of today. A child, and notably a son, was a capital in a depopulated land, and in his youth already could be a help and support to his mother. Therefore, child-stealing was more common, and infanticide much rarer, than at present. Sybilla may possibly have kept the strange child from selfish motives; when it became blind, and an absolute burden to her,

fear, defiance, and pride together may have forbidden her to confess her offence. But, if all strictures were passed upon Sybilla, she could not, at least, be reproached with selfishness. Therefore, several men of lenient judgment finally accepted the proposition, that she really lived in the firm belief that she was the strange child's real mother. The accumulated misery of that terrible war had so distraught the understanding of many people, that very frequently the mother failed to recognize her child, the husband his wife, either by the eye or the heart. The broken-hearted woman had exchanged the children, not in reality, but in the imagination of her distracted mind, and this mania had gradually taken root during the following days after the death, but then had haunted her unceasingly, and with fearful tenacity.

However the mystery might be solved, the whole town, at all events, united in disputing the gloomy woman's right to the child, and the judges were inclined to do the same, but could come to no decision, because the evidence that had been produced dissolved itself on nearer examination into purely psychological and moral probabilities.

So several years passed by. The poor woman was so racked with the constantly recurring torment of the lawsuit, that she would have welcomed a speedy deliverance by death, had she not wished to live for the blind boy's sake. She began to look pale and gaunt like a ghost, with sunken eyes, in which one could see that her thoughts were elsewhere than in her gaze. She avoided everybody, only went to town when she must on account of the lawsuit, and kept the boy more carefully secreted than before.

Meanwhile the boy had passed his thirteenth year; Easter was approaching. One day Sybilla Beck appeared before the pastor of the town to present him for confirmation. The pastor explained that this was not so simple a matter; that the boy must first receive religious instruction, in order to prepare him to stand the examination before the congregation, according to the custom of those primitive days; that she should therefore bring him again in the fall, and have him

brought for instruction punctually during the winter, to the end that he might be fitted for confirmation the next year. But Sybilla implored the pastor to examine her son immediately, as he knew the catechism and all the rest by heart. The pastor complied out of curiosity, and the examination must have followed exceptionally well, for after he had questioned the boy, he pronounced him fit to be confirmed. But he observed strict silence to other people on the matter, and went out to the farm frequently to specially prepare the blind boy, as the widow would have only with mortal dread sent the boy to town so frequently.

A few days before the solemn ceremony, the report was circulated that the contested child was to be confirmed. This caused a great commotion among the citizens. Many contended that the boy ought not to be admitted to confirmation before the court had decided whose boy was confirmed. The pastor replied, that he did not confirm the boy upon his inheritance in the castle mill, but upon his inheritance in Christ; but as far as the earthly paternal rights were concerned, he held to the present status, and would in no way forestall any later decision of the courts.

On the day of the public examination, which was held a week before confirmation, all the benches in the church were filled; the governing Count with his family sat in the family pew, and even the miller, although he was again ailing, had himself conveyed thither. He had to see, he said, his boy confirmed. The blind boy stood the last in the class. His mother would fain have remained near him, but she was crowded away behind the last pillar.

The pastor began his examination with the first pupils in succession. It occasionally happened that the one or the other got stuck; but the pastor would then only call on the last, the blind boy. He could answer promptly, and help the seeing on the right track again. But when it came to his turn, the pastor went far out of his way, and asked him much longer, harder, and more intricate questions than of all the others. He even went through the six principal articles of the

Lutheran catechism, from the ten commandments to the office of the keys and the confessional. The blind boy had not only learned the many apothegms, passages, and prescribed answers to the most minute detail, but he could speak of religious things in so simple-hearted and child-like spirit that the congregation was lost in surprise and sympathy.

Then the pastor said that the congregation must now also learn who had instructed the boy so carefully; that it was none other than the poor mother. Thereupon he recounted all the bitter privations which the woman had all her life cheerfully borne for the child, but more especially since he became blind. When her heart was rent with the agonizing thought that perhaps the child had lost his sight by some fault of hers, she suddenly derived a wonderful consolation from the thought that she must now make the spiritual eye of the child see clearer, the darker the night was that hung over the outer eye. So Sybilla, in the midst of her work, deprivation, and sorrow, had reared the blind boy more carefully than most rich people rear their seeing children, and led him in the knowledge of many useful things; but above all, to the knowledge of God and a Christian life; and in the discharge of holy, motherly duty alone had she found strength to bear the soul-tormenting trouble of the last few years. Because she had despaired of proving before the world her maternity to the boy, she wished at least to prove herself the real mother before God.

The hardest hearts in the congregation wept at the words; the women wept. Only Sybilla stood motionless as a statue, gazing with down-cast eyes into an open psalm book. A tremor of the lips alone betrayed the storm of emotions which shook her soul.

When the closing hymn was intoned, the Count sent for the privy counsellor to the royal pew, and said to him:

“Sybilla Beck is the real mother!”

But the privy counsellor replied:

“My gracious master, that is not admissible; the case is yet pending, and the law must take its-course.”

The Count gazed about him impatiently. At last he said :

“Good, then. If I may not quash the case, I may, at least, like any subject, propose a compromise between the contending parties.”

“Your Grace can certainly do that,” replied the privy counsellor, “and it strikes me this compromise will be more easily brought about than an hour ago.” With these words he pointed to the pillar. There stood the miller beside the widow, and had taken her by the hand.

After the service the Count had both parties called into the sacristy. There he said :

“Your case will never be finished. I wish, therefore, to bring about a compromise. Each of you shall have what you wished. You, miller, wished an heir for the family inheritance. You, Mrs. Beck, your son. I promise the miller, under hand and seal, that I, as feudal lord, will transfer the fee to the first son-in-law, whom one of his four daughters shall bring home ; but only upon the condition that henceforth Sybilla Beck hold uncontested possession of her blind boy.

But since a fatherless child is bad enough off if it has its eyesight, how much more so if it has to go through life blind. I therefore request to be allowed henceforth to take the place of father to the blind boy. I hope the mother will not fear my personal claims also, for heaven has, as is known, long ago presented me with a hereditary Count.”

Neither party objected, but it was long before either could find the power to speak, and thank the Count, amid tears.

On the way home the privy counsellor tucked the pastor by the sleeve, and asked him in a whisper if he really believed that Sybilla Beck was the blind boy's bodily mother. The pastor replied that it was a peculiar point. As regards the maternal rights of the woman in the less important natural sense of the word, the question must be addressed to the lawyers, who had investigated it for years.

“I do not know,” he said. “But this I do know, that she took up the child with truly heroic will into her soul as her own ; and, therefore, I live and die in the belief that she is the real mother.”

*A. A. Sargent.*

### SOME ONE TO SOME OTHER.

OH, love me not, that I may long for thee ;  
Or, loving me, show not thy love always ;  
For love that seeks shall weave a song for thee ;  
But love unsought is love that's gone astray.

Love me, anon, and love will sicken me,—  
Even thy love, the love I most desire.  
The want of love alone may quicken me ;  
The love that kindleth doth e'en quench the fire.

Yea, it is right for me, but wrong for thee,  
To breathe a fruitless prayer with bated breath ;  
So, love me not, that I may long for thee—  
Love and desire thee even unto death.

*Charles Warren Stoddard.*

## THE LAND QUESTION STATED.

THE Land Question is not one of those whose origin may be found in the conditions peculiar to modern life. In various forms, yet always foreboding trouble, it has demanded the attention of perhaps all large social bodies since the record of civilization began. It is neither local nor occasional, but persistent everywhere. At times other questions are more prominent; but when the land question approaches a crisis, then it seems the all-absorbing one. Even in its less alarming stages it involves in its discussion so many other questions, that many thoughtful men have considered it the pre-eminent practical problem of social and political science. Its persistence and scope suggest its relation to some fundamental social law; and this, perhaps, is one reason why it has been thought so all-important. At all events, civil ill-will and contention concerning the land is the most ominous sign by which men are warned that their institutions are not all in accord with the requirements of the principle, law, or force that constitutes and regulates society. It would seem that this law, of which two of the requirements, plainly, are freedom and justice, has been most transgressed in respect to the land; and, in connection with the land, has first inflicted its penalty of disease and suffering upon nations.

This land disease, as we may perhaps call whatever in social arrangements tends to cause civil agrarian strife, is therefore an important phenomenon for investigation, both as a clue to the true nature of the law of social life, and for the sake of discovering a cure for the evil when it has once made its appearance. Thus the land question has both a speculative and a practical importance.

The most complete record of the progress and result of the disease is to be found in the history of Rome. This record embraces an account of the symptoms of perhaps every stage of the disease, from its incipi-

ency to its crisis; of its victory over the spirit of progress, the national life of the Roman people; and of the consequent slow decay and falling to pieces of the lifeless body. A more detailed, but of course not yet complete record of the same thing, is given by English history. In England the malady seems to be just approaching its crisis; and we are enabled to observe its effects ourselves, as if an experiment were being performed for us. From an examination of these records with reference to the events of the present, we may hope to get hints and suggestions that will help us to understand what the land question really means, and what it requires us to do.

As seems to have been the case with nearly all primitive communities, the early Romans held their lands in clans, by the tribal tenure. The lots assigned to individuals were very small, and inadequate for the support of a family, the bulk of the land being cultivated or used for pasturage by the tribe in common. As the Romans enlarged their conquests, the land gained from their neighbors was farmed out by the state, usually at a rent equal to a tithe of the annual produce. It soon became customary to grant these conquered lands to be held by a kind of military tenure. Then the tithe-paying land came to be looked upon as private property, and at last its owners succeeded in freeing themselves from even their obligation to pay rent. By the time of Servius Tullius, about 600 B. C., the system of private property in land had become well established. Even at this time there was great antagonism between the privileged classes and the inferior common people; but this was allayed by a reform instituted by the Constitutions of Servius Tullius, which threw the military burdens altogether upon the land-owners. The defect of these laws was, that they did not increase the burden proportionately to the size of the holding; consequently, the

aggregation of estates was hindered but very little. But as long as constant additions were being made to the public domain by conquests from neighboring states, and the small owners who sold out to their more powerful countrymen could always take up new lands not too far away, there was but little complaint made of the concentration of landed property. It was the policy of the state to encourage its humbler citizens to go out thus, and occupy as colonists newly acquired lands, because in this way was its military strength increased.

This intermediate stage was the ideal period of Roman landlordism. The landlords resided upon their estates during the greater part of the year, and personally superintended the operations of agriculture, "taking pride in being good landlords." In a country intersected by rivers, the owners of great estates naturally became the owners of vessels, in which to transport the produce of their land. Thus, the Roman landlord was also the capitalist and the merchant of his times. This made it still more easy to increase the size of estates, for in the absence of a separate merchant class, the small proprietor was powerless in the matter of trade. Thus were the material sources of power slowly gathered together in the hands of a few; and, of course, political power drifted toward the same centers. The great land-owners held the chief posts in the government, and used their influence thus acquired to their further aggrandizement. At last, a mutiny of the army, in the interest of the common people, compelled the enactment of the Licinian law, providing that no citizen should hold more than three hundred and fifty acres of the common land, and that every land-holder should be obliged to employ a certain proportion of free laborers.

After all Italy had been reduced, and there was no farther chance for the dispossessed to acquire new properties there by the distribution of conquered lands, then the agrarian agitation assumed its most threatening aspect. The Licinian law had been suffered to become a nullity, and great estates had grown with increasing rapidity. The land

monopolists now systematically robbed their weaker neighbors. It was complained that they sometimes even took advantage of the absence of one of their fellow citizens in defense of the commonwealth, to dispossess his wife and children. "Farms disappeared like raindrops in the sea." Soon "nothing was left to the Roman citizen but the sun and air." The monstrous injustice of this system, and the dangers to the state from the decrease in the number of her citizens, occasioned the formation of the party of which the Gracchi were the moving spirits. This party proposed to reenact the law limiting the amount of public land which an individual might hold to three hundred and fifty acres, and to resume on behalf of the public all estates in excess of that amount. A law for the resumption and re-distribution of the public domain was actually passed; but it cost the life of Tiberius Gracchus. The beneficial effect of it was at once seen in the large increase in the number of citizens. But the landed interest had grown too powerful to be overcome. With the downfall of Gaius Gracchus, the agrarian agitation lost its leadership and its vigor.

The crisis was passed at this point. The powers of disintegration and decay had prevailed over the powers of life and progress. From this point the social history of Rome is a sad story of viciousness and beastly degradation. Mommsen gives the disgusting proofs of the unmanliness of rich and poor alike. The social web was rotten, warp and woof. But especially were the poor distressed and debased. So lost to the feelings of pride and self respect did they become, that they even sold themselves into slavery. Such is the ruinous power of wealth, when circumstances make it an agent for evil. One spark of remaining life showed itself at the time of Cæsar's administration. With the insight of a genius, he perceived the root of the evil, and he "sought to accomplish the elevation of the Italian small holdings, which appeared to him as a vital question for the nation." It appears to have been "at least his design," if the public domain should not suffice, "to procure the additional land

requisite by the purchase of Italian estates from the public funds." With Cæsar's fall, however, this attempt failed, and Rome finally fell to pieces—destroyed, Pliny says, by great estates.<sup>1</sup>

The plan of Cæsar, just mentioned, reminds us directly of the schemes of the English Radicals. Indeed, the whole history of the land question in Rome is, in its main features, so strikingly similar to that of the land question in England, that the one story recalls the other, chapter for chapter. The course and symptoms of the land disease have been so plainly the same in these two nations, that it would be superfluous to dwell upon the details of the early stages of the English land trouble.

A careful examination of the historical facts mentioned and referred to would seem to justify the inference that the land question is intimately connected with the labor question, and with such social questions as brought on the French Revolution; and that all these questions together arise, mediately or immediately, from the fostering by law of artificial inequalities. In other words, it is injurious to the social body that any principle of law, or any legally protected custom, should exist, that has a permanent tendency to maintain in the hands of the few, as against the many, privileges, whether of rank, or class, or official preferment, or of hereditary rights over material wealth, other than those to which the superior natural endowments of the individual entitle him: For example, the English legal principles of primogeniture and entail, which are most obviously, to Americans, at least, unjust in their insuring to certain individuals power, position, and preferment which their talents, if in any sort of competition with those of other men, would never gain for them.

We must be content with the mere glance at the general principle, and confine our attention to its application to the land problem. When once privileges like these are securely and permanently lodged in a class or family, they tend to increase at a more and more rapid rate, and they form the point

of attraction about which all the power, the wealth, and the preferment of a community tend to aggregate. When the land system is one of small holdings, then these support one another, and any natural inequalities but serve to stimulate enterprise and the progress of the whole, it being certain that readjustments must be made constantly, owing to the principle of competition. But when once the large holder has any advantage from the laws, however slight, he faster and faster absorbs all power. Thus in Rome, he became first the merchant, then the capitalist, and finally the owner of his fellow countrymen. Slavery, physical, mental, moral, and political, is the tendency of removing material articles of wealth and material opportunities from the influence of the beneficial principle of free competition—such competition as results in putting the best man into the most responsible place. The reason why the movement is an accelerated one, is this: that while the small proprietors exist in large numbers, they can live by independent commerce amongst themselves; the fewer, however, they become, the less is their ability to subsist by their own exchange of services, and the greater the impulse to put themselves under the protection of a great and influential neighbor. Small rods are strong only when there are many of them bound together.

So much for the historical phases of the land question in the two nations of which, principally, we are speaking.

While we have found the symptoms of the land trouble in Rome and those in England up to the present time to be remarkably similar, it yet strikes us that there is one essential difference between the conditions in Rome and those in modern states. This difference is, that in the days of Rome, the landlord, the capitalist, and the merchant were combined in the same person, while in modern times the influence of a great landed interest is balanced and restrained by the influence of a separate commercial interest and of a monied interest. The difference is very conspicuous when we consider only our own country, especially as we have no ranks, and

<sup>1</sup> See Mommsen's "History of Rome."

no legally recognized social classes. But is it of very much importance in England? England has distinct and legally recognized classes, and almost all the fortunes that make themselves felt as a social force are in the hands of one of these classes, and consist of landed estates, passing by a most arbitrary and effective system of inheritance. All the agricultural and grazing land in England is in the possession of, in round numbers, three hundred and twenty thousand persons. As the population is over twenty-five millions, it is readily seen that an alarming majority of the nation is, as regards this species of property, in the position of the Roman proletariat. The position of the population is, in fact, alarmingly similar to that of the Roman population after all Italy had been conquered. The yeomanry, "so numerous a century ago," has altogether disappeared, as the small freeholders disappeared from Italy. The landowners seem to rule, making allowances for the differences in civilization, very nearly as absolutely as the same class did in Rome at the corresponding period of her history. The consequence is the breaking out of a general agrarian agitation, not essentially unlike that which disturbed Rome before her chains were riveted. The masses are already tormented by hopeless poverty, and feel instinctively that they are being driven into a state of dependence, the logical outcome of which is loss of liberty, and even of manliness itself. Fortunately, however, the common people in England are supported in their just claims by a great party among the upper and ruling classes.

Two circumstances tend to render this agitation less violent than it otherwise would be. The first is, that combinations on the part of the working classes have succeeded in partially checking the tendency which is inherent in the legalized system. Labor unions have, temporarily at least, much improved the condition of the lower classes. To this result, the wonderful material progress of the century has, of course, greatly contributed. The workmen are bravely striving to maintain their independence by forcing the privileged classes to give up some of the ad-

vantages of their position. Thus they are retarding the accumulation of all the material resources, money as well as land, in the hands of a few. The second circumstance tending to delay, and perhaps to prevent, a revolutionary outbreak, is the fact that so much of the wealth of Great Britain arises from other sources than from land. In Ireland, where the "agricultural revenue is twice as much as that from all other sources," the agrarian agitation approached the point of revolutionary outbreak long ago. But in Great Britain, where the wealth coming from the land is "but one-seventh of the whole," the mass of the people would be much slower to feel the effect of the injurious monopoly.

But, on the other hand, counteracting these tendencies, there is the force of unrest arising from the fact that the English people are becoming educated, and more and more able to estimate justly the conditions under which they live; and also more jealous of privileges to which neither they nor their children can aspire. Then, also, it must not be forgotten that the influence of that restraining force that resides in a heartfelt religion is on the wane.

In spite of the circumstances tending to enfeeble an agrarian agitation, such an excitement has actually become so violent in England as to lead one to believe that the land question has come almost to its crisis in that country. In an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for last October, Mr. Shaw Lefevre uses this language:

"In some form or other the land question meets us at every turn, and in every part of the United Kingdom. . . . One point comes out clearly amid all these conflicting views—that everywhere there is the growing opinion of the danger to the social system in rural districts, from the small number of persons who are now interested in the land as full owners. . . . The feeling must have sunk deep when a society has been formed, mainly of large land owners, expressly to facilitate the creation of small owners of land."

If it be true that the English land trouble has almost reached its crisis, then one of two courses will soon be entered upon. Either



the present system will be confirmed by the complete subjection of the proletariat, and history will repeat itself; or, without much delay, measures will be devised whereby the present tendency to favor large holdings will be reversed, and the land made subject to legal principles which shall tend to distribute it among the people much more nearly according to their natural and moral deserts.

A third course seems, however, to be thought practicable by some of the more conservative Englishmen. In compliance with their accustomed mode of dealing with troublesome matters, they propose a compromise; they will yield a little in order to save a great deal. It is characteristic of the English people, that they act more upon the promptings of reason than of passion. Their revolutions have been to a remarkable degree determined by intellectual and moral, rather than by bloody physical contests. The common sense of the English has rarely permitted social discontent to approach its catastrophe. And in this present matter, we find that all parties concede that the existing land system must be at least modified. But dependent upon the land system is the whole of the finer fabric of English society. With the fall of the land system the real power of that aristocracy, so dear to most Englishmen, and its active influence both for good and for evil, will almost inevitably be involved. It might, therefore, be expected that any change looking toward the abolition of the present system would meet with strong opposition. And, in fact, the influence of this conservatism may be traced in the proposals of even the Radicals. But not even on the part of the landowners themselves is there a stubborn, willful, provoking resistance. With them it takes the form of concession. An article in the December number of the *Nineteenth Century*, by the Right Hon. Earl Nelson, gives an idea of how the most conservative men propose to deal with the question. They wish to grant just as little real liberty as will satisfy the clamor of those who think themselves hurt by the present system. The article is, at best, an acknowledgment that the great landlords have been proceeding too

rapidly and perhaps too far in their career, and a proposal to recede to a point of safety. They will manage, if they can, to get a sufficient proportion of the land into the hands of small owners, to form a bulwark for their greater estates. By a skilful play upon the selfish instincts of those immediately below them, they may succeed in protecting themselves in the possession of their privileges for a long time to come. But the tendency to concentration will still remain, and, as soon as the storm is past, will resume its action, and then another crisis will be brought on, in which the people will be wiser and craftier than before. Thus, this proposed settlement of the question can be, at best, only a temporary one. This conservative remedy is a mere palliative.

The same thing, to a greater or less extent, is true of the other compromise measures proposed, of which the following are the chief:

(1.) The "free trade in land" scheme, involving the abolition of the laws of primogeniture and entail, and the establishment of a system of registration, and of a simple and inexpensive mode of conveyancing.

(2.) The tenant rights schemes, proposing fixity of tenure with judicial determination of rents. This, Mr. Shaw Lefevre says, would be, in effect, the creation of a dual ownership between the tenant and the landlord, the latter being reduced to the position of a mere owner of a rent charge. He declares that, so far as concerns English estates, this plan would be inequitable—would be a confiscation of the interests of the landowners.

(3.) The local expropriation schemes of the Radicals, proposing to advance money from the central government to local authorities, who are to buy in open market, if possible, or by means of the right of eminent domain, if necessary, land which they will then subdivide and sell in small tracts to farmers or tradesmen, on terms described in the article to which reference has been made. This plan is not favored by the writer of that article, because of its distastefulness to the very class whom it proposes to benefit, and

because, like the scheme of land nationalization, it would involve the nation in financial difficulties.

Such are the compromise proposals for the solution of the problem ; but do they in fact offer any solution? Do these conservative remedies for the social disease really offer any hope of a cure? The two last proposed are (granting our premises) evidently mere temporizing expedients ; and, even at that, one of them so inharmonious with English habits as to be impracticable, and the other unjust. The first one can hardly be classed as a remedy, since it proposes only to withdraw from those conditions which are prejudicial to health, but does not offer a cure for the evil already so far developed that its crisis is at hand. It must be admitted that free trade in land will be so slow a correction for present abuses, that it cannot quell the agitation which has arisen. The difficulty is, that bad laws have nourished within the state a harmful power, which now threatens to undo the state itself. If our inferences are correct, history shows that the very existence of great aggregations of land almost necessarily excludes the possibility of a few small properties, especially if they be separated, being independently successful. The fewer the small freeholds, the less is the chance of success. This is one of the most troublesome features of the English land problem. Small properties have been practically obsolete for so long in England, that it will take extraordinary measures to re-establish them.

In short, a positive evil has fixed itself upon English society, and a positive remedy is required. As was said before, the *tendency* of the present system must be *reversed*. The plans for accomplishing this are the following:

(1.) The nationalization scheme. This, in its usual form, may be at once dismissed, with the remark that Mr. Fawcett has completely shown its impracticability.

(2.) The hybrid scheme of Mr. Henry George. This is so complicated that it may not be here discussed. It evidently involves an injustice, and, at first view, one is inclined to doubt its efficacy as a means for accomplishing the ends it proposes. As a scheme

of taxation, however, there seems to be but little doubt that, in a modified form, it would assist in the solution of the land question, by compelling the utilization of all available land.

(3.) The other scheme of this class is that which proposes to establish legal and judicial principles and rules, which, acting at the time when property is in the state of being transferred from one owner to another, shall tend to distribute it. It is a positive reversal of the tendency to concentration. Furthermore, it does no violence to our sense of justice, nor does it interfere with our present habits and theories on the subject of ownership. John Stuart Mill recognized the mischief inherent in the existing system, by which, often, property is held by those who have no equitable title to it ; is held in large masses, which give a dangerous and irresistible power to their possessor, by those who never earned it ; and is kept from coming into the hands of those who deserve it, whom Nature has chosen for her noblemen. These things led him to lay it down as a proposition of right and justice, that property in land has no justification, unless it can be shown to be for the benefit of society at large. In this, he is supported by Herbert Spencer. Land is not the produce of human industry, in the same sense that other goods are ; and it is, furthermore, limited in amount—is a monopoly. Therefore, while movable property is justified on the ground that “it is no hardship to any one to be excluded from what others have produced,” property in land has no such justification, because “it is some hardship to be born into the world; and to find all nature’s gifts previously engrossed, and no place left to the new-comer.” Now to make amends for this apparent injustice, and so to obtain the consent of society to the appropriation of the gifts of nature, it is necessary to show that the exclusive appropriation of land is good for mankind on the whole, the new-comer included. This Mr. Mill does, by showing what a beneficent agent is property in land to the education, and development, and proper guidance of men, if it is only properly distributed. But, under the present system, it is engrossed in the

hands of those who do not use it, and its influence in restraining and guiding men for their mental and moral good is nullified. Hence he proposes that, while every man should be left free to hold, during his life, all the property which he has inherited, or has earned, and to use it as he pleases; yet the amount to which he could fall heir, or which could be given to him, or which he could give or bequeath to any other single person, should be limited. In other words, the law instead of favoring particular individuals, should favor society at large. It will be seen that, by this, Mill did not propose to establish an unnatural or communistic equality, but he proposed that Nature should be left free in her determination of inequalities; that the law by which she favors certain individuals with greater capacities than others, and burdens them with greater responsibilities, should be allowed to act untrammelled; that the wrong done by the passing of all the worldly goods of a gifted man to his descendants, to whom his good sense and mental and moral endowments could not also be passed, might be righted.

The more one reflects upon the difficulties of the situation in England, upon the conditions as interpreted by history, and upon the requisites of a permanent settlement of the trouble, the more forcibly is he impressed that Mill's proposals are the only ones adequate, and the only ones that promise a really satisfactory solution of the problem.

Yet it would seem as if one were forced to draw from history the conclusion that there can be no real solution of the problem. Everywhere, amongst all nations, so the records of the past seem to testify, there has been exhibited the same tendency to slow aggregation of estates in land; then to the acquisition of privileges; and, with accelerated velocity, to the movement of all wealth and all power into the hands of a few; and, finally, to the inevitable catastrophe of bloodshed and social confusion. History seems but the tale of repetitions of this "rhythmic" round, this dreadful periodicity; and it makes one inclined to give up the problem in despair, and to doubt whether it be worth while

to strive to carry even Mill's hopeful ideas into execution. But when one has almost persuaded himself that the gloomy course of events is inevitable in the nature of things, he discovers that there is one example of the seeming success of a policy of legal and judicial principles and rules of distribution concerning the land. It is to be found in the history of France during the past century. The more this is examined, the more encouraging does it appear.

The French legal principle is a crude one, and does not seem nearly as reasonable as that proposed by Mill. It is provided that, on the death of a citizen, his landed estate must be divided equally among his children. How favorably, on the whole, this operates, and how near it comes to being a solution of the problem, may be judged from Mr. Fawcett's discussion of the system, and, more particularly, from the article by Mr. Leslie, entitled "The Land System of France," found in the volume on Systems of Land Tenure, published by the Cobden Club.

In the United States the land question has not yet become one of our urgent problems; but, from articles in the January and February numbers of the *North American Review*, it may be conjectured that it will, at no distant day, torment us as it now torments the English government and people. By allowing large estates to become firmly established, and "vested interests" made sacred by long prescription, are we not, day by day, making it more difficult to maintain the conditions of social health? Are we not making it impossible for the system of small properties to gain a firm establishment; or for small freeholds to maintain their independence in the long run? We have a choice between landlordism as a system, and small properties as a system. Our laws must be so moulded as, in the end, to result in the one or the other. History and reason assure us that there is no half-way ground. Upon these considerations, it would seem that the suggestions of Mill, and the practical carrying out of a somewhat similar scheme in France, have for us more than a speculative or remote interest.

*Alex. G. Eells.*

## THE TAXATION OF LAND.

AN organization has been formed in San Francisco, for the purpose of promoting a change in our constitution and laws as to taxation. It is proposed to exempt from taxation all property which is the product of labor, whether that property consists in personal property or in improvements upon land. The movement is now in its incipency, and commands, as yet, comparatively little support; but in the event of a revival of political discussion, it may become formidable. The wisdom of the general end aimed at—the exaction from the naked land alone of the revenue of the state—is supported by weighty considerations of public policy; and while too frequent changes in our constitution and in our system of taxation are to be condemned, a change made after due deliberation, upon grounds sanctioned by the best political and economical considerations, and approved by the conservative elements of society, is to be commended as an advance towards more perfect and more stable laws and institutions.

But while the general end, the limitation of taxation to land, may commend itself to the reason, and to the best, or—since the correctness of the received opinions may be denied—to the predominant opinions of society, the grounds upon which that end is advocated by some of the prime movers in the new organization will hardly meet with the same approval. The Tax Reform League profess to advocate the taxation of land alone, on the ground that, as a proposition of abstract justice, the land belongs to society. They predicate their proposition on two premises: first, the land is not a product of human labor, but is created by the author of the universe, and is given to no individual or individuals; second, the land derives its value, not from human labor bestowed upon it by its owners and their predecessors, but from the presence of society. They recognize the right of every man to what he has

produced as the result of labor, whether of his hands or his brain, whether that result consist in the portions of the agricultural product which are the returns for labor, in manufactured products, or in the pure products of the intellect; but they maintain that no man is entitled to take to himself exclusively the product of the soil, and that whatever it yields over and above the return for labor, should go to the state for the benefit of all. The value of land, they contend, is due to the presence of men. The lands of the San Joaquin would be of no value, were there no population to consume their products. That value attaches to them, by reason of the presence of a multitude of men, who require the breadstuffs those lands will yield. A lot of land in the city and county of San Francisco may be used as a forcible illustration. It has frequently happened that lots of land which, in 1849, were but stretches of sand, and almost valueless, and which were then acquired by private proprietors for insignificant sums, and thereafter continuously held by the same proprietors, entirely vacant, have been sold in the present decade for sums ranging from fifty to two hundred thousand dollars. This increase in value has been due to no labor on the part of the holders. It has resulted from the presence of our population; and not only from their presence, but from their industry. Were the men forming our population absent, or were they as little disposed to industry as the Indians who originally inhabited this country, there would be little value to such property. It is maintained, therefore, that no individual or individuals should receive those values which are occasioned by the presence and labor of all. As a logical consequence, the Tax Reform League advocate, not the taxation of land to such an extent as shall be necessary to raise an adequate revenue for all ordinary purposes of the state, but to the full rental value of the land.

The term "rental value" is borrowed from the phraseology of political economists, whose writings relate primarily to the land system of Great Britain, and is hardly applicable to the system of land tenures in the United States, where we have no defined and general system of landlordism, except, perhaps, in the cities. Its equivalent here is either the annual value of the land as an investment for real estate, in which case the tax should be equal to the interest upon the market value; or the difference between the labor and expenditure required to produce a crop, and the market value of the same, in which case the tax should be equal to that difference. What the state shall do with the excessive revenue, the League have not yet announced. How land-owners may be induced to submit to the practical confiscation of their property, is not suggested.

The extreme position taken, with whatever moderation it is advocated, will hardly receive the support of the mass of citizens. But the proposition to raise a revenue from land alone, as distinguished from the improvements upon land and from personal property, stands upon an entirely different footing. It is independent of all speculations as to the justice of the system of private proprietorship in land. To put the statement in different language, the proposition neither originated with the school of economists to which Henry George belongs, nor has it any essential connection with the doctrines that he advances. It is simply a question of political expediency, and stands or falls with considerations of public policy.

I propose, in this and the succeeding articles, to show wherein the present system of taxing all property is inequitable to individuals and disadvantageous to the state; to point out the superior justness and advantage of taxing land alone; and finally to distinguish between the taxation of land as a means of raising a revenue, and as a means of appropriating to the state the soil of its domain; and to indicate the inequitable nature of the last proceeding, and the futility of expecting any permanent benefit therefrom to any class.

The purpose of every system of taxation is to raise an adequate revenue for the state. All other considerations must be subordinated to the accomplishment of that object. But where several systems will equally subserve that purpose, there is room for choice with a view to the attainment of subordinate ends. Those ends are, first, to distribute the burden as equally as possible to all men; second, to reduce to the minimum the hardship worked by the exaction upon individuals; third, to diminish the discontent occasioned by the exaction of the annual revenue; fourth, to reduce to the minimum the prejudicial operation of taxation upon manufacturing industries; fifth, to diminish as far as possible the cost of raising the revenue; and sixth, to remove to as great an extent as possible the opportunities for evading taxation, and the inducements to practice deception upon the state and upon its officers. There are other ends with reference to the preservation of the independent spirit of the citizen, but in this country and at this time they do not demand discussion. Of course, it is visionary to expect to establish a perfect system. Any system must be but an approximation, and the wisdom of the law consists in the nearness with which that approximation is accomplished. Our present system of taxing all species of property fails, both in theory and in practice, to accomplish these subordinate ends. It fails primarily in distributing justly the burdens of taxation. What constitutes a just distribution is a question difficult of determination. The position is currently taken, that each individual should contribute in proportion to the protection which he receives. But this test is an impracticable one. It is impossible to measure the protection received by any individual or class. The amount of property possessed is no criterion. The state does not exist for the protection of property alone, and the protection it affords is not confined to property rights. The rights of life, liberty, and security are of equal moment, and the protection accorded them is impossible of measurement. This protection, the laborer without property receives equally with the man

of wealth. The amount of property cannot, therefore, be the measure of the protection received by each individual, and taxation cannot be adjusted to the protection received, for want of a standard by which to gauge that protection. Furthermore, such an adjustment, if attempted upon the basis of property, would be unjust. It would not be equitable to make those who have property pay all the expenses of government, while those who are without contribute no share, although their incomes range from seventy-five dollars, as in the case of a mechanic, to five hundred dollars per month, as in the case of persons holding high salaried positions.

The true rule is, that all individuals should contribute to the government the same proportion of their total income. Each gives, then, according to his means. The tax rests approximately, with approximate hardship, upon each individual. It may be said that two per cent. of the income of a man, whose total income is one thousand per year, is a heavier burden to him than the same proportion of his income is to him whose income is one hundred thousand. But it is difficult to see why the latter should, nevertheless, pay a greater proportion of his annual income towards the support of the state. So long as the moral and legal right of the latter to his property is recognized, it is neither fair nor just that he should pay the taxes of the former. It is not for wealth to support government, any more than for wealth to control it. Every man should participate in the control, and in proportion to his means contribute to the support of the state.

Our present system of taxation violates this rule. It professes to tax all species of property, ostensibly with a view to the exaction from each individual of the same proportion of his annual income. But, in consequence of the taxation of every species of property, individuals are compelled to surrender to the state unequal proportions of their income. Of two mechanics of the same income, the one consumes his entire income in living, and pays no taxes; the other saves five hundred dollars, and invests it in household furniture,

and is taxed thereon. The latter pays a portion of his income to the state; the former pays none. The former realizes a premium for his improvidence; the latter, whose income has not been increased, pays a penalty for his commendable efforts towards the improvement of the condition of himself and his family. Of two merchants, carrying on business on the same capital, one consumes his entire net income in his current living; the other invests five hundred or two thousand dollars annually in books, in carriages, in the multitude of articles that enable the improvement of the mental and moral condition of his family, and constitute an augmentation of the permanent wealth and the latent capital of society. The latter realizes no augmentation of his income from the increase of the comforts, and of the physical means of mental and moral cultivation, yet he is called upon to pay increased taxes to the state. Of two farmers of equal means, the one consumes his entire net income in high living; the other lives upon a more moderate scale, but invests his surplus profits in a more ample residence and in beautifying its surroundings, or in more commodious houses for the accommodation of his workmen, or in increasing his library, and in supplying his children with musical instruments and works of art, whereby they may be cultivated in mind, taste, and sentiment. The latter does not increase his income, yet he is compelled to pay from that income to the state, in the shape of taxes, from ten to one hundred per cent. more than the former. It is obvious that the rule of equality is violated. There is no good ground for the discrimination. The latter mechanic, farmer, or merchant is practicing providence; the former, improvidence. The latter, equally with the former, turns his entire income into the channels of commerce. He purchases an equal amount of the products of industry. He gives an equal employment to labor and capital. But while the first consumes the entire product of industry which he is able to purchase with his income, the other consumes a part only, and retains the residue as a permanent addition to the wealth of the state. The

more numerous the men who practice the providence exhibited by the latter, the richer the country becomes in wealth in the form of libraries, art treasures, and residences; capital not devoted to the reproduction of material wealth, but to the production of wealth of character, and of superior capacity in posterity for successful work in the fields of science, literature, and industry. Had the latter invested his surplus income, not in non-productive wealth, but in land or in bonds yielding an annual income, his annual income would have been increased, and, of course, his taxes should have been correspondingly augmented; but such not being the case, no ground exists for the augmentation except the one dictated by envy, that he has more permanent possessions in consequence of his providence than his neighbor.

There is another particular in which the taxation of personal property distributes unequally the burden of taxation, especially in the case of manufacturers and farmers. It is, perhaps, best exemplified by the operation upon the agricultural industries. The agriculturalist aims to realize his annual income as a profit upon the capital which he has invested in his land, buildings, implements, stock, seed, and the annual food supply for his live stock. His income can be approximately measured by the current rate of interest upon his plant. If he has twenty thousand dollars invested, he expects a net income of perhaps ten per cent.; eight per cent. as the ordinary interest upon capital securely invested, two per cent. as a compensation for the risk attending his special enterprise. It is from this income that he should contribute to the support of the state. A tax levy upon the plant at the value of twenty thousand, will give his *pro rata* contribution. Certainly, a tax levy upon that plant will give to the state the proportion of his income which is given by the capitalist who has twenty thousand invested in mortgages, buildings rented to tenants, in mines and machinery yielding the ordinary profit, or in ships. If the former is taxed upon more capital, he is compelled to contribute a greater portion of

his income than is exacted from other citizens. The yield of the wheat lands of the State equals or exceeds one-half of the value of the land. Wheat lands, with the accompanying buildings and machinery, possessing a market value of fifty dollars to the acre, will in a good year yield twenty bushels of wheat. This, at one dollar and twenty-five cents per bushel, possesses a market value of twenty-five dollars. If the farmer sells the wheat before the tax levy in February, he pays taxes upon his plant of twenty thousand dollars alone. If, however, he retains this wheat, by reason of low prices, to the succeeding season, he must pay taxes not only upon his plant of twenty thousand, but also upon the value of his wheat crop, which, in the case supposed, would be ten thousand dollars. Yet the profit which he expects is not a profit of ten per cent. upon the aggregate value of his plant and his crop of thirty thousand dollars, but upon the value of his plant alone. The value of the crop is the fund from which he expects to derive the profit which will constitute his income, not a part of the fund upon which he expects to derive that profit. The value of his crop, ten thousand dollars, consists first, of his anticipated profits, two thousand dollars; and second, of a fund from which to pay his laborers, to pay his bills to tradesmen and mechanics, and to repay his personal loans contracted in the course of the year. He pays a tax upon his debts and upon his income, in addition to a tax upon his net property of twenty thousand dollars. Approximately, he pays one-half more taxes than the capitalist whose money is in mortgages, rented buildings, mines, or ships. It is in effect a species of double taxation, not remediable, however, by the courts. Where almost the entire portion of the wheat crop of the State, available for export, is held over for a season, the excessive tax levied upon the wheat farmers is enormous, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars. The same unfair operation of the system of taxing personal property exists in the case of the wine industry. And here it may be incidentally remarked, that the taxation of the wine crop throws a

serious obstacle in the way of the storing of wine by individual farmers, and by associations of farmers, until it has attained age and superior quality. They are compelled to sell their vintage, or to pay a tax upon a profit which is not yet realized.

The same operation of the present system of taxation can be observed in the case of manufacturers. Where a manufacturer has invested fifty thousand dollars in his buildings and machinery, in his permanent stock and in his reserve fund for the payment of wages, it is upon that sum that he expects his profits, and those profits constitute his annual income. Approximately, that income will be equal to ten per cent. of his capital, and a part of that income alone should he contribute to the state. The raw materials which he retains on hand will, perhaps, be of the value of five thousand dollars. The manufactured product will have a value of ten or fifteen thousand, or more. If he sells as fast as he manufactures, when the assessment is made, his assessable property will not in all probability exceed the capital invested. But should a glutted or unfavorable market compel him to discontinue sales, his stock might accumulate until it alone represented ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand dollars above his actual capital. Upon the value of that stock, in addition to his total capital, would he be compelled to pay taxes, yet upon the latter alone does he expect to realize a profit. The accumulated stock represents his expected profits, and the personal debts which he has outstanding for services received and materials purchased. He is compelled to pay a larger proportion of his income to the state than the capitalist whose investments consist in moneys loaned on mortgages, and in lands and buildings yielding an annual rental.

This operation of our system of taxing personal property is especially prejudicial to both farmers and manufacturers, because it mainly appears in periods of depression, and aggravates the otherwise hard times. It is prejudicial to the development of our industries, because it imposes upon them a burden to which capital otherwise invested is not

subject, and because it falls with crushing weight when, by reason of stagnant markets, our industries need favorable treatment at the hands of the State, to aid them in tiding over the period of depression. The system of taxing personal property has heretofore found favor in the eyes of the many of limited properties, because it seemed to promise to impose a more just proportion of the public burdens upon the rich. But in a disproportionate degree it impedes the success of the enterprises attempted by the poor, and by the many of little means. By increasing the burdens and hazards of manufacturing enterprises, it—imperceptibly it may be, but certainly—tends to render large capital essential to such enterprises, and to render more difficult the success of small capital. It exerts the same influence upon agricultural enterprises. This is especially perceptible in the grape industry, by increasing the cost of retaining the vintage until ripened by time into a valuable product.

Our system of taxation thus imposes upon the active and the struggling classes of our society, upon those who are personally engaged in building up our industries and increasing our aggregate wealth, a greater share in proportion to their incomes of the public burdens than upon those classes who are already in possession, through acquisition or inheritance of wealth, and who have retired from active exertion in the fields of industry. The working classes equally suffer, for they depend for their livelihood upon our struggling industries, agricultural and manufacturing, and every cause which impairs the prosperity of those industries has an injurious effect upon the labor market.

It is clear that our system of taxing all property, real and personal, productive and unproductive, unequally taxes individuals and classes. This inequality is inevitable from the system, and is more pronounced the more thoroughly the system is administered. In this respect, regardless of the inequality resulting from the defective administration of the system, it violates the rule in regard to the just distribution of the burdens of the state.

*John H. Durst.*



*YO NO ME QUIERO CASAR.*<sup>1</sup>

ONE sunny morn, alone I strayed  
 Along the beach at Monterey.  
 With brown, bare hands, a Spanish maid  
 Was picking sea-moss from the spray.  
 And as she toiled, her clear voice ringing,  
 Woke the sweet echoes near and far ;  
 A rich soprano, gaily singing  
 “ *Yo no me quiero casar.*”

Her audience, the waves and skies,  
 The long-necked pelicans in white,  
 And gray seagulls with watchful eyes,  
 And tawny sands with spray-drops bright,  
 A pair of linnets, lightly winging  
 Their way towards her from afar,  
 And flying low, to hear her singing  
 “ *Yo no me quiero casar.*”

Her nut-brown hair in clusters fell  
 About her slender, swan-like neck ;  
 In her dark eyes there lurked a spell.  
 Her lovely face had just a speck  
 Of sun and tan, through warm tints springing.  
 Her beauty shone like some fair star.  
 I breathless stood, while she kept singing  
 “ *Yo no me quiero casar.*”

A Raphael face on far-off walls,  
 Has the dark depths of her soft eyes ;  
 The same strange light upon her falls,  
 Where she stands framed against the skies.  
 While ever softly chimes the ringing  
 Of Mission bells in note or bar,  
 As if they knew the wondrous singing,  
 “ *Yo no me quiero casar.*”

O, Spanish maid, with small brown hands,  
 Spreading sea-tangle's dainty lace !  
 'Tis years since I have paced the sands,  
 Or seen the light on thy young face.  
 Yet oft will come old memories, bringing  
 The beach, sand-dune, and drift-wood spar ;  
 You, framed against the blue sky, singing  
 “ *Yo no me quiero casar.*”

*Agnes M. Manning.*

<sup>1</sup>“ I Don't Wish to Marry.” Popular song amongst the native Californians.

## A WORSHIPER OF THE DEVIL.

IN 1865, Theodore G. Archolder and myself were employees of the same firm in San Francisco. We were intimate friends, although our tastes and habits were to a great extent dissimilar. On one point, however, we were in entire accord; we both shared in the fervent patriotism of that period, and were members of the same military company. Archolder was handsome, genial, gay, and generous; all who knew him liked him. On the other hand he had many serious faults, which at last led him to overwhelming disgrace and apparent ruin. He was dissipated, a spendthrift, and a gambler. Fast horses and faster companions, cards, dice, and wine assisted him merrily down the broad way.

At last, having lost heavily at cards, and being involved in difficulties innumerable, he embezzled certain moneys belonging to the firm, and, by skillful manipulation of his books, contrived to conceal the deficit for a time. Undoubtedly he fully intended to replace the coin, when a lucky turn of the wheel should throw a prize into his hands, and keep the knowledge of his dishonesty from everyone. The lucky turn of the wheel failed to take place, and one melancholy day the firm discovered that their trusted clerk had deceived and robbed them. His fellow employees who knew his habits were sorrowful, but not surprised. Archolder was missing, and the senior partner was furious.

A detective was summoned, and was closeted with the three members of the firm, when Archolder entered the counting-room, pale, but erect and even haughty, and with a strange look both of pride and humiliation on his face. With only a constrained nod to us, he walked straight across to the private office, knocked, and entered. We heard angry words from the choleric senior partner, and then Archolder's voice in quiet, even tones. Then there was silence. In fifteen minutes the detective and Archolder came out. As they walked to the door, our friend looked

neither to the right nor the left, and the same high-wrought look was on his face. Seeing that he was going away without a word, I spoke as he passed me:

"Archolder, if I can be of service, remember me."

With a swift movement he seized my hand, and gripped it painfully.

"Thank you, thank you," he said.

In the course of time his trial came up. He pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to a short term in the State prison. I visited him in jail, and found him wrapped up in an unapproachable gloom. He seemed grateful to me for coming to see him, but was uncommunicative and thoughtful.

For some time previous to this, two well-known figures on the streets were an aged man and his companion, a girl about sixteen years of age, who sold bouquets. The man was known as Hafiz Kostason. He was apparently of the Arab race, but his history was unknown. He was very old, and his appearance was rather repulsive. His black eyes were sunken, and his yellow skin was tightly drawn over his cheek bones. The girl was said to be his grandchild. Her appearance was pleasing and attractive, without the least semblance of coquetry. She was slender and not tall, but, in spite of her rude attire, she impressed one with the grace of her bearing. Her face expressed nobility and earnestness of character, and there was a subtle attraction about her large, dark, mournful eyes that often caused passers by to stop and purchase a bouquet or a bunch of violets, in order to look again at the fair young seller. Kostason guarded her jealously, and never allowed her to go out of his sight.

About six months before the discovery of Archolder's embezzlement, old Kostason disappeared from the street, and I learned soon after that he was dead. The girl appeared alone, bereft of her guardian, with a deeper, more mysterious mournfulness in her dark

eyes. Scarcely a day passed but I bought flowers, and spoke a few words to her. She lived with a poor widow woman, whose only son, a youth of eighteen or twenty years, made a living as a newspaper carrier.

Some months passed, when one day the girl, Leila Kostason, suddenly disappeared. I heard of it through the newspapers, for the young carrier was almost frantic about it, and made a great outcry. In a week, however, the papers announced that she had returned to her home, but nothing was learned of the particulars of her strange disappearance. Not long after, when Archolder was arrested, it became known that she visited him in prison. This gave rise to many conjectures, and to much indignation against Archolder; but indignation gave place to amazement when it was announced that they were married, and that Archolder acknowledged her to be his wife. It was a three days' wonder at least. When Archolder went to prison, his wife appeared on the streets again with her flower-basket, the object of much respectful curiosity. She was somewhat changed; pale, but not sorrowful; and a new dignity of manner and of look seemed to have descended upon her.

Archolder, through the influence of his friends, did not long remain in prison. He could soon have obtained another situation; but no sooner was he at liberty, than he and his wife disappeared together. Not long after, I was pained to hear of his death in an interior town. What became of his wife, no one knew.

Even this brief, imperfect account may seem a little singular; but there was another side to the story—an inside history, which is strange indeed.

About two years ago I was in a large city in a distant State. One day I entered a street car to return to my hotel. There was but one other occupant of the vehicle, a middle-aged man, handsome, well-dressed, with an air of solidity and respectability—evidently a thriving and wealthy man of business. Something familiar about the expression of his face attracted my attention. I looked at him intently, for I felt sure that I

had seen him before. He felt my gaze and returned it calmly. Then I became aware that it was a striking resemblance to the unfortunate Archolder, who had died so many years before, that had drawn my attention. I had so palpably stared at the stranger that I apologized.

"I beg pardon, sir. Your face seemed familiar; but I perceive that I was mistaken."

The stranger smiled, and stretching out his hand to me, said with feeling:

"My dear C——, you are not mistaken. I am your former friend of San Francisco; but let me beg of you never to speak the name I formerly bore. My name is L——. I knew you the moment you stepped on the car, and waited to see if you would recognize me as quickly. I am very glad to see you. Are you staying in the city? At a hotel? Then you must come and stay with us during the remainder of your visit. No, —I will hear of no refusal."

My astonishment may be imagined at thus meeting one whom I had so long thought among the dead. I accepted his kind invitation with pleasure, for I was not a little curious to see his household, and to learn from his lips what had befallen him during the seventeen years since his disappearance from San Francisco. So that evening I went home with him. He lived in a handsome house on one of the finest streets of the city; the rooms were furnished with luxury and taste; indeed, an oriental richness of color and ornamentation was often observable. Presently his wife entered. Leila Kostason, the violet-girl, was peculiarly attractive and graceful, and the influence of seventeen years had crowned her a charming and noble woman.

"Time from her form has ta'en away but little of its grace;

His touch of thought hath dignified the beauty of her face."

Her wonderful eyes, though no longer mournful, were yet "shadowy, full of thought."

"Leila," said Theodore, "this is my old friend, Mr. ——, whom I think you knew in San Francisco."

She greeted me cordially, with gentle cour-

tesy; said that she remembered me well as her husband's friend, and as one who loved flowers. Her words and manners were the perfection of ease and grace. After bidding me welcome, she called her children in and presented them—a fine youth of fourteen, a girl of twelve, pretty as a picture, and merrily brilliant, and another girl of ten, with her mother's dark eyes and noble face.

After dinner Theodore and I repaired to his pleasant smoking-room, where a bright fire was burning, for a stormy wind was blowing, mingled with dashes of rain. We lighted cigars and were exceedingly comfortable. Theodore began asking for many persons whom he had known in San Francisco, and adverted to occurrences of the past. At first he did not allude in any way to his former moral slip, but, as he talked, a somber thoughtfulness fell upon him. He puffed rapidly at his cigar, and a blue smoke-cloud slowly curled and extended in long wafts about his head. He was silent for a time, and we heard the crackle of the fire, and the imperative beat of the rain against the window-panes, as a gust howled down the street. At last he said meditatively:

"I knew old Hafiz Kostason, and often stopped to buy flowers and talk with him and Leila. In many ways he seemed to be a simple old man, but yet he was deep, too. I recognized that, in spite of my general carelessness. You never could discover what he was. I always said a word or two to Leila, but she always seemed rather reserved and bashful; and old Hafiz watched her like a cat. You understand, however, that I only spoke to them as I did to a thousand other persons whom I knew casually. When I passed on, they passed from my mind, and I only remembered them when I saw them again. At last, old Hafiz died, and the girl appeared on the streets alone. She looked so mournful that I always stopped and said a few cheerful words; but she was always reserved and quiet, just as though old Hafiz was yet watching her. Then, you remember, she disappeared mysteriously for a week. She was such a familiar figure on the streets that the reporters got hold of it, and there

were several paragraphs in the papers about Leila Kostason. It may surprise you to hear that I was the first one who saw her after her disappearance. Very early one morning I was returning from some gambling den or wild carousal, I forget which. It was hardly daylight, and a drizzling rain was coming down. As I hurried along, I saw a drooping figure seated in the doorway of a store. I was about to pass on, but something impelled me to stop. Upon looking more closely, I perceived that it was a young girl. I shook her, but she did not answer; she was unconscious. I raised her head, and was shocked to recognize Leila Kostason. She was a piteous sight. Her clothing was soaked with rain, and she was wofully emaciated.

"I was aghast at this discovery, and angry as well; for I knew that some mysterious outrage had, within one short week, transformed the pretty young flower-seller into the pitiable object I now beheld. I glanced about. Directly across the street, at the corner of a building, I saw a black, motionless figure. I called to it. It slowly moved back behind the building. I dashed across the street over the cobble-stones, but the figure was gone, as if it had melted into air. I then hurried along till I found a policeman. I told him of my discovery, and he immediately procured a hack. We placed the unconscious girl in the vehicle, and took her to the city hospital. It was found that she was almost at the point of death from *starvation*, but she would tell no one the cause. I did not see her again at that time, but casually learned that she had been taken home by a poor family with whom she was living.

"At that time I was in deep distress—involved in debts and difficulties innumerable. Some time before I had taken money belonging to the firm, in order to pass most desperate straits. I intended to return it, of course, but the opportunity had never come; and every day I was expecting the crash—the discovery. You cannot imagine my distress, my suspense. It was horrible. I was a drowning man, without even a straw to grasp

at. Twice I had almost come to the determination to end my life with the pistol. At last my despair overwhelmed me. I placed my revolver in my pocket, and left my lodgings, after writing a farewell letter, giving some general reasons for the act. I determined to climb to the top of Lone Mountain, and from that place launch myself into the shadowy world. I own to being terrified at the thought; but the hounds of dishonor were at my heels; to escape them I would plunge into the profound abyss. I felt no hope.

"This is unpleasant to recount and to hear; but you must understand my desperation. Indeed, I think at that time I was hardly myself. Wickedness grows upon a man, and changes him into a distorted and hideous thing.

"As I hurried along the street, a ragged boy ran along at my side, and said:

"'Here's something for you, Mister.' He gave me a greasy note, and immediately ran away around a corner. It was nearly dark. I went on till I came to a street-lamp, and opened the epistle. I have it yet, but this is what was written:

"'Honored Sir: You are in difficulties, but nothing is so easy as relief. At No. — Second street, you will find one who will show you the way. Go, therefore, to that place at once, and ask for Doctor Dahima. A Friend and Counselor.'

"A sharp turn was given to my thoughts. A moment before I was rushing down to destruction; now a way appeared, containing a possibility of escape. It was a faint hope, and that was all. I determined to go to number — Second street. There was time enough for Lone Mountain afterwards. Curiously enough, I felt for my revolver, for it occurred to me that I might need it for self defense in this new adventure.

"I entered Second street, and picked my way in the darkness past foul drinking dens, full of noisy roisterers, and over perilous, broken sidewalks. It was, evidently, not a very safe locality for a nocturnal promenade. I passed some villainous figures, shuffling hastily along the street, and soon after I met a tall policeman stalking along, before whom

the suspicious denizens of the place scattered like minnows before a huge lord of the brook. With some difficulty, I found the number I wanted. There was a dim light in the upper story, and this light shone faintly on a dingy sign, on which were emblazoned stars and moons surrounding the words:

"'DOCTOR DAHIMA,  
'Astrologer and Fortune-Teller.'

"I knocked loudly on the door, and presently footsteps came shuffling down the staircase. The door was opened by a tall, large woman; in the darkness she towered like an Amazon.

"'I wish to see Doctor Dahima,' I said.

"'Go up stairs, and walk into the first room on the right,' said the woman, in a coarse voice. 'If he isn't there, I'll send him to you.'

"I passed on, ascended, and entered the room as directed. It was a square apartment, the wall-paper and ceiling discolored by rain, which had penetrated through the roof. A few shabby chairs, and a table covered with a black cloth, much worn and spotted with candle-grease, comprised the furniture. There were some jars of liquids on a shelf, and a few cabalistic diagrams on the walls. A lamp burned at the window, and a candle on the table. I sat down at the table, and shifted my revolver to my breast pocket.

"In a few moments the door opened, and a man entered. Without speaking, he advanced to the table, and sat down opposite me. His face was dark, his eyes large, black, and magnetic. He wore a thick, black beard. His dress was a sort of black robe; but, through a long rip in the side, I could see an ordinary sack coat, that had seen better days. On his head he wore a dirty white turban, with voluminous folds. He was foreign; but whether a Turk or an Arab, I could not decide.

"'Doctor Dahima?' I asked.

"'Yes.'

"'Why did you send for me?' I asked this question because, although the note was signed 'A Friend and Counselor,' I strongly sus-

pected that Doctor Dahima himself had sent it. The ruse succeeded; or, perhaps, the doctor was indifferent.

“‘To show you a way out of your difficulties,’ he replied.

“‘How do you know I am in difficulty?’

“‘By my art. Not uselessly did I learn of the wise bird of Mount Kaf.’

“‘Do not think you can impose upon me with cabalistic claptrap,’ said I. ‘I utterly disbelieve in your art or trade. You should have chosen some more credulous person to practice upon.’

“‘It matters not to me whether you believe or disbelieve,’ he replied, calmly.

“‘Then please tell me at once what your object was in calling me here,’ said I.

“‘Give me your hand,’ he said. I stretched out my hand to him across the table, and he took it in his, with the palm upward. In a moment I regretted it, for, in some peculiar manner, I felt that he was a man of singular power, but in exactly what direction I could not decide. He gazed at my hand intently, and said:

“‘You will have a long life. You will marry some one who is not rich, but who will bring you wealth.’

“‘Palmistry is out of date,’ I said, contemptuously.

“‘Doctor Dahima fixed his magnetic eyes on mine. ‘Listen,’ he said, ‘and cease your foolish disbelieving.’ After a pause, he went on. ‘You are in trouble. You are afflicted in mind. You have intended to shoot yourself; but you will not. You are troubled about money. You have lost money—spent money—but it was not your own money. Is that so?’ he asked, as if surprised at his own words, flashing his brilliant eyes upon me. What my appearance was I do not know, but certainly I *felt* pale and weak.

“‘This is twaddle—mere child’s play!’ I ejaculated, rising; but Doctor Dahima still held my hand.

“‘Sit down,’ he said. ‘Our real conversation has not yet begun. Do you think I called you here merely to tell your fortune? No. I called you here to help you out of your difficulties; and not only that, but to make you

rich. Do not indulge in silly denials. Your face tells a story that is easily read; but I look deeper; I read the mind and the soul. You have taken money that is not your own. You must replace it soon, or go to prison, or die.’

“‘You cannot prove it,’ I said, desperately.

“‘I do not intend to do so,’ he replied. ‘Nevertheless, I have spoken the truth. Not uselessly did I learn of the Simoog of Mount Kaf.’

“‘He was now silent. His eyes were cast down and his features were imperturbable. I was chilled with a sort of fear. I felt paralyzed at the words and look of this mysterious man, who had divined my miserable secret. I felt a desire to rush away, but remained motionless. The eyes of Doctor Dahima were again fixed upon me. He stretched forth his hand.

“‘Be calm,’ he said. ‘I alone can help you. I will help you. I called you here for that purpose.’

“‘Then tell me how,’ I cried. ‘Tell me, in the Devil’s name, for I believe you serve him.’

“‘Hush!’ said Doctor Dahima, with a sudden gesture. ‘The name of the Lord of the Evening must not be spoken. You pretend,’ he continued, ‘to disbelieve our art, according to the modern fashion; yet you, and all persons, stand aghast at the door of the temple of mystery, marveling, in terror and awe, at the shapes that are dimly seen at the portal. Sneer no longer, for your sneering is that of ignorance. Science, instead of an engine to destroy our temple, is but a flight of steps leading to its grand and mysterious entrance. Still, in this that I am about to reveal, however strange, there is nothing which will seem to you supernatural. I will recount to you a little history, which cannot fail to be interesting. Do not think of me now as the fortune-teller. Do not arm your mind with a sneer. In this that I am about to tell you lies your deliverance.’

“‘You know old Kostason,’ he began, ‘and the girl, Leila. My tale concerns them. They and I are of the same tribe. We are Yezidees

of Al-Jezireh, the ancient land between the Euphrates and the Tigris. We are of that people whom ignorant travelers call "worshippers of the Prince of Darkness." But they rashly speak his name; we never do. I will not explain our faith to you. Suffice it to say, that we do not wish foolishly to make an enemy of one so powerful as the Lord of the Evening. Besides, we believe that he may yet be restored to honor. One ancient rite of our religion is, that at certain periods we take offerings of money, or jewels, or metal ornaments, and cast them into a deep pit in the mountains of Sinjar, in order thus to propitiate the Prince of Darkness. For centuries we have done this, and it may occur to you that a vast treasure lies in that deep mountain abyss, known only to us.

"I was a wanderer from youth. I traversed many countries of Asia, and once went as far as Constantinople. Had I always remained in my native village, my faith would have remained firm and unshaken; but with every journey I gained a new idea. My mind widened with the horizon. I felt a power within me. I studied with old magicians of the East. I ceased to fear the Prince of Darkness. I was emancipated. I threw off every chain. I owed allegiance to no power, either good or evil, for I was a power myself. If I preserve the forms of our ancient faith, it is but the effect of habit.

"In Constantinople I had opportunities of observing the grandeur of rich men, and I became possessed with a desire for wealth. Thus it was that, when I returned to my native village, the idea occurred to me of plundering the pit in the mountains of Sinjar, and securing a part of the treasure of the Prince of Darkness. To do this I needed a companion. I selected Hafiz Kostason, an avaricious man, and one whom I believed to be devoid of conscience. In this I was mistaken, as you will see. I revealed the plan to him, and painted to his imagination in rich colors the splendor and luxury we should revel in with our spoil. So we agreed to plunder the treasure-pit, and flee to Europe.

"Giving a plausible excuse, we left our village, and traveled by night into the black

gorges of Sinjar, and reached the abyss where the treasure lay. I had two long ropes. With one of these Kostason was to lower me into the pit. I was then to fill two strong sacks with gold and gems, and fasten the other rope securely to them. Day was breaking as I descended into the pit. All around me were frightful, black precipices. I took the second rope down with me in a coil over my shoulders. Perhaps you ask why I did not leave one end in charge of Kostason at the top. Because I feared that he might, through forgetfulness, draw up the treasure, and leave me in the pit. In these enterprises it is well to exercise a certain caution. I reached the bottom. Great quantities of tarnished coins and golden ornaments lay among the rocks. Many fine gems were scattered about like hailstones. They gleamed in the faint light from above. I began immediately to collect the most valuable. I exercised a certain discrimination. In a crevice I saw a human skull.

"When I had filled the sacks with gold and jewels, I made fast the rope. Each one was a load for a man. Then I signalled to Kostason, and he drew me up. Then, swiftly, we drew up the treasure. I was for departing instantly, but Kostason could not resist his desire so see the spoil. He emptied it out on the rocks. He clutched it with his hands. The foolish old man nearly lost his head.

"While we were thus engaged, a woman and a little girl about three years of age, mounted on a donkey, appeared round a point of rock close by. The woman seemed to understand instantly what we had done. She turned pale, and tried to escape, but I caught the donkey by the bridle. I was surprised to see the woman and child alone. I listened for the sound of other footsteps, but heard nothing.

"Where are your companions?" I asked, for I saw by her dress that she was the wife of a Yezidee sheik.

"They are encamped in the valley below," she replied. She then begged to be allowed to go; but I commanded her to be silent. I knew that she would betray us.

Our situation was this. The sheik and his band were encamped on the only path out of the gorge. Our only way of escape was over the rugged and almost inaccessible mountains. We must take the woman and child with us, or—throw them into the pit. I am a kind-hearted man. I could not injure them. The woman had come up in the early morning to make a special offering. Thus she had brought no attendants.

“We threw the donkey into the treasure-pit, and began the ascent of the mountains. It was a terrible task. We climbed steep slopes covered with huge rocks, and skirted fearful precipices. Kostason became weak, and fell. A jutting rock saved him, but his bag of treasure dropped into the gulf. We saw it strike a ledge far below, and there was a yellow flash in the sunlight. Half our treasure was gone; but I still bore my rich burden safely. The woman became weary. She sat down upon a rock, and cried out that she could go no farther. We took her child and went on. Soon she rose, and ran after us. So we crossed the mountains of Sinjar.

“After leaving the mountains, we compelled the woman to put on common clothing, which we obtained of certain villagers. We also bought horses, in order to travel with greater swiftness. At the city of Erzeroum, the woman became sick, and in a week she died. We could not divine the malady. We gave her honorable burial. I proposed to sell the child to some of the inhabitants of the city, but Kostason had become attached to her, and said that he would keep her, and she should be his grandchild. I allowed him to take his own course.

“At Constantinople we remained for a time, keeping our money carefully concealed. While there, we heard, through certain sailors, wonderful tales of the golden land of California. Eager for more wealth, we made an arrangement with the captain of an English ship to bring us hither. Having completed our preparations, we took our treasure, and the girl Leila, and went on board. The next day we sailed.

“After a long, tedious voyage, first to

England, and thence to California, we arrived in San Francisco. We desired to hasten to the mines, in order to begin gathering up gold, and so we soon departed for the interior. Near Sacramento, we agreed to bury our treasure, so as to be relieved of the charge of carrying it about. It had already caused us trouble. Then we went to the mines.

“In less than a year, I began to discover that Kostason had a conscience. The plundering of the treasure-pit of the Lord of the Evening weighed heavily upon his spirits. He began to repent. At last he began to suggest the preposterous thing of taking the treasure back to the mountains of Sinjar. He said that he was growing old, and would soon die, and that the sin burdened him. At first I laughed at him; then I threatened him; but it had no effect. We had but trifling success at mining. Kostason could do but little, and I perceived that he was becoming feeble. Still, I kept my faith with him, and did not dream of deserting him; for I knew that when he died, all the treasure would be mine.

“One morning, consider my astonishment when I discovered that Kostason and Leila had disappeared. At first, I thought they had merely gone to the nearest town, and would soon return; but night came again, and they were still absent. A suspicion came to me then, and I set out at once for Sacramento. I went to the place where we had buried the treasure. It was gone.

“That was nearly twelve years ago. During that time, I have wandered all over California, but I never saw Kostason again. Not long ago, I took up my abode here. One day I saw a flower-girl on the street. Although she was tall, I knew at once that it was Leila. I spoke to her in the Arabic tongue. She answered me, and I knew that she was aware who I was, for she became pale. Probably Kostason had warned her of me.

““Where is Hafiz Kostason?” said I.

““He is dead,” she replied. I did not doubt her word, for she is a girl of truth. She is one of those who find it difficult to lie.



I observed this when she was a child. She has not changed.

““Where is the treasure?” I asked.

““It is hidden,” she replied.

““Where?”

““I cannot tell.”

““Where is it?” I said, exerting my power; but she calmly answered,

““I will not tell.”

““How much of it is spent?” I asked.

““Not a particle; so Hafiz Kostason has said,” she answered.

“I turned and left her; but I soon tried a severe measure. I kidnaped her at night, and kept her for a week in a cellar, without food, in order to extort from her the hiding-place of the treasure; but she was silent as the tomb. At last she became weak, and no longer in her right mind. Seeing that she would die without speaking, I thrust her forth into the street, thinking that in her wanderings she might involuntarily seek the hiding-place of the treasure. All night I watched her, but it was useless. You, yourself, found her sitting in a doorway in the morning. You saw me also, and called to me, but I avoided you. The girl has a will of iron and is true as gold.”

““But you are a wizard,” I cried, at this point of Doctor Dahima’s story, ‘why can you not tell through your art where this treasure is?’”

““Because the girl is strong,” he replied. ‘She, too, has power. I am unable to overcome her will.’

“Doctor Dahima was now silent, but his eyes were fixed upon me. I waited for him to speak again. At last I said impatiently,

““What has this to do with me?”

““Everything,” said he.

““Fudge!” I said. ‘Be explicit, if you please.’

““I will. You are the only man who can draw from her lips the hiding-place of this treasure.’

““I?”

““You alone.’

““Well, explain.’

“‘Leila Kostason loves you. She will be weak to the one she loves, as is the way of

women. You alone can command her soul.’

“‘What do you mean?’ I said.

“‘What I said. Leila loves you. You must compel her to reveal this hidden treasure. Would you escape the felon’s cell, and the brand of infamy? You must have money, and soon. You must seek this girl and find the treasure. You may have half, and I will take the rest.’

“‘How do you know I have this power?’

“‘By my art. I could not divine the hiding place of the treasure, because the girl’s will was too powerful; but I discovered her love for you, for that was her weakness. You must believe this, for it is truth.’

“‘Then you suggest that I marry this girl?’ I asked suspiciously. Doctor Dahima gave a low, hoarse laugh.

“‘As you please,’ he said. ‘You might do worse. Still, if you are not inclined to marriage, a mock ceremony would answer the purpose, providing the girl was thoroughly deceived.’

“‘Suposing even then she refuses to reveal the hiding-place of this treasure?’

“‘She will not refuse. To be sure, it is a matter of religious belief with her. Revealing this treasure is about the same to her as robbing a church would seem to you. Yet she loves you. To save you, she will give you the treasure of the Lord of the Evening.’

“‘And afterwards?’ said I.

“Doctor Dahima shrugged his shoulders.

“‘What do I care about afterwards?’ he said. ‘Do as you like afterwards. Many young men would make this attempt without the prospect of obtaining great wealth as well. Still, if you are kind-hearted—as I am; it is my failing—you can afford to treat her kindly.’

“‘You are an infernal scoundrel!’ I said, with sudden indignation.

“‘And what are you?’ he retorted. ‘A thief, a convict, a candidate for the penitentiary.’

“‘This’ was an exchange of amenities, indeed. I cannot express the horror I felt at these emphatic words. I was silent.

“‘Ah,’ said Doctor Dahima, with his eyes

fixed upon me, 'you perceive how unreasonable you are. Be calm, and gaze on the easy avenue I have pointed out for your escape.'

"Day was breaking as I left Doctor Dahima's house and skulked homeward, feeling as if I had sounded the deepest pit of disgrace and degradation. I had given up the idea of Lone Mountain, and had resolved on deceiving the innocent flower girl. Although I fully appreciated the deep infamy of my intention, yet, strange to say, my greatest fear was that something might happen to defeat my project, and prevent me from securing the gold. Such a thing as a true marriage did not enter my head. I deliberately resolved to sacrifice the girl to save myself. I had reached a very low moral ebb. Still, it was a very strange story that Doctor Dahima had told me, and it did occur to me that it might be a fabrication, designed to further some deep plan of his own. However, I plunged blindly on. I had everything to gain and nothing to lose.

"I hesitate to recount my despicable proceedings during the next few weeks. I cursed myself a hundred times for a scoundrel. I suffered the torments of conscience on one hand, and on the other, the fear that my theft would be discovered before I could make good the deficiency. The torture was worse than the rack.

"I found Leila modest and reserved as usual, but I soon discovered that she actually did regard me with more than kindly feelings. But, apparently, she did not dream that I would ever seek her hand in marriage. I made another discovery, also. Leila lived with a poor woman, who had a son about twenty years of age—a newspaper carrier. I found that he was in love with Leila, and fiercely jealous, too; but she evidently disliked him, and endeavored to avoid him. This state of affairs aided me very much.

"The amount of it was, that I made love to the astonished girl, and she accepted my proposal of marriage. Under pretext of avoiding the jealous boy, I persuaded her to agree to a secret marriage. It is hardly necessary to say that the ceremony was not per-

formed by a minister. By heaven! I blush at this day to think of it.

"I had secured some nice rooms in a quiet part of the city, and we went there at once. Leila was smiling and happy. She was pleased with everything. It smote my heart to see her. Her affection and perfect trust crushed me. I groaned in spirit. Still, I was not entirely graceless. Scarcely had we arrived at our abode, when an imperative message called me away. I, myself, caused the message to be sent. Soothing Leila's anxiety, I hurried away. On the street I met Doctor Dahima, in a greasy black coat, who saluted me with a diabolical grin. I could have shot him without the least compunction.

"I was gone all night and the next day. The next evening, about eight o'clock, I went back to Leila, determined to let her know that I was in desperate difficulties, and to make the effort to find the hiding-place of the infernal treasure. She met me with glad affection; but I took no pains now to conceal my distress, and she perceived instantly that I was in trouble. She inquired anxiously what had happened.

"'I am in deadly danger,' I said. 'Tomorrow I must have five thousand dollars, or I shall be put in prison.'

"'In prison!' she cried.

"'Yes, in prison for years.'

"'And you have not the money?' she asked. She was pale, but her eyes flashed determinedly. She was seeking a way out of the difficulty.

"'No,' I answered.

"'How much have you?'

"'Not two hundred.'

"'I have fifty dollars that I saved while selling flowers; you shall have that,' she said. 'If we pay a part, will they not grant us time to pay the rest?'

"'No,' I said. 'Not an hour.'

"'You surely have many friends who will help you,' she said hopefully.

"'Yes, I have many friends,' I replied, 'but if I should ask them for money, I would soon have but few.'

"'Then you have but few,' she said. She

reflected for a few moments. Then she spoke :

“‘Tell me all about it. Who are these that are so unmerciful? I will go and speak with them. They cannot be wholly harsh and cruel.’

“‘Impossible,’ I said. ‘I cannot permit you to see them?’

“‘My task was getting more difficult every moment. I knew not how to begin. At last, I broke out :

“‘You can save me from ruin, Leila. You alone can save me.’

“‘I?’ she cried, pale as death.

“‘Yes,’ said I, desperately. ‘You know where a great treasure is concealed.’

“‘She screamed, and retreated backward to the window, where she stood panting, with her hands up as if to ward off a blow. I went over, and put my arms about her. She was trembling.

“‘Only that can save me from ruin and death,’ I said vehemently. ‘It is the deepest disgrace here to be put in prison.’

“‘How did you know?’ she whispered breathlessly.

“‘Have you not heard of strange visions that come to us in the night?’ said I. ‘Have I not spoken the truth? Do you not know of a great treasure?’

“‘I dare not touch it,’ she cried. ‘I swore not to reveal it. It belongs to the Prince of Darkness. If we should take it, his vengeance would fall upon us. Oh, I dare not. Do not ask me.’

“‘Then I must die in prison,’ I said.

“‘Oh, no—oh, no,’ she moaned. She began to weep in a heart-broken way. It was nearly dark, and I mechanically struck a match, and lighted a wax candle on the table. Leila had sunk into a chair, and her face was buried in her hands. There was something so pathetic, so child-like, so woful, in her appearance and the droop of her figure, that I was inexpressibly touched. I would have given my right hand if I had never entered the despicable conspiracy. I bent over her and tried to soothe her. When she was a little calmer, I said :

“‘Why do you fear the Prince of Dark-

ness? Our religion teaches us to defy him, and scorn his power.’ And then I stopped for shame, at the idea of one steeped in sin as I was attempting to give religious counsel for a selfish end.

“‘You rely on Christ,’ said Leila, raising her tearful eyes to me, ‘but He was crucified. The Prince of Darkness is strong. Oh, that Christ were stronger.’

“‘With these remarkable words, uttered in a tone I cannot describe, she again covered her face. An overwhelming humiliation came upon me. I was dumb, and felt as if the earth was slipping from beneath me. What was this I was trifling with? A being of affection, of generous sorrow, of pure mind and noble heart; a gentle woman.

“‘I went away and sat down with a feeling of calm despair. I wished that I was already in prison; I could not then cause others to suffer poignant sorrow. There was a long silence. The candle burned steadily. Presently I was surprised to see how much of it was consumed. Then I heard the clocks strike twelve. After a time, Leila rose and came over and kissed me.

“‘Can I not bind myself to enter their house as a servant until the debt is paid?’ she asked.

“‘No, by Heaven!’ I said. ‘I will rot in prison first.’

“‘She went away, and stood by the window looking out at the stars. She did not move for hours. At last I noticed a faint light in the sky. It was nearly morning. A chill dependency came over me. I began to see the scenes of my approaching disgrace. Suddenly Leila turned, and came rapidly to my side.

“‘Come,’ she said, hurriedly, ‘we will go now.’

“‘Where?’

“‘To get the treasure.’

“‘Leila,’ said I, taking her hands, ‘you are afraid—you are unhappy. Do not do this. Do not think of me now. If I go to prison, you are not bound to me by law. You can act freely, as though I never lived.’

“‘I will never leave you,’ she said. ‘I am

yours, and you are mine, forever. You shall not go to prison. We will take the gold, and I will be brave.'

"She spoke bravely, but I saw that it was a forced courage. She put on her bonnet and shawl, and was ready to go. I was about to blow out the candle, when she stopped me. Taking from her dress a small, beautiful fan, which I had given her, she waved it in the air, and thus extinguished the light.

"The streets were yet dark as we hurried along. We reached Market Street, went up Market to Fifth, and down Fifth to the corner of Bryant. You will perhaps remember that, along the line of Bryant Street, there were formerly low marshes at the mouth of Mission creek. These extended for quite a distance out toward the creek and bay. Along Bryant Street, at the point where we were, the marsh was formerly twenty feet or more below the street; an abrupt descent. But I now saw, with surprise, that a railroad had been laid on Bryant Street, and that the marshes for a long distance out had been filled in with sand up to the level of the street. Indeed, quite a number of houses were already springing up on these new building lots.

"Leila gazed about her in a sort of stupefied way, as if a problem she could not understand had been suddenly presented to her. Then she murmured an exclamation expressive of amazement and dismay.

"'What is it?' I asked.

"'Come,' she said. We crossed the street and the railroad track. There was no fence, and she stooped and felt of the sand of the new ground. Then she arose, and came back to me with an indescribable expression on her face.

"'The Prince of Darkness has secured his own,' she said, leaning on my arm. 'My grandfather, Hafiz Kostason, and I buried the treasure in the marsh somewhere here. Now it is covered up forever from the sight of men. The Prince of Darkness is strong.'

"We stood silently, and the cold, steely light of morning increased. A low rumble came to our ears, and looking up the street,

we saw a long train of loaded sand-cars approaching. The headlight of the locomotive was lighted, as it was yet dusky. Leila was frightened, for I do not think she had ever seen a locomotive before. She tried to draw me away, but I assured her that there was no danger.

"The train thundered past. When the engine was a short distance beyond us, I saw a man dart out from the opposite side of the street, and attempt to cross in front of the train. He slipped, or tripped on a rail, and the cars rolled on, leaving him crushed beside the track. I ran to his side, and soon some of the trainmen came back with lanterns. I saw that it was Doctor Dahima, and that he was dead. Strange to say, one of his hands firmly grasped a loaded revolver.

"It was evident to me that the unfortunate wizard was following us, and, perhaps, tried to cross in front of the engine, thinking that we might elude him before the long train passed. Why he held the loaded revolver I do not know. Perhaps he wanted to make sure of his share of the treasure; or perhaps he intended to take it all.

"I went back to Leila, and told her that the man had been badly hurt, and hurried her away.

"'What shall we do?' she asked, as we walked along. She was sad, but I thought I detected a tone of relief in her voice.

"'I must go to my creditors and make the best terms I can,' I said. 'Perhaps they will not be harsh. But listen, Leila,' I continued, earnestly; 'as I am a criminal, you are not lawfully bound to me. You can renounce me for a better man.'

"I invented this explanation on the spur of the moment, as I really wished to let her know that she was not bound to me legally; but I only hurt her more deeply.

"'Do not cast me aside,' she said in a tremulous voice. 'The deeper you are in trouble, the more I will love you, and the closer I will cling to you. I will go with you to prison if I can. Do not say again that I may give you up.'

"Then Leila, said I, 'if that is your res-

olution, another ceremony must take place to bind the new agreement. It is the right way in a case like this.'

"It was now quite light, and presently we passed a large church. Near by was the parsonage. We went in through a well-kept garden, and knocked at the door. We were ushered into a small parlor, and presently the minister made his appearance. I drew him aside, and told him simply that we wished to be married. The worthy man was considerably astonished, and evidently hesitated; but I conjured him, by all that was good, to perform the ceremony, as it was a just and true marriage. I swore that in so doing, he was helping one repentant sinner who desired to turn from his evil ways. So the minister read the marriage service very solemnly and impressively, although I do not doubt that it was before breakfast. I tendered my fervent thanks and a ten-dollar piece. He accepted the former, but firmly declined the latter. I think he was deeply perplexed about us, more especially as Leila, after the ceremony, went reverently forward to where a beam from the rising sun poured through a window and illuminated the wall, and kissed the golden patch of light. The minister actually stared, but I was hardly surprised, knowing her strange religious belief.

"After leaving the parsonage, we went to a restaurant and ordered breakfast; but we could eat but little. Then we went back to our rooms, and I gave Leila nearly all the money I had, which was enough to support her for a considerable time in an economical way. I felt hopeful, however, for I thought that the deficit in my accounts had not yet been discovered, and I trusted that, if I immediately confessed my fault, the firm might deal with me gently. So I went directly to the counting-house, and there found the firm closeted with a detective, and I knew there

was no hope for me. You know the rest of my story in San Francisco.

"While I was in durance vile, Leila supported herself by selling flowers; and when I came out she had all the money I had given her, and a little more. We immediately left San Francisco, and then—I died."

Here Theodore smoked rapidly for a few minutes. Then he continued:

"I began a new life, and have succeeded pretty well. My success is due to my wife. She alone has made me what I am. She encouraged me, and helped me through many a severe trial. Doctor Dahima told me that I would marry one who was not rich, but who would bring me wealth. He was a true prophet, after all.

"I believe I did not mention that I returned the entire amount of my deficit, principal and interest, to the old firm in San Francisco. But I sent it in such a way that they could not trace me."

"Did you ever hear anything more about the treasure?" I asked.

"No," said Theodore. "Leila told me that on the night before old Kostason died, she walked all over the city with him in rain and darkness to find a secure hiding-place for the treasure. They buried it in the marsh, and I suppose it is there yet, with twenty or thirty feet of mud and sand over it, somewhere on the line of Bryant street."

"And may I ask if your wife still retains her peculiar belief?"

"To a certain extent she does," replied Theodore. "Our children are reared as Christians, but today not one of them will blow out a candle or lamp with the breath. That rite seems to be a remnant of the old fire-worship, which has been adopted by the Yezidees."

It was late, and I soon went to my luxuriously furnished bed-room, to dream of wizards and treasure-pits.

*C. E. B.*

## REMINISCENCES OF CALAVERAS.

THE foothills of Calaveras, situated almost in the center of the State, and easily approached from all directions, are, perhaps, as interesting historically as any section of the same size on the coast. The archives in the court house at San Andreas, the county seat of Calaveras County, contain record of incidents so numerous and romantic, that from them alone could be compiled a sketch not only interesting, but valuable, as a true picture of those early days, when the gold fever raged and towns sprang up in a single night.

This region was thoroughly explored in the famous years of '49 and '50, by the great human tide of our own people, which poured in from all parts of the Union; and long before this period the Spaniards and Mexicans had roamed over its jagged hills on ugly *brancos* for their long-horned cattle, and here had built their houses of adobe and stone along the creeks and river banks, or in the midst of far-rolling hills. The great "mother lode" of gold which traverses our State from the south in a northerly direction, passes through this favored country, and the gold-seekers were not long in discovering this. They threaded their way along the river courses, and up into the foothills, where the deep, broad cañons rose high and steep on either side, mantled with thorny shrubs or strong, gnarled oaks, which continued to the summits of the highest hills, and there showed in black and strong outline against the beautiful blue of the California skies.

The dark rock, the greenish copper and slate ledges, and the snow-white quartz, crop out from the thin red soil and the verdure which it supports. At a distance these cropings appear like goats grazing, or perhaps a single strayed lamb upon the steep mountain side. These were apt to contain the marvelous veins of wealth the miners sought. The Spaniards and Mexicans also appre-

ciated them; but they were willing to let nature perform the first process of mining, so they generally confined their operations to the rich sands of the creeks and rivers.

In those days I was a young man, and finding that money was more certain and less laboriously earned in some pursuit outside of mining, I bought an ox team, and began hauling lumber from the splendid pine groves near Strawberry Flat, down through the foothills and across the broad San Joaquin plains to Stockton. There were a number of us engaged in the same business, and in those days the roads over which we passed were cut deep with the wheels of freight teams and of those hauling ore, as well as of the heavily-loaded stages.

The pioneers, with their strength and determination, very soon subdued the Spanish and Mexican settlers to such an extent that they were really the masters; and in place of the rude stone and adobe dwellings, rose neat cottages, built of wood, with school-houses and churches, as well as numerous stores of brick. On the route over which I was compelled to pass slowly, and with a mind unoccupied save by the scenery around me, and the thoughts and memories that chanced to come, I had plenty of time to observe and reflect upon the changing condition of those localities. No part of the country through which I passed was more pleasing than the lower foothills. Here the roads were not so steep nor the woods so dense as they were higher up; neither were they so monotonous as the broad stretch of level plains below. Here in the spring-time the hills were white with the fragrant blossoms of the chaparral, while the long slopes between were knee-deep with gorgeously colored flowers. The blue pines grew here with their bent trunks charred by the hot summer suns, and thickly studded with acorns, set into the bark by the industrious wood-pecker, to the height of forty feet. Their long,

tasseled boughs were bristling with burrs, that invited the squirrel to feast upon the small rich nuts which they contained. Along the more open slopes and small plateaus grew white and black oaks, with their picturesque limbs and handsome foliage. In this region the ugly, long-horned Spanish cattle were soon replaced by those of finer breed, which the new settlers had introduced.

One place in particular, owned by one White, was situated at the beginning of Reed's Turnpike, which winds along the last spur of the lonely hills ere the plains are reached. Here we teamsters, as well as those who traveled by stage, stopped for refreshments, and often over night. This place was fifteen miles from Chinese Camp, the nearest town up the road, and seven miles from Telegraph City, a small station at the end of the turnpike. White had planted an orchard and vineyard, and from the small hill upon which the house was built could be obtained a magnificent view. The famous Table Mountains lay straight before, some six miles distant, and around their dark, precipitous sides wound the beautiful Stanislaus River; while to the east the snow-capped Sierras rose like clouds against the horizon, and walled in by their white crowns, fold upon fold of violet peaks between. This was a delightful stopping place. From a dark stone basin, blasted in the side of the hill, gushed a stream of pure cold water, delicious to the taste. This water was considered to be the best of any within a radius of ten miles around. White's fruit, too, was a real luxury in those days, and was appreciated accordingly.

Here one evening, as I sat on the broad, comfortable veranda, watching the progress of a thunder shower as it played upon the mountains miles away, while we were under a clear, starry sky, an acquaintance was telling me of the discovery of copper near by. It was creating quite a boom just then. I had studied the progress of what has been called the "gold fever," and at this time predicted that the discovery under consideration would be about like the distant shower, so far as we were concerned; that it would affect us not in the least, and would be of short

duration. On my way to Davis Flat for my next load I was not surprised to see a few shanties erected about a mile east from White's place, upon the new copper claims. The ore certainly looked fine, but nothing short of positive success could convince me of its value; so I refused a one-third interest in the mine, which, at that time, I could have purchased for three hundred dollars and the cost of a few improvements.

We teamsters carried but little money with us, and were always armed, for fear of robbers. On either side of the road the woods above described grew from Telegraph clear on up the Yosemite Valley, and served as a perfect protection for the highwaymen and other desperadoes who might choose to molest us; also, on those well-beaten and dusty roads, the broad foot-print of the bear left its track; and the odor of ham and bacon, which we always carried with us for lunch, was a strong attraction to the grizzly. At short distances along the road the smooth, looped track of the serpent appeared, and it was not rare to see a huge rattlesnake coiled up in the path of the oxen; so we kept a sharp lookout ahead for them, since the price of a beast was no song in those times.

This reminds me of a friend, Hiram Hatch, who used to team over the same road. He had ten mules, and being very fond of animals, took good care of them. At the mill we cabined together—that is, when we were both there at the same time. The grizzlies were thicker here, in the pines; and I, myself, had had my ham taken from the branch of a tree near the cabin, where I usually hung it—for a grizzly was not a guest I cared to invite indoors. I therefore cautioned Hi not to keep his too near the cabin at night. However, he paid no attention to my advice, and one evening, after he had given his team their last feed, he returned to the cabin and threw himself upon his bed, without looking for intruders. Ere he had fallen asleep, he heard the loud crunching of a bear but a few feet from him. He cautiously climbed up among the rafters, and thought to frighten the beast away by firing. The grizzly must

have been ravenously hungry, or it would never have entered the cabin; so instead of departing, it reached its huge fore paws up, and managed to thread its claws in Hi's trousers, cruelly tearing the flesh at the same time. With the strength of desperation, he pushed a few shingles off the roof, and contrived to crawl through, after abandoning the trousers to the bear. There he sat on the roof-tree all night, shivering with cold, and suffering from his wounds, for he was unable to walk, while the bear snored peacefully below. Ere the dawn, he saw the monster's huge bulk disappear in the woods, and some time afterwards I arrived, and did what I could to alleviate his sufferings. This was the last night he spent in the little log cabin, for as soon as he recovered sufficiently, he went to Sonora, sold his team, and engaged in some other business, the character of which I have forgotten, for I never saw him afterwards.

The copper boom was very successful. When I passed down there were at least thirty houses erected about the claims, and a number of workmen already engaged. During my trips to and fro about the year 1862, this place grew so rapidly that it was really a city in less than ten months, and it bore the pretentious name of Copperopolis. Upon the verdant slopes about the broad ravine within which the town was built, appeared small dairy farms and stock ranches. Here they raised hay and grain, and planted gardens and orchards, until the place bore that peaceful and homelike look which characterizes the country parts of the Middle and Eastern States. I, myself, became so pleased with the little farms, that I resolved to own one; so my faithful oxen were exchanged for dairy cows. I gave up my teaming, and settled down into a genuine California farmer. Although I have called my place a small one, it contained over a mile square of pasture land, and over one hundred acres devoted to hay field.

The peaceful pastoral life which I had pictured to myself was not realized, for it was a continual war with wild animals and more dangerous men. Still, the exercise of pro-

tecting my stock gave me a feeling of strength and freedom that was delightful in another way. The flourishing town proved a bonanza to me. Every pay day this very desk at which I write fairly groaned with the weight of its treasures. It stood at the head of my bed, and was guarded every night by a good six-shooter, as well as by one of those unrivalled Mexican dirks. My trusty dog, a large Newfoundland, slept at my door, and no sound about the premises occurred but he gave warning of it.

One stormy night, I remember, he was particularly fretful, and disturbed me so much that I went into my hired man's room and asked if he heard anyone about. We looked out, but in the rain and darkness could distinguish nothing unusual. After visiting the barns, and finding the horses and cattle all right, we returned, concluding that perhaps a wolf or a pack of coyotes had disturbed old Watch. However, his warning was more reliable than we had thought, for the next morning we found unusual footprints about the place, and my spirited little saddle horse, together with the saddle, had disappeared.

On my next trip to town I learned that the notorious Tiburcio Vasquez and his band had made a raid on the store at Burns' Ferry, and taken supplies sufficient to last them for quite a long trip. The store-keeper, who happened to be in town, and was my informant, said that he recognized my riding horse, — a spirited little iron-gray mustang, upon which he had often seen me mounted. I congratulated myself most heartily on escaping with so little loss; for had they suspected the amount my desk then contained, they would certainly not have passed it by. That very day I sent by express its valuable contents to a bank at the Bay.

The years went on, and they seemed short ones, too; for there were always some stirring incidents happening, and the work on the ranch was progressive and interesting. Suddenly the mines went down, and the people scattered as though driven out by a magic influence, taking even their houses with them. Those who had acquired real estate were the principal losers. I had an-



other little reckoning with myself in those days. The man who had bought for three hundred dollars the share in the claim that I had refused, just before this date sold his interest for ninety thousand dollars, which was almost clear gain, as he was not able to invest much after the first lay-out.

Along those roads, every bend of which I knew well, highway robberies were very common. The news of such an event filled the town with excitement for a day or so. There were a number of men noted for their perseverance and bravery in tracing the outlaws to their ambushes and securing their capture, or for following them to the cities below, and establishing their identity there. Even since the town went down, the robberies have scarcely grown less frequent. Large quantities of gold bullion are often sent over this route from the mines about Sonora, and they prove a strong temptation to highwaymen.

One of the stage-drivers, who was at the time a young man, after seeing the black muzzle pointed at him on several occasions, became very anxious to deliver as quickly as possible Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express box to those well-armed ruffians, when they demanded it. Early one gray morning, as he was making his way down a steep grade, a man stepped out from a chaparral, near a turn of the road, and pointing a rifle at him, demanded the strong box. The driver threw it out, and dashed on. He told the news when he reached town, and a company of men rode immediately to the spot where the robbery had been committed. They found the box where the driver must have thrown it, and on examination it proved to have been opened and robbed of its valuable contents. Every letter had been examined.

They took the box to town upon a buckboard, and Sheriff Thorn, with a posse of citizens, started in pursuit of the outlaw. A youthful sheep-herder, tending his herd in the vicinity of the robbery, shortly afterwards stood talking with a young friend. From a thicket near by a hare started, and a couple of shepherd dogs gave chase. On they went, up hill and down, barking all the way,

until the sounds grew faint in the distance. They chased the hare down into a cañon, and kept up such a persistent barking, that out of curiosity the two young men went to see what it was about. The hare had escaped into a hollow stump, and was just beyond their reach, though still in sight. The dogs were scratching about the roots with their paws, and had torn away considerable earth and stones. The herder chanced to notice a piece of white cotton, and he determined to investigate further.

"It is most likely the shroud of some Indian who has been buried here," remarked his companion.

They lifted away some loose, flat stones, and tore out part of the decayed roots, so that the hare escaped from the stump, and ran up the cañon, with the dogs in pursuit. The muslin was part of a pocket handkerchief, and with it was a pair of boots. On examination, tracks, which had evidently been made by the boots, were found, and also the remains of a charcoal fire, which had been carefully concealed under rocks and dry turfs.

The robber, through some unaccountable want of caution, had neglected to tear his laundry mark from the hem of the handkerchief. This served as a clue to his identity. It was taken to the laundry in San Francisco where it had been washed, and was recognized by the laundryman, who named its owner. The highwayman was in the city, spending at leisure his ill-gotten wealth. He was taken to Calaveras County, and tried at San Andreas, and was sentenced to serve a long term of imprisonment at San Quentin, where he yet remains. The enterprising young men who were instrumental in securing his capture, were handsomely rewarded by the county.

The mines went down about the year 1867, and the Stockton and Copperopolis Railroad was completed to within fifteen miles of the town a year or so later. A large proportion of the Yosemite Valley travel passes from its terminus through Copperopolis, and on up to the Valley by stage. This is a source of life and industry; and with the

gradually improving agricultural and stock interests the old town is not so dead, after all.

A visit to this picturesque place would prove very interesting to those who love to trace the glory of the past from the ruins of the present. There is every mark to indicate that this place was once a populous and prosperous town. In the very heart of it stretch long, broad sheds, that have sheltered thousands of workmen; and between them are buildings once large and strong, but now worm-eaten and crumbling to decay, that show through their rents and crevices huge piles of rusting machinery. In various places near there, gigantic mounds of copper ore rise like greenish blue mountains in miniature. They are perfectly spangled with shining copper pyrites, and appear as if nature had sprinkled them with a glittering golden dew. In numberless places are old archways and cellars lined with masonry, from which the buildings have been taken. The handsome brick church and large school-house, sheltered by clustering oaks, speak most eloquently of former days. Of the immense floating population of California, a great number must have made this place their home at one time or another, for through our large State, even among my own necessarily limited number of acquaintances, I have met with hundreds who once lived at Copperopolis. At the present time, about twenty families make their homes here, and cozy, inviting dwellings they are, too, with their blooming oleanders and sweet-smelling honeysuckles about them.

With a good gun and dog, a sportsman can find the greatest delight in roaming over those sparsely wooded hills. He can fill his game bag full of quail and doves, and if he is acquainted with the habits of the mountain deer, he may bring one down before he becomes tired.

One day, while out on such a jaunt as this, I sat down to rest beside a chaparral that grew upon the bank of a creek. Noticing a lot of rough-hewn rocks below me, I finally made out the remains of an old Mexican arastra. This set me to looking for any ap-

pearance of a quartz ledge near by. But as I was really fatigued, I got no further than the old arastra remains, and sat down upon a rock. As I rested here, I remarked that the arastra must have been built many years ago, for the deepest channel of the creek now flowed much nearer than it could have done at that time. Just before me was a beautiful cluster of ferns, the roots of which were washed by the crystal and silent water as it flowed imperceptibly on its way. With the hand of wantonness I reached out and tore them up by the roots. There clung to them the rusted rim of an old yeast-powder can. I turned over the heavy rock beside which the ferns were growing, and found the rest of the can almost entirely eaten away with rust, and spilling its contents of fine gold dust, mingled with a few small nuggets.

I gathered up every particle of the precious remains and took them to town, giving up hunting for that day. My find was valued at one hundred and nineteen dollars. I adopted all possible means of ascertaining who the old miner might have been, and the whereabouts of his heirs, if he should have any. The only clue to his existence that I could get was a half-legend of an aged Frenchman, who had been drowned in a storm, and found dead after having been washed down the creek for miles. For many years he had dwelt alone in a log-cabin near the arastra. He spent his days working in a ledge just before his door, into which he had dug a deep incline. He never allowed any one to pass beyond its entrance. For what reason he guarded it so, no one knew, and rumor suggested several; chiefly, that he was a miner who gloated over his secret wealth, while his clothes turned to rags and his cabin was empty. Another story was that the incline was a strange labyrinth, he who presumed to explore into which was lost, and had to starve in the darkness and dampness of a living tomb. The old Frenchman (he was known by no other name) had thick black hair and beard, which he wore quite long, while his eyes, though bloodshot, were deep and piercing. But these indications of youth were contradicted

by his thin, bent frame, and wan, wrinkled face, which seemed to bear the lines of seventy hard years. Alone, unloved, and uncared for, he spent his old age, still feebly seeking that treasure which had lured him from his native land, and for which he had wasted all the years of his youth and manhood. When the poor old man died, no one knew whether he had been accidentally drowned in the creek during a storm, or whether some outlaw, in quest of his supposed treasure, had murdered him; and this secret will never be known. His unwept remains were buried upon a hill-slope, where only the wild oats sigh until the winter rains beat them to the earth.

To come across such a grave, as one often does in riding over the trackless hills hunting stock, is inexpressibly melancholy. It can be recognized only by a narrow mound, into one end of which a wooden stake is driven. When this has crumbled to decay, no mark is left to indicate that the remains of some poor wayfarer lie beneath.

Equally sad are the traces of their labor. Perhaps an old cobblestone chimney, from which the timbers that once framed a cabin have rotted away, alone marks what was once the wretched home of such a miner. Along those winding creeks, tributaries to the Stanislaus River, many dilapidated arastras and other signs of the rude mining of early days may be seen. In the sides of the gulches, and upon the hills, prospect holes remain in places that seem so lonely, that if it were not for these, one might imagine that the feet of mortals had never before pressed those sods.

Not only here are signs of the wrecks which gold-seeking has made, but in the towns and on the ranches are still numberless men who have spent their best years in following that bright chimera in vain, and are now ambitionless and old. Life offers to them nothing but a bare sustenance, for which the remnant of their days must be spent in toil. They may even have possessed a portion of that wealth which they had striven to obtain, but by some mysterious turn of Fortune's wheel, this had slipped

from their grasp, and was never again within reach. With the memory of old people, which retains accurately events that occurred in youth and middle age, they delight to relate their experiences to any one who has patience to listen. Others, more wise, profited by the examples of many around them, and turned from the pursuit of fortune to one less splendid, but more certain of success and happiness in the end. To them it seemed better to build homes upon those verdant slopes, than to wander in the wildernesses alone in search of gold. These, too, have their stories to tell; but they tell them at their own firesides, in the midst of plenty.

One afternoon in the autumn I drew up before the picket fence which surrounded a rambling farm house. The place is called Empire Ranch, and was familiar to me twenty-five years before, when I was hauling lumber over this road. The house had been changed, and, in fact, the whole premises so altered that I should scarcely have known the place, had it not been for the familiar road and landscape. I had been hunting some strayed cattle for several days, but my horse had cast a shoe, and becoming lame, had made it necessary for me to stop at the nearest place. I told my needs to Mr. Campbell, the gentlemanly owner, who made me welcome as an invited guest, with that hearty hospitality characteristic of California ranchers. Lunch was set before me, and meantime, I fell into a conversation with my host about early days.

He had lived on the same ranch for thirty years. I remarked how much his place had changed since those times, when it was simply a wayside house of unpainted wood. No garden or fence surrounded it, and at the front two slender stumps were driven firmly into the ground for hitching posts. At the back the corrals and pig pens were enclosed by fences formed of rails stuck endwise into the ground, with no spaces between them. In the whole enclosure there were not two of a length. These walls and floors were bare and brown in those days. Over the fireplace a pair of elk horns served as a rack for us to hang our hats and spurs

upon. Very different was the home-like ranch house of the present. Woman's fingers have left their traces everywhere, and have transformed that rough wayside house into a cheerful home.

At evening I joined the family circle in the parlor, which seemed all the more sheltered and cozy because of the autumn winds whistling through the leafless oaks without. There, in the pleasant lamplight, we entertained each other by talking over old times, while the hours slipped away. We happened to mention that noted outlaw, Joaquin Murietta. In the first place, he was a quiet and peaceful citizen. In the absence of efficient execution of laws, the pioneers often forcibly ejected the Mexicans from their lands, without making them any compensation. He happened to have one of those strong, willful natures which could not brook injustice; and so he gathered around him a large number of powerful and desperate men, over whom he gained a complete ascendancy. When society was so disorganized, this band made a most formidable enemy to peace and order.

"I never saw Joaquin Murietta but once," said Mr. Campbell, "and that occasion was one of the most unpleasant experiences I ever had. Just twenty-eight years ago this fall, my partner and I were keeping a wayside house here. One morning he hitched up the team, and started for Stockton to buy the provisions necessary to last through the coming winter. He would be gone several days, and in the meantime I, with a couple of herders, remained here. I had in the safe some four thousand dollars which belonged to us, and some small amounts belonging to the herders and a neighbor. Along towards sunset the weather was remarkably clear and warm, and the herders returning from the woods were in high spirits. They wanted to spend the evening in town, and I would have joined them, but I thought it necessary to remain at home on account of the safe. I was not afraid to stay at home, however, and I told them to go.

"I had just seated myself with a paper, when I heard the clatter of hoofs descend-

ing the hill towards the house. In a moment the porch was surrounded with Mexican horsemen. They were well armed, and dressed in the serviceable vaquero's costume, buckskin leggings, trimmed with strips of fur and jingling bells, large spurs, and about the waist a scarf of crimson silk, with long fringes, tied as a girdle. A slouched sombrero served to shelter the head from the sun and rain; a heavy blue flannel shirt and buckskin gloves, with long gauntlets, complete the dress. The horses were fierce little mustangs, and were saddled in fine Mexican style. The leader of the band I recognized at once as Joaquin Murietta, from descriptions I had heard of him.

"'Señor Campbell,' he said, 'will you supply my men with dinner, and furnish the *brancos* with a good feed?' He waved his hand as he spoke towards his followers, and, when I assented, dismounted from his horse. Several of the men followed his example, and together they entered the house, while a number of others led the mustangs to the barn, where they supplied them with all the hay and grain they needed. I immediately began to prepare as good a dinner as possible. In the meantime, I found an opportunity to take the keys from the secret place where they were usually kept, and held them in my hand, in anticipation of Murietta's demand for them. I must confess that the idea of saving the contents of the safe never occurred to me. I knew that any one of Joaquin's followers would murder me on the least provocation, and I thought that if I could escape with my life by sacrificing all else, I should be very fortunate.

"Some fifteen men sat down to the table that had been made ready for them, and Joaquin himself presided. All the ham and eggs on the place had been cooked, and the best our larder could afford spread before them. I poured out the coffee for them myself, and noticing a dish of fly poison, I thought of mixing some of it with the beverage. After a moment's consideration, I realized that even if I did succeed in overcoming all of them, my life would pay for it sooner or later; for though I might have

escaped the men at the barn by retreating from the house through the chaparral, that then grew up to back door, the band had many other members besides those at my house, and they would certainly revenge themselves upon me; so I took it in to them pure, and as delicious as my means afforded.

"After they had all dined, they went into the sitting-room and called for wine and cigars. Seating themselves comfortably, or standing in groups, they spent an hour or more, conversing with each other pleasantly in the Spanish tongue. When they were ready to depart, Joaquin Murietta rose slowly and came to the counter behind which I was standing. He leaned against it carelessly, yet in such a position that he could see the safe. 'Now is the time,' I thought, holding the keys in readiness to lay them before him. He lounged there a few moments, meditatively watching the smoke of his cigar as it curled upwards and mingled with the cloud that obscured the ceiling.

"'Señor Campbell,' he said at length, seeming to remember my presence, 'you have entertained us politely, for which accept our thanks. Another drink, please, and we go.'

"They spent a few moments more over the wine, while their *brancos* were led to the door, prancing and champing their cruel Spanish bits. They sprang to their saddles lightly, and reined in their fretful beasts with grace and ease. Murietta saluted me with a bow and wave of the hand, Mexican fashion, then they dashed off up the road towards Reynolds' Ferry. It was just as dusk was deepening into night, and I noticed the first stars as I stood watching their rapidly moving figures disappear into the dust and darkness. I could scarcely believe that we had not been robbed, and I opened the safe to reassure my senses.

"The herders returned from town some time after midnight, and when they were told of the bandit's unusual behavior, they were as much surprised as I had been. The Mexicans were returning from a successful raid in Tuolumne. When we next heard of them, months afterwards, they were away in some of the southern counties."

The following morning I took leave of my interesting host, and went off in search of my strays through the pure sunny air, fragrant with perfume from the autumn woods.

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## TERECITA.

### I.

THE search for gold had brought many hardy and brave men to California. There was noise and bustle, but it was all masculine and mature. The glee of child-life, like the fall of rain, was rarely heard. Society was half old; the other half had not been born. This was the condition of things in general, but in particular there was a small beginning of the life for which States are created, and as its accompaniment, the school-room with busy hum was already in the land. Polygot schools they were: France jostled Spain with no Pyrenees between, unless the mixture of Indian blood could be called

such; Missouri tickled Massachusetts, and England placed pins for Ireland to sit upon.

It is a January morning in Oakland. The rain has poured steadily all night, and the gray light of the early day still shows that the promise of a three days' storm is being well kept. It is half-past eight o'clock, and already the redwood school house is jubilant with the animal spirits of twenty children. The aisles have been turned into race-courses, and the benches are utilized in obstacle races. In one corner Will Thornton is telling three or four of the elder boys about the shooting of a man at the Gold Dog Saloon the night before.

The hilarity is at its height, when a little figure in black makes its appearance in the doorway and stands there. All that one can see of it is a pair of black eyes, a dark skin, a black hood, a black crêpe shawl, and a pair of copper-toed boots. The children stop their game for a moment to look at her, and then dash into their sport once more. But the lull in the noise has attracted the attention of those in the corner from the interesting statement of Will, that the bullet had gone "clean through the man," to the little girl in the doorway. Will utters an "Oh, it's Terecita," and rushes to the door, where he catches hold of the new-comer's hands. Terecita is frightened at first, and the lad has a streak of red on his hand where she has scratched him. But he does not mind it, and as Terecita recognizes him, her big eyes fill with tears, while she says smilingly: "Ah, Meester Will, I do hurt you once more. I can no help; but I am so much of sorrow for you that I did."

"Don't say anything about it. I am so glad that the fiery old step-mother has relented. Did Mr. Whistler go to see her?"

"Ah, the good teacher, he come to my house and talk a long time with my mother for me to go to learn the reading and the writing, but she would not say it for me to go. But the teacher did shake the hand of her, and she did say, 'It is so.' And when he did go, he kiss me and say: 'I come for you on Monday.' Then he go away, and she go to the silk cloth where she put her money, and I do think he did give her money for me to go."

"I am so glad; but you must come in, little one, or you'll catch your death if you stand there. Come up to the stove, for your clothes are all wet."

"Meester Will is so good to Terecita, and she does much thank him." This is said in a very demure way, and with the quaintest courtesy imaginable.

"That's all right, Terecita," says Will, as he leads her up to the stove and helps her take off her shawl and hood. A beautiful oval olive face and a pair of lustrous black eyes are now seen. Her hair is glossy brown,

and hangs down the back in two long braids, united at their ends by a bow of brownish black ribbon. Her dress also is of brown, weather-beaten black, and is very thin. One sees now that she is older than her appearance at the door indicated. She must be twelve, at least.

"There, Terecita, sit down on this bench and warm yourself, and if any one annoys you, let me know, and they'll not do it a second time."

The boy says this so earnestly that the girl is betrayed into a laugh, while she says, "Meester Will is so good."

Of a sudden there is a delightful hushing of the babel, and a low, calm voice fills the room, with a "Good-morning, children." He is a tall, angular man, with deep gray eyes. If one can resist their spell, it may be noticed that his black coat fits him ill, and is shiny and so threadbare in places that the check of the black and white shirt shows beneath. At the first sound of his voice Terecita starts up and runs to him.

"*Mio amigo*, it was so rain that I did come, so you did no have for me to go."

He does not tell her that he had gone three blocks out of his way for her sake, but smilingly says, "That is right."

She clings closely to the teacher as he walks towards his desk, looking up into his face with a confiding earnestness that fully trusts him to keep her from all harm. He stoops as they reach the front row of seats, and says a few words to her. She sits down quietly, while he prepares for opening school.

Will comes to her. "I am so glad to see you here. What a dear, kind, old fellow he is—" and Will gazes tenderly in the direction of Mr. Whistler, who is writing a stanza of song on the blackboard. Song-books are few, and most of the pupils must learn the words in this way. "And how is the father, Terecita?"

"Ah, the father is not well as he did be, for the strength go like the fog in the tree; but when the warm sun shine all the day, I have so much hope of him, I smile. But the mother, ah, the poor father, she make him the walk, when he wish the rest, and she

drive him the fire from, and the tears do come in the eye; but I make I no see, and I put my arm to his neck, and kiss him, the poor father. And he make a breath, and say: '*Muy carita mia!*'"

Mr. Whistler has gone down the aisle to the door, and as Terecita ends he rings the bell for opening school. The roll is called, and the last name is Terecita Touchard. In a few minutes the singing is begun from that wonderful treasury—"The Golden Wreath." They try the new song—"The Mountain Maid's Invitation"—the words of which Mr. Whistler has just put upon the blackboard. It goes limpingly at first, but the children soon catch its swing. The classes are called. Mr. Whistler gives Terecita a bright green book, a primer, saying: "Look at the pictures, and come when I call you." Finally, her turn comes, and with a dozen other children, much smaller than she is, her lesson begins. She knows her letters, and so gets along quite well, but with every letter she looks to the teacher and smiles, and until he nods she does not go to the next. Meanwhile, the other children are all tittering at her boots, and her peculiar recitation, but she does not notice them. They go to their seats, and it is now time for recess.

The rain continues to pour down, and the children are permitted to remain within doors. Every one is laughing, tittering, and playing—every one except little Terecita. In returning to her seat, she has noticed a slate, upon which one of the pupils has drawn a caricature of her with exaggerated boots and elongated braids. Poor little Terecita is unhappy. She sits apart, and gazes tearfully out of the window, watching the flood of rain course down the panes. Her eyes flash ominously at times, but the drooping little figure expresses more of grief than of anger. In a little while she draws short breaths, and soon is fairly sobbing. This attracts the attention of those near her, and they gather around. Will notices them, and goes over to see what is happening.

"What is the matter, Terecita?" but she drops her head, and buries it in her arms on the desk, and continues to sob harder than

ever. "Terecita, why, Terecita, I thought you were a brave girl, and here you are crying as though your heart would break. Now, tell me what the matter is, and I'll fix it all right. If any one has hurt you, I'll punish him for it." With this he lays his hand on her shoulder. Fainter and fainter and less frequently the sobs are heard, and finally, with one long sigh, Terecita raises her head, and smiles a sad little thank-you into Will's face.

"I like the reading and the writing and the dear teacher and you, but I have the think that the others no like me, and do me hurt, and I want the go from, but I want so much the reading, and the teacher he is so kind"—and therewith another flood of tears courses down her face, and more sobbing shakes the little frame.

And now Mr. Whistler has finished the work he is upon, and it is time to ring the bell. As he passes down the aisle to do so, he notices the sobbing child, and stops. "What, my little one, crying? Come, look up and smile. That will please me most of all, for it hurts me when people cry. Now, little one, be a brave girl."

The sobs have stopped long before he ends, and as he goes to ring the bell a smiling face follows him. As the children pass to their seats, the girl who had drawn the caricature of Terecita comes up to her and puts a bright red bead into the new pupil's hand. "It's the prettiest one I've got, and I hope you don't think me a bad girl. I'm real sorry."

Terecita is happy now, and the rain beating its tattoo on the roof and streaming down the windows sings with the soul in her joyous frame. She listens to the more advanced classes reciting their lessons in geography and grammar. She begins to wish that she could point out on the map. And the conjugation of the verb to love, she thinks, is a very pretty song, and through her brain "I love, thou lovest, he loves, we love, you love, they love," goes refraining itself ever and anon. Mr. Whistler has given her a slate, on which is a copy of straight and curved lines, and working at this amuses her when she is

not listening to the recitations. At the city of Mexico she starts, for that is where her mother was born. And all the remainder of the session, the dark eyes of the little girl are oftenest found resting on that black spot which marks the city of Mexico on the map, and her lips are seen to move, as if repeating: "*Madre! Madre!*"

School holds but half a day when it is so stormy, and at half-past twelve it is dismissed. The little girl comes up to Terecita and says: "Do you know how to make a horsehair ring?" Terecita shakes her head. "Well, then, to-morrow I'll bring some horsehair, and don't lose the red bead I giv to you, and I'll show you how to fix it on a ring. Good-bye."

Terecita and Will, with Mr. Whistler, are the last to leave. "Were you waiting to see Terecita home, Will? I am going that way tonight, and you need not run any risk of catching more cold; it is bad enough as it is. So good-night, my boy."

Will says good-bye to Mr. Whistler and Terecita, and passes out.

"How does Terecita like it?"

"I like it vara much, and I can come evera day? Is it so?"

"Yes, every day."

Mr. Whistler arranges his table, while Terecita puts on her hood and the crêpe shawl. She takes Mr. Whistler's hand, and they pass out. The iron key rattles in the lock, and is placed under the step for the first pupil in the morning. The rain twinkles a song on the oak leaves over the porch, and on the sand a twinkling answer is heard, with now and then a sudden pit, as a larger drop falls. The few ruts are filled with water, and a yellow stream pours down the center of each street. As teacher and pupil trudge along, he remarks: "Well, those boots do a great deal better service than my shoes. How dry your feet will be, and there will be no cold to make you feel bad, either. That is what I like. And if you keep well, you will learn very fast, and be my best pupil. Here we are at home—the two blocks have gone fast. Now run in, and pleasant dreams tonight. Good-bye."

"*Bueno nochè*" comes back to him as the little form glides in.

## II.

It is the first of May now, and the scent of grass in its prime helps us to enjoy the wild flowers and the blue skies. The winds are soft, and there is a delicious languor in the air. The larks yonder, bright in black bands and yellow vests, repeat over and over their gay, rollicking bravuras. And where is Terecita? The little, square, one-story brown house is still on Fourth Street. Over the door one sees the old sign, with its legend, *Bains*. On the glass door one reads *Vin, Segars*. In a small back room our little friend is leaning on the window-sill, enjoying the forenoon scene. The old crêpe shawl is slipping from her shoulders. She is watching two tiny green finches sporting in the yellow mustard that stands thickly in the yard. Her head is turned, but, presently, as a humming bird darts up to a Castilian rose that waves in the space over her head, she moves, and the little face is seen to be thinner. She smiles while watching the tiny creature, and her pleasure sends a color into her cheeks almost as bright as that of the tender flush of the rose above her. Away the bird darts, and as quickly alights on a prickly pear—a great, rugged, flat, thorny, gray-green plant about twenty feet off, covered with newly-formed fruit.

"Terecita! Terecita! *aquí! aquí!*" a harsh, rasping, strident call rings out.

Terecita jumps up, and the smile vanishes. "Ah, it is so good," and she points out of the window, "the ugly plant and all, but she," pointing to the other room, "she no even give one little *tuña* to me."

"Terecita, *aquí!*" rings out once more.

No longer hesitating, she picks up the shawl that has fallen, and hastens out of the room. As she passes, the light now falls on the back of her head, and shows that her long glossy braids have been cut off at that disagreeable length where the hair grazes the shoulders.

Terecita is met by her step-mother with a



slap upon the face, and the one word, "*Agua.*" The step-mother is a dark, oily-looking Spanish woman, clad in a brown calico dress and a black shawl. Her eyes are glaring and vindictive, and the thin lips are tightly pressed together. As she sits on the low bench by the stove, picking over some dark beans, the light from the south window throws into striking prominence a long white scar that runs across her forehead. Altogether, outwardly, she is an unlovely woman. Two years before, she cajoled Felix Touchard into marrying her. Now, having possessed herself of his money, her miserly nature only too fondly wishes that both father and daughter were out of the way. She has spent several years in the mining camps around Cherokee Flat and Sonora, and her English is quite fluent. Suddenly she stops running over the beans, lets her head fall forward a little more, and places her left forefinger to her closed lips. She is counting her gains over and over to herself. When doing so, she is oblivious to all else. It is a sort of trance, and the only thing that will rouse her from it is some musical sound. If not disturbed, she will remain fifteen or twenty minutes in this peculiar condition. There she sits with her eyes fixed.

Meanwhile Terecita has gone into the yard and is standing by the well, with her little hands convulsively clenched and her body trembling with anger. "Ah, the beautiful hair she cut from the head of me, and the strike of her arm!" The girl has to stop, for her anger fairly consumes her strength. In a moment the paroxysm passes, and she cries silently for a while, and then, "*Madre mio, madre mio*, I would the grave if not the father live—the poor father!" The wailing of tenderness fills the little voice as it utters these last words. Her mother passed away two years and a half ago, and her father has been growing more and more feeble each day. The little heart is hungry, and there is so little for it to live upon.

Terecita does not notice the beautiful oak that shades the well and the yard; for her the pigeons in its branches have no attraction, and the mother hen need not come up

to show her newly-born chicks to the little girl. The windlass creaks its laborious song, and after many a weary turn the bucket is raised, and the jar which Terecita has brought from the house is filled. Claspings the heavy burden with both arms, with many a slop she carries it into the house. Terecita notices that her step-mother is in one of her trances, and after placing the jar of water in its usual place, slips away to her room, and once again takes her stand at the window. The birds have gone, and so she watches how the mustard sways its yellow sprays across the blue sky, and how the bees cover their thighs with pollen, and the gentle breeze that floats into the room brings the sweet breath of the mustard, and of the grass, and of the Castilian roses, to soothe her.

Suddenly the jangling of a bell is heard. The step-mother draws a long sigh, and rises to her feet, tumbling the pan of beans to the floor. This fairly arouses her, and she calls, "*Terecita, aquí!*" but it is noticeable that neither is the key so high nor the tone so rasping as it was before. Leaving Terecita to pick up the beans, the step-mother goes into the front room, and there stands Will Thornton.

"Good morning, madam. I would like to take a bath."

"It shall be ready for the Señor in a little while. If the Señor will please take a seat to wait for a few minutes." With these words, said in a fawning voice, she bows and leaves the room.

Will has been here before. The same strings of white and red garlic and Chili peppers hang on the fly-specked walls as when he had entered on other occasions. The furniture consists of a round table on which is a pack of dirty cards, four chairs, and a bench. Behind a low counter there is another table, on which stand five bottles, five glasses, and a box of cigars. Over the table hangs a mirror, and flanking it on either side is the picture of a fair creature, decorated with a gilt paper girdle and tinsel jewelry. Leading from this room are three doors, giving entrance to as many bath rooms. In going over these details in the indifferent

manner of familiarity, Will suddenly starts ; for into his line of vision, leading through the open door into the kitchen, a familiar figure glides. The beans in falling straggled all over the floor, and while she is picking up some of these stragglers, Will sees her.

"Why, Terecita, what is the matter with you? What has become of your hair? You've been having headaches, I am afraid, like sister Mary?" With this he begins to help pick up the scattered beans, but hardly has he begun when the little hands clutch his arm, and the little head leans against it trembling with struggling passion.

"Tell me all about it, Terecita."

With a sudden bound the girl leaps to her feet, and, gazing down on the boy seated among the beans, cries out in a ringing treble: "The bad woman! I hate! She would the me kill, I think. For the why she the hair cut? It was too long the time to brush it I did take, and when I asleep she the beautiful hair of me did cut. Ah, the bad woman, I hate!"

All this has been said with flashing eyes, excited waving of arms and stamping of feet. The words are no sooner out of her mouth than the step-mother, who has returned in time to hear Terecita's speech without the door, no longer able to restrain herself, rushes in and slaps her across the face.

Will jumps up. "Madam will please to stop. You are a bad woman." He draws Terecita into the bar-room, and they sit down on the wooden bench. "Is this the life you have led, little one? It is dreadful. I wish that I were older. I am going away tomorrow; 'way up in the mines with father, to be gone six months. It's too bad, but I can't help it."

"My friend is away to go! And the teacher is no to come back, and Terecita will no but the poor father have for to love." The full eyes overflow with tears while she says this.

"Only six months, little one, and then it will be school again, and I'll be here all the time. Now, good-bye, and be a brave, patient, good girl." With that he kisses one of the brown hands, and with another good-bye passes out into the street.

The noise of the jingling door-bell stirs the step-mother, and she comes to the front room. Terecita is the only one to be seen, and she is still seated on the bench with her face buried in her hands. The step-mother roughly shakes her and asks: "Where is the Señor?"

"He is to the mines gone away." As the woman realizes that she has lost the price of a bath, rage possesses her, and seizing Terecita, she throws her roughly upon the floor, and then drags her into the kitchen, where, without mercy, she beats her until the girl faints, and lies on the floor like one dead.

Felix Touchard has hobbled down a block away from home, to see a friend who has come in from Moraga Valley with an ox-team of redwood. He thinks that the next time his friend comes down, he will return with him, and live in the redwoods awhile. As he wearily drags his poor shattered frame along through the noon-tide heat, his thought of the redwoods and what they may do for him sustains him. He will take Terecita with him, too, and how pleasant it will be—far away from the step-mother and the baths. He is so weak that his trembling hands with difficulty turn the knob to open the door. As he enters, the noise of the bell brings the step-mother, who has wrapped her shawl around her head preparatory to going out. "Terecita is there," and she points to the kitchen, and then passes out of the front door. Felix moves slowly. As he reaches the door-way, the cruel sight staggers him, and he cries: "*Elle est morte!*" With an outburst of voice and strength, he rushes forward, "*Maria, infame!*" and falls beside his little girl. As he falls, the pointed fur cap drops, and his bare head strikes the edge of the stove, cutting an ugly gash.

The fall rouses Terecita somewhat, but she lies as in a dream, and does not move. The old hen and little chickens come in through the outside door. They pick up a stray crumb here and there. The mother-hen finds a sack of meal in the corner, and begins to scratch. This finally rouses Terecita more completely, and the reaction now fully establishing itself, the young life responds, and she raises herself upon her elbow. She draws her hand across her eyes,

gazes with open mouth for an instant, and utters a wild shriek. Then she crawls to her father, and lifts the poor bleeding head, and kisses it. "*Mio padre*, and did she you the hurt?"

Kissing him again, she puts the head tenderly down, and brings water to bathe her father, finally laying a cold cloth on the cut, which has now nearly ceased to bleed. But do what she may, the old man does not answer; only his breathing becomes more apparent, and as it grows stronger, more stertorous. Finally, she runs into the street to see if any one is there. She sees a stranger, and calls to him. He answers her cry, and soon poor, wasted Felix Touchard is lying upon Terecita's bed—for it is the nearest—and his wound is dressed. There is no doctor to be had, and so all that they do is to put cold cloths on his head, for he seems to suffer most there. The stranger stays an hour, and then, as there seems to be no change, asks Terecita if she will be afraid to stay alone for a short time. She says, "No." The little girl is alone, sitting at the feet of her unconscious father, ever and anon arising to replace the damp cloths, as she had seen the stranger do, or to hold his hands.

The afternoon breeze sways the Castilian rose swinging in at the open window, but nor rose nor sky offers any allurement for her. The breathing of the wounded man grows faster, and is more gasping, and still the little girl watches.

Finally the father moans, and faintly calls "Terecita." In a moment she is at his head. The breathing is slower and fainter now, but there is a look of recognition in his eyes. Terecita bends to kiss him, and as she does so he whispers the one word, "*Adios*," and closes his eyes. The respirations come at more uneven intervals, grow fainter and fainter, and finally cease. Terecita is alone with her dead, but she does not know it. She thinks he is asleep.

The sun is going down, and the western sky is all red and yellow. From where she sits the mustard and cactus are black against the brilliant heavens. The new moon hangs low its silver crescent, and the perfume of

the grass comes in on the evening air. But all these are unobserved by Terecita, although she gazes fixedly in their direction. Her little face is rigid, and her lips twitch. She is thinking of her step-mother.

The stranger has been detained longer than he expected; the evening changes into night; the stars are out, and the moon is down. Terecita is glad that her father sleeps so well. At half past eight the door bell rings, and this rouses her.

"Terecita!" It is her step-mother. Terecita does not answer. "Terecita! Terecita!" Still no answer. The step-mother goes to the kitchen, and lights a lamp, and passes into Terecita's room. As she enters, the rays of light fall only upon the upturned face of Felix. It is white, and the jaw has fallen. She begins to tremble, and the lamp nearly drops from her hand.

Terecita, too, has seen the change in her father. "He is dead, you have him killed!" And she flies at her step-mother like a furious tiger-cat.

Just then the stranger comes in. He lays his hand on Terecita, and quiets her. The step-mother wipes her eyes with her dress, tells how she has been detained, and what she has found on her return. Then she sits down and begins to rock and moan. With the stranger's help, it is not long before all that is left of Felix Touchard is appropriately dressed for burial. The step-mother gets four candles, for she is a good Catholic, she thinks, and lighting them places two at the head and two at the feet of the body. The stranger tells the step-mother to take Terecita and go to bed, as he will stay and watch the dead. The step-mother thanks him and accepts, but no persuasion can draw Terecita from the body of her father. All through the night she watches, till as the candles finally sputter out with the gray dawn, the tired head falls upon the bed, and she sleeps.

### III.

OCTOBER has come, and with it the first rains. The brown hills have sprung to life in vivid green. It is the spring-time for Cal-

ifornia. The rains have washed the skies, and they are bluer than ever; but green hill, nor blue sky, nor fresh air helps our little friend. The place where we last saw her has been sold, and she is now with her step-mother in a house built over the water at the foot of Broadway. It is a Spanish house, and the fandango is danced there every night.

It is evening, and around the walls of the dancing room sit Spanish women attired in gaudy colors, waiting for the rough men to ask them to dance and to take them to the bar. In a few minutes a man strikes up a lively air on the guitar, and soon an airy and graceful Spanish dance is in full sway. The women are all ugly, and many old enough to be grandmothers. All are smoking, the women gracefully rolling the cigarettes for the men. Through the thick air the candles hung upon the walls shine dimly. A constant crowd surrounds the bar. The pop of champagne corks is heard continually. Rough voices sing coarse songs, and as the evening grows late the singing becomes more boisterous. A wordy dispute results in the drawing of knives, and a poor fellow is carried out severely stabbed. But still the dance goes on even more hilariously, and still the tinkle of the guitar fills in the pauses between the loud shouts and other noisy demonstrations—still goes on until the gray dawn stops the pandemonium.

And is Terecita in this? Madame Touchard, now called Maria, is here, and her dark oily skin looks more yellow than ever in yellow satin dress with artificial white flowers in her hair. Her fawning voice is sweeter, but her hard eyes have a more wicked glint. Terecita in this? No, but she is a prisoner in the house. Her step-mother, to increase her gains, wants Terecita to join in the wild revels. She will not, and therefore the little girl is imprisoned in her own room. Except for half an hour each day she is not permitted to leave her place of confinement. But one meal a day is given her. A jar of water and a blanket are the only furnishing to the room, which is better called a closet. There is a hole about a foot square through

which air and sunlight enter. The boards of the floor do not meet, and wide cracks are between them. It has been a pleasure for the girl to watch through the openings in the floor the waters of the creek as they ebbed and flowed over the brown sand, to watch the ripples run farther and farther, to see how the bottom grew dimmer and dimmer, and was lost, to think whence the stray pieces of drift wood had come; and once, greatest pleasure of all, to see a large jelly-fish—a piece of beautiful crystal in the brown water.

But for a week, now, Terecita has felt too ill to bend down and look at the water. She is hot, and tired, and thirsty all the time. To-night she is sitting on the floor, where the square of moonlight falls upon her head and face. The hair is somewhat longer than when we last saw her, but the poor little face so wan and haggard, we should hardly recognize. She hears the lapping of the water against the piles under the house, and the wild noise of the revelers in the dance-hall comes as a murmur to her. She is looking at the moon and thinking, and now and then her lips move: "Yes, I have the try for to be good for the say of Meester Will and the teacher. But I have so much of anger, it is so hard. 'Good and patient,' they did say. *Jesu, Ave Maria*, help me to be good and patient." The tears are raining down the thin face. "*Madre, padre*, help Terecita." A wild wail rises from the little throat, all dry and parched by the fever.

The water is all gone, but she tries again, as she has many times during the afternoon, to get a drop from the jar. She dashes the jar upon the floor, and it is broken into hundreds of pieces. This seems to unloose her fury, and with tottering footsteps she dashes from side to side of the closet. "It is bad, it is wrong," she is continually repeating. "The poor father is cold in the grave, and Terecita is not to go for him to see."

Finally, she concentrates her efforts upon the door. Under her frenzied attacks the button holding it at length gives way, and she falls into the larger room used by her step-mother. Picking herself up she crawls to a wash-stand where she finds water, and

drinks to her heart's content. Then she sits by an open window, and lets the night air blow upon her.

"I must go to the father, it is not so far." She goes into the corridor which leads down to the dance-hall. Through this, and then through the room itself, is the only way of escape. With tottering steps, clinging to the wall for partial support, she at length reaches the entrance to the room where the orgie is at its height.

There is a dark red curtain concealing the door-way, and hidden and supported by this, Terecita watches the scene for a moment. Off in a corner she sees Maria ogling a man for whom she is rolling a cigarette. As she presents it to him, he says a few words, and they walk over to the bar. The step-mother's back is toward Terecita, and also toward the door. Now is Terecita's chance. With a quick rush the ten paces are cleared, and except for a sudden start by one or two, no notice has been taken of her flight. She is on the wharf in the open air and the full moonlight, but she does not lessen her hurried flight, till she is several hundred feet away from what has been her prison.

Of a sudden she falls, for the spasm of energy has exhausted itself. But the little will is strong, and she does not give up entirely. Now twenty feet, now five, now ten,

she steadily struggles farther away from the hell where she has been kept. "Away, away, to the father," is her continual thought. When she cannot walk, she crawls—sometimes on boards, sometimes through sand, till the thin little hands are torn, bleeding, and grimed with sand and dirt. In three hours she is between Fourth and Fifth streets, where the plank walk leads up to the steps of the old Pavilion. Her strength is almost gone. She is so tired and thirsty. She thinks that the large building is the church, and that she will rest there and then go on. She crawls to the porch, but can go no farther. On the lower steps the poor, tired, torn, fever-consumed child sinks down. "Water, water—the poor father. Little Terecita will come to you. Water, water—'good and patient.'" The little head falls on the hard steps. There are a few gasps, and then all is quiet. Only the moon and the stars and the dark oaks around have seen her. The moon moves westward, and the shadow of the building is thrown upon her, and till the coming of the dawn, the stars keep silent watch above her.

In the morning the ladies of the Sanitary Commission coming to their work find the little body upon the steps, but the loving hands that would have done so much can only robe it and give it friendly burial.

*B. P. Wall.*

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## MIND AND BODY.

### *Caliban to Ariel.*

Lo Ariel, now, I hunger; let me eat;  
 I weary digging these dull rocks;  
 And thou dost naught but fly and pleat  
 Thy wings,—braid in and out,—with fleecy locks  
 Of yon bright cloud; I see not where  
 Thou feedest, nor on what; to me  
 Thy hand is cruel that it has no care  
 Because I slave and starve, and yet must be.  
 Lo, Ariel, now, give me to eat,  
 And let me slumber in these sedges sweet.

*Ariel to Caliban.*

Eat, then, thou necessary thing,  
 These nuts and berries from the hedge, but haste  
 That so I need not stoop my wing  
 Below that cloud's gold edge, nor waste  
 The evening star but for a clod like thee.  
 Sleep, too, thou earth. Yet briefly see!

'Tis loss that I must wait, while thou dost snore,  
 To measure great Orion's jeweled brand;  
 To weave into Homeric warp this island lore,  
 The woof of life upon this wondrous shore;  
 To say how many æons yet before  
 This circling panicle of worlds shall stand  
 In apsis, glowing Alcyone between;  
 Or make upon this earth a search so keen  
 No secret of the monad may escape unseen.

*Ariel soliloquizes.*

Feed? Who feeds but beasts? Who sleeps but clods?  
 This dull machine of flesh and bone  
 Needs little save a scourge of rods,  
 The mind of man is man alone.

What good were that brute force to find  
 And string in order on their thread  
 Those beaded stars, and to unwind  
 And hold one other secret yet unread?  
 Were that brute force to seize on space, and bind  
 And match with Time that would not wed?  
 To fix relations clear of mote and star?  
 Or draw the limits, that, at widest, bar  
 The soul's outgoing to the near and far?

*To Caliban.*

Wilt wake? Wilt wake, thou earthen earth?  
 Three hours are gone in sodden sleep!  
 Take up thy pick-ax, dig for me a girth  
 Of ditch about thy rocky steep.  
 "And wherefore, then?" 'Twere easiest to say  
 That thou may'st eat, thou worm, and I forsooth may play;  
 But 'tis that I may read with one sharp glance  
 Creation's tale writ out in rocky circumstance.

Do but my bidding; groan and fret  
 Unto thyself, and ache thy aches;

What mercy have I—Ariel—that forget  
 Fatigue and baffling, all that breaks  
 Such weakling things as, made of flesh,  
 Cry out and groan, entangled in the mesh  
 Of their own wants? Pure spirit made to be  
 Am I, and hedgéd round by no necessity.

What, slave! Drag not upon my floating hem  
 The weight of thy dull hand. Away! Shy heavy eyes  
 Hold down my wings. Thy faltering nerve  
 Knits round me some quick-burning spell.  
 Away, thou slave! For Ariel shall not swerve.  
 Yet where is Ariel's power? I cannot stem  
 This flood of fire! I reel, I cannot rise.

*Ariel swoons.*

*Caliban.*

Ha! Ha! I crush thee, airy fool,  
 Beneath the iron of a broken law!  
 I was thy sledge, thy edgéd tool;  
 Thy slave, with slavish form and slavish name,  
 Thy slave that could not turn and draw  
 His clumsy weapon on a soul of flame?  
 I was thy burden-beast that had no need  
 To sleep, or rest, or drink, or feed?  
 Lo, now, who groans and aches? Who cannot rest?  
 Who pines and starves because I will not eat?  
 Who grovels on the earth and writhes, at worst and best?  
 And shivers when the sun doth rise, and would entreat  
 The stars to set, they are so fiery-full of heat?  
 Ha! Ha! I suffer too! The jar-nuts pall,  
 And flat and tasteless flows the freshet spring;  
 And sleep doth never come to my loth eyes,  
 That wide awake but stare into the staring skies.  
 Unsteady is the voice that once could call  
 The jay's call back, and fool the gnawing thing  
 That hides ripe filberts in his grass-lined nest;  
 But twice and thrice I care not when I turn to mould,  
 Ground over by the dew-worm long o' dewy nights,  
 So I but venge my slave-lot, cruel, cold;  
 So I but keep him back from seeking what he would,  
 With heaven-pointing wings, at dark or dawn,  
 From seeking 'mong the greater and the lesser lights,  
 For what delights him—that ethereal good  
 I know not, but, with hate-sword ever drawn,  
 Will hew and hack against, until I die and turn to mould,  
 Until I die and turn again to crumbled mould.

*Irene Hardy.*

## LEAVES FROM A '49 LEDGER.

MUCH that has been written about the early days of the gold excitement is more or less untrustworthy, because it is founded on reminiscences; but some evidence has recently come into the hands of the writer that would be accepted as reliable by a court of justice. Among the papers of the late James W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, was found the account book of a firm that carried on business in Coloma in '49. This, as is well known, is the place where gold was discovered. The book is full of charges of merchandise to various persons, and in this respect is very much like an ordinary day book; but it also served as a cash book and general memorandum of all kinds of transactions. The name of the firm was Shannon & Cady.

It is remarkable how much of the history of those times is brought to light by an investigation of the musty old account book of these merchants of '49. The bare record of charges for various articles of merchandise, miners' supplies, pork, beans, clothing, etc., may seem to be very dry and unimportant matter, but it will be found that there is little of interest in regard to early life in the mines that is not either directly revealed or suggested by these old transactions.

The first date in the book is April 16th, 1849, and the last one, November 15th of the same year. The great variety of the articles charged makes it certain that the business was a more promiscuous one than is ever carried on in these times. All kinds of miners' supplies in the way of provisions, clothing, and mining tools were sold by wholesale or retail; liquor of all kinds was to be had by the drink or bottle; meals were furnished, or men were boarded by the day, week, or month; fresh beef and fish was bought and sold; and gold dust and other valuables were taken on deposit. Business was carried on on Sunday, but it had not yet become as important a business day as it did afterwards in the mines.

That the '49ers early began a life of dissipation, is proved by the fact that the liquor trade of the firm exceeded all the rest of their business; and for this reason it first calls for attention. There were then as many different kinds of liquors as we have today. Some of them were in greater demand than others. The following is the order in which they seem to have been preferred, together with the prices per quart bottle: ale, \$5 per bottle; champagne cider, \$6; champagne, \$12; brandy, \$6; whisky, \$6; rosolio cordials, \$4; stoughton bitters, \$6; gin, \$6; claret wine, \$5; sillery wine, \$6; porter (pint bottles), \$4. Absinthe was also sold, for which \$5 a bottle was charged. Ale, gin, porter, and claret were abundant. These are characteristic English liquors, and their presence in California at the time can, no doubt, be accounted for by the fact that many of the ships then laid up in San Francisco harbor were English merchantmen. The captains, soon finding themselves without a crew, sold all their choice liquors, at what seemed enormous prices, to speculators, who in turn would realize immense profits when they reached the mines with their goods.

The following statement of the first day's sales recorded in the old account book, will give an idea of the amount of liquor sold by the firm, and also the general character of the business. Of course, only credit sales are itemized in the book, but no doubt the cash sales were about the same in character. The amount of the credit sales for the first day was \$420.50. Of this, \$272 was for liquor, \$76 for clothing, \$53 for provisions, \$8 for vinegar and lemon syrup, and \$11.50 for various small articles of hardware. Forty-six bottles of ale were sold, two bottles of champagne cider, and one bottle of brandy. The ale was much more in demand than any other liquor. Whisky was either scarce, or not a popular drink. The first charge made to Mr. Marshall is: "1 bot. whisky, \$6," which was



the first whisky sold. This will cause many a one to smile sadly, who knows of the weakness that afterwards blighted the poor old man's life. His next purchase was more creditable to him: "50 lbs. flour, \$25.

There is scarcely a charge of any length made in the book that does not include a liberal amount of liquor among the rest of the items. The first charge is for one bottle of ale, \$5, and the last is for four drinks, \$2. Fifty cents was invariably charged for a single drink. The '49ers were liberal and sociable fellows, and seldom drank alone. No man is ever charged with less than two drinks, and there are many charges of \$5 and \$10 for "drinks." Thus early began the treating custom, which has always been so characteristic of this State.

There is nothing especially remarkable about the charges on the 4th of July, '49, except that on that day the boys were disposed to have something a little more heightened than usual in the way of liquid refreshments; \$96 worth of champagne is charged to various persons. One man bought four bottles, and another three. The usual price of champagne was \$12 a bottle, but on that day only \$8 was charged; perhaps the firm patriotically reduced the price, in order to give the boys a chance to celebrate on that sparkling beverage.

Of course, the drinking of so much liquor had the same effect that it always has, and this effect is faithfully recorded in many instances by the old account book. On one page there are an unusual number of liquor items. One man bought \$23 worth of liquor—ale, whisky and "drinks,"—and the only other article that is charged to him is "nine glasses broken, \$10." On another page, there are two consecutive charges for liquor, and in addition the first man is charged with "three broken glasses, \$3," and the second man with "one glass broken, \$1." These, no doubt, are the records of drunken bar-room fights, made lively with flying tumblers, for whose breakage the too hilarious belligerents were responsible.

But here are two real stories unravelled from the tangled thread of charges and coun-

ter charges, that have plots and denouements like novels. Among the debtors of the firm, the name "Pat Doody" occurs quite often. He was a miner, for there are many credits for gold dust to his account. For some time, at decent intervals, he bought a moderate amount of liquor; but suddenly, one Wednesday, the charges against him for various kinds of alcoholic refreshments assumed alarming proportions. That day his liquor bill was \$20, the following day \$23, and up to the next Tuesday, or during six days, he spent \$99 for liquor. He did not confine himself to one kind, but bought about equal proportions of ale, claret, brandy, gin, and whisky, besides the "drinks." After this, there is a suggestive absence of the name of Pat Doody from the books for several weeks. Then on two consecutive days there are two charges to "P. Doody (by Mrs. D.)." Women, as every one knows, were very scarce in the mines then, and this is the only woman's name in the book. So it seems that Pat had a wife. There can be no doubt that his fearful week's spree had prostrated him, and at last she had to come to the store herself to make some purchases. The first article that she called for, or, at least, the first article charged, is "whisky, \$4." The next day, among other articles, she got "whisky, \$6." These are signs that Pat was coming to again. He had, however, evidently learned the lesson not to fool with mixed drinks, but to stick to the good old Irish beverage, whisky, and go it straight. Although Mrs. Doody was compelled to buy \$10 worth of liquor for her convalescent husband, she was much more frugal in her purchases than Pat had ever been, for she also bought \$30 worth of provisions. Two days after this, "P. Doody" makes his appearance again, and is charged with "one box seidlitz powders, \$2.50." This move on the part of Pat will be easily understood by any one who is in the least familiar with the habits of the toppers of those times. These powders were very much esteemed by them, and were taken as a means of regulating the disordered digestive apparatus after prolonged speers. Innumerable boxes were sold, and \$2.50 a box was invariably charged.

The following incident happened about the same time as the former. It seems that the firm had a man doing teaming for them, who is simply called Dick in the accounts. Dick must have been an unusually hard drinker, for liquor charges against him are very frequent. At last, on July 27th, '49, he was paid \$4, perhaps all that was due to him, although it is evident from a former item that teamsters received \$200 a month for their services. Immediately following the settlement is this memorandum: "George commenced work in place of Dick." The experience of his predecessor should have taught the new teamster a lesson, but for a little over a week the charges against George for champagne, champagne cider, ale, wine, and "drinks" are even more numerous than had formerly been entered against Dick. Then George's name entirely disappears from the books, till at the end of two weeks the following memorandum occurs: "Paid for digging grave for George, \$25.50."

There is something pathetic and characteristic of the times, in the fact that the last mention of the unfortunate teamster's name is simply "George." This is undoubtedly the only name by which he was known, and if a head-board or rude stone was put up to mark his grave, it bore the simple inscription "George." The \$25.50 paid for digging the grave was probably the only expense of the burial. Dead men were rolled in the blankets in which they died, and buried without ceremony. Coffins were seldom used, for lumber was scarce and costly. The miners were glad to get enough lumber for the cradles with which they washed their dirt. A small cradle containing about fifteen feet of lumber was worth \$40.

Dick was then reinstated in his old position. He, in turn, did not take warning by the even more serious experience of George. On the very day of the grave-digging memorandum there are two liquor charges against Dick, and almost every day thereafter he is charged with more or less liquor.

Among the names, there are quite a number that have the title Doctor or Dr. affixed to them; but, judging from the articles they

bought, these persons could have been neither Doctors of Divinity nor physicians. No doubt many of them were dubbed "Doctor" in a facetious way, as is often the case. One of them was probably a retail liquor dealer, for he bought "two kegs brandy at \$32, \$64." The name of another is simply written "Doctor." The charges against him are numerous, but there are no credits entered to his account. Evidently the Doctor did not make a strike. This, however, did not prevent him from having a good time. During the few months that he patronized the firm, the charges against him are for liquor and cash borrowed. The only other article that he bought was one pair of overalls. The Doctor must have been a favorite with one of the firm, or he could not have borrowed so much money, and obtained so much liquor, without bringing in some gold dust. As time passed, he grew more and more reckless, borrowing larger and larger amounts, and indulging in more and more "drinks." He also grew very liberal. At one time he called up all the boys and treated them, as he is charged with "drinks, \$10." At last the handwriting in the book changes. Another and more cautious member of the firm took charge of the affairs, and the Doctor disappears from among the list of debtors.

There was also a good sprinkling of military men in the camp. Many captains are mentioned, and one colonel. In the rough scramble for gold dust, the Colonel did not entirely forget his rank. He evidently wished to keep clean, for he bought "1 towel, \$4." Towels were a luxury that the miners did not care much about, and very few of them were sold. It is said that they usually came to town with their faces, hands, and clothing covered with the red soil in which they had to dig before they reached the coveted pay dirt. Soap, also, was used sparingly. Some was sold, however, at \$1.75 a pound.

Despite his great care about his personal appearance, the Colonel evinced as much of a liking for the cup that cheers as the humbler miners. At one time he bought \$19 worth of ale and liquors. At another time

he is charged with "52 lbs. smoked beef, at .80, \$42, and for fear that this rather salty article would make him thirsty, he also added "liquor, \$10." He was an honest miner, however, for in about two months he settled up with "dust in full."

One of the captains probably kept a store in one of the mining camps, of which there were then so many in the ravines and cañons. At one time he bought \$1,146 worth of all kinds of goods, at quite a reduction from regular rates. The Captain was a good caterer. He knew what miners wanted, and began his purchases with \$140 worth of brandy and whisky. His whole liquor bill amounted to \$364. He also did not forget to buy seidlitz powders, to the amount of \$36. Only five pounds of soap are in the bill, and no towels. Business experience confirmed the Captain in his opinion as to the preferences of the miners. A bill of goods purchased a month later amounted to \$625. The liquor part of it was \$420, provisions \$114, the remaining articles being matches, pipes, tumblers, etc.

No doubt the presence of so many captains was due to the fact that there were then a great number of seamen in the mines. On land, sailors almost always become captains. Life in the mines in '49 was very much like life on the sea. Many of the articles mentioned in the old account book are such as are usually found on shipboard. The seaman's well-known liking for grog accounts in great measure for the enormous amount of liquor consumed. The presence of scurvy is also plainly indicated by the old book. A large quantity of pickled pork was sold at \$1.75 a pound, and mackerel at \$2.50 a pound. In order to prevent the scurvy, caused by the eating of so much salty meat, the miners bought great quantities of sour articles of food in the way of pickles, vinegar, and lemon syrup. The pickles were sold at \$7 a bottle, the vinegar at \$3 a bottle, or \$7 a gallon, and the lemon syrup at \$5 a bottle. As a preventative of scurvy, the English ships carried lemon juice and the American ships carried vinegar. Sour kroust was also on sale, and was much sought

after, at \$2 a pound. "Dutch Jake" was among the regular customers of the store, and perhaps he had the honor of introducing this distinctively German dish into the mines. If the stern iron prince of Germany hears of this early invasion of California by Dutch Jake, with his sour kroust, it may give him some claim to our State, with more ground, perhaps, than he had, when he tried to gobble up the Carolines.

Ham was also to be had at the store, at \$2.50 a pound. Lard sold for \$2 a pound, cheese at the same price, and butter at \$2.25. These articles must have been very scarce, indeed, for they are seldom mentioned in the book. Canned meats were even scarcer, and the little sold brought enormous prices. Sardines were worth \$6 a box, and oysters \$10 a can. \$2.50 was asked for a single meal; but this was cheap compared with a meal that "Farmer Jack" is charged with. He bought "1 box sardines \$6" and "1 lb. hard bread \$1." It was something extra, however, and no doubt he esteemed it a sumptuous repast. The hard bread is another article of sea fare. It was ordinary hard tack, which was shipped to the mines in barrels, and sold for \$1 a pound. Little bread was baked by the miners at first, as flour was scarce and costly, and saleratus was almost as precious as gold dust, for one pound of it was sold for \$12. In the winter of '49, when the roads became almost impassable, the price of all kinds of goods went up, and flour was worth \$1 a pound. The freight charges from Sacramento were as high as thirty-five cents a pound.

According to the old book, some nicknacks were also sold at the store. There were walnuts at \$2 a pound, raisins at \$2, figs at \$1.50, cloves at \$12, sugar at 85 cents, crackers at \$1.50, green tea at \$4, coffee at 50 cents, salt at 40 cents, dried apples at \$1.25, mustard at \$6 a bottle, and cayenne pepper at \$3. It must be remembered, however, that a very little of most of these articles was sold, as there were but small quantities of them, and they often could not be obtained at any price.

Beans were sold at 50 cents a pound.

About the cheapest kind of food to be obtained was fresh beef, at 37½ to 50 cents a pound. Very fine beef cattle were abundant then. Long before the miners came into the country, the foothills had been used as cattle ranges by the Mexicans and others. It would seem that the miners might have kept themselves free from scurvy and other disorders, if they had eaten more fresh beef and less pickled pork; but it must be remembered that they were scattered around in almost inaccessible places in the ravines and cañons, and were not able often to come to town for their supplies. In the earliest days, the grocers did not deliver goods, and the miners were compelled to come sometimes many miles for their provisions, and carry them to their camp in sacks thrown over their shoulders. They had, therefore, to buy meat that would not spoil.

Fresh salmon could also be obtained, and was sold for \$1 a pound. In very early days, before the mining made the streams too muddy, the salmon came up in the American River as far as Coloma. Salmon trout and other fine fish were also plentiful, and some of the miners indulged in fishing. Many fish-hooks were sold at \$1 a dozen, and fish-hooks and lines at \$2 apiece.

The only green fruit mentioned in the account book is the plantain. This is a fruit of the same variety as the banana, and is very much like it in shape, but in size is larger and longer. The plantain tree grows in tropical climates, and its fruit is a chief article of food. It is not so fine-flavored and sweet as the banana, and little is popularly known about it in this country. In '49 they came from the Isthmus of Panama in ships, but have never been brought to California in any great quantities since.

Oxen were very much used for draught animals in early days, and were comparatively not very high in price. The firm bought two bullocks at \$72 apiece. Feed was scarce and dear. Barley was worth 50 cents a pound.

Cooking utensils, the old book tells us, were as scarce and costly as provisions. A frying pan was worth \$6, a sauce pan, \$12, a coffee

pot, \$10, an iron pot, \$10, a pitcher, \$4, a drinking cup, \$2, a tin pan, \$10, a butcher knife, \$2.50, iron spoons, \$1 apiece, wine glasses, \$1 to \$1.50 apiece, and knives and forks, \$20 a dozen. Small India rubber canteens, at \$6 apiece, were used to carry water in. The miners in washing their dirt soon made all the running streams thick and dark with mud, and water for drinking and cooking purposes had often to be carried for great distances from springs on the hill-sides.

The following were the prices of mining and other tools: mining pan \$9, shovel \$7, crowbar \$10, pick \$7, corkscrew \$4, hatchet \$5, ax helve \$2, ax and helve \$7, nails \$1 a pound. As high as \$2.25 a pound was charged for rope. A nautical term appears in this connection, for the rope was sometimes sold by the fathom at from 75 cents to \$1.

Fond relatives in the "States," who never heard from their dear ones after they reached the gold fields, will scarcely be astonished at the long silence, when they learn that ink was worth \$4 a bottle.

Tobacco, like liquor, was plentiful. It sold for from \$2 to \$2.75 a pound. Common clay pipes, such as are now given away, were worth 25 cents apiece. Candles were worth from \$1 to \$1.25 apiece, or \$2.50 a pound.

Powder, lead, and percussion caps are often mentioned among the charges in the old book. Firearms were then in demand, as, before the vigilance committees, with their summary executions, began to make themselves dreaded, the country was full of murderous marauders. Many a miner was killed and robbed of his gold dust, in some lonely spot in the dark, heavily-wooded cañons and gulches. The Mexicans and Spaniards used knives almost exclusively as weapons of defense, and their cutting affrays were cruel and bloody. A rifle was worth \$150. Powder sold for \$12 a pound, lead for \$1.50, and percussion caps for \$3 a box.

It is evident that there was not a large or varied stock of clothing in the store to select from. Coats were rarely worn, and but three of them are mentioned. One frock coat

must have been sold to a dude, for at the same time he bought another rare article: "1 pair socks, \$3." The frock coat could not have been considered good stock; it was sold for \$13, which was very low. A duck coat was sold for \$20, and a linen coat for \$16. Most of the miners had come from cold countries, and they did not feel any necessity for coats in the warm climate of California. In the accounts there are very frequent charges for the blue woolen shirts that have since become so much associated in our ideas with the '49ers. They were sold for \$7 and \$8 apiece. Wool hats were worth \$12, and Panama hats \$10 apiece. Combs brought \$2.50 and \$3 apiece. So it is little wonder that the miners became noted for their slouch hats and shaggy heads. A pair of corduroy pants were sold for \$32, a pair of duck pants for \$20, and common woolen pants were worth from \$25 to \$27. Long leather boots that came above the knees sold readily for \$36 a pair. A pair of blankets was worth \$32.

There was very little specie in circulation in '49, and most of the articles bought in the store were paid for in gold dust. Sometimes the receipts for the day are given in the account book. On July 7th, \$1 in specie was taken in, and \$424 in "dust." On July 4th, \$8 in specie was received. On other days the receipt of specie was larger and sometimes there was none.

As to the profits in the business, the old book tells us that these '49 merchants expected to double their money on all transactions. A few bills of merchandise that they bought in San Francisco or Sacramento are recorded, and in almost every instance the prices afterwards charged for different articles are twice as much as the prices paid for them.

The store was very near to the old Sutter saw mill, and the mill company were very good customers. Considerable lumber must have been sawed in '49, for from five to eight men were at work there all the time. No doubt they got an enormous price for the lumber, but it also cost them a great deal to get it out. The men boarded at the hotel department of the store, which cost

\$5 a day to the man. Every week the company is charged with from \$175 to \$280 for board alone.

There are many odd names in the old book. Then, very few men were known by their right names. Often the Christian name alone is given. Accounts are charged to Dick, Tom, Jack, George, Charley, Emanuel, Dutch Jake, Uncle Jake, Uncle Jimmy, Kanaka Charley, Yankee Jim, Utica, and Stranger. They also followed the original custom of naming men after their occupations. We find: Teamster, Butcher, Doctor, Sailor Bill, Sailor Jack, Sailor Boy, Farmer Jack, and Texas Ranger & Co. (by partner). Sometimes the name is given, and following it in parenthesis is the nick-name by which the man was generally known, as Sweetman (Bricks), F. Wm. Wilson (Mormon), Fuller (Uncle Jimmy), McVowels (Yankee Jim). But in the last instance the name McVowels is only added once. After that, Yankee Jim alone is used.

Most of the miners of those times put their gold dust into tin cans and buried it, but some of them deposited it with the storekeepers. In the account book quite a number of gold dust deposits are recorded, in amounts of from a few hundred dollars to a thousand dollars and more. The dust was valued at \$16 an ounce.

The customers of the store did not long remain in that vicinity, but soon scattered among other camps and new diggings. Men who mined in Coloma in '50 can recognize but few of the names in the old account book. They disappeared, and the even more eager gold-seekers that followed demolished the saw-mill and the store, and mined and re-mined the ground, till now the spots on which they stood can scarcely be pointed out. The store, with its merchants and customers, has long since passed away, leaving this musty, tell-tale old volume to give us many a side glance, as it were, into the strange, wild life of the miners, who, in the first flush of the gold excitement, thirty-six years ago, washed their dirt in the muddy stream, and lived in the log cabins among the great pines on the bank of the river at Coloma.

*C. F. Degelman.*

## A SHOEMAKER'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE CHINESE DISCUSSION.

"It is a law of man's nature that he will gratify his desires with the least expenditure of force."

"There is no sentiment in commerce."

WHEN a question involving the rights of the laborer has been discussed by lawyers, clergymen, teachers, and journalists, and still remains unsettled, it might perhaps be put in a new light to have it discussed by the laborer himself. Therefore, as a laborer, I proceed to add my share of facts, arguments, and inferences to the well worn Chinese Discussion.

We have just had the boot and shoe industry of this city investigated officially by Mr. Enos, Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, for the purpose, I presume, of showing that Chinese shoemakers were working so cheap that white men in the same employment could not compete with them, and maintain the standard of comfort and respectability consistent with the dignity of the American voter. As a shoemaker, I took special interest in this investigation.

It was shown, and supported by cumulative testimony, that the Chinese shoemakers in our city were getting higher wages than their white brethren in Massachusetts—their pay ranged from \$20 to \$40 per month, with board, and the board was not as meager as is generally supposed; it consisted of beef, pork, fowl, fish, rice, etc., and cost from \$10 to \$12 per month. It was shown by similar testimony that white shoemakers could turn out one-third more work than their Chinese fellow craftsmen, and ought consequently to receive one-third more pay—say \$37 to \$70 per month. A comparison with the scale of prices paid at Brockton, a Massachusetts shoe-town, shows that either of the above rates of wages is higher than is paid to the Yankee shoemaker.

It is proven that about fifty per cent. of all the boots and shoes worn on the Pacific coast were made in the Atlantic States, and that after paying freight, commission, and

rent to several parties, they can be and are sold here cheaper than the same class of Chinese-made goods.

Another important fact brought out was, that the tanners in this community are all white men; and that if the Chinese were driven from shoemaking, at least two-thirds of the leather made here must be sent East to find a market, as it cannot be used here in competition with Massachusetts cheap labor. The shoemakers were not looking after this fact. It was shown, too, that there are at least three boot and shoe firms in the city which were started by "journeymen" a few years ago, that they still live, and are now in active competition not only with Chinese cheap labor but with Massachusetts cheap labor, yet their proprietors have accumulated property from the results of their earnings.

Another fact which is of importance on this subject is, that boots and shoes made in France are now, and have been for the past thirty years, imported to and sold in this market.

Some of these facts were not given sufficient prominence in the report of the Commissioner. From the foregoing statements it will be seen that the Chinese shoemakers have but little influence in determining the standard of wages, and if any at all, it is to raise it. To prove this point, I cannot at present go into the necessary details. As a side light on this wage question, hear what Mr. Henry George says. On page 78 of "Progress and Poverty," edition of 1879, is the following paragraph: "If each laborer, in performing the labor, really creates the fund from which his wages are drawn, then wages cannot be diminished by the increase of laborers; but on the contrary, as the efficiency of laborers manifestly increases with the number of laborers, *the more laborers*, other things being equal, the higher should wages be."

As far as a mere wage laborer can fix the standard of wages, it is fixed in Massachu-

setts, probably for the same reason that the price of wheat is fixed in London. Ex-Senator Sargent, in the *OVERLAND* of November, 1885, says: "The result is the same to the laborer, whether his employer reduces wages from dull times, or because a convenient coolie can be thrust into his place." Certainly, Mr. Sargent—and it matters not to the laborer whether the coolie is yellow, and comes from Canton, or is white, and comes from Brockton; the result is the same. Nor does it matter whether the cheap shoe which is sold in this market comes from Brockton or Canton; it has the same effect—that of lowering the wages of the shoemaker. It is proper to ask, Why don't the shoemakers of Massachusetts get more wages for their time and skill? They are in a white man's country. They are said to be intelligent. They have the ballot. Why don't they vote themselves a higher wage standard? This is an important point from an economic view. Can the voting laborer in this country determine the relative compensation he will take for his time and skill? I say that he can. How? By restoring the natural wealth of the country to the whole people of the country, to whom it belongs, and from whom it has been fraudulently taken. Through the ignorant use of the ballot, we have lost our birth-right, and through its intelligent use we may regain it.

Mr. Enos did not hint at this phase of the question in his report. Assuming that we can drive the Chinese shoemakers back to their own country, what will be the result? There is plenty of capital in China; they can build factories, buy our improved machinery, and if they need any white skilled labor, they can get it in this city. Then there is nothing to prevent them making shoes just as cheap as they do in San Francisco. They can send them to our shores in ships made by Chinese mechanics, and under our present tariff they will be more dangerous competitors than they are today. The objection will be made, that distance and the price of freight will practically keep our markets free from such competition. Distance does not hinder the Frenchman

from sending his boots and shoes to our market, and the rate of freight is easily offset by the fact that the Chinese can live much cheaper in their own country, where, if they desire, they can employ their wives and children to help them, which they cannot do here, and which would put them on a more equal footing with the Massachusetts shoemaker. They will also save the customs duty on rice, which alone would probably pay the freight and commission on all the boots and shoes they could sell in this market; nor could we, in the face of a growing free trade sentiment, expect a higher or prohibitory tariff to be passed—and if it were passed, its effect would be merely to divert the trade to some other channel. Australia, British Columbia, Mexico, and South America would be glad to take the product of Chinese labor at even one per cent. less than they could get the same class of goods elsewhere. Thus the growing market for American boots and shoes in those countries will be cut off, and the men employed upon shoes for a foreign market will either be thrown out of employment, or they will be placed in competition with their brethren who are working upon goods for home consumption; in either case forcing down the standard of wages—for, bear in mind, that the man who is out of work will in all cases offer to work for less than he who is employed.

Much more may be said upon this side of the question—but all people are not shoemakers. Therefore, I presume to say a few words upon the subject from a more common standpoint, and will proceed to answer the several objections that are made to the Chinese as they come to me.

1. They are not of similar race.
2. They are non-assimilative.
3. They are incapable of comprehending the duties of American citizenship.
4. They work too cheap.
5. They send their money to China.
6. They are the pliant tools of capital, and as such are a hindrance to our civilization.
7. They are immoral.

8. They are pagan, and incapable of becoming Christians.

There is much more that has been said against them, but these are the main counts, and at first glance it looks like a strong indictment. If, however, it can be shown that the same charges can be made against other races inhabiting this country, the force of these charges is weakened, and some newer arguments must be advanced before we can afford to upset the traditions of our country, and put the word "White" into the Declaration of Independence, or revoke the organic law. Let us examine the charges in regular order :

1. "They are not of similar race." They who make this charge ought to say just what they mean by the term "race." Is it used in its larger or narrower sense? It ought to be determined how much of the human family may be rightfully included in the term race, and what countries they inhabit. What evidence will be taken to prove identity or similarity of origin? Upon whose classification is the alleged difference based? What system of measurements has been used to determine this difference? Is it that of comparative cranial capacity, or is it the difference in the facial angle? If language was used as a criterion, how was it used? Was a grammatical and glossarial similarity insisted on, and if so, to what extent?

I raise these questions, because the average speaker and writer who use the term race, use it slovenly and with exceeding indefiniteness. The most recent researches in ethnology go to prove that the human race is a "structural unit," as Professor Huxley calls it; and the new science of comparative philology is constantly bringing facts to light which strengthen this position. The definitions of race that have been used by our legislators and courts, from the Dred Scott decision up to the present day, are taken from Blumenbach and contemporary naturalists. It is now known that their knowledge was necessarily meager, and their classification arbitrary if not whimsical. From their incomplete statement and partial decision we appeal to a more enlightened tribunal.

Those who glibly talk of the "Saxon race," and "Anglo-Saxon civilization" are a little behind the times, and they may be surprised to learn that there is no such race in either England or America. Professor Fiske shows conclusively that the inhabitants of England, even today, are two-thirds Keltic; and as the largest share of our earliest and most of our modern settlers came from Britain, it follows that America is Anglo-Saxon neither in race nor civilization. The American race is a composite race, resting upon a base of Keltic stock; and the British Kelt in turn rests upon the remains of other races who flourished there in paleolithic times—said races being strongly suspected of a Mongoloid origin. A marked resemblance has been shown between the primitive Keltic and Mongolian types, more especially from a lexical comparison of their languages—and it is important to know that a similarity of language proves identity of origin among nations of the most contrary physical characteristics. This has been elaborately presented by the late learned Cardinal Wiseman.

But assuming that the Chinese are of different race, are not the seven millions of negroes in our country of different race? and are not the Chinese intellectually equal to the negro? and are we not living in harmony with the negro?

2. "They are non-assimilative." How is this proven? Have we offered to assimilate with our "elder brethren"? Assimilation implies agreement or a desire for agreement between the parties involved. Have we extended the right hand of fellowship to the Chinese, and was it refused? One of the first essentials to assimilation is a homogeneous education. What is our record on that point? How have we extended our free school system to the Chinese youth in our midst? Is it not a matter of record, that the Board of Education of this City and County have for thirty-five years neglected to furnish the Chinese with school conveniences? Have they not frequently petitioned that Board for a recognition of their rights and needs in this respect? and after thirty-five years' waiting and begging for justice, after paying their share of the expense of government, they



were compelled to maintain an action at law, and obtain a decision of the Courts, before they could get the scanty premises assigned to them by said Board of Education. And even now, after a partial recognition of their rights, they are tolerated, rather than cherished; they are not allowed to send their children to school on the same conditions as other people, but are compelled to send them to one isolated place, where possibly they may learn the English language and the Golden Rule, but where they are placed as far as the law could place them in conditions that are inconsistent with assimilation.

When they intermarry with us, they are persecuted by the press and pestered by the curious. It is a fact that we do not desire to intermarry with them—perhaps for the reason that Chinese females are not as plentiful here as males, therefore reducing the opportunity for selection.

The Jews do not intermarry with us to any great extent, and yet they are not accused of non-assimilation.

3. "They are incapable of comprehending the duties of American citizenship." How do we know this? Are they not capable and intelligent in other walks of life? Does politics, the great modern industry, require any different grade of intellect to participate in from other liberal pursuits? We bar our social and political gates to the Chinese; we exclude them from taking part in our civil life; we deny them their right to education; and then taunt them for being exclusive, and lacking in sympathy for our institutions: an outrage with only one historical parallel—that of England's making education a crime in Ireland, and then branding the Irish people as being ignorant, shiftless, and superstitious. Give them fair play, boys; if you challenged one of them to a prize fight, you would not ask that he be prevented from training.

4. "They work too cheap." This is an important charge, and, if true, I desire to know it. The investigation of Mr. Enos, as was shown before, went to prove the contrary; and the fact that fifty per cent. of all the boots and shoes worn on this

coast are made east of the Rocky Mountains, is evidence that the shoemakers of Massachusetts work fully as cheap as do the Chinese shoemakers. The woolen industry would probably show a like result. It is somewhat strange that no one has ever been found to admit that he paid a Chinaman too little for his services. In a court of justice such a charge would fall of its own weight, there being no witness except those incapable of giving testimony.

5. "They send their money to China." This charge can have little weight if the preceding one be true; for it is obvious they can have very little money to send anywhere, if they work too cheap. I will not, however, take advantage of the contradictions made in statement by the enemies of freedom, but admit at once that the Chinaman gets—under the present conditions—fair average wages, and sends all of it, minus cost of subsistence, to China, or at least enough to pay any indebtedness that he may have incurred incident to his coming to this country; and claim that he is a better man for having done so. If, as it is alleged, he is usually sent to this country with money obtained by giving some of his relations as security, then to his credit be it said that he is not charged with allowing the security to go by default.

Just here it is well to ask, What are man's rights with regard to the money he obtains for his services in a free market? I say free market, for I wish it understood that the Chinaman is hired in a free market, with the alternative always open to his employer of engaging some one else, or doing the work himself. It is very important to settle this question, as I am as much interested in it as is the Chinaman. Let me assume that I hire out to some wheat grower or lumberman. The result of my service to him is a crop of wheat or a cargo of lumber. There is no market here for such product. My employer sends it to Europe, and draws a check for the whole amount—minus the cost of production—and sends that to Europe also. This he does year after year. Finally, he settles up, and goes to Europe himself, tak-

ing with him all the money he had not sent before. He spends his money abroad; he is rich and respected; while I have remained on the old worn-out wheat ranch, "broke," and the ranch mortgaged. Now, what I desire to know is this: Does my old "boss" owe me a dollar? Does he owe the country in which he made his wealth a dollar? No: nobody will have the temerity to say that he owes a dime to the country; and if I should bring suit against him to recover back wages that had not been agreed upon, I should be laughed out of Court, even by an anti-coolie judge. Yet, it seems strange that a rich man, who has really injured the country by skimming its wheat fields, or denuding its forests, can spend the money value of the product where and when he pleases without question, while a Chinaman is charged with being a public enemy if he takes his wages—minus the cost of subsistence—and does what he likes with it. You may answer: "That is the misfortune of the Chinaman; he ought not to be poor, and work for wages. If he had been your rich employer, who skimmed, and 'skipped' the country, no one would have said a word to him."

In the light of the above illustration, is it not absurd to insist upon an imaginary or indefinite rebate from the poor Chinese proletariat? The doctrine upon which the claim is based is absurd, and would not stand a moment if examined without prejudice. It is a lingering relic of an economic school which taught that money was the real wealth of a nation—the chief doctrine of said school being that a dollar's worth of money is worth more than a dollar's worth of anything else. They are not, however, quite able to determine at what point in time or space their dollar is worth more than its equivalent in service. If the doctrine were true, the laborer is the last man who ought to acknowledge it.

6. "They are the pliant tools of capital, and as such are a hindrance to our civilization." This is the great charge brought against the Chinese by a certain class of reformers, who assume to represent the "consensus of the competent." I may say that a similar

charge is made by another class of mutual admiration philosophers, who arrogate to themselves superior virtues, and who have determined, by a process of pure and unselfish sifting, that they are the salt of the earth. They have joined the anti-coolie hue and cry to give it tone and respectability, but as yet they seem to shrink from going to the logical result of their doctrine. The assumption that were it not for the presence of the Chinese, the white workmen of the country would unite in demanding better terms from capital, is a favorite argument with a certain class of vigorous propagandists, who now seem to have control of the anti-coolie movement. It is very difficult to get a definite and consistent statement from these reformers. Their antipathy to the Chinese—if they would acknowledge such—comes from a pure love of humanity in the abstract. Society, they say, is an organism, and as such has the right to select its component parts. To prove this, they quote what they allege to be Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall. The marvellous doctrine of evolution is evoked to prove that there is no Creator, and if there is, he made a vast mistake in creating so many human beings, whose chief failing is that they earn their living at honest industry, and severely mind their own business. The dangerous and slippery part of the doctrine of those diluted Comptists is, that while they assert that "man has the right only to perform duties," and that "a knowledge of duties comes only from a nice balancing of the results of civilization," they are wont to constitute themselves the tribunal for the determination and balancing of those delicate results which they claim are at the foundation of duties. I suspect them, and will not accept their dicta, having reason to fear that after "balancing" the poor, unoffending Chinamen out of the country, they would next try their rule on other alleged inferior races, and with their marvellous resource of fact and fancy, they might set up a good-sized mob for the eviction of *my* countrymen. As has been said, this school alleges that they are only waiting for the Chinamen to go home, that they may get better terms from capi-

tal. If we assume that the Chinese laborer is a mere machine, do these reformers ask capital to destroy other labor-saving machinery? They do not: their opposition is merely against the machine containing a soul. They cannot say that the coolie co-operates with capital in bribing legislatures to pass obnoxious legislation. This function is carefully reserved for the exclusive use of the white coolie, some of whom may be found in that capacity after November. It has never been alleged that the Chinese were ever used as an armed force to coerce the peaceful "striking" workman. Nor can it be proven that the land-grabber has ever found a Chinaman to act as "dummy" in the land stealing schemes so prevalent in this State. Can the white men of this State show as clean a record? Is it not a well known fact, that many of the largest landholders in this country have obtained their lands and titles by a vigorous use of the shot-gun in the hands of the same men who are now ranting about their exclusive right to this "white man's land"? How many members of the present anti-coolie league have acted as witnesses to fictitious boundaries, or as "dummies" to defeat the homestead law?

Fellow working-men, have you not sold your birthright for a very small mess of pottage? California was settled by the bone and sinew of the older States—by men in whom were united the rare qualities of dashing enterprise and blunt honesty—our poets never tire of singing their praises. When those glorious old Argonauts arrived here, they found this territory free, save a few acres that were tied up in Mexican or Spanish grants. There was the grand opportunity to establish a white man's country—a country in which all could have free access to the sources of wealth. How did those brave old yeomen act upon this practically great occasion? Did they begin to simplify the old grant titles, or to pass wise laws, whereby the government lands might be reserved for the use of the actual settler? History answers, No: they began immediately to acquire, by fraud or otherwise, the genuine grant titles,

and to manufacture and float spurious ones; they obtained control of all the land they could by fraud and force, and many of the men now shrieking against human rights were the very tools used in their schemes of pillage and plunder. Yet there was not a single Chinaman to hinder those grand old yeomen from performing their duty; and, in fact, there is none today. If the voters of this State have the intelligence to see their real needs, and the integrity to formulate them, devoid of clap-trap and buncombe, they can, through the means provided, amend the organic law so that the presence of the Chinese would be recognized as a blessing by all. But the public mind is warped, and men are taught to see evil in the fact that one man is willing to exchange his labor in the ratio of ten to eight—for this is what the whole question amounts to when it is stripped from the mystery of money and exchange: just this, that a Chinaman is willing to part with ten hours of his time for eight hours of mine; so conventions are held, memorials are written, and Congress is petitioned, to prevent me from being ruined by such a transaction.

The prevalent desire to shirk responsibility, and blame others for our acts, is at the bottom of this crusade. It is no new idea, this shifting the burden of blame upon an alleged inferior race. My countrymen have been the scapegoats of the English-speaking people for ages. How often have I listened—with what feelings may be imagined—to the cool and unquestioned assertion of the Irishman's unfitness for self-government; his thriftlessness and filth: and probably, there are some old people in this community who remember hearing about the dangerous character of the "Pope's Irish." Prejudice must have something upon which to vent its spleen. We see it in the feeling against the Germans, the Jews, the French Canadians, the Cornishmen, the Italians, the Hungarians—and now it is concentrated upon the Chinese. How did we remove the prejudice against the negro?

In this connection, I desire to say a few confidential words to my countrymen—

American citizens of Irish birth. Let us go slow, and restrain our impulsive ardor. All other members of the community are as much interested in the settlement of this question as we are; then why should we thrust ourselves forward so conspicuously in this senseless crusade against a fellow toiler? Let us remember how inconsistently we have been placed in relation to the negro; how we came here, suffering the results of persecution in our own country, and scarcely had we touched American soil, ere we became an integral portion of a party whose record on the question of human slavery is a blot upon their escutcheon, which cannot be erased. Then, let us remember our aggressive sympathy with one of the parties in the Franco-Prussian war. It was not creditable to us as a self-poised and reasoning people; our senseless sympathy for the French was more than gratitude. Let us not forget that after giving France battalions of her bravest soldiers—soldiers, whose record has materially aided in giving her the military reputation she now enjoys—France executed Count Lally mainly for the reason that he was an Irishman. We can make reparation for this wrong in America, by holding aloof from all parties who would proscribe their fellow-man; in Europe, by withdrawing our services from the continental despots, and ceasing to thanklessly fertilize their battle-fields with our blood; and if we have a superabundance of energy, let us transfer it to China—let us teach the people of “far Cathay” the use of “the resources of civilization” and the art of war; let us unite with them in demanding that England resign her claims to Chinese territory and her surveillance of Chinese commerce. Do this, my countrymen, and let me assure you that Fontenoy repeated on Chinese soil would be a greater victory for Home Rule than an explosion in the Tower, or a speech in the House of Commons. To you, O'Donovan Rossa, and your co-laborers, I entrust the execution of this idea.

But to return to the reformers: they assert that if the Chinese were sent to their own country, the American people might be reformed and converted to the doctrine of lib-

erty, equality, and fraternity, as it is understood by them. Then it might be safe to invite our brethren back to this land of socialistic freedom, where they might receive the blessed gospel of Marx and Most. History has yet to record the first instance of a nation voluntarily resigning either its power or privilege to a weaker party, without being compelled to do so by outside pressure. Witness England and Ireland as a case in point. No: if the reformers cannot perform their duty now in the matter, we cannot trust them to do so when they are drunken with power and privilege. Hear what the historian, Robertson, says on the subject: “To abandon usurped power, to renounce lucrative error, are sacrifices which the virtue of individuals has, on some occasions, offered to truth; but from no society of men can such an effort be expected. The corruptions of society recommended by common utility and justified by universal practice, are viewed by its members without shame or horror; and reformation never proceeds from themselves, but is always forced upon them by some foreign hand.”

7. “They are immoral.” It is admitted, without prejudice to the cause, and to save time, that the Chinese may be immoral. They have lived in this community a long time, and a people who have been employed in the various relations which they have sustained to the white population of this city for the past thirty years, and still maintain their moral integrity, must be more than human. It is only asked that they be accepted as average human beings. However, it is unbecoming for a community that has had three vigilance committees in twenty-six years—each being a separate confession of moral turpitude in both those who execute and those who obey the law—to say much about the moral status of the stranger within its gates: a community, too, upon whose streets may be seen, any pleasant day, a score of unconvicted murderers, sunning themselves and hob-nobbing with the best society. It is well to say here that there was not a single Chinaman mentioned in connection with either of these committees. The right to

further defend the moral character of the Chinese is not relinquished, but in the meantime their enemies had better erect a moral standard—that they may know just the amount of morals necessary to healthy citizenship.

8. "They are pagan, and incapable of being Christianized." This is the last charge that is necessary to notice at present. It is not worthy of much attention, however, as it comes mainly from questionable sources—from those who have no religion themselves, and never intend to have any—and from those reverend peripatetics, whose theological labors are mostly confined to twisting the Golden Rule so that it may fit their tortuous path—ministers of the gospel, who deny the fatherhood of God, but willingly accept the fatherhood and infallibility of majorities. Of course, I deny that the Chinese are incapable of becoming Christians. It may be a difficult task to convert them to Christianity, as it is practised in California; yet, if a careful census were taken, as many Chinese Christians might be found in our city as there are men in it who pay their outlawed debts. If any one is really curious to know the capacity of the Chinese to become Christians, and die for their faith with a heroism only equalled by the early Roman martyrs, let him read the "History of the Christian Missions," by T. W. M. Marshall.

I have now gone over the principal charges, although many more are made; but upon carefully sifting the whole matter, all the counts in the popular indictment against my client are based upon one principle, and that is, that man has not inherent and imprescriptible rights. They who are urging this anti-Chinese crusade deny, by their action, that man has such rights; or, if they verbally admit natural rights, they assert that they may be so modified by convention, that they are at the mercy of mere majorities. This they do not say in so many words, but their actions speak for them, and the outrages at Rock Springs, Tacoma, and Seattle are examples of how their doctrines work.

The right to labor flows from the right to live. The right of free access to the soil—the means of life—is coordinate therewith.

This was recognized even in the old Common Law. Coke says: "That whenever the law doth give anything to one, it giveth impliedly whatever is necessary for the taking and enjoying the same." If the foregoing statements are sound in logic, then, of necessity, we are compelled to admit as a corollary, the right of a man to exchange the result of his labor with whom and upon what conditions are agreed upon by the parties immediately interested. These may be termed the four primary rights—the cornerstones of existence. They are superior to and cannot be infringed by convention. Their recognition must be absolute and without limitation—no exceptions of creed, country, color, or race. To assert the contrary is to deny the right of self-government, and to secure and protect these rights is the legitimate province of government; the best, and, perhaps, only excuse for its existence. It is the right to exchange the product of labor that is involved in this controversy.

It seems strange that in this country the first lines of the Declaration of Independence should still need reiteration, and their application be denied. If excuse is necessary for the frequent recurrence to first principles, let us remember the admonition that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." And now, fellow citizens of foreign and native birth, let us rise above prejudice, and discuss this question as becomes the political descendants of Jefferson, Adams, and Lincoln. Let us extend the same right to the Chinaman that we did to the negro. Let us remove from his path all restrictions of treaty and statute. Let us place him upon the pedestal of human rights, and admit him to all the privileges and duties of American citizenship. Then we may not look with such contempt upon the race that has given to history such names as Confucius, Mencius, Genghis Khan, and Timour.

"Yea, here sit we by the Golden Gate,  
Nor demanding much, but inviting you all,  
Nor publishing loud, but daring to wait,  
And great in much that the days deem small;  
And the gate it is God's, to Cathay, Japan—  
And who shall shut it in the face of man?"

*Patrick J. Healy.*

## THE FUTURE INFLUENCE OF CHINA.

IN 1868, after a residence of four years in California, I was living in New York, with Mr. Henry J. Raymond, of the "New York Times," as my next-door neighbor. Shortly after my return from a visit to Boston, I had a long conversation with him about China. Mr. Burlingame had just come from that country, as Chinese Minister, to make treaties with the United States and the European powers. A public dinner had been given him in Boston, at which many of the prominent men of the day were present, notably Mr. Caleb Cushing, who had once been our Minister, or Commissioner, to China.

The statements I heard on that occasion, by men who had had the opportunity of personal knowledge of the subject, taken in connection with my own observations when in San Francisco, was the cause of the conversation with Mr. Raymond. He was so struck with the views I expressed, that he begged me to write them out for the "Times." I did so, and the following article, edited by him on the 28th November, 1868, was the result. The date is of interest, in view of what has since occurred.

THE CHINESE EMPIRE AS ONE OF THE  
FAMILY OF NATIONS.

THE Chinese Embassy, with Mr. Burlingame at its head, seems to be making progress in England. The Government, in face of considerable opposition, gives it an official welcome, and professes approval of its ostensible objects. There can be little doubt that England, France, and, indeed, all the leading European powers, will follow the example of the United States, and will make a treaty similar to that we have just concluded with the Chinese Government.

We have published a series of letters on the origin of this embassy, and the general objects of the Chinese authorities in sending it out. Those letters, written by a gentle-

man more familiar, perhaps, with the details of the Chinese Government, and with the personnel of its administration, than any other American, have thrown a good deal of light on the whole subject. The general object of the Chinese Government in sending this embassy to the West is to secure for China a recognized place among the nations of the earth, with all the advantages of the code of international law by which those nations are governed, and of all the elements of force and influence which they possess. There are some general considerations as to the effect of this movement on the fate of China, and on her relative position in the circle of nations, which are worthy of attention, and which must ere long command it.

In the first place, the magnitude of the Chinese Empire is but faintly understood. Mr. Caleb Cushing, who is, perhaps, the best living authority in this country on Chinese affairs, tells us that China contains *single provinces*, each of which—in population, wealth, civilization, education, and all else that gives power and consideration to a State—is superior to England, France, Prussia, or any other of the first-class powers of Europe; that the empire has five hundred million inhabitants—more than all Europe combined; that this inconceivably vast population is governed by the brightest and strongest intellects of the land, upon a system which was old thousands of years before the oldest governments of Europe began to exist; that, having thrown off the feudal system about the time it was fastened upon Europe, they are governed, not by a privileged and hereditary class, as is England, nor by the leaders of the successful political party, as is this Republic—but by a system based exclusively on *literary merit*, in which, after a series of exhaustive literary competitive examinations, the *most learned* are appointed to govern those only less learned than themselves, who, in their turn, govern the class next be-

low, and so on down to the least learned of all; that education is universal, even more generally diffused than with us, there being absolutely no class of the people who cannot read and write; that the great body of the Chinese are intelligent, industrious, apt to learn anything and everything, frugal, pre-eminently patriotic, and more profoundly and strongly attached, perhaps, than the people of any other nation in the world, to their own laws and institutions; that China was a great nation ages before what we call the ancient nations of Greece and Rome had been founded, and has remained a great nation, while its earlier contemporaries, Egypt and Assyria, are only known imperfectly in the most ancient of the earliest records of our race; and that, at this day, the most enterprising merchants and the wealthiest men in the world are to be found—not in New York, or in London, or in any European city, but in the sea-ports and great cities of China!

When we possess ourselves in idea, and even in a moderate degree, of the immense moral and physical power which this vast combination of wealth, numbers, industry, frugality, intellect, and unity of action in every department, must produce, and the preëminence which, in the nature of things, they should give China over all the other nations of the civilized world, we must be struck by the anomalous fact that this enormous empire has been invaded, plundered, and insulted in her immense capital, and forced to conclude a humiliating peace, by a bare handful of western Europeans; and that now she stoops to the comparative humiliation of sending to this, the youngest of the children of European civilization, a more than usually imposing embassy, whose main object seems to be to implore us, and the other nations included in its mission, to suffer the Chinese to rule their own people, at home in China, in their own way, and according to their own laws! To what can this be due? What *have* the Chinese, or what do they *lack*, that such a conclusion should result from such premises?

The Chinaman meets death with an indifference and courage to which a European is

a stranger. Many of them are descendants of the fierce, whirlwind Tartars of Genghis Khan. They now, under European training, make better soldiers than any other of the Asiatics. What is there, or what is there not, in this people, or in their system of government, which has brought them to their present apparently helpless condition, when they possess all the elements of power which, according to all other experience, ought to make them one of the governing nations, if not *the* governing nation, of the globe?

Does it arise from the low estimate in which the man of letters holds the man of force? Can it be from the very excess of their civilization, which leads them to look upon war and everything relating to it as utterly brutal, coarse, unworthy of rational and educated men? Is this the result of the same feeling which led Webster to protest against General Taylor's nomination as one "not fit to be made," which prompted Clay's feeling against Scott, which led Chase and many others to resist the elevation of General Grant to the civil leadership of the nation; and which always leads the educated, cultivated, and refined classes of society to look with distrust, strongly tinged with contempt, upon "mere soldiers"—men of mere force? May it not be due to the fact, that while the Chinese are free from the rule of a class of hereditary nobles, they are really under the control of a class composed of scholars, and that, in the government of her literary men, the practical business man, of which class the American is the type, is wholly excluded?

If this be the real lack in the Chinese government and character, is the action which China seems now disposed, under European and American pressure, to take, likely to supply it? We are all seeking to thrust upon her the use of steam, electricity, rifled cannon, ironclads, and all the agents of force which play so important a part in the modern civilization of the West. Up to a very recent date the ruling men of China have opposed their introduction. Their vast population, which depended on labor, even of the rudest and coarsest kind, for a living, could only be kept in existence by exclud-

ing the labor-saving machinery which threatened to supplant them. A high Chinese official, being reminded by an American that American steamers now plied the Chinese Mississippi, and did the carrying trade of that vast river, said, "Yes, and for every steamer on that river a million Chinese people perished." But in spite of opposition, steam and electricity will make their way. The Yang-tse-Kiang is plied by, American steamers.

The railroad and telegraph are soon to follow. The Chinese coal fields are to be developed; Chinese junks are to be supplanted; and labor-saving machinery is to be introduced. The Chinese Government finds itself compelled to "accept the situation," and it has sent the Burlingame Embassy to negotiate for China a friendly reception into the family of nations. Now, when all this shall have been done, when there shall have been added to the enormous elements of power already possessed by China in her vast population, her industry, intelligence, and frugality, all the gigantic elements of power conferred on the Western world by steam, electricity, and the other natural forces, and everything shall have been brought into harmonious working order, what will be the result, what the tendency, of this new state of things?

Admitting that, so far as China is concerned in her relations with the rest of mankind, the military maxim, that "God is always on the side that has the strongest battalions," is not to be applied to the millions upon millions of brave soldiers that China could set on foot, armed with Western weapons, and led by Western commanders, how will it be with the industrial question? Will the laws that have hitherto been supposed to govern the union of capital, intellect, machinery, and labor, in ruling the productive industry of the world, be suspended in regard to China? That the Chinese can excel in the various branches of manufacture is already proved by our experience on the Pacific Coast. Very many of the manufacturing establishments of California are carried on by Chinese, and but for them would not exist.

San Francisco blankets, made by Chinese, took the premium at the great Paris Exposition. Now, if the Chinese can be used successfully in manufacturing, with the high wages we have to pay them in this country, how will it be in China, which has the cheapest labor in the world, and the most of it, and where, on a diet of fish and rice, eight-hour laws, strikes, and trade-unions are not known? What sort of competition with such a people, so situated, known to be intelligent, industrious, quick to learn, exceedingly skillful in the use of their fingers and their wits, and frugal beyond any others in the world,—what sort of competition can be maintained with them by the cotton, woolen, and iron manufactures of England and the United States,—where labor is comparatively scarce, wages are high, and the habits of the working classes infinitely less thrifty and laborious? What is there in the nature of the case to prevent China—if all protective laws are to be abandoned, and the world thrown open to free trade—from doing the work and producing all the manufactures which the world requires?

These questions may seem fanciful, and of little practical importance to us here, just at present. But they are already very seriously asked by reflecting men on our Pacific Coast, and are very rapidly entering into the practical politics as well as the speculations of that section of the country. And the time is not distant, when they will enter into the practical politics of our whole country and the whole Western world.

I DO not assume that the Chinese have become either a military or naval power, or that they have control of the commerce with their own country; or, as yet, have made themselves felt as competitors with the European or American manufacturers: but it seems to me of interest to know what are the possibilities, if not the probabilities, of their becoming so in the fullness of time—to know in what direction this mighty force is tending. It is known they have, since the publication of the foregoing article, so far abandoned their old junks as to have between thirty and forty merchant steamers, and that twice the



Imperial dragon flag has been borne to this port by a Chinese steamship.

From the reports of our own officers, I am led to believe their military organization is still faulty and their discipline lax. The Chinese have not yielded so readily and rapidly as the Japanese; but, while clinging to the past, they are yielding, if slowly, perhaps more surely than their neighbors. We in this country are setting forth what we have to fear from the alleged vices of this people; may it not be well to say what we may expect from their admitted virtues of industry, skill, patriotism, and frugality;

The following official report to our State Department, must be of interest, as showing what measure of progress China has made in her armaments by sea and by land, only eleven years after the foregoing article was written:

UNITED STATES CONSULATE GENERAL.

SHANGHAI, August 10, 1879.

*Honorable Charles Payson, Third Assistant Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.,*

SIR:—In view of the existing complications between the Imperial Governments of China and Japan, which have grown out of the disputed sovereignty of the Loo-Choo Islands, and of the possibility of war arising therefrom, I have thought any information concerning the naval and military forces of China would be of interest to the Department. I have the honor, therefore, to submit some facts and figures relating thereto, and some observations upon the same.

While I do not propose to review to any extent the military history of this Empire, any estimate of the military forces and possibilities of this people which does not bear that history in mind, will be a narrow and faulty one.

The Mongol-Tartar-Chinese progenitors of the present people have a history of conquest, more remarkable than that of any other people since the commencement of the Christian era.

The Mongol-Tartar dominions extended from the Yellow Sea on the east, to the Red and Mediterranean Seas on the west; from the Indian Ocean on the south, to the Baltic on the north. At one time, they held nearly one-half of what is now modern Europe, and defeated and conquered the Hungarians and Poles, the bravest and most warlike peoples of that time in Europe.

Down to within two hundred years they have been a conquering race, and the history of their great conquests has been made familiar to all classes through their popular literature, their drama, and their songs and stories, heard daily upon every street corner and roadside. These cherished traditions of heroism and

pro prowess have kept alive a pride and confidence that will show in a war with an alien race.

It is true that up to the Taiping rebellion, in 1849, there had been nearly two hundred years of peace, which had unfitted the people for vigorous war efforts. Their war of that rebellion, raging previously for seventeen years, bringing into the field many hundreds of thousands of men, gave the people and their leaders a new spirit and experience. Ward, Burgevine, and Gordon proved that these people, properly organized, equipped, and drilled, are not to be despised as soldiers. They are healthy and hardy, and can march long distances on rations which would starve any European soldier.

Their re-conquest of Eastern Turkistan, utterly defeating those warlike people, is some proof of their soldier-like qualities.

They have been a commercial people for hundreds of years, maintaining large fleets of sea-going vessels. They are called bold and skillful sailors, and the Chinese pirates have been known as daring and desperate.

Soon after the war with the Allies, in 1860, the progressive party, headed by Li-Hung-Chang, the conqueror of the Taipings, and Tso-Tsung-Tang, the conqueror of Turkistan, inaugurated a general reorganization of all the land and naval forces. Dockyards and an arsenal were established near Shanghai, where several iron-clads have been built, launched, and equipped; heavy and field guns breech-loading rifles, and small arms have been manufactured.

At Foo-chow, still more extensive works were built, and placed under charge of a Frenchman. They have building ships, rolling mills, engine works, blast furnaces, and machine shops; in short, all the means for constructing first-class vessels of war and their complete equipment.

Twenty-one iron-clads have been built at these Foo-chow docks, twelve of which are of more than one thousand tons displacement.

Near Tientsin, the Viceroy, Li-Hung-Chang, has constructed complete works of the same character as those at Foo-chow. For ten years employés from Woolwich, England, have had supervision of them, and have instructed a large corps of men in every branch of ship building, and the manufacture of arms and munitions of war. There are also arsenals at Nankin and Canton, where breech-loading rifles and small arms and their ammunition are manufactured. In addition to all this, many war vessels have been bought from Europe, as well as large numbers of heavy Krupp guns, the latest infantry, and cavalry, and field batteries. Forts have been built at the mouths of their rivers and the entrances to their bays and harbors. Electric torpedoes have been laid in some places. Several steel-clad gunboats, with all the machinery below the water-line, are now in the course of construction on the river Tyne.

As to the condition of their army, reliable data cannot be readily obtained. The conquest of Turk-

istan, two years since, was chiefly attributable to the use of Gatling guns and Remington rifles. It is believed that much has been done by the two generals, Tso-Tsung-Tang and Li-Hung-Chang, within the last four or five years, in the way of a thorough reorganization of the various branches of the land forces.

Herewith I enclose as complete a list of the Chinese naval forces as is available.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed)

DAVID H. BAILEY,  
Consul General.

THE STRENGTH OF THE IMPERIAL CHINESE NAVY.<sup>2</sup>

No.	Name.	Guns.	Tons.	Men	Class.	Built.	Remarks.
1	Wan Niangtsing.....	7		180	Comp. G. Bat.....	Foo-chow.....	6 Vasseur breech-loading 56-pdrs. 1 9-ton, 150 per shot.
2	Mei Lune.....	5		100	"	"	4 Br. lg. 56-pdrs. 1 7-ton, 100 per shot.
3	Hok-Seng.....	5		100	"	"	"
4	Foo-Too.....	7		180	"	"	Same guns as No. 1.
5	Ting Flay.....	5		100	"	"	Same guns as No. 2.
6	Tung-Woo.....	11		350	Comp. Corv.....	"	1 11-ton gun. 8 56-pdrs. br. lg. Vasseur. 2 28-pdrs. howitzer, brass.
7	Fei Tane.....	7		180	Comp. G. Bat—Guns as No. 1.....	"	Guns as No. 1.
8	Tsing Quen.....	5		100	"	"	Guns as No. 2.
9	Ching Wei.....	5		100	"	"	"
10	Che-An.....	7		180	"	"	Guns as No. 2.
11	Ying-Po.....	2		90	Wood Transp.....	"	2 28-pdrs. howitzer, brass.
12	Hai-Chung.....			90	"	"	"
13	Ting-Han.....			90	"	"	"
14	Woo-Kai.....	7		180	Comp. G. Bat.....	"	Guns as No. 1.
15	Wie-Sing.....	5		100	"	"	Guns as No. 2.
16	Teng-Ing-Chew.....	7		180	Comp. G. Bat.....	"	Guns as No. 1.
17	Tai-An.....	7		180	"	"	"
18	Wei-Yuan.....	7		180	"	"	"
19	Ching-Wo.....	7		180	"	"	"
20	Hai-Tung-Lune.....	3			Desp. Bat.....	"	Formerly American Steamer "Island Queen."
21	Chan-Shing.....	3			G. Bat.....	"	Old British gunboat.
22	Long-Ling.....	1		40	Comp. G. Bat.....	Foo-chow.....	35-ton gun.
23	Thing-Hai.....	3		60	"	"	"
24	Kong-Sing.....	1		40	Iron.....	England.....	31-ton gun.
25	Alpha.....	1		40	"	"	38-ton gun.
26	Beta.....	1		40	"	"	"
27	Gamma.....	1		40	Iron G. Bat.....	"	"
28	Delta.....	1		40	"	"	"
29	An-Lan.....	7	221	80	"	Foreign.....	Mostly commanded by foreigners, under order Vice Royalty, Canton.
30	Chento.....	7	221	80	"	"	"
31	Tching-Sing.....	6	180	70	"	"	"
32	Tching-On.....	2	127	60	"	"	"
33	Tching-Po.....	6	180	70	"	"	Same as No. 32.
34	Quang-On.....	4	120	60	"	"	"
35	Sin Tking.....	4	180	70	"	"	"
36	Tsing-Po.....	3	100	55	"	"	"
37	Chow-Kiang.....	5		120	Comp. G. Bat.....	Shanghai Ars'n.....	4 56-pdrs. br. lg. guns. 1 7-ton br. lg. gun.
38	Chi-Hai.....	5		120	"	"	"
39	Wai-Ching.....	5		120	"	"	"
40	Kai-An.....	26		600	Wood. Frig.....	"	24 56-pdrs. br. lg. guns. 2 12-ton br. lg. guns.
41	Yu-Yuen.....	26		600	"	"	"
42	Poo-Too.....	3			Desp. Bat.....	England.....	12½ brass.
43	Sing-Feng.....	3		30	Revenue Cr.....	Foreign.....	Foreign Comdrs. under Sup. Customs
44	Fei-Hoo.....	3		80	"	"	"
45	Kwa-Shing.....	3		80	"	"	"
46	Chee-Hing.....	2	30	20	A Launch.....	"	Commanders partly foreigners and Chinese.
47	Chein-Jui.....	3	80	60	"	"	"
48	Ching-On.....	2		20	"	"	"
49	Tchun-Tung.....	2	150	80	Revenue Cr.....	"	"
50	Pangchoa-Hai.....	4	600	120	"	"	Same as No. 49.
51	Shen-Chi.....	4	180	60	"	"	"
52	Li-She.....	3	100	40	"	"	"

I will add some extracts from a recent work of great interest, entitled, "War Ships and Navies of the World," by Chief Engineer

J. W. King, United States Navy, late Chief of the Bureau of Engineers, published in 1881.

<sup>1</sup> The Chinese Consul gives us the following names of vessels added since this table was made: "Tung-Yen," "Gun-Yen," "Chu-Yen"—all ironclads; cost £1,500,000 apiece; 7,800 tons; 2 turrets, Krupp's; 600 men; speed, 14½ knots.

THE CHINESE NAVY.

It is a mistake to regard the Chinese as an effete nation, not to be reckoned as a factor in international problems. The old military instincts of the mingled

Mongol, Tartar, and Chinese races—the same races which, under Genghis Khan and his successors, held sway over the whole of Asia, from the Yellow Sea to the Mediterranean, and founded the Great Mogul Empire in India—are not yet lost, and the marvellous resuscitation of China during the last eighteen years, which has been the theme of all observers, is nowhere more apparent than in the development of her military and naval strength. Shut out as she has been for ages from the rest of the world, she has not, indeed, shared in the great material progress of the western nations, but her recent liberation from these superstitious shackles places her in a position where she may at once avail herself of all the results produced in other lands by centuries of invention and research.

What progress has been already made, may be learned from a striking article in "Frazer's Magazine" in 1879, by Captain Bridge, R. N. This writer, speaking from personal knowledge, says :

"I have seen guards of soldiers armed with Remington breeches, river junks carrying smooth-bores, and steam gunboats mounting Krupp breech-loading cannon . . . Millions have been already spent in the construction of war steamers of modern type, and in the establishment of dock-yards and arsenals, in which munitions of war of all kinds may be produced. . . . Several important arsenals and gun factories are now scattered throughout the maritime provinces of the empire.

"In 1876 a naval yard was established near Shanghai, and though there are a few Englishmen and Americans holding posts in it, the control of it is exclusively in the hands of native officials. Two steam frigates, of nearly three thousand tons measurement, and five-gun-vessels had been launched from it three years ago, and a small iron-clad for river service completed. Of the frigates, one was in commission, and the writer, who has seen her actually at sea, was allowed to go over her when lying at anchor near Shanghai. She is a handsome craft, completely armed with Krupp guns. Her crew, from the captain down, without exception, is composed of native Chinamen. She did the Chinese credit in all respects. Attached to the dock-yard is a large military arsenal, in which are stored guns and small arms of all descriptions, and in which projectiles for heavy and field guns and breech-loading rifles of the Remington pattern were being continuously produced. Heavy machinery for the manufacture of armor-plates was being erected in a portion of the works. On the opposite bank of the river may be seen the great powder factory, not long ago constructed for the manufacture of gunpowder of the European kind.

"But, perhaps, the most marked instance of progress in this direction is to be observed at, or rather near, the treaty port of Foo-chow. Under the authority of the distinguished Tso-Tsung-Tang, M. Giguel, an officer of the French Navy, began some

twelve years ago to form a dock-yard on the Min River, a few miles below the city just mentioned, which could be easily fortified. The extraordinary success which has attended his labors will be understood by some knowledge of the difficulties with which he had to contend. The very ground on which the navy-yard is formed had to be made. The soil was alluvial, formed by a thick layer of solidified mud, covered with a coating of nearly liquid clay. In consequence of the freshets in the river, the level of the ground had to be raised five feet. In spite of these and other disadvantages, M. Giguel, at the end of seven years, had iron-works, rolling-mills, engine-factories, and building ships—in fact, all the plant of a naval yard—in full working order; and had actually built the engines, and in some cases the armament, for no less than fifteen vessels, of which eleven were over one thousand tons displacement. Not only this, but a school for naval officers had been formed, and a training-ship, fitted to make cruises at sea, had been attached to the establishment.

"Even this account of several great arsenals would not exhaust all that might be said in description of what has recently been done in China to increase the efficiency of the army and navy, which she has begun to consider necessary to her well-being."

It will thus be seen that China, the "effete" nation of the East, but just entered in the race between modern naval powers, has already actually put to sea more powerful guns than has any other nation on the globe; for the English "Inflexible" and the Italian "DUILIO," carrying eighty-ton and one hundred-ton guns, respectively, are not yet ready for service; while the heaviest guns now mounted afloat by the French, Germans, and Russians burn smaller charges and have less power than the guns on board these gunboats.

In addition to these gunboats, the Chinese have determined to still further equip themselves for coast defense, by providing a supply of torpedo-boats; and the first of the series proposed, an experimental boat, was shipped from England to China in August, 1879. Its dimensions are as follows: Length, 52 feet; breadth, 7 feet; mean draught of water, 3 feet 6 inches; maximum speed, 16 knots per hour. It is built of steel, is divided by six water-tight compartments, and is arranged to work three spar-torpedoes.

The foregoing papers not only show a beginning in the direction indicated, but far greater progress than was thought possible in 1868.

The special interest to be attached to this marked progress in naval and military armaments is not with reference to any prospect of the Chinese being felt, in the near future,

as a great power by sea or by land, but as showing how far they have adopted modern ideas in one department, and therefore how probable, if their interests should call them to do so, they may adopt them in others, especially in commerce and manufactures:

and when they have done so, whether we shall not have to consider, not simply the effect of the labor of the few thousands in the United States, but of the many millions in China.<sup>1</sup>

*Irvin McDowell.*

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#### CERTAIN PHASES OF THE CHINESE QUESTION.

[WE reprint, in consequence of repeated requests, an article published by the late Senator Miller in "The Californian" of March, 1880. It must be remembered that this article was written before the passage of the Restriction Act, and has in great measure lost its timeliness now. Its personal interest, however, as an important literary memorial of the deceased senator, and one else not easily accessible, as well as the partial bearing it still has upon a present question, seems to justify us in here presenting it.]

In the discussion of this question, it has been asserted on the one side with much apparent confidence, and as vehemently denied on the other, that the opposition to Chinese immigration is confined to political demagogues, ignorant foreigners, and the vicious, unlettered element of Californian society. While this contention is of but little importance in the process of solution of the main question, which must be settled from considerations higher than are to be found in the character of the advocates upon either side; still it was deemed expedient to make an attempt to eliminate the question of character from the discussion, by definitely showing what proportion of our people, honest or dis-

honest, were for Chinese immigration, and what proportion were against it. To this end, the people of this State were recently requested, by a statute law, to express their opinions upon the main question by ballot. The response was general; and when the ballots were counted, there were found to be 883 votes for Chinese immigration, and 154,638 against it.

This action will probably be regarded as decisive of all it was intended or expected to settle, but this is not all. California has, with surprising unanimity and supreme earnestness, after exhaustive discussion and passionless deliberation, declared, by this, the best method known to a free people, in favor of a policy of exclusion toward certain classes of Chinese immigrants. What shall be the influence of this declaration—so deliberately made—upon the minds of those who are charged with the ultimate solution of the great problem, is a question which must bide its time for answer. It may be important to note, however, that this action is taken by a people who are not unmindful of the spectacle which they, in themselves, present. This stand is taken in plain view of all mankind, and is maintained without a blush, in the full blaze of the civilization of the nineteenth century. Is it the attitude of ignorant defiance of the world's opinion? or is it the earnest, dignified protest of a spirited people? Does it display base motives, an illiberal, unreasoning spirit and temper? or is it the expression of honest, intelligent men, who believe they are in the right, and realize what they are doing? These questions must be answered sooner or later. California must yet

<sup>1</sup> General McDowell, without sanctioning any infringement of the law, desired the Chinese to be gradually excluded. But he considered their presence here as a punishment inflicted upon this country for its bold acts of aggression. He regarded the Mexican War as unjustifiable, and the territory thereby acquired as ours unjustly, and that we were wrong both in possessing California and in forcing intercourse upon the Chinese. He believed in a strict international law, based upon justice and right, but also in the right of any nation to choose its own society.

be justified in this position, or stand abashed and humiliated before the civilized world. The situation is interesting, if not dramatic, and challenges the attention of American publicists and statesmen. Such an attitude would never have been assumed by any people of average intelligence without some good reason, and it is to be presumed that some individuals of the one hundred and fifty-four thousand who voted for Chinese exclusion are able to give their reasons for this action. Many of these reasons have been given, and repeated in almost endless forms of reiteration; until it is, perhaps, impossible to present anything new, either in fact or argument, upon the subject. Some of the reasons which have been given are founded upon considerations of public policy, others upon moral duty, others upon principles of economic science; but the general foundation of all is, perhaps, in that higher law, which is the oldest of all human laws, the law of self-preservation. The people believe themselves to be engaged in an "irrepressible conflict." The two great and diverse civilizations of the earth have finally met on the California shore of the Pacific. This is a consummation which was prophetically seen by philosophers long ages ago, and which was expected to mark a most important epoch in the history of mankind.

Speaking of this event in the United States Senate, session of 1852, William H. Seward characterized it as "the reunion of the two civilizations, which, parting on the plains of Asia four thousand years ago, and traveling in opposite directions around the world, now meet again on the coasts and islands of the Pacific Ocean." He then adds: "Certainly no mere human event of equal dignity and importance has ever occurred on the earth." In this connection he made the prediction, that this great event would be "followed by the equalization of the condition of society, and the restoration of the unity of the human family."

The first fruits of this process of "the equalization of the condition of society" are now visible in California, and the public judgment is, that this equalization of condi-

tion and the "restoration of the unity of the human family," so far as it relates to the antipodean peoples who have here met, will be effected—if at all—at the expense of the life of Anglo-Saxon civilization. The two civilizations which have here met are of diverse elements and characteristics; each the result of evolution under contrariant conditions—the outgrowth of the centuries—and so radically antagonistic that any merging together or unity of them now seems impossible. Experience thus far indicates pretty clearly that the attempt will result in the displacement or extinction of one or the other. They can no more mix than oil and water—neither can absorb the other. They may exist side by side for a time, as they have endured here for nearly thirty years; for let it be understood, that there is a small but growing province of China on the Pacific Coast; and that in the very heart of our metropolis there is the city of Canton in miniature, with its hideous gods, its opium dens, its slimy dungeons, and its concentrated nastiness.

The Chinese have existed here for more than a quarter of a century, in an organization as complete as any among men—displaying every characteristic of Chinese civilization; subjected all this time to the influence and example of Western civilization, modern thought, American laws, and Christian teaching, and they have remained changeless and unchangeable; as immutable in form, feature, and character as if they had been moulded like iron statues when made, and never "of woman born"; as fixed in habit, method, and manner as if, in their daily lives, they were but executing some monstrous decree of fate. With their heathen temples, which they have here set up, they brought also a code of laws, which their chiefs enforce upon their people with relentless vigor, under the sanction of penalties the most dreadful, imposed by secret tribunals, who are enabled, under the concealment of an unattainable dialect and other hidden ways, to execute their decrees in the very shadow of our city hall—within pistol-shot of the office of our chief of police. They exist here under a Chinese system of government not unlike that under which

they lived on the banks of the Se-Keang; and this in spite of American laws, and in defiant contempt of American police. Thus far, no visible impression has been made here upon the Chinese, or their peculiar civilization. Their modes of life are the same that they and their ancestors have for fifty centuries pursued, in their fierce struggle with nature for subsistence. Here we have found the Chinaman utterly unable to emerge from the character which has been stamped upon him and ground into him by habit and a heredity as old as the records of man. He seems powerless to be other than he is, and he would not be other than he is if he could.

It is a fact of history, that wherever Chinese have gone they have taken their habits, their methods, their civilization with them, and have never lost them. Other peoples go abroad, and sooner or later adopt the civilization and habits of those by whom they are surrounded, and are absorbed in the mass of humanity with which they have come in contact. The European immigrants, within a short time after their arrival in America, become Americanized, and their descendants are genuine Americans. The Chinese are always Chinese, and their offspring, born on American soil, are Chinese in every characteristic of mind, form, feature, and habit, precisely the same as their ancestors. We have not only our experience of thirty years with the Chinese, but numerous historical examples of like character, all tending to prove that the Chinese are perfectly unimpressible; that no impression has been or can be made upon the civilization which here confronts ours.

These questions here arise: If we continue to admit this immigration until the Chinese form a considerable part of our population, what impression will they make upon the American people? and what will be the effect upon Anglo-Saxon civilization? Can the two civilizations endure side by side as two separate forces? If not, which will predominate? When the end comes for one or the other, which will be found to have survived? All these queries presuppose that the present unique experiment will be per-

mitted to proceed. But it is not probable that the American will abandon his civilization and adopt that of the Chinese. It is quite as impossible for him to become such a man as the Chinaman is, as it is improbable that the Chinaman will become such as the American is. Nor is it probable that the American will abandon his country, and give it up to the Chinaman. Can these two meet half-way? Can a race half Chinese and half American be imagined? a civilization, half Anglo-Saxon and half Chinese? It is possible that the experiment now going on will be brought to a halt before it comes to that point. This attempt to take in China by absorption is likely to result in an epidemic of "black vomit." Is it not manifest that at some time in the future—should Chinese immigration continue—a policy of exclusion toward these people must and will be adopted in the fulfillment of the law of self-preservation? Why not adopt it now?

It is said in answer to all this, that the Chinese do not come in sufficient numbers to in any way disturb the equilibrium of American society or threaten American institutions; that there is no danger of any large immigration of Chinese; that they have a right to come under treaty stipulation; and much more which involves considerations of moral and religious duty, and which the limits of a single article forbid us to mention or discuss.

That an exodus from the province of Kwang Tung in China has begun, cannot be denied, and that more than enough of these adventurers to form the population of a new State of the Union are actually in the United States, will not be disputed. They have entered California, because it is the nearest of all the States, and most accessible. They would thrive just as well in any of the States of the Union, and this they are rapidly finding out. They are coming in numbers exactly proportionate to the openings for them; and those who have been here the longest, and are the most intelligent and opulent, are engaged in creating new openings. At first, nearly all who came were mere laborers of the lowest order, men who

only sought labor under the direction of superiors. The American was then the superior who directed their labor; but now there are thousands of Chinese proprietors and managers in California, who direct the labor of their fellows as skillfully and successfully as ever the Americans were able to do. These have entered into competition with American employers, and thus not only furnish labor for their countrymen, but force the American proprietors to employ labor of the same grade. Many American proprietors have refused, and still refuse, to give employment to Chinese; but it is found that this practice of self-denial for the common good is at the cost of fortunes, and that it has no appreciable effect upon Chinese immigration. It only serves to multiply Chinese proprietors and new openings, and the Chinese continue to pour in as before.

All the Chinaman needs to make him an employer, is capital. The accumulations of past years are now being used as proprietary stock, and the disposition to so use them is rapidly growing. Skilled in handiwork, they have only to learn how to apply it, and they are as competent to direct labor as any proprietors. For example, they learned at low wages the whole business of making American shoes and cigars. Now the shoe-factories and the cigar factories of San Francisco are, for the most part, carried on by Chinese, and their former employers are driven from the business. Having been trained at home in the art of wresting from the earth the largest possible production, and seeing here what sorts of the earth's produce is of greatest value, they have become the autocrats of the garden, and our markets teem with the fruits of their tillage; none but a few Italians being left to contend against them in gardening. They have, in the same way come to understand the intricacies and the whole art of field husbandry, and now they begin to appear as farmers and landed proprietors. Even the American who employs Chinese as laborers finds that he cannot compete with these, because the Chinese farmer brings raw recruits from China for his farm, by a process unknown to the American; and,

being bound to him by contracts, made in China, for a term of years—which to break involves more to them than life itself—they gladly and faithfully work for three dollars a month.<sup>1</sup>

Practically, China is the great slave-pen from whence laborers for this country are being drawn; and there are myriads now ready, who only stand waiting for the beck and sign of Chinese chiefs, to come and toil like galley-slaves for wages upon which an American laborer would starve. Even here, in this sparsely-settled region, successful competition by white men with Chinese, either as laborers or proprietors, is found to be impracticable, in all the employments and industries involving manual labor in which the test has been made, and particularly in all light employments hitherto filled by women and young people. The immediate effect of this is seen in the tardy increase of our white population. The ratio of increase is not now equal to that of natural increase without the aid of immigration. White immigration to California has ceased, or if not entirely stopped, it is more than balanced by emigration. It is open to observation that thousands of our white laborers are quitting California to escape Chinese competition, and are moving upon the northern Territories, where but few Chinese have yet penetrated; for the Chinaman is not the fearless pioneer who first subdues the forest, or makes the desolate plain to blossom. He waits until others have won the conquest of nature, and then he comes and thrives in the contact with other men. The process of the displacement of the Caucasian and the planting of the Chinese instead, has here begun, and it is going on, slowly it may be, but steadily, with the silent, inexorable movement of time. And this process will continue until a crisis is reached and passed, and a new departure is made in our civil polity as respects immigration.

How the Chinese are able to thus sup-

<sup>1</sup> This statement can be easily verified. It is asserted by those who know, that there are many young Chinese now working for Chinese employers on the low lands bordering the Sacramento, for three dollars per month, under contracts such as are described above.

plant white men in their own country has often been explained. Volumes have been printed illustrative of the phenomenon, and explanatory of the possibility of a thing which at first would seem improbable. The clearest and most satisfactory exposition of this branch of the subject which has yet appeared, perhaps, is by an able writer<sup>1</sup> who shows, by scientific reasoning and fact, that it is not the highest, most vigorous, or enlightened type of man that always survives in the struggle for subsistence: "He may conquer an inferior people, and govern them for a time, but if they can produce as much as he by their labor, and are content to live on much less, he will either become like them in course of time, or disappear." Applying this to the Chinese, he shows that it is their revolting characteristics which make them formidable in the contest for survival with other races of men: "His miserable little figure, his pinched and wretched way of living, his slavish and tireless industry, his indifference to high and costly pleasures which our civilization almost makes necessities, his capacity to live in swarms in wretched dens, where the white man would rot if he did not suffocate." The method of the Chinese is also graphically described by another:<sup>2</sup> "The Chinese work for wages which will not support a white laborer's family, being themselves well fed on a handful of rice, a little refuse pork, and desiccated fish, costing but a few cents a day; and, lodged in a pig-sty, they become affluent, according to their standard, on wages that would beggar an American."

In the long warfare of his race for the means of existence, the physical character of the Chinaman has become adapted to the very smallest needs of human life, and with a capacity for the largest labor. He is a man of iron, whom neither heat nor cold seems to affect; of obtuse nerve, and of that machine-like quality which never tires. His range of food is the widest of all known animals—embracing as it does the whole vege-

table kingdom, and including every beast of the earth, and creeping thing, and all creatures of the sea, from the tiny shrimp to the giant leviathan of the deep. He can subsist on anything, and almost upon nothing. He has brought with him the *Chinese* science of sustaining human life, and he shows no disposition to lose it. The white man cannot acquire it, and does not want it. He could only get it by an experience such as the Chinese have gathered in the long ages of their history. This represents in some degree the advantages which the Chinese have over our race in the battle for the "survival of the fittest." When we reflect upon the time it has taken the Chinese to train their bodies down to their present state, in which they possess the capacity for labor and the power of endurance equal to that of the most stalwart races, at the same time possessing such a marvelous vital organism and digestive machinery that they are able to subsist on less than half the food necessary to sustain life in other men, we begin to see the impossibility of the American Caucasian ever coming to the Chinese standard in these respects; and when we think of what that training has cost—of the pinching hunger, ceaseless, grinding toil, the human misery, the unspeakable horrors of that long, doleful agony of the ages, which has made the Chinese what they are—the mind shrinks from the contemplation of the possibility of such a fate for the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent.

Those who affect to believe the territory of the United States sufficient in extent and fertility to afford a home for all mankind, and stretch forth their arms in generous invitation and welcome to all sorts of people, have probably never thought much of the future of their country, nor considered well the interest of posterity. Suppose all immigration to be now stopped, how long a time would elapse until the United States should be, by natural increase alone, as densely populated as any European State? Malthus cited the United States as an example in which the natural increase of the human race is in a geometrical ratio, fixing twenty-five years as the term in which the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. M. J. Dee—Essay on "Chinese Immigration"—North American Review, June, 1878.

<sup>2</sup> Hon. A. A. Sargent's Speech, U. S. Senate, March, 1878.



population doubles itself. Macaulay approves this estimate. Adam Smith wrote that "in North America it has been found that the population doubles in twenty, or five-and-twenty, years." The general estimate by those who have given the subject attention, is, that a healthy, vigorous population will, under favorable conditions as to food, climate, and space, double itself by natural increase every twenty-five years. Our census returns do not probably prove the exact correctness of this statement, if applied to the United States, but the estimate is not far out of the way. Taking, then, thirty years as the term in which the population of this country would double, without the aid of immigration, we should have in sixty years one hundred and eighty millions of people. Permitting immigration, and limiting it to European peoples alone, we should unquestionably have that number within sixty years—perhaps within fifty years. Supposing the territorial area of the United States to remain the same that it now is, long before the second centennial year the question of subsistence will have become the "burning question" of the time. The grandchildren of many who now so benevolently invite Chinese immigration may find it difficult to obtain a homestead, even upon the bleak, gravelly plains of the great "American Desert."

It is perhaps an open question now, whether the United States as a nation has or has not come to that condition in which invitations and inducements to immigration from any quarter are unnecessary and mischievous. It is certain that immigration is not a necessary aid for the settlement of the country embraced within the present national boundaries, for by natural increase alone of the present stock this area will, within a century, become so crowded that the conquest of the whole continent will be regarded as a necessary measure of relief. Since it is clear that the country is not large enough, and cannot be so extended, without making republican government impossible, as to accommodate a moiety of the human race who desire to come, is it not time to begin a rational dis-

crimination among the varieties of men who are crowding in upon us? Or is it to be said that there is no choice among the races of men, and that all immigrants are equally desirable? Or, if it be admitted that some sorts are more desirable than others, has the nation no power of discrimination? After what may be considered a patient trial, the Americans of the Pacific States are of the opinion that there is a vast difference between the varieties of men who come to the western shore, and that of all the bad sorts who have come and continue to come, the Chinese are the worst. They believe, also, that the nation has the power to discriminate against these, and that the time has come to exert that power.

It ought not to be forgotten, in considering this subject, that man is in a certain sense an animal; that there are different types of men, as there are various breeds of a particular kind of animal; and that from climatic causes, the character, quality, and variety of food, the influence of employment, of care, shelter, particular habits, and other causes, some of these types, in the process of evolution, have attained to a higher plane in life than others, just as some breeds or strains of the same kind of animal are found to be better than others; that the lower types of men, as in the case of other animals generally under like conditions, increase most rapidly; and that the tendency is therefore toward a predominance in point of numbers of the lower types, where there is no intelligent interposition or restraint. It has come to be regarded as axiomatic, that the increase of animal life, including man, within any particular environment, is limited only by the means of subsistence.

In considering the question of moral duty in the alleviation of the distress which has resulted in China from over-population, by inviting immigration hither, it is well to remember that the Chinese have abundantly illustrated the foregoing axiom. They are a type of humanity who have increased and kept up to the utmost limits of the means of subsistence, never practicing any intelligent restraint, but just as fast as the pressure

of want has been relieved by emigration to this and other countries, or in any other mode, the measure of increase has again been filled; so that, in fact, emigration is but a temporary relief to those who remain at home, and furnishes to such a people no permanent alleviation. The emigrants alone are benefited, and this, as we have seen, is at the expense of our own people. If twenty million Chinese were to emigrate to America as fast as ships could be found to carry them, their places would be again filled in China by natural increase within a short period, and the immigrants would supplant an equal number of white people in this country. The benevolence which prompts the unlimited admission of these millions into our country is misdirected, for the effect of it is simply to aid the increase and distribution over the earth's surface of an inferior variety of man, and to check the increase and distribution of a superior type. It makes China the breeding ground for peopling America, and that, too, from a bad and scrub stock. The effect of this proceeding upon our own race and people, and the institutions they have here established, is the matter of supreme importance. "Charity should begin at home."

Nor are we to consider alone the immediate effect of the presence of the Chinese as a part of our population, but we must look beyond that, and think of the elements which they shall infuse into our society as progenitors. With that heredity which moulds and forms and directs the Chinaman, which is his life and being, and from which he can never escape, it makes no difference whether the child of Chinese parentage is born in the United States or in the mountains of the moon; he will be a Chinaman still. It is in the blood. There can be no mixture of that blood with the Caucasian, without the deterioration of the latter race. At present, there does not seem to be very great danger of the mixture, but should the Chinese continue to come as they now come, it will in time take place. It is not the fault of the Chinese that marriages with whites have been so

rare.<sup>1</sup> In their civilization, woman is a chattel. The Chinamen's title to his wife is "title by purchase." Numerous attempts have been made in California to acquire this title to white women, but generally without success. Whenever the Chinaman becomes a citizen (and this must follow logically from a policy of unrestricted admission into the country), when he begins to vote and hold office, it is probable that it will not be so difficult to find a wife in the country of his adoption.

But it is vain to pursue this line of inquiry further. The infusion of such an element, whether by one mode or another, into American society, places republican government and free institutions in the face of new dangers. A people who boast a civilization more than six thousand years old, and who have not yet advanced in the evolution of conduct to the conception of moral principles—whose highest achievements in ethical science culminate in the Confucian maxim, "honesty is the best policy," and in whom not a trace of, nor even a substitute for, the moral sense or conscience ever appears—give no promise of attaining to that enlightenment which qualifies a people for republican government, and the appreciation of American institutions. If the Chinese came with arms in their hands, seeking a conquest of this country by force, what a magnificent spectacle of martial resistance would be presented to the view of an admiring world! The motive and effect of the present peaceful invasion is the same as in the case of an invasion by force. The method by which the conquest is to be accomplished differs, but the result is the same. Resistance by force to one of these modes of invasion would be applauded as the exhibition of the loftiest patriotism and the strongest devotion to the

<sup>1</sup> While Chinese women in California bring, in the Chinese market, for wives, from five to six hundred dollars, as high as three thousand dollars is known to have been offered by Chinamen for a white woman as a wife, and frequently one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars. These are the most notable examples of Chinese extravagance, for they are singularly economic in all else.

great interests of mankind. Those who should conduct such resistance, and make successful defensive war, would be named the patriots and heroes of the nation.

Why, then, is peaceful resistance to a stealthy, strategic conquest, without force, characterized as illiberal and morally wrong? The motive for resistance is the same in the one case as in the other. It is to save our country from the contaminating influence of the Mongoloid and his civilization. It is to preserve this land for our people and their posterity forever; to protect and defend American institutions and Republican government from the Oriental gangrene! And this is the duty of every American citizen. In the

words of Cardinal Manning: "It is the duty of every member of a commonwealth to use his utmost power to hinder all evil, and to do all good he can, to the State or people to which he belongs. These are positive and natural duties, which he cannot fail to discharge without culpable omission, or rather, without a dereliction and betrayal of the highest natural duties, next after those which he owes immediately to God." We, of this age and country, hold republican government and free institutions in trust for Anglo-Saxon posterity. If this Oriental invasion continues by our permission, the trust may be betrayed.

*John F. Miller.*

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#### SOME RECENT BOOKS ON MAN AND RELIGION.

FOUR books now before us for review, although written with total independence of each other, and varying so widely that the title we have placed at the head of our review cannot without great straining apply to several of them, yet have grouped themselves significantly together in the present reviewer's mind. They are all important indices of movements of thought that, with all their differences, have a common impulse; they indicate, to use a worn-out phrase, "the spirit of the times," in thoughts relating to the status of man in the universe, and the consequent deductions in religious opinion. The "common impulse" is probably not remotely connected with the first of these books—Grant Allen's *Charles Darwin*<sup>1</sup>—for in the Darwinian revolution of modern thought lie the germs of many a speculation, not only scientific, but even theological, which would be loth to acknowledge such an origin.

Professor Allen's book is merely a little account, for the general reader, of Darwin's life and work, contributed to a series upon "English Worthies," now in process of publication. It is in no wise, of course, a book of original

power, or "the last word" on anything. It adds nothing to what those well acquainted with the subject already knew. And having premised this, we go on to say that, for its purpose, it is admirable beyond criticism. The candor, the appreciation, the soundness of the author's estimates, the charm of his style, the clearness and sense of proportion with which he brings out the essential points,—these make the book a model of a popular treatise on a scholarly subject. Professor Allen has the advantage of so clear and agreeable and simple a style, that his scientific papers have long been in demand as articles for popular magazines; and this engaging style does not fail him now. Nor is this popular quality gained at the expense of solid virtues. It is due partly to the joyous ardor of the author in biological study; partly to the fact that he has instinctively sought out those portions of the biological field (such as the hidden relationships of plants) that are fascinating to the unlearned, as to the scholar; and partly because of his admirable ability to present a thesis in simple language, and with such arrangement of parts and distribution of emphasis as to lead the reader's mind easily along with him.

The present book is scarcely a biogra-

<sup>1</sup> Charles Darwin. By Grant Allen. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Jas. T. White.

phy, for it touches on Darwin's life only in outline, and in its relation to his work; but it follows along the account of that work biographically, thus giving a real narrative interest to the wonderful story. The point of especial stress in it is the establishment of Darwin's relation to his predecessors in the discovery of evolution, and to the contemporary workers in the same field. "In the public mind, Darwin is, perhaps, most commonly regarded as the discoverer and founder of the evolution hypothesis. Two ideas are usually associated with his name and memory": it is believed that he is the originator of the idea of the evolution of plants and animals from lower forms, and, "more particularly, of the idea that man is descended from a more or less monkey-like ancestor." "Now, as a matter of fact, Darwin was not the prime originator of either of these two great cardinal ideas. . . . Though he gained for them both a far wider and more general acceptance than they had ever before popularly received, he laid no sort of claim himself to originality or proprietorship in either theory." What he originated was the theory of "natural selection"—that is, the discovery of the means by which evolution could be accomplished. "He did not invent the development theory, but he made it believable and comprehensible. He was not, as most people falsely imagine, the Moses of evolutionism, the prime mover in the biological revolution; he was the Joshua who led the world of thinkers and workers into full fruition of that promised land which early investigators had but dimly descried from the Pisgah-top of conjectural speculation." With many such effective phrases, Professor Allen impresses it upon the reader that it was Darwin's "task in life to raise this theory from the rank of a mere plausible and happy guess to the rank of a highly elaborate and almost universally accepted biological system": that Buffon was really the creator of the germ idea; that Erasmus Darwin and Goethe not only took it up, but even anticipated by stray guesses of wonderful penetration part of the farther idea that, soundly wrought out, constituted Charles Darwin's specific discovery; that

Lamarck, largely under influence from Erasmus Darwin, brought the development theory in a crude form to such a point that "every thinking mind in the world of science . . . was deeply engaged upon the self-same problem. Lyell and Horner . . . were doubting and debating. Herbert Spencer had already frankly accepted the new idea with the profound conviction of a *a priori* reasoning. Agassiz was hesitating and raising difficulties. . . . Wallace was independently spelling out in rude outline the very theory of survival of the fittest, which Charles Darwin himself was simultaneously perfecting and polishing." Treviranus, Oken, Bates, Wollasten, Von Buch, Lecoq, Von Baer, Dean Herbert, Matthew, and Chambers were more or less imperfectly and remotely on the track. "It was not till 1859 that the first edition of the 'Origin of Species' burst like a thunder-bolt upon the astonished world of unprepared and unscientific thinkers."

In a very interesting study of Erasmus Darwin and others of the remarkable Darwin-Wedgwood connection, Professor Allen, quoting a prophetic guess of Erasmus Darwin's, adds, "Do we not see, in these profound and fundamental suggestions, not merely hints as to the evolution of evolution, but also as to the evolution of the evolutionist?" and calls attention to the ideal endowment for scientific greatness produced in Charles Darwin by the wonderful insight, scientific imagination, suggestiveness, observation, and capacity for vast and daring generalization, of the Darwins, joined to the endless patience, plodding perseverance, rigorous induction, and passion for proving every step, inherited from the Wedgwoods. That the grandson of Erasmus Darwin and Josiah Wedgwood should come upon the field, with every advantage of external circumstance and of education, at just the time when speculation was ripe for his work, is one of the happiest conjunctions of "the man and the hour" in all history. "Organism and environment fell together into perfect harmony; and so . . . the secret of the ages was finally wrung from not unwilling nature."

We reluctantly deny ourselves farther quotations from this fascinating little book (which, while telling nothing new, tells all so well)—only making an exception for one passage, and referring readers to the book itself for the rest :

“Of Darwin’s pure and exalted moral nature, no Englishman of the present generation can trust himself to speak with becoming moderation. His love of truth, his singleness of heart, his sincerity, his earnestness, his modesty, his candor, his absolute sinking of self and selfishness—these, indeed, are all conspicuous to every reader, on the very face of every word he ever printed. . . . But his sympathetic kindness, his ready generosity, the stanchness of his friendship, the width and depth and breadth of his affections, the manner in which he ‘bore with those who blamed him unjustly, without blaming them in return’;—these things can never so well be known to any other generation of men. . . . To many who never saw his face, the hope of winning Charles Darwin’s approbation and regard was the highest incentive to thought and action. Towards younger men especially his unremitting kindness was most noteworthy; he spoke and wrote to them, not like one of the masters in Israel, but like a fellow-worker and seeker after truth, interested in their interests, pleased at their successes, sympathetic with their failures, gentle with their mistakes. Not that he ever spared rightful criticism; on the contrary, the love of truth was with him so overpowering and entralling a motive, that he pointed out what seemed to him errors . . . with perfect frankness, fully expecting them to be as pleased and delighted at a suggested amendment of their faulty writing as he himself was in his own case. . . . When he died, thousands and thousands who had never beheld his serene features and fatherly eyes felt they had lost indeed a personal friend. . . . In Charles Darwin’s case, by universal consent of all who knew him, ‘an intellect which had no superior was wedded to a character even nobler than the intellect.’”

From Darwin we turn to Spencer, of whom Professor Allen elsewhere says: “On the other hand, the total esoteric philosophic conception of evolution as a cosmical process, one and continuous from nebula to man, . . . from atom to society, we owe rather to the great prophet of the evolutionary creed, Herbert Spencer, whose name will ever be equally remembered side by side with his mighty peer’s.” Mr. Spencer had even mapped out his vast scheme of philosophy, and begun the series of books—today still far from finished—in which it was to be developed,

upon a strictly evolutionary plan, some time before “The Origin of Species” appeared. Still more: in these earlier writings he had actually used the peculiarly Darwinian principle of “the survival of the fittest” (a ‘pellucid phrase’ of which he was later the author) in the course of a discussion of his own. Of this accidental stumbling upon the doctrine, he said himself that it “shows how near one may be to a great generalization without seeing it”; and that the passage “contains merely a passing recognition of the selective process, and indicates no suspicion of the enormous range of its effects, or of the conditions under which a large part of its effects are produced”; yet these once brought out by another, Spencer, “an evolutionist in fibre from the very beginning,” was able to instantly adopt the results into his own work; and it shows how far in advance of his contemporaries he was, that he has been able to continue his great system of treatises upon the lines marked out from the beginning, and keep the earlier volumes in their place, although the Darwinian revolution broke in between.

As every reader of Spencer knows, his *First Principles*, *Principles of Psychology*, and *Principles of Biology* have long been before the public, and the *Principles of Sociology* has been for years slowly coming from his hands, the fifth of its eight parts having been published three years ago; and an anticipatory volume on *The Principles of Morality* has also been put forth. The sixth part of the *Principles of Sociology*, *Ecclesiastical Institutions*,<sup>1</sup> is now issued, thus leaving two parts more under *Sociology*, and all the detail work under *Morality*, to be completed. So far, therefore, the present division of the *Synthetic Philosophy* consists of *The Data of Sociology*, *The Inductions of Sociology*, *The Domestic Relations*, *Ceremonial Institutions*, *Political Institutions*, and *Ecclesiastical Institutions*, with *Professional Institutions* and *Industrial Institutions* to fol-

<sup>1</sup>*Ecclesiastical Institutions*. Being Part VI. of the *Principles of Sociology*. By Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Jas. T. White.

low. It is impossible to notice without feeling, the anxiety on the author's part that accompanies each successive volume, lest it be the last. The foreboding that prompted the anticipatory volume on *The Data of Morality*, that at least an outline of his whole philosophy might be in existence, appears again in the preface to the present volume; where, speaking of the interval that has passed since the publication of the last one, due mainly to the very serious condition of health, "which has, during much of the interval, negatived even that small amount of daily work which I was able to get through," he adds of the next volumes, "Whether these will be similarly delayed, I cannot, of course, say. I entertain hopes that they may be more promptly completed; but it is possible, or even probable, that a longer rather than a shorter period will pass before they appear—if they ever appear at all."

The main thesis of the *Ecclesiastical Institutions*—the "ghost theory"—was anticipated not only in "*The Data of Sociology*," but by the publication of the concluding chapter, "*Religious Retrospect and Prospect*," in which the whole book is summarized, as an essay in "*The Nineteenth Century*"; so that not only the doctrine but even the phrases have already passed into current discussion. This final chapter contains much more than a summary of the preceding discussion; it effects a real modification of the accepted idea of Mr. Spencer's position with regard to fundamental religious ideas. The controversy with Mr. Harrison which resulted from this modification, has already been reviewed in these pages (p. 448, October, 1885); and in spite of the withdrawal from publication of the volume into which Mr. Spencer's American publishers had collected the papers of this controversy, it had, in magazine form, reached enough readers to have wrought a marked effect upon the relation of "agnosticism" to theology. It placed Mr. Spencer distinctly over toward the theistic side of agnosticism, and effected a line of distinction between his school and the so-called "positivist" one represented by Mr.

Harrison. It seems to the present reviewer (as it has already seemed to the instinct of theologians, who have seized upon Mr. Spencer's theistic concession with appreciative eagerness) that the significance of this point can scarcely be overrated. It is not, of course, to be understood that Mr. Spencer has retreated in any wise from his original doctrine of the Unknowable; he has only brought out in that doctrine, by pushing it to its legitimate conclusion, more theistic possibilities than most readers at first found in it. A series of brief and condensed extracts will perhaps serve us better here than any summary of Mr. Spencer's doctrine in our own words:

"Not only by theologians at large, but also by some who have treated religion rationalistically, it is held that there is an innate consciousness of deity. . . . But this doctrine, once almost universally accepted, has been rudely shaken by the facts which psychologists and anthropologists have brought to light. . . . There is clear proof that minds which have from infancy been cut off by bodily defects from intercourse with the minds of adults, are devoid of religious ideas. . . . The Rev. Samuel Smith, after twenty-eight years' almost daily contact with such, says of a deaf-mute, 'He has no idea of his immortal nature, . . . and it has not been found in a single instance that an uneducated deaf-mute has had any conception of the existence of a Supreme Being.' The implication is, that the religious ideas of civilized men are not innate; and this implication is supported by proofs that among various savages they do not exist. . . . We are taught by implication that they have a natural origin. How do they originate?"

These extracts are from the first chapter; our omissions are chiefly of corroborative instances. We turn now to the last chapter for the author's summary of the intermediate ones:

"How do these ideas concerning the supernatural evolve out of ideas concerning the natural? The transition cannot be sudden; and an account of the genesis of religion must begin by describing the steps through which the transition takes place. . . . In the fact that the other-self, supposed to wander in dreams, is believed to have actually done and seen whatever was dreamed—in the fact that the other-self, when going away at death, but expected presently to return, is conceived as a double equally material with the original; we see that the supernatural agent in its primitive form diverges very little from the natural agent—is simply the original man with

some added powers of going about secretly and doing good or evil. . . . Where circumstances favor the continuance of sacrifices at graves, witnessed by members of each new generation, who are told about the dead and transmit the tradition, there eventually arises the conception of a permanently existing ghost or spirit. . . . Differences among the ascribed powers of ghosts soon arise. They naturally follow from observed differences among the powers of living individuals. . . . Habitual wars, which, more than all other causes, initiate these first differentiations, go on to initiate further and more decided ones. . . . Thus . . . are formed the conceptions of the great ghosts, or gods, the more numerous secondary ghosts or demi-gods, and so on . . . —a pantheon. . . . With advancing civilization, the divergence of the supernatural being from the natural being becomes more decided. . . . The god of the savage, represented as having intelligence scarcely, if at all, greater than that of the living man, is deluded with ease. Even the gods of the semi-civilized are deceived, make mistakes, repent of their plans; and only in course of time does there arise the conception of unlimited vision and universal knowledge. . . . During the militant phase of activity, the chief god is conceived as holding insubordination the greatest crime, as implacable in anger, as merciless in punishment. . . . But where militancy declines, . . . the foreground of the religious consciousness is increasingly filled with those ascribed traits of the divine nature which are congruous with the ethics of peace: divine love, divine forgiveness, divine mercy, are now the characteristics enlarged upon."

To this outline, add the final "merging all minor supernatural powers in one supernatural power," and we have the whole theory. It has long ago been put forth by Mr. Spencer, but has waited for the present book to be elaborated and defended by copious citations of facts—(for though "ecclesiastical institutions" are the immediate subject, these are merely the formal expression of religious ideas, and are treated as such.) This "ghost theory," as first published, has been almost a sharper challenge to the very general doctrine that religion grew out of observation of the powers of nature, than to that of its supernatural origin. Certainly, at first sight it is not nearly as plausible: it would appear to the mature mind far more natural that the movements and power of the sun should have given primitive peoples the conception of supernatural power, than that the first idea of the supernatural should have stirred in connection with ghosts, and that these should

have developed into gods, while man still took the visible universe indifferently for granted; it seems even grotesque to substitute for the all-potent sun-myth the reverse suggestion, that some deceased or deified hero, who had been poetically compared to the sun, might have given rise to the worship of that luminary. Yet, in the investigation of the present ideas of savages, of the primitive records, of the case of uninstructed children, the weight of evidence seems to be very greatly in favor of Mr. Spencer's assertion that undeveloped people do not wonder at anything that is customary, accepting the marvels of Nature as a matter of course, and holding Topsy's doctrine of their own origin. It is probable that most people who can recall correctly their own childhood, would have to confess that had no one suggested it to them, it would never have occurred to them to wonder why the sun rose, and shone, and set, and the trees grew, any more than why they themselves should eat, and sleep, and run. As Mr. Spencer justly says, wonder and inquiry are the product of civilization, the traits of the philosopher, not of the rustic—still less of child or savage.

Leaving the controversy between nature-theory, and ghost-theory to be affected as may be by this new and fuller exposition of the latter, we come back to Mr. Spencer's significant statement of his conception of the permanent and true idea of supernatural power which will ultimately be wrought out. He rapidly marshals the argument for the impossibility of intelligence, consciousness, or will—as we understand the words, describing by them attributes of our own finite nature—being attributes of an infinite nature; and continues, "The conception which has been enlarging from the beginning must go on enlarging, until, by disappearance of its limits, it becomes a consciousness which transcends the forms of distinct thought, though it forever remains a consciousness."

"But how can such a final consciousness of the Unknowable, thus tacitly alleged to be true, be reached by successive modifications of a conception which was utterly untrue? The ghost-theory of the savage is baseless. . . . Unexpected as it will be to most

readers, the answer here to be made is, that at the outset a germ of truth *was* contained in the primitive conception—the truth, namely, that the power which manifests itself in consciousness is but a differently conditioned form of the power which manifests itself beyond consciousness.

“Every voluntary act yields to the primitive man proof of a source of energy within him. . . . When producing motion in his limbs, and through them motion in other things, he is aware of the accompanying feeling of effort. And this sense of effort, which is the perceived antecedent of changes produced by him, becomes the conceived antecedent of changes not produced by him. . . . The dissociation [of the notion of objective force from the force known as such in consciousness] reaches its extreme in the thoughts of the man of science, who interprets in terms of force not only the visible changes of sensible bodies, but all physical changes whatever, even up to the undulations of the ethereal medium. Nevertheless, this force (be it force under that statical form by which matter resists, or under the dynamical form distinguished as energy) is to the last thought of in terms of that internal energy which he is conscious of as muscular effort. He is compelled to symbolize objective force in terms of subjective force from lack of any other symbol. . . .

“The last stage reached is recognition of the truth that force as it exists beyond consciousness cannot be like what we know as force within consciousness; and that yet, as either is capable of generating the other, they must be different modes of the same. Consequently, the final outcome of that speculation commenced by the primitive man is, that the Power manifested throughout the Universe distinguished as material, is the same Power which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness.”

“Those who think that science is dissipating religious beliefs and sentiments, seem unaware that whatever of mystery is taken from the old interpretation is added to the new. Or, rather, we may say that transference from the one to the other is accompanied by increase; since for an explanation which has a seeming feasibility, science substitutes an explanation which, carrying us back only a certain distance, there leaves us in presence of the avowedly inexplicable. Under one of its aspects, scientific progress is a transfiguration of Nature. Where ordinary perception saw perfect simplicity, it reveals great complexity; where there seemed absolute inertness, it discloses intense activity; and in what appears mere vacancy, it finds a marvelous play of forces. Each generation of physicists discover in so-called ‘brute matter,’ powers which but a few years before the most instructed physicist would have thought incredible. . . . When the explorer of Nature sees that, quiescent as they appear, surrounding solid bodies are thus sensitive to forces which are infinitesimal in their amounts . . . when there is forced on him the inference that every point in space

thrills with an infinity of vibrations passing through it in all directions; the conception to which he tends ‘is much less that of a Universe of dead matter than that of a Universe everywhere alive: alive, if not in the restricted sense, still in a general sense.’ . . .

“Especially must this [high religious feeling] be so when he remembers that the very notions ‘origin,’ ‘cause,’ and ‘purpose,’ are relative notions, belonging to human thought, which are probably irrelevant to the Ultimate Reality, transcending human thought. . . . But one truth must grow ever clearer—the truth that there is an Inscrutable Existence everywhere manifested, to which he can neither find nor conceive either beginning or end. Amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that he is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed.”

These deductions were undoubtedly legitimately to be drawn from all Mr. Spencer’s previous discussions; but their statement, with his gift for happy phrase, in such terms as “the Power manifested throughout the Universe distinguished as material is the same Power which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness,” and “there will remain the one absolute certainty that he is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed,” produced an instant stir of disapproval among the positivist agnostics, and of triumph among the theists, to both of whom it appeared like granting to theism the essential point. Still more significant, there was evident a desire on the part of the advanced wing of several denominations of Christians, to find themselves as far as possible in accord with Mr. Spencer’s views. Granted on his part that there is “an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed,” and that the human consciousness approximates it probably more nearly than anything else we can conceive it by, they show a disposition to grant on their part that the remoteness of that approximation is far beyond what creeds have assumed; and that “the Unknowable” may be a phrase that represents the idea of God less untruly than the current conception of a heavenly sovereign. Dr. Abbot, in the Congregational Church, and Dr. Allen, in the Episcopalian, urge that it is sound theology to deny the limita-



tions of personality to the divine nature. Now the significance of this is unmistakable; it is laying solid foundations for a common ground on which theology and evolutionary philosophy can stand. It implies a disposition on the part of theology, if evolutionary philosophy will reach out its hand on the one side of the chasm, to reach out its own on the other, and try to touch. It can hardly be said that Mr. Spencer has reached out a hand, for it is improbable that he has ever made the least effort to so place his philosophy as to show it in its most favorable aspect to theists, and the phrases that have pleased them have merely been arrived at in regular course of discussion; but he is not wanting in a follower, of excellent rank as a scientific evolutionist, who is quick to see the opportunity and extend the hand. Professor Fiske insists that in his latest treatise, *The Idea of God*,<sup>1</sup> he does not express any new views, but merely re-states those which have been misunderstood before. This is doubtless true, but it is also true that the re-statement has been inspired by a distinctly conciliatory intention, and is guided by a very clear perception of the present mental attitude of theism. Considering that Professor Fiske is by all odds the most entertaining and popular writer on evolutionary philosophy, readable preëminently; that he goes much farther toward a distinct theism than Mr. Spencer, and yet is a sound and unquestioned evolutionist of the Spencer school, it will be seen how peculiarly able he is to give a hand on the one side to agnosticism, on the other side to theology; and that between him and Dr. Abbot and Professor A. V. G. Allen a tenable common ground is already marked out, can hardly be denied. In fact, Professor Fiske calls himself frankly a theist. The point in which he approximates more nearly to accepted creeds than does Mr. Spencer, is in his teleology. In his account of Darwin's theory, Professor Grant Allen insists upon its absolute freedom from any teleological element as one of its greatest virtues; and Mr. Spencer also

remains in a purely agnostic attitude as to the purpose or end of the progression discovered in the universe. Yet one may exclude teleology absolutely from his scientific research, and admit it to his philosophical speculations upon the result of that research. The following paragraphs are Professor Fiske's general statement of his position:

"First, we may regard the world of phenomena as sufficient unto itself, and deny that it needs to be referred to any underlying and all-comprehensive unity. . . . There is no reasonableness in the universe, save that with which human fancy unwarrantably endows it. . . . this is Atheism.

"Secondly, we may hold that the world of phenomena is utterly unintelligible, unless referred to an underlying and all-comprehensive unity. All things are manifestations of an Omnipresent Energy, which cannot be in any imaginable sense personal or anthropomorphic; out from this eternal source of phenomena all individualities proceed, and into it they must all ultimately return and be absorbed; the events of the world have an orderly progression, but not toward any goal recognizable by us. . . . the beginning and end of things. . . . is merely an inscrutable essence, a formless void. Such a view as this may properly be called Pantheism. It recognizes an Omnipresent Energy, but virtually identifies it with the totality of things.

"Thirdly, we may hold that the world of phenomena is intelligible only when regarded as the multiform manifestation of an Omnipresent Energy that is in some way—albeit in a way quite above our finite comprehension—anthropomorphic or quasi-personal. There is a true objective reasonableness in the Universe, its events have an orderly progression. . . . toward a goal that is recognizable by human intelligence. . . . and this tendency is the objective aspect of that which, regarded on its subjective side, we call Purpose. Such a theory of things is Theism. It recognizes an Omnipresent Energy, which is none other than the living God. It is this theistic doctrine which I hold myself."

Now, comparing this on the one side with Mr. Spencer's doctrine, as expressed by himself, it will be seen that the question of whether the two are in essential agreement depends on whether Professor Fiske means to indicate more personality by his phrase "an Omnipresent Energy that is in some way, quite above our finite comprehension, anthropomorphic," than Mr. Spencer by "the same Power which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness"; and whether by "their progression is toward a

<sup>1</sup>The Idea of God. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

goal that is recognizable by human intelligence," he means anything more than to express, according to his custom, as an accepted doctrine, what Mr. Spencer, with agnostic caution, would set down as a probable, but undemonstrable, speculation. On the other side, compare it with the position of the extreme broad-churchmen of several orthodox denominations, and it will be seen to melt no less indistinguishably into their thesis. The solution of dividing lines between modern orthodoxy and heterodoxy thus becomes curiously evident; for passing the extreme liberalists in orthodox pulpits, and moving toward the fixed center of orthodoxy, we find a steady gradation, with a disposition to conciliate, and to lay the stress upon resemblances rather than differences, until we come to the point at which the first divergence from the center is made; and here we find some tendency to sharp distinctions, and resistance to difference of opinion. An interesting illustration of the condition of theological discussion at this point is before us, under the title of *Progressive Orthodoxy*.<sup>1</sup> Its authors are professors in the leading Congregational seminary of the country, but have been for some time under a sort of suspicion of theological unsoundness. They maintain, however, that they are perfectly orthodox, but that orthodoxy is not quite what it used to be understood to be. They hold views not quite in harmony with the majority of their own and other evangelical sects upon the doctrines of the atonement, the conditions of salvation, and the nature of inspiration. It is very interesting and instructive to observe that in proportion to the fundamental and vital nature of the belief concerned, is the ease with which difference of opinion is tolerated, and sharp lines of division obscured; it is upon what are specifically known as "doctrinal" points that orthodoxy and heterodoxy become grave matters. Not only do we find the Spencerian agnostic and the Christian preacher shading together, and seeking to minimize their differ-

ences, and try to find themselves as much at one as possible, on so vast and primary a question as the idea of God, while the conservative wing of one denomination regards with gravity and anxiety modifications made by the other wing in doctrines purely theological; but of the three points discussed, viz: the specific inspiration and infallibility of the Scriptures, the exact nature of atonement, and the means by which the heathen may be saved (it being granted on both sides that they may)—the last, which obviously involves the least possible consequences to the general scheme of Christian faith, we find most anxiously controverted by the religious press; while the giving over of the Scriptures to ordinary historical criticism, far-reaching as the results of such a concession are bound to be, is, so far as we have seen, very slightly demurred to. Again, the authors themselves put forward this very important concession with frankness and decision, without anxiety to prove that it is not heretical, and quite as a matter of course; while on the other two points they argue at length, and seem to endeavor to reach the new with one hand without letting go of the old with the other (an effort which causes some curious exercises of ingenuity), to fear, the logical conclusions from their own premises, and to stand much on the defensive. We believe that if anyone will try the experiment of asking an average layman of rigid orthodoxy, whether God may not be an Infinite Power, from whose boundlessness of existence it would be detracting to attribute to him human traits, whose real traits were beyond the grasp of our finite comprehension, yet more clearly indicated by the human soul than by any other clue—he would be more likely to meet assent than if he asked whether the heathen might not have a second probation after death. This is, of course, because the untrained mind does not fill out with its full meaning the phrases about the nature of God; uses them as what Mr. Spencer calls "a symbolic conception of the illegitimate order." Indeed, phrases involving almost identical consequences are in constant orthodox use, without in

<sup>1</sup> *Progressive Orthodoxy*. By the Editors of the *Andover Review*. Boston; Houghton Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

the least affecting the personal conception of God; the very word "Infinite," if its literal meaning be granted, implies Mr. Spencer's whole position. It is a curious instance of the capacities of language to bend to our needs, that "the Infinite" should be the approved title given by faith to its God, but "the Unconditioned," a very heretical expression.

The educated theologian, of course, does not share this ignorance of the full implication of language. It might be interesting to inquire why, with him also, the major beliefs seem to shade into each other more easily than doctrinal variations, had we time for such a speculation. We can only pause to draw attention to the great step which the Andover school take toward the common ground we have spoken of, in surrendering faith in the infallibility of Scripture, even while they cling closely (as they are right in insisting that they do) to what is a mere modification of orthodox views of the scheme of salvation. If one will read the chapter in "Ecclesiastical Institutions" upon the Hebrew religion, and then the chapter upon the Scriptures in *Progressive Orthodoxy*, he cannot fail to see convergence. Yet let no one understand that we mean by "common ground" a ground on which agnostic philosophy and Christian faith can become identical. There are lines that neither could well pass without surrender. We mean ground where so much would be in common that a

frank agreement to differ would become possible—a *modus vivendi* hardly reasonable between the Christian who believes his neighbor destroying morality and happiness in this life and salvation in the next by his philosophy, and the philosopher who believes him, on his part, blocking progress and stultifying human nature by his religion. It is perfectly possible for any one to believe in Darwinian evolution, and yet be a Christian believer; even possible for him to be agnostic as to the nature of God, and yet be a Christian. But that he can be an agnostic philosopher in full and regular standing, and yet a Christian (in any but the philosophic sense in which he might call himself a Platonist, or a Hegelian) is not possible.

We have commented on *Progressive Orthodoxy* solely in its relation to the other books before us. It is, perhaps, only fair to readers that we should give a few words to it, in itself considered. It is not in the least a book for general readers. It is as far from being popular or interesting as a book could well be—slow, involved, and difficult in style, with a peculiarly wearying way of constructing and putting together sentences and paragraphs. Its ethical spirit is good, and if it fails to establish its special innovating theologic interpretations, it will probably lead to the development of better ones designed for the same ethical end. But we do not think many laymen will ever manage to read it.

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### ETC.

SINCE the issue of our last number, the first anniversary of President Cleveland's inauguration as the first Democratic president since Buchanan, has passed. In the *OVERLAND*, December, 1884, we made the following comments upon the change of dynasty:

"In short, every Republican who has not allowed himself to be taken in, knows that the *OVERLAND* is perfectly safe in risking its reputation on the following prophecies:

"1st. The South will not secede, as a consequence of Democratic administration.

"2d. The Southern war-debt will not be paid.

"3d. The negroes will not be re-enslaved, nor will their position be any worse under Democratic than Republican administration.

"4th. There will be no essential difference between the treatment of the tariff question by a Democratic administration, and that which it would receive from a Republican one.

". . . There follows that we have before us the curious spectacle of two great organized bodies, that have spent many years in opposing each other with extreme bitterness, and have at last not a shred of difference in policy to keep, or gain, or lose power

for. . . Whether Democratic or Republican administrations differ seriously in character or not, depends upon whether the particular Republicans or Democrats that may be elected and the advisers they select do so differ. That many Democrats can be named—and among them the president-elect—who would show no especial difference in executive action, or in selection of advisers and subordinates, from a good Republican president, should be perfectly obvious to any one. . . . If the reader does *not* see it, let him ask himself whether he has ever perceived that it made any particular difference to him whether he was living under a Democratic or Republican State government, or has observed any great difference in the experience of the inhabitant of any sister State. . . . We venture to predict that no citizen not immediately connected with politics, will perceive anything different in the carrying on of government from what he would perceive if these same rulers were Republican. He will hardly feel as much difference, after the administration has fairly settled down, as between Governor Haight's and Governor Booth's administrations, or Governor Irwin's and Governor Perkins's.<sup>29</sup>

Somewhat to our surprise, we found that the above rather safe prophecies were considered by a good many of our readers as taking a very serious risk. We should like to call the attention of our readers to them now, at the expiration of one year of Democratic administration, and ask if any of our Republican readers still believe that the South is going to secede, the negroes to be re-enslaved or otherwise abused, the Confederate war-debt paid, or protective tariffs abolished, in consequence of Mr. Cleveland's election; and if any of our Democratic friends still believe that all political ills are to be annihilated by that event.

WHAT have been the events of the quarter-administration now passed? Absolutely none of a party character. Let us glance over them. In the matter of the South, the negroes, the war claims, absolutely nothing—merely a continuance of the same relations that existed under the last two Republican administrations. In the matter of executive reform, a strict enforcement of the Civil Service Law, and a marked effort on the part of the administration to carry its principles out through the whole service—exactly as would have occurred had a Republican president, with the reform convictions and the decision of character of President Cleveland, been elected; also, a decided hostility on the part of the politicians of the President's party to his action in this respect—exactly as did occur when President Grant and President Hayes tried to introduce reform in Civil Service. In the matter of finance, the Democratic administration and the Republican majority in Congress standing shoulder to shoulder against the Democratic majority and the Republican minority in Congress. In the matter of tariff, the administra-

tion following exactly the same lines as President Arthur's, except that it is more conservative. In the matter of political corruption, a scandal that (while it has not yet been thoroughly examined) seems likely to involve disastrously a member of the Cabinet—exactly as has occurred more than once to members of Republican Cabinets. A dispute between the President and the Republican members of the Senate, which is being contested in the Senate on both sides, on strict party lines and with reference to party advantage; but it might have taken place, detail for detail, exactly as it has, had Mr. Cleveland chanced to be a Republican, and the Senate majority to be Democratic. The only chance left for the parties to show that there is any reason, in difference of opinion on any point, for their existence, is to divide frankly and definitely, in Congress, on the tariff. This they apparently have no intention of doing: one party will lean in one direction, and the other in the other direction, and neither will the Republican party frankly announce that it is against tariff reform, nor the Democratic that it is for more than a *little* tariff reform. We know that parties can be dead at the core long before the tree falls; but it would seem to be only a question of time now until the intelligent voters of this country learn that their Democratic or Republican doll is stuffed with sawdust, and begin to look for real issues.

AT present it would seem more probable than otherwise that the next formation of parties will be upon labor and immigration questions. These will offer problems without precedent, and it is quite impossible to foresee whither they will lead. It is not absolutely outside of the possibilities that they might put an end to a republican form of government. It is more likely that we should not be much otherwise governed by Knights of Labor than by other people. The platform of the Knights of Labor does not read worse nor better than the Republican or Democratic platforms. Their action, which in local branches has sometimes been outrageous, has, so far as we have seen, been reasonable and temperate when it came from the national body. They seem to contain by all odds more promise of political potency than any previous body of the sort. There is, at all events, no question of one thing—that the war and reconstruction era is over, and it now remains to be proved whether, having weathered the perils of weakness and of war, the republic has strength enough to cope with the harder problems of political corruption, dense population, and class hostilities.

DURING the last month, a convention has been held at Sacramento to take some action with regard to the presence of Chinese in our State. One of these conventions was created by the request of private parties to the Boards of Supervisors in the respective counties to appoint delegates. This was certainly outside the official duties of the Supervisors, but was, per-

haps, as convenient a way as any to select a body of men to go to the convention. They did not, of course, officially represent their counties, nor any one but the supervisors in their private, not their supervisory, capacity. No representation was asked or had of that portion of our people who did not desire any convention nor any farther anti-Chinese action than was accomplished in the Restriction Act now in force. Some of the members of this convention were men honored in this State, and whom we should be loth in any way to criticise. Another convention, composed of delegates from labor organizations—the same convention whose resolutions concerning Mr. Hittell's article, and whose ill-considered press-resolution, we printed last month—had shortly before adjourned from San José to meet at the same date at Sacramento. Effort was made to have many of the supervisors' appointments consist of members already belonging to the San José convention. The two conventions met in the same building simultaneously, and an effort was immediately made—evidently by preconcert—to consolidate them. There was much clamor and confusion, of a tyrannic, yet not ill-natured, sort; and by sheer force of numbers and clamor, the more temperate convention was swept into the other, and the resolutions it would have proposed overborne by more violent ones. A long and able memorial was presented by John W. Swift, resolutions in favor of a thorough boycott of the State were adopted, and a permanent, salaried commission appointed to carry them out. Honorable A. A. Sargent formally withdrew from the convention in consequence of this action, and General Bidwell did practically the same. Immediately upon the publication of the results of the convention, a quiver of indignation was not dimly to be perceived going throughout the agricultural portion of the State. The country papers, even those that had been strongly anti-Chinese, began to protest. Farmers, vine-growers, orchardists—many of whom were already expecting barely to make their crops pay the expense of gathering, with Chinese labor—passed resolutions and braced themselves for a contest. The metropolitan papers have not given much report of these meetings and resolutions, and this condition of protest; but the country papers reveal plainly enough, that if the persons who have the boycott in charge try to enforce it in the agricultural districts, the result will be, as in Seattle, a clash between white and white, in which the Chinese question will be forgotten. A sense of outraged personal dignity and American freedom, as well as a knowledge of their precarious business condition, excites the farmers. In many places, too, the relation between these employers and their Chinese workmen is of long standing, and of much reciprocal cordiality of feeling, the genuine attachment possible between employer and workman existing in a considerable degree. In several interior towns, boycotters have followed Chinese vegetable peddlers from door to door, taking down the names of housewives

who bought, and in some cases threatening and frightening them; this has, of course, led to deep exasperation on the part of men whose wives have so been treated, and a general resentment, half-suppressed, but ready to blaze up, seems to be spreading among the agricultural classes. A conversation for which THE OVERLAND has the authority of one of the participants, gives the tersest expression we have seen of the mental attitude toward the boycott on the part of our country population, and many of the "plain people" in the cities.

Q. "Well, how do you stand on this Chinese matter?"

A. (With marked reticence.) "Oh—I want them to go, of course."

Q. "Oh, you needn't be afraid to speak out to me."

A. (Still cautiously.) "Well—I don't approve of the methods used."

Q. "Come: is that really your bottom view about the boycott—between friends? I won't give you away to the boycotters."

A. (With sudden emphasis.) "Well, then, I think it's a damned outrage."

What will be the outcome of this condition of affairs, we cannot foresee. The present suspense is very trying. Country merchants are cutting down orders, and the condition of depression and uncertainty in business is deepening. We are disposed to think, ourselves, that no intention exists to press a boycott as closely as now threatened. If it is done, there cannot fail to be resistance, and injury to all interests.

#### A Farmer's Wife on the Boycotters.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND MONTHLY:

I have been reading with much earnestness all articles I saw upon the Chinese on this coast, and have been pleased to see some very fair ones in the OVERLAND, and once in a while in the daily papers. We—I speak for many of my neighbors and my immediate family—have been much pleased by the spirit of fairness in the articles from the pens of Messrs. Shewin and Hittell—candid, honest statements, that had none-of that high-moral tone taken by our God-fearing politicians, who want the foreign vote. Well, Mr. Editor, we were stricken dumb—no, not that, but rather roused—by finding your March number teeming with anti-Chinese; and I can keep still no longer.

Here is a neighborhood that for over twenty-five years has been filled with Chinese, hundreds being employed; in all that time there have been no strikes, nor crime worse than a little chicken-stealing. It is safe to go about anywhere at any time. Our children have grown up amongst them. We have employed them in our houses and in our fields. Our neighborhood is ordinarily prosperous. The sun shines upon us, and the rains have fallen in their season. Our sons labor among them in the fields, and our daughters in the house—they do not seem

to feel that degradation that we hear so much of. There has never been an opium smoker among the young men, nor a case of leprosy. Now, why can we not let well enough alone? What is it to us if their complexion is dark? They are here, and have served us faithfully. The dollar that they take away they have earned; it is for them to do as they please with it, as we intend to do with ours (Sacramento Convention permitting).

We feel that we have been too cowardly. We do not like the way European foreign immigration is being forced upon us, taking merely a selfish standpoint, and giving the almighty dollar its usual precedence. Let us look this thing squarely in the face while we can yet help ourselves, before we take our children's inheritance and cast it to the dogs. These white immigrants are largely of the ignorant and criminal class, that leave their country for that country's good. They differ as widely from ourselves in customs and religion as the Chinese. There is always that feeling of antagonism. They assimilate in the course of years, but so, too, would the Chinaman, did we allow it. But worst of all, the white foreigner has a vote—a great power for evil in the hands of irresponsible parties. This is one of the best points about the Chinaman. He does not vote, nor care to—poor, misguided heathen!

Let us look further. We are tax-ridden to keep up public institutions, peopled by—whom? Mostly by our foreign immigrants and their offspring, from the State's prison down through the long list—insane asylums, county poor houses, and orphan asylums all full, all to be supported by the tax-payer. Paul says, "Charity suffereth long and is kind." Do you not think that our charity has had her share? Why not shut our gates now, and try to do our own voting? Then, perhaps, our cities would not be disgraced as now, by the vile harangues of the sand-lot that are called free speech.

How many of the blatant anti-Chinese are Americans or tax-payers? I have in my mind—the only cases of which I can speak of my own knowledge—two inland towns that held violent anti-Chinese

meetings, passed soul-stirring resolutions in regard to contaminating influences, moral degradation, etc., got their enthusiasm well up, talked dynamite and fire for our dwellings, had their resolutions copied in San Francisco papers, with big head-lines like this:

"Smithtown Solid Against the Chinese."

"Buncombe Speaks in the Cause of Christianity Against the Heathen Hounds."

It was thought time to act, and a meeting was held of protest and investigation. Quite a long list of names were found on the Buncombe list, but not a tax-payer, and not one that had occasion to employ labor of any kind. On the Smithtown list there were two or three tax-payers. And we thought: "Behold how great a fire a little matter kindleth!" Yet the fire has been kindled. These same irresponsible organizations have sent delegates to Sacramento, and have had their weight. Fools have rushed in where wise men feared to tread.

The Convention is over; it has sent broadcast over the land its resolutions—teeming with morality, bristling with God-fearing, virtuous hostility to all sorts of vice. Truly, I think the angels must have looked down and wept. And then that crowning act of the Convention, asking Senator Stanford to resign—it was a fit closing. Now we are to be boycotted, cut off from all association with these virtuous representatives and their backers. All to be done within the law. I ask, "How far does that cover?" For a people who have been reared upon the Declaration of Independence and nurtured on Fourth of July oratory, our consciences are very elastic. Is it not rather that we Americans and honorable people of foreign birth have been indolent and cowardly, that we are too much afraid of the incendiary? It is time now that we stand up together, that we insist that we, as a free people, can not afford to be dictated to by the European agitator and communist, the idle and the vicious. And, dear Mr. Editor, the OVERLAND's pages are too sacred to be given over to the vaporings of politicians. Their resolutions sound well, but their teachings lead to riot and violence.

*Farmer's Wife.*

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## BOOK REVIEWS.

### Briefer Notice.

*Humor in Animals*,<sup>1</sup> by the artist, W. H. Beard, is described fairly enough on the title-page as "a series of studies, pen and pencil." All the "pencil" studies, and some of the "pen" ones, are excellent. The effort to find humor in turtles and hippopotami and other animals, or, failing in that, to write something funny about them, is far-fetched, and

<sup>1</sup> *Humor in Animals*. By W. H. Beard. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885.

in default of any really humorous action or expression in his animals, Mr. Beard is driven to depict the hippopotamus as he would look on the broad grin, or the camel or seal laughing, and in several places he expands a pun into a picture in a way that, at least once, makes some demand on the reader's intelligence. But even in these cases, the picture abstractly considered is good; and where he has real material in his subject, nothing could be better. The expression in the picture of "Bone," the owl, and in that of the

acrobatic feat of the monkeys, is something remarkable. It is a beautiful book, evidently intended for a gift-book, though it reached us too late for the gift-season.—The Rev. J. G. Wood, the naturalist, has lately published a book called *Nature's Teachings*,<sup>1</sup> whose object is to call attention to the parallels between human inventions and appliances existing in nature—as the screw of a steamer and the tail of a fish; the oar of a boat and the leg of the insect called “water-boatman”; the nest of the pied grallina and the clay pots of primitive tribes, the scales of armor-bearing animals and the tiles of a roof. Mr. Wood says expressly that the moral of his book is “that as existing human inventions have been anticipated by nature, so it will surely be found that in nature lie the prototypes of inventions not yet revealed to man. The great discoverers of the future will, therefore, be those who will look to nature for art, science, or mechanics, instead of taking pride in some new invention, and then finding that it has existed in nature for countless centuries.” The idea of taking hints from nature in invention is a very old one, as the copying of the curves of a fish for canoes and ships, the numberless attempts at flying-machines, based on study of birds and bats, and like cases, show; but any such extension of the idea into a ruling principle of invention is fanciful. Very fanciful, too, are a great many of Mr. Wood's parallels, as between a mushroom and a “mushroom kedge,” whose purely accidental resemblance in shape does not reconcile their entire divergence in purpose; nor does it seem reasonable to see a picture of a plummet paired with one of apples falling from a tree, as an instance of nature's anticipations of art. On page 137, he quotes as an anticipation of rolling stones from a height upon an attacking force, Captain Hall's account of the polar bear's custom of killing walruses by rolling stones upon their heads, “calculating the distance and the curve with astonishing accuracy. If the walrus is not instantly killed, . . . the bear rushes down to it, seizes the rock, and hammers away at the head until the skull is broken.” Yet, on page 222, he says: “There is no beast, however intelligent, that ever used a tool, except when instructed by man. As to the stories that are told of the larger apes using sticks and stones by way of weapons, they are absolutely without foundation, no animal employing any tool or weapon except those given to them by nature.” We cannot consider the book equal to its predecessors from the same author, yet it need scarcely be said that it abounds in interesting facts.—*Letters to a Daughter*<sup>2</sup> is a little book of lectures to young girls on manners and behavior. The precepts are rather elementary, urging gentleness, modesty, neatness, unobtrusiveness, care of health, etc., but they are all good, and it is probably just as

well that girls should hear these things repeated again and again. A point to the credit of the book is that it refers girls repeatedly to Emerson as one of the best of advisers as to manners, and quotes him as summing up “the whole matter in one sentence: ‘The foundation of culture, as of character, is at last the moral sentiment.’” It is written in a religious spirit.—“Just think!” is inscribed across the cover of a really very pretty little toy volume of *Maxims and Reflections*,<sup>3</sup> by one Greene. Each maxim or reflection is given a page to itself, whereon it is inscribed in old English type. One is naturally prejudiced against the ideas of a man who thinks them worthy of putting forth in such style, but they are not so bad as might be feared. Many of them are sheer platitude, as: “Over-weening pride or a haughty manner often serves to cover some lack, such as that of brains or money.” A number are somewhat shrewd, however, as: “If you want to be rid of a bore, praise yourself to him, or talk of the fascinations of your children”; “Be never more pleased to meet an acquaintance than he is to see you, if you desire his friendship”; “A reserved manner is often assumed as a mode of passive self-defence; but also sometimes to cover self-consciousness, or to conceal the lack of interest taken in any other subject than self”; “To be enterprising, one must be young enough not to have suffered from too many reverses.”—A series of lectures, or, more correctly, sermons, delivered before the “Western Theological Seminary” on a foundation known as the Elliot Lecture-ship, are collected into a book under title *Defence and Confirmation*.<sup>4</sup> As the title indicates, they are all devoted to apologetics; and all but one are directed to the one point of the life and work of Christ. They are, of course, very controversial; and the one which deals with what must undoubtedly become the central point for apologetics, the Resurrection, impresses us as a trifle declamatory, and calculated to supply the young theologian with material for arguing to his own satisfaction on the point, rather than for convincing the doubter. An argument, if meant to convince, must find common ground to stand on with the opponent. The lectures are six in number, all by different authors.—We receive two rather conflicting pamphlets on the Chinese situation: the one by Colonel Bee, *The Other Side*, which is in part a repetition of the evidence in favor of the Chinese, given before the Congressional Commission, but in part new matter; the other, *The Expulsion of the Chinese*,<sup>5</sup> a sermon lately delivered in this city by

<sup>3</sup> Reflections and Modern Maxims. By Batchelder Greene. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

<sup>4</sup> “Defence and Confirmation” of the Faith. Six Lectures. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls. 1885.

<sup>5</sup> The Expulsion of the Chinese. What is a Reasonable Policy for the Times? By Rev. Chas. D. Barrows, D.D. San Francisco: Samuel Carson & Co. 1886. For sale at the bookstores.

<sup>1</sup> Nature's Teachings. By Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A., F. L. S., etc. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Geo. C. McConnell.

<sup>2</sup> Letters to a Daughter. By Helen Ekin Starrett. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1886.

Doctor Barrows, and now distributed in pamphlet form. We need hardly say to the class of people that we trust all our readers belong to, that no one should pretend to have a competent or candid opinion of his own upon the present Chinese situation until he has read not only Colonel Bee's pamphlet, but all other available evidence upon that side, and weighed it duly in his mind against the trustworthy evidence on the other. Nor need we say, turning to the other pamphlet, that its contents contain a strong and righteous protest against all illegal or cruel treatment of the Chinese now among us, under pledge of our national honor; for it is a matter of course that such would be Doctor Barrows' position. His general ground is strongly against the presence of the Chinese in the State, however. We are by no means of those who think public topics are not becoming to the pulpit; on the contrary, the pulpit can hold its own only by keeping close to the life and interests of the people. So long as it preserves a peculiarly high level of temper and ideals in touching such topics, and a scrupulous care in the correctness of its data vastly beyond that of the average press writing and secular public speaking—equal, indeed, to that of the most careful professional students of sociological and natural science—its influence is strengthened by such a course. In this connection we must regret to see that such a sentence finds place as "Everybody knows that he comes in the virtual capacity of a bondsman to some class of importers"; for, so far from being (outside of loose newspaper and platform talk) a conceded fact, this is an assertion in support of which we have seen little evidence, while a great deal, of good character, has been brought forward to the contrary.—Two issues of the Putnam's "Questions of the Day" series, Numbers xxix. and xxxi., have remained longer on our desk than they should have done. The one is upon *Lincoln and Stanton*,<sup>1</sup> the other, upon *Ericsson's Destroyer and Submarine Gun*,<sup>2</sup> neither of which can fairly be considered questions of the day. Both are, however, incited by recent magazine articles. In *Lincoln and Stanton*, Congressman Kelley protests against some implications concerning the Secretary and President contained in an article by General McClellan; and in *Ericsson's Destroyer and Gun*, Lieutenant Jaques, apropos of Captain Ericsson's papers on the monitors, gives a historic sketch of the development of submarine artillery, and of Captain Ericsson's contribution to its present high status. Both are readable,

<sup>1</sup> *Lincoln and Stanton*. By William D. Kelley, M.C. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

<sup>2</sup> *Ericsson's Destroyer and Submarine Gun*. By William H. Jaques, Lieutenant United States Navy. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by S. Carson & Co.

but the one of no great value, save as a contribution to a controversy which it will take future historians to settle, and the other somewhat technical in its interest.—Other pamphlets that have been received within two or three months, are a report of the exercises at the inauguration last October of President Sprague—of general value, because it includes the wise and encouraging remarks of the new president: *The Railroad in Education*, an address before the "International Congress of Educators" at the New Orleans Exposition, by Alex. Hogg, Superintendent of Schools at Fort Worth, in which the debt of the railroads to science, their educational value in training people to accuracy and promptness, the gifts of railroad men to learning (notably, Johns Hopkins and Leland Stanford) are touched upon; the three sheets of the new monthly issue of the invaluable *Q. P. Index*—which is not to supersede, but only anticipate the Annual Index; the last quarterly installment of that other excellent periodical Index, the *Coöperative*; and a very full and careful treatise on *The Pope: The Vicar of Christ; the Head of the Church*,<sup>3</sup> by Monsignor Capel. This last, although in pamphlet form, is really a book, being an elaborate discussion of considerable length. It is written with the usual courtesy of its author, and while it would not be convincing to the majority of Protestant minds, it must be a very satisfactory defense of their faith to Catholics, and of considerable proselyting influence to those who are disposed toward Catholicism.—The publication of good books at nominal prices would seem to have reached its extreme in a series now being published by Cassell & Co., as *Cassell's National Library*<sup>4</sup>. They are very agreeable little dumpy books, of respectable print, and the handiest possible size and shape for pocket or satchel, and are sold for a dime apiece. One may also subscribe for the year, and receive one weekly. The numbers that have already reached us are Silvio Pellico's *My Ten Years' Imprisonment* (as the title is here rendered), the *Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin*; Walton's *The Complete Angler; The Rivals and School for Scandal*; and *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. From these, and the announced volumes, which include Lord Bacon, Plutarch, etc., we conclude that not only is it the plan to publish only books of the highest rank, but to keep clear of pirating by selecting only old books, whose time for protection has expired—a virtue not possessed by all cheap series.

<sup>3</sup> *The Pope: The Vicar of Christ; the Head of the Church*. By Right Reverend Monsignor Capel, D. D. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Company 1885.

<sup>4</sup> *Cassell's National Library*. Edited by Professor Henry Morley. New York: Cassell & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.



THE  
OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. VII. (SECOND SERIES.)—MAY, 1886.—No. 41.

BISCACHÉ BILL.

AN ANDEAN SKETCH.

I.

THERE were plenty of odd characters in the *Quebrada*, drawn thither from every quarter of Christendom—and Heathendom, too, for that matter,—following the sinuous line of the great railway, as it slowly dragged its slim body upward; but he was by common consent pronounced the very oddest of them all. And that was no small distinction, considering how very tenacious people of that sort are of their queer reputations.

They knew him to be an Irishman. That fact delicately asserted itself in the slight flavor of Hibernianism that pervaded his utterances. And no less evident was it that he was well-educated; for, whether his companion were a South American, or of one of the great nations of Europe, he could converse with him *successfully* in his own native idiom—a much more uncommon accomplishment among English-speaking people than they are willing to either believe or admit.

And then, even in his roughest, wildest moments, his own language was deftly manipulated by his ready tongue. Indeed, it

was accounted one of his greatest eccentricities that his substantives and verbs were never at variance, that they were never seeking to gain a mean advantage over each other in the matter of singularity and plurality.

And yet, in spite of these evidences of early advantages, he was at times not only the most eccentric, but, as well, the very most degraded of all that not over-choice assemblage.

His rare linguistic accomplishments obtained him numerous situations as bookkeeper and interpreter, or something of the sort, in a country where great public works necessitated so much of skilled foreign labor; situations that gave him a fair emolument—but only for a time. For, each successive employer soon saw sober, industrious William Hall descend, through not amazingly slow gradations, into Drunken Bill, who could suit neither his temper nor his convenience.

Then poor Bill would seek some credulous creature, and, pouring into his ears the story of his wrongs, would vow “upon his sacred word of honor” reiterated pledges of amendment, until the recipient of his confidences, being much in need of just such an assistant,

would tack sufficient faith on to these promises to give him an opportunity of fulfilling them.

But this friend would, like all the rest, find ere long, that it was only an empty purse that made Bill so earnest and rhetorical in defense of a quiet, steady life. As soon as that purse began to refill, both rhetoric and regard for the possible consequences of a dereliction from duty, were at once thrown utterly away—and Bill had another relapse.

These relapses had so rapidly increased in number and frequency, that they could hardly, with any regard for accuracy dwelling in his biographer's soul, be called *abnormal* states; however, for the sake of appearances, a condition of sobriety must be considered the normal one,—and it is thus that I recall him at this moment; with his keen blue eyes, clear as the lakes of his native land, and his noble head, much of whose nobleness, however, was lost by an expression of great weakness conveyed by his too mobile chin and mouth; hardly ever speaking when about his business, except to give utterance to one of those epigrammatic remarks to which he was partly indebted for his odd reputation. But, after his work was done, he would turn yarn-spinner for the whole company, which was wont to be collected about him for that purpose; and stories of narrow escapes by land and sea, of wanderings and privations in various parts of the world—just such as each of his hearers had, probably, to some extent, experienced himself, but lacked the power of depicting as Bill could—tale after tale poured from his lips in quick succession. But, should some unwary listener indulge in a word of surprise, as to how, in such a nomadic life, Bill had attained to so much greater heights of culture than any of his companions, the animated talker changed, in a moment, into a gruff, silent, frowning man, apparently unable or unwilling to prolong the interesting recital. So it was partly in this way that all about him came to weave an innocent sort of mystery around William Hall's name.

Those given to the perusal of yellow covered romances involving the story of the

“long-lost brother,” and the “strawberry mark on the left arm,” openly averred that “William Hall” was no more his real name than “Biscaché Bill,” the *soubriquet* they had given him; and they delightfully drew a thrilling picture of how he should one day be proved a very high personage indeed, whom fate had sadly misused, and who should some time “come to his own again.”

In his relapses, Hall was, as has been hinted, as low and utterly worthless as it is possible to imagine a being with any pretence to the dignity of humanity. His bright face became almost unrecognizable, his cheeks growing purple and puffy, and his blue eyes leaden and swollen.

It was no uncommon thing, during these unhappy periods, for one of his friends, in passing along the mule-road, to perceive, lying at full-length upon some neighboring low adobe wall, an apparently lifeless human form. Judging either from the shape and size of the figure, or from the familiar cut of its soiled outer garments—or, more likely, reasoning from deductions drawn from analogous circumstances connected with his acquaintance with poor Bill—he would, at once, accurately guess at its identity. Then, summoning assistance, he would remove this senseless form to some place more retired from the public gaze, to there lie till consciousness should return.

His recovery once accomplished, the miserable hero of the adventure, well knowing that, as usual, he had lost his occupation by his misdemeanor, would shoulder his old shotgun—when not in pawn to some more pecunious comrade—and retire temporarily from public, otherwise camp, life. Then would be whispered among his cronies, “Bill's gone off, as usual, shooting *biscachés*, after one of his drunks.”

And, bye and bye, after some days, he would suddenly reappear among them, laden with his spoils. These he would throw in a heap on the floor of the hut of the *cholita* who served his meals, and, telling her he was

<sup>1</sup> Bis-catch-y—a little animal peculiar to the Andes. It looks like a cross between squirrel and rabbit, and is excellent eating.

“*Carramba!* mad with hunger,” bid her make of them a savory *olla*, such as these women know so well how to prepare. And, thus it was his friends came to dub him “*Biscaché Bill.*”

His hunger appeased, he would bear the free jests of his companions in a quiet way, only answering them to admit their justice and his weakness. For they who, when he stood in need of real assistance, always gave it him ungrudgingly, never thinking of repayment, could not refrain at these times from assailing him with the trite witticisms current upon such occasions.

These generally died away after a time from sheer want of encouragement, and Bill was left in peace to indulge in his own probably bitter reflections. But, on one occasion, when they had been exercising their tongues a little more freely than usual upon him, he burst out excitedly, his eyes flashing fire :

“I say, boys, why can’t you let me alone once in a while—why will you bear on till you crush my patience to death, when you might know it’s the recollection of a devil’s own past that makes the drink get the better of me?” And he shook the ashes from the smutty clay pipe at which, all through the conversation, he had been giving short, nervous puffs, and rose, as if to leave his tormentors.

“I always said he’d got something more to tell about himself than he’d let on to have,” whispered one crony to another, as they noted his great agitation. “I’m sorry, Bill,” he added aloud, as he saw the poor fellow hurrying off. “Don’t go away! I’m sorry, for one, I’ve said such mean things to a poor chap, when he’s down on his luck.”

“And so am I! And so am I!” muttered a chorus of interrupting voices, “I wouldn’t ever have talked so, if I’d thought you cared a bit about it. By —— I wouldn’t! But to tell the truth, I’ve always—don’t go!—took it hard, that you shouldn’t have told us fellows, who’d do anything for you—”

“I know you would, and I am proportionately grateful, Corto Braso,” said Bill quickly, getting into what they called his grand manner, as he went on; “I have always mer-

ited all the jeers which my miserable weakness calls forth; and, though I may never be other than the besotted wretch who stands before you, and so may never be able to show you that I can forget words and remember deeds, I shall always—” he stopped, his voice becoming thick and hoarse, and his eyes closing wearily, as he leaned against the open door, seeming to forget he had left his sentence unfinished.

His words and manner of speech were getting to be really quite dramatic, and delighted exceedingly his listeners, who only hoped he would go on, now that he had begun in a key to which he had never before attuned his utterances.

But they could not wait long, and as Corto Braso had been interrupted, he was the first to break the, to them, oppressive silence, looking at the same time, it must be confessed, a trifle uncertain as to his right to speak thus.

“I say we, your best friends, have always felt it hard to have you keep us so in the dark about your early days, before you began the life we are all leading.”

He had begun boldly, so it wouldn’t do now to stop, just because Bill had opened his eyes and was looking daggers at him—it was not possible—so on he went. “You know well enough how many of us jumped, with the help of the bed-rope, from the garret window, or ran away in some other equally irregular fashion from good, though devilish strict homes, to be sure, and so made confounded fools of ourselves for the rest of our natural lives. We’d all of us be a different sort of men, perhaps, with good wives and sweet children about us, in the lands where our strict fathers are buried—they meant well, we’re all sure of that now, though they didn’t give their boys half a chance to be boys. But we can’t make ourselves over now. We can’t help letting a ‘damn’ or some other nasty word in, now and then, even when we’ve got our best thoughts on.”

“Which you probably put on as often as your best garments, in these God-forsaken mountains,” sneered Bill, his soft mood quite gone, apparently.

Corto Braso's brown face took a deeper tint, which might well pass for a blush; he had been galloping on into the trail of real sentiment, and had been brought up suddenly by the short sarcasm of the very man whose confidence he wanted to propitiate. He stole away, wishing he had let Bill alone, and followed by a subdued snicker from his companions.

"It won't do!" said Bill, watching him steadily, as he went. "I'm the worst of any of you here, and you all know it, and so you try to trade upon my very degradation. But, I say it won't do. If you choose to manufacture a great story out of my silence respecting a part of my life, why you may do so, for aught I care. As the man with a shrewish wife said, 'It does you good and don't hurt me,' and so I'll let you alone. I know that a mystery of any sort hanging over a fellow, is, in your estimation, better than the halo we see around the heads of the old saints in the church pictures; so, if you want to elevate so miserable a being as Drunken Bill to such a distinction, he would be the last one to deprive you, in this forlorn place, of one of the few pleasures possible to you."

He laughed unpleasantly, and his hearers began to feel ashamed of themselves for having woven such a thread of romance about him. Still, they could not rid themselves of their notion, and, somehow, it was strengthened by his concluding remark:

"As for me, I never cared to hear your confidences about your early lives. It was enough for me to know that you were, most of you, like myself, poor, battered barks that had sometime anchored in almost every port in the world, and were now stranded on the Peruvian coast, without mast or rudder or even provisions—only to go to pieces here, as so many others have done, or, at last, to be towed away by some more reliable craft. What mattered it, even suppose these vessels were once designed for some higher use? I knew what they were when I first saw them, and that was enough!" And, dashing his hat on his brow, Bill fled from among them, so out of conceit with himself for his lofty metaphor, and the hint it gave of his own bit-

terness, that he wanted only to escape further talk of any sort.

But, despite the quasi-mysterious distinction that from that day seemed to be increasing instead of diminishing about him, poor Bill's state became worse and worse, fast developing into one of hopeless inebriety.

After a time, he created quite a sensation among his comrades, by making the announcement of his intention to commit matrimony!

Many were the laughs and jokes he thus aroused in this pleasant fraternity. "Biscaché Bill get married!" "I wonder who'll marry Bill!" "Bill must have come into his fortune!" Such were the remarks which this bit of news most elicited.

Upon being asked who was the favored lady, he expressively pointed to the hut of his *cholita*. At this, the laughs grew louder than ever. "What! Monunga!" "Monunga to be honored thus!" "Monunga about to become Mrs. Hall!" they shouted.

Bill let them have their laugh out, never showing, by interruption of word or look, the slightest annoyance. But when they, at last, seemed to have fairly exhausted all the humor out of the affair, he said, very quietly:

"Yes, my boys, you may laugh all you please, but, by St. Patrick! that won't alter my intention in the least. I am going to make Monunga my lawful wife, and that without asking the consent or opinion of any of you!"

"But, Bill," interrupted a Yankee tunnel-man, "I guess you haint any idee how awful dear gettin' married is, in these parts. The fees, all around, go below the depth of most folks' pockets, and that, I s'pose is the main reason why so precious few families here have more'n 'left-handed' marriages—and you—"

"I know what you want to say. I know you would tell me I might live with Monunga just as every other poor man here does with his wife—without benefit of clergy—but, if I see fit, and can raise the funds necessary to pay the fees, there's nobody, that I know of, to forbid the banns—and—it shall be accomplished!"

"It's all right, of course, if you want to do it, really, Bill," said another, not liking the look that came into Hall's face, as he spoke. "We hain't any of us any right to interfere, of course. But we all think it's kind of too bad for a well-educated—"

"Pshaw! 'well-educated'! so, it's a pity for a refined, gentlemanly being like Biscaché Bill," with a sharp emphasis upon his name, "the lowest of a not *very* exalted crowd here, to degrade himself by giving his name to yonder poor ignorant woman, is it? Nevertheless, he's going to do it, and maybe some day you'll understand why,—if you live long enough!" and, whistling an old Irish tune, he sought his inamorata, leaving his friends more puzzled about him than ever. That he was either drunk or crazy, was the final and only solution of his extraordinary intention at which they could arrive.

But he soon showed them that, for once, he was certainly not the former, though they still retained grave doubts as to whether he might not be the latter. To their great astonishment, he had become sober—actually refusing all invitations to partake of the fiery *aguardiente* which they so affected for their potations—and remained so for a whole month!

At the end of that time, on the score of his good behavior, he obtained leave of absence for a week, and rode off to town, quite transformed in his new respectability, to get the license requisite for the contemplated ceremony.

He returned duly, bringing, besides the papers a smart new dress for his bride, who nearly went wild with delight, as she surveyed herself for the first time arrayed in it. And even, when the great day arrived, and the little wedding company was really *en route* for the church in the neighboring village of San Augustin, she could not refrain from giving an occasional duck, after the manner of children playing at women in long clothes, to see the gay drapery, of which she could yet hardly believe herself the actual possessor, sweep out on the ground behind.

Truth to tell, poor Monunga looked not half so well in her new attire as in the pictu-

resque dress she had abandoned; the short, blue flannel petticoat, with the one-sided, gay-bordered, black apron<sup>1</sup> fastened about the waist with a bright hair cinch, and the snowy *camisita* appearing above.

But they were duly married by the very longest ceremony of the church, and when the words came that are equivalent to the English form, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," the silver pieces that were dropped into the bride's brown palm had the true ring, giving the fat priest's ready ear a pleasant foretaste of the larger sum which should soon fall into his.

Indeed, the marriage-rite was so long, that the overseer's wife, who had kindly consented to act as *madrina* on the festive occasion, averred that her knees were sore from continued kneeling.

It was over at last, however, and, soon after, the interest it had excited died quite away, as such interest must always do, be the central figures in these affairs ever so grotesque or mis-mated.

Bill, once he had succeeded in showing the men that he would do as he said in the matter, sank into the old Bill of their earlier acquaintance very rapidly indeed. His one good suit of clothes soon lost its newness, and his bright face its brightness. With regard to apparel, poor Monunga fared no better. Her gay wedding gown soon became a disreputable rag, dragged as it was through all sorts of weathers, and, alas! it had no successor.

And when a little wizened, brown Guilermo was born to the house of Hall, his mother had, long ago, gone back to her old mountain dress, and expected to care for her offspring as all the poor half-breed women thereabouts do—to carry him about, strapped upon her back, to be happy or discontented as he pleased, while she cooked and washed for the *patron*. But, by this time the *patron* had got to a state which required little washing and not much more cooking. He lived

<sup>1</sup> It is generally believed that this peculiar apron is worn as a badge of mourning for the last Inca, Atahuallpa. It is, at any rate, a distinctive article of dress of the half-breed women there.

by his wits, for regular employment and he had long time parted company: and every one shook the head dubiously when his name was mentioned, and said Bill was going fast! There was no help for him, now!

And so, alas! it proved.

## II.

One sunny day, when the tented sky stretched from peak to peak a spotless blue, and the mild, fresh air in the valley seemed to forbid the thought of chills and fever and weakness, a crowd stood about the door of William Hall's cottage, talking with bated breath and anxious faces.

For, although they had predicted this all along, now that it had actually come to pass, now that the fiend that had so long held him in servile subjection, had turned on him, and left him alone in that invariable, awful battle that all his servants fight sooner or later—they felt a sympathy and regret which they had not believed could be awakened in them; and each experienced an inexpressible relief, as he saw one of the railway physicians, hastily summoned, approaching the place.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Too much of this, I'm afraid," replied one, making that angle of his elbow which expressed the mode of tilting a bottle toward the lips.

"Probably," said the doctor, as he quickly alighted from his horse, and passed in.

His opinion was confirmed when he came to see the sufferer lying there, under the power of the severest form of delirium. It was frightful to watch him, as he writhed and struggled and raved, and no wonder the poor wife sobbed and wrung her hands at the sight.

"How long has he been so?" the doctor enquired of her.

"Since last night, señor; but he has been *enfermo* just so, two or three times before, and soon re-established himself; so I believed he would be better when morning should come."

The physician did everything possible for him, and waited, hoping the raving might

subside, though not that he would ever be really better. He passed alternately from a condition of comparative quiet, but one in which he was perfectly unconscious of all around him, into a more frenzied, but at the same time a more sensible one, when he would beg those near to help ward off unseen adversaries that were pressing thick and fast upon him.

At the moment of one of these changes, the doctor said:

"He cannot stand this long. If it were the first attack, it would be different. As it is, a few hours, at most, will end the struggle. Let us hope, though, that he will have a lucid interval before the last comes."

The group about the door reëchoed this sentiment. Poor, debased wretch as he was, the sufferer yonder had struck a chord long silent in their rusty hearts, which, though a bit strident and quivering, it is true, had still the true tone of humanity in it.

With the small remnant of their old childhood beliefs that such a life had spared to them, they really dreaded to see so unhalloed a death-bed. Besides, he had never given them the slightest clue as to the whereabouts of his friends, if he had any. They had not the least idea where might be sent the intelligence of his decease.

They waited, hour after hour, relieving each other in the care of the sick man, whose frenzy sometimes reached such a high pitch as to require three of them to restrain him from doing himself an injury. And, still, there was no change; and the medical man, himself, began to lose hope that his faculties would ever return to him.

"He will probably die soon, from utter exhaustion," he said.

Poor Monunga, quite useless in this extremity, had at first moaned and begged of some one to send for the *padre*.

But, being told it was needless, as her husband could not understand, she, after a time, desisted. As she nursed her child, she watched his father constantly, her small black eyes dilating with terror at each fresh paroxysm. But, finally, just as the sun was leaving the valley to the utter, sudden darkness of those

latitudes, the long-looked-for change came. Hall fell into a short, quiet sleep, from which, contrary to all expectation, he woke apparently himself.

"Am I dying? I am so weak," was the first thing he said, turning his eyes toward the doctor. Then his gaze wandered on to those about him, the lamp giving just enough light to make their faces recognizable. "It must be so," he continued faintly, "for I never saw you all so concerned before. Doctor, you needn't be afraid to tell me! It's what I've known for a long time could not be staved off much longer, and it is necessary that I should know if it be actually so."

Before the doctor could reply, Monunga burst in, throwing herself, encumbered with the sleeping child, across the bed.

"Oh! command that the *cura* come to give thee absolution! Thou knowest us all now, Guillermo. No die without it!"

"It is so, then, Doctor? No, Monunga, woman! I have not lived a good Catholic, and I might as well die as I have lived. What good can one of these priests here, not much better than myself, do my sin-laden soul?—No, I tell thee!" as she persisted. Dost want to kill me with teasing, woman? Let me be, now! I have something to say to the *señor medico*. But put the *huaito*<sup>1</sup> here," indicating the pillow with his hand. "Oh! I am so weak!" he repeated. "Give me something to stretch out the poor thread of life a little longer."

The doctor administered a stimulant, and then tried to say something to better prepare his patient for the end; one of those platitudes which even men of no religious profession think they must utter in the presence of the great enemy. But Hall stopped him.

"I understand all that. I can't feel myself so bad, after all. If my circumstances had been different, I should have been a good man. I don't think I am so much to blame! Circumstances have been too much for me! Christians say God is love, but that he will show poor wretches like me anything but love, punishing us for things we never were

accountable for. No! I don't believe he will judge me as harshly as men do."

All this he said very slowly and with great difficulty. His old comrades, who were standing about, heard his defiance of religion with contradictory feelings. While they wished he might in some way express himself a little differently, they at the same time felt a reckless sort of admiration for the manner in which he could thus face death, making the common error of taking the indifference which physical weakness produces for the sublime courage only shown when the adversary is met on equal grounds—when one in the full tide of health and strength can look him unflinchingly in the face.

"But I have other things to speak of. Monunga, hand me that box yonder!"

Hall followed his wife closely with his eyes, as she fetched a tin case fastened with a small padlock. This he signed to the physician to open, having also directed the woman to bring the key; and his watchers, in spite of the awfulness of the time, began to exchange "I told you" glances, as the prospect of some serious development dawned upon them.

In the box were found packages of letters of various ages, to judge from the gradations of tint that the paper possessed, and a small dog's eared diary—that was all.

The group which had pressed in to witness the *finale* fell back, visibly disappointed, though what they had expected to see they would have been at a loss to tell.

With his feeble, shaking hands Hall undid the letters, and they fell all around him on the wretched bed. From them his feverish gaze would momentarily turn to his infant son, whose soft breath, as he slept, made the crisp old paper rustle lightly, as if in the mildest summer breeze. Except for that slight sound, there was utter silence in the cottage for a few moments; a sort of grim satisfaction lighting the sick man's face, as if he fancied he saw an end for which he had long waited now approaching. At last he spoke:

"I have not strength to tell my story, which should go untold were it not for this

<sup>1</sup> Little one—wow-we-to—Indian-Spanish.

mannikin here, who must have his rights ; but this little book gives it far better than I could, even if I were stronger, in the very little time allowed me ; and here are the proofs—these letters—so, if the good doctor will open it and read it to you all, you shall be witnesses that I, heir of the Earldom of Ennisdan, died here, the lawful possessor of these documents !”

If he had thrown a bomb-shell among them, his auditors could hardly have been more astounded. They had, as is already known, always believed him to be better than he had represented himself ; but that he was so high up in the world as *that*, seemed incredible. “Why, if that were so, it beat the Tichborne case all to pieces,” they thought—and they were all much interested in the progress of that trial.

As for the doctor, while he was glad to comply with any wish of his patient, which might render his end one whit more calm, he was, at the same time, very incredulous both as to that patient’s present complete sanity, and also as to the connection which these letters and papers might have with the “story” he pretended to possess. Nevertheless, he drew the lamp nearer him, and opened the book as Hall had requested.

He perused it to the end, feeling those shining eyes fixed upon his face as he read. And when a momentary pause would now and then occur, he would hear the sick man mutter, as he patted the dark little head beside him, “A fine boy to come into an earldom, hey ?” “He’ll live to come into his own !” “He’s none of your sickly, aristocratic babies !” and the like expressions.

It was a strange death-bed scene, indeed, with the poor spirit of a coolly concerted revenge filling the mind of the chief actor !

I will give the gist of what the doctor read, as I remember it at this moment ; and it will show how, even in this practical age, a man may throw away his whole life to insure the gratification of a mean hate, which he had weakly permitted to tyrannize over his soul.

It was no tragedy the diary recounted. It was only the commonplace story of a fourth or fifth son, born to a noble house, which he

gave no promise of ornamenting, either by his wit, goodness, or beauty. Younger sons in Great Britain ought to possess at least one of these attributes, to make up to their parents for the fact of their existence at all.

William grew up among grooms, and felt infinitely more at home with them than with persons of his own rank, and when he came to go away to school, he was reviled, as only boys can revile each other, for his “cow-boy” ways and language. It is needless to repeat his bitterness as he recorded it ; but sufficient is it to say, that he grew more and more surly and disagreeable under such tutelage, and received the finishing touch to his charming character in the most unlooked-for manner. A proud damsel visiting in the house, brought thither for the express purpose of winning his eldest brother, made a conquest she had little expected. It seems that she, like most young persons with a weakness for one member of a family, treated all the others with a distinguished consideration intrinsically quite unmerited. And William, poor fool, unused to kind words and glances, mistook the few she doled out from the plenitude of her gaiety for the token of a warmer feeling, and summoned courage to bare his aching, loving heart to her. He was laughed at for his pains, and slunk away, never to see her again. She had taunted him with his stupidity, and other agreeable traits, and this did for him what nothing else had been able to do. This made him want to show them all how much better he could do, and so he obtained from his father, only too glad to be rid of so unlovable a son, permission to go to one of the great German universities. Here, while he rapidly acquired knowledge, he did not fare so well in other respects. Here he was again thrown under the worst influences for one of his temperament, though not at all of the same sort as any he had before experienced. Here he fell in with the very wildest of wild students, and, by his recklessness of thought, won a popularity among them which made the life all the more dangerous to him.

Finally, parental patience could endure it no longer. After receiving repeated com-



plaints of his son from various quarters, the father wrote, telling him that from that time forth he washed his hands of him, and that while he would continue his allowance, he should henceforth consider him as much a stranger as if he had never borne the family name.

After that time, the allowance, for years regularly remitted, was never drawn, and William took to roving, and, after a fashion, earning his own bread. One supreme motive always actuated him, though how he should compass its accomplishment was ever a mystery to him. Latterly, however, when he had for so many years borne his self-given name of "Hall," that it seemed much more his own than that other patronymic which a noble house had borne for ages, he had ascertained the possibility of gaining his end. Through the correspondent he had always employed to keep him informed as to the state of things in and about his early home, he had learned that all of his brothers except the heir had died, and that the latter, now many years married to the young lady to whom William had so madly aspired, was, much to the disappointment of himself and his octogenarian father, still childless. Great was their chagrin, as they contemplated the possibility of the ancient title passing away to a very distant branch of the family. Such must happen were the wanderer not found; and they had so completely lost sight of him, as to hardly believe he could still be living.

Thus was the way opened of at once striking a blow at the father who had disowned, and at the woman who had rejected him.

In the very hour in which he received the news of the sudden decease of the brother next himself, he resolved to marry, and to marry not only a woman of a foreign nation, but one of a station so infinitely beneath his own as to be a visible degradation to his proud race. Then he should wait, suppose a son were born to him, and bide his time, and then, when events should seem to warrant it, present his claims to the earldom, showing proofs both of his identity and of the legitimacy of the child.

It was a well arranged scheme, and thus

far seemed to promise a prosperous accomplishment. For, only a few days before he was thus laid upon his last sick-bed, he had tidings of the death of the last and eldest brother. Had it not been for this very illness, even now a letter would have been speeding its way across the ocean to apprise the old Earl of the existence of his son and grandson.

As the physician finished reading, the sick man pushed the letters towards him, saying feebly, "Read them, Doctor, and make up your mind if they are spurious."

But a great change was coming over him, and the physician perceived it at once. So he left these letters to take care of themselves for the present, as he ministered to the man who was now dying indeed. Quick to catch the reflection of his own change in the doctor's face, he gasped out, "It's coming! I am going! But promise me, promise me, all of you, that you will see that the child's interests are guarded: and you, Doctor, who haven't more than half believed my story, will you write at once, telling my father all?"

To this the doctor nodded assent, while, in answer to the inquiry directed to the others, they all cried, "Indeed we will!"

"Then that is all right! As I have so few moments left, I owe somewhat to this poor woman here. Monunga, wife, why weepst? I, who have brought thee no happiness, am leaving thee; and bye and bye thou wilt take a better husband than I, one who will take pleasure in whatever pleases thee. So, shed no tears for thy bad *gringo* husband, but pray to thy God to make him better and happier in the other world than he has been in this. . . . Thy son will, later, leave thee. Let him go. He will find wealth and comfort in that other life that he would never see here. He will be a great man. Wilt let him go?"

"Si, Guilliermo," said the woman, not half comprehending all that passed, only feeling that she was losing the not altogether comfortable distinction—but a distinction, all the same, not to be despised—of possessing a *real* husband, a foreigner. She felt *that*, and so wept.

The sufferer bade each of his old companions a calm adieu, thanking them for all the little kindnesses they had shown him in his degradation, and went on slowly :

“You all think I might say I am sorry for my past life of sin and weakness. But I cannot feel that I have been more to blame than many who have lived apparently better lives. And I tell you, friends, that I am sure God will not altogether condemn a being created by him without strength enough to rise above the pressure of circumstances. God will—” his voice died away, and they thought he had passed away from them already. But he was only by degrees losing his perception of outward things.

He lay with the tiny brown hand of the child tightly clasped in his own ; and bye and bye, after a convulsive pressure of it, they heard him murmur, as if in discussion with some one, “No, my father, you cannot blame me ! I was the son of your own training.” The idea of “blame” filled his mind to the last. To the last, the weak sinner tried to “excuse himself to himself.” No one knew when he passed the boundary, but he never spoke again. And when the morning came, his poor body was lying straight and stiff, in the best state of preparation for the grave which the place admitted.

Two days afterward they buried the remains of the poor wanderer in a sunny spot on the mountain-side, to await a possible summons from “home,” for their removal. And of all those who stood with bared heads about the lonely grave, not one was there but forgot what its occupant had been, and thought what he might be now, in a juster world.

And let us not disturb their religious code—improvised for the occasion. It was a tender one, at all events ; and as their lives had not contained too much of tenderness, it

showed that even poor Bill's existence had not been in vain, in spite of its utter recklessness, if by its sad close it so wrought upon them.

The return mail brought an immediate reply to the physician's prompt letter giving the account of the life and death of that singular being among them ; and, with it, the acknowledgment of the claims of the unconscious infant to the heirship of a grand title, and a great, though somewhat impoverished, estate ; that is, provided, always, that the marriage could be shown to be perfectly legal in every particular. As to the identity of the father, the earl's man of business did not profess to have a doubt ; and lively negotiations were proceeding between the doctor and himself, for the speedy transferral of little William to surroundings more befitting his station, when, with the usual perversity of human beings at that tender age, he refused to endure the exposure consequent upon some neglect of the speedily consoled widow, and in spite of his apparently strong constitution, settled the whole matter at once, by quietly slipping away from a world which promised him so much.

The body of the father was taken away some time ago, to lie with his own kin, from whom he had been so far removed, in every sense, in life ; but not until after Monunga had long rejoiced in the possession of that other “husband,” whose coming Bill had so surely predicted.

The old Earl was still living at last accounts, but so absolutely in his dotage as to repeat to every new-comer the strange story of his youngest son, always ending it by saying: “A wild youth, Lord William ! Had to sow his wild oats by masquerading in foreign lands. Heigh ho !” —*Sic transit, etc.*

*Sybil Russell Bogue.*

## RIVALS.

GREY in the east,  
 Grey in the west, and a moon.  
 Dim gleam the lamps of the ended feast  
 Through the misty dawn of June ;  
 And I turn to watch her go  
 Swift as the swallows flee,  
 Side by side with Joaquin Castro,  
 Heart by heart with me.

Jasmine stars afloat  
 In her soft hair's dusky strands,  
 Jasmine white is her swelling throat,  
 And jasmine white her hands.  
 Ah, the plea of that clinging hand  
 Thro' the whirl of that wild waltz tune !  
 Lost—lost for a league of land,  
 Lying dark 'neath the sinking moon !

Over yon stream,  
 The casa rests on its hard clay floor,  
 Its red tiles dim in the misty gleam,  
 Old Pedro Vidal at the door,  
 And his small eye ranges keen  
 Over vistas of goodly land—  
 Brown hills, with wild-oat sweeps between,  
 Bought with his daughter's hand.

Tangled and wreathed,  
 The wild boughs over the wild streams meet;  
 And over the swamp flowers musky-breathed,  
 And the cresses at their feet ;  
 And over the dimpled springs,  
 Where the deep brown shadows flaunt,  
 And the heron folds his ivory wings,  
 And waits in his ferny haunt.

Side-scarred peaks  
 Where the grey sage hangs like a smoke,  
 And the vultures wipe their bloody beaks,  
 From the feast in the crotchéd oak—  
 You are Castro's, hemming his acres in ;  
 And I, his vaquero, who o'er you rove,  
 Hold wealth he would barter you all to win—  
 The wealth of her broad sweet love.

Joaquin Castro

Rides up from her home where the stream-mists hang,  
 And the cañon sides toss to and fro  
 The tread of his black mustang—  
 Half wild, a haughty beast,  
 Scarce held by the taut-drawn rein;  
 And a madness leaps into my breast,  
 And that wild waltz whirls in my brain.

By his mountain streams  
 We meet, and the waves glint thro' the shades;  
 And we light the morn with long thin gleams,  
 And wake it with clash of blades.  
 From some pale crag is borne  
 The owl's derisive laugh;  
 And the grey deer flies like a shadow of dawn,  
 From the tide it fain would quaff.

A sudden wheel,  
 Then away, away, and the far hush rings  
 With hoof-beat, and chime of the spurred heel;  
 And the blue air winds and sings  
 In the coils from each round gathering strength,  
 Ere I rise in my saddle for truer throw,  
 That the rope may spring its serpent length,  
 And drag from his seat my foe.

Was it an owl  
 Speedily flitting the trail across,  
 Or a twisted bough in its monk-like cowl  
 And robe of the long grey moss?  
 Or the race has frenzied the black's wild brain?  
 He rears, to the stout rein gives no heed,  
 Then backward, backward—curls and mane  
 Intermingled, necks broken, rider and steed.

Ah, señor,  
 She is mine. It was all long years ago.  
 And at eve, when we sit in our vine-hung door,  
 She speaks of Joaquin Castro.  
 How they found him there; and sweet drops start  
 From sweeter eyes. And who shall know  
 That the brand of Cain burns red on my heart,  
 Since the scar was spared my brow?

*Virginia Peyton.*

## A LONELY VIGIL.

WESTERN TRINITY in early days had its share of Indian troubles. For the protection of its inhabitants along the outlying settlements, state and national aid has more than once been called in, and war against the predatory and murderous savages waged with spirit and success. In 1863, when the government was in the throes of civil war, it was found necessary to call into the field six companies of volunteers, for special service against the bands that infested Western Trinity and the adjoining counties. These volunteers were enlisted from among the people whose lives and property were to be protected, and consisted in the main of men who could fight Indians in their own way; who were, to a great extent, familiar with the character of the country in which operations were to be conducted; who volunteered, not for the meager pay that they were to receive, but from higher motives. The object for which the "Mountaineer Battalion" was called into existence was accomplished with little loss of life to the battalion, though the victory was by no means a bloodless one; and when it was disbanded a couple of years later, the power of the hostiles had been effectually broken up, except that a few stragglers remained—outlaws to their own people as well as to their white enemies—who had hidden in impassable cañons, and who it was thought would be powerless for evil.

It is not, however, my purpose in this paper to discuss the Indian troubles to which all border settlements are subjected, but to recall the incidents connected with the inroad of one of those bands of stragglers of which I have spoken. One of these incidents involved an exhibition of savage trust and fidelity which it seems scarce possible to believe. I will simply relate the facts as they were told me at the time; and while not vouching for their correctness in all particulars, I will say that the sources of my infor-

mation were such as to lead me to place reliance upon what I heard.

Hay Fork Valley, although containing some good mines at the upper part, is in the main a farming country. The entrance into the valley proper is about twenty-three miles from Weaverville, the county seat, which has at all times furnished a profitable market for the agricultural products of the place. As in all farming communities, the inhabitants were more scattered than in the mining camps; and as it was the most southwestern settlement of the county, its people, in time of Indian hostilities, were compelled to be more on their guard than in more thickly settled communities. Perhaps the knowledge on the part of the Indians that they were thus on guard was one of the reasons that, in spite of its isolated position, the settlement enjoyed comparative immunity from hostile inroads.

In the fall of 1868, there lived on the wagon road from Hay Fork to Weaverville, and about two miles from the head of the valley, a family named Burke, consisting of the father, Thomas Burke, his wife, a daughter nearly grown, and a small child. The house was built a short distance from the road, and was a large frame building. Across the road Mr. Burke had fenced in a bit of rich creek bottom land for a garden, and was making preparations to establish a home there. It was the last house after leaving Hay Fork, on that road, that the traveler passed until he reached Brown's Creek, some fourteen miles distant. At an earlier day, people would have been afraid to found a home in such a lonely, exposed place, but at this time the hostile Indians were subdued, and safe on government reservations; while the straggling bands I have spoken of contented themselves with pilfering from cabins whose occupants were temporarily absent, and then would be off to their haunts again.

One morning Mr. Burke was at work in his little garden; the daughter, Maggie, was away from home, and no one was at the house except Mrs. Burke and the little child. Suddenly there appeared at the back door a band of five or six Indians and a squaw. They demanded flour and blankets. Mrs. Burke knew at a glance that they were not a band of the Indians who made their home in the valley, and was frightened. Grasping her child's hand, she ran out the front door, and went in search of her husband. The Indians followed, trying to persuade her to come back, but she hurried on.

Burke, hearing the noise, looked up, and saw his wife and child hastening toward him, and the Indians following. He left his work and went to meet them. There was a bridge across the gulch where the road crossed, and Burke and his wife met here—she on the bridge, he under it. He reached up his arms to take the child, and just as he did so, one of the Indians fired, shooting him in the breast. He fell back dead; and another shot killed the large dog by Mrs. Burke's side.

Strange and inconsistent with the savage character as it may seem, the Indians stopped there, and made no attempt to hurt the woman and the child, but turned back towards the house, while Mrs. Burke and the child fled onward in pursuit of safety. As she turned the point of the ridge where the rising hills began to hide their desolated home from view, she looked back, and saw by the dense smoke arising that that home had been given to the flames.

A few rods farther, and she could see the farm-house of their nearest neighbor; and then, for the first time, she dared to hope that the lives of herself and the little one might be safe. But when she reached the house, her knock on the door elicited no response. The owners were away from home. It was a mile further yet that she must go to find rest and safety. How the two accomplished the flight she scarcely knew, but at last, faint and exhausted, she reached the haven, and between her sobs told the pitiful story.

The neighbor at once alarmed the other inhabitants of the settlement, and in a few hours they had gathered at the scene of the attack. The body of Burke was conveyed to the presence of the widow, preparatory to burial, and then the citizens began to consult. Sorrow for the dead and pity for the bereaved living were followed by a stern determination that *this* crime should be terribly avenged.

There had been pursuits of Indian raiders before, but they were rarely successful. The trail would be lost; the provisions of the pursuing party would give out; unused to tracking over the rough country, they would become footsore and discouraged; and the result would be that in the end the fugitives would escape. It was determined that such should not be the case in this instance; that the Indians must be taught that life had to be respected. A small but determined body of men declared their willingness to take up the pursuit, and "camp on the trail." In return, they wanted the citizens to see that provisions and everything necessary were supplied, and that they should suffer no pecuniary loss in the as yet unknown period of time necessary to accomplish the object.

It is needless to say that this proposition was eagerly accepted. The Valley Indians, too, anxious to show that none of their people were implicated in the deed, offered their help as members of the pursuing party, and the services of two or three of these were accepted.

In a day or two, the preparation of the little party was made, and the long pursuit began. At first, it was plain sailing; no attempt to conceal the trail had been made. But after awhile the party scattered; to the inexperienced observation of the white pursuers, no sign of the passage of the fugitives could be found.

It was then that the value of their Indian allies became apparent. Where the unpracticed eyes of the whites saw no sign of the recent presence of any living thing, the Valley Indians could trace the passing by of those whom they sought, with scarcely any hesitation; and though the whites were at

first disinclined to place confidence in their judgment, they soon learned that the Indians were always right in their interpretation of the indications. A broken twig, a displaced pebble, a blade of grass bent differently from its fellows, or a slight abrasion of the bark of a fallen limb, while it conveyed no meaning whatever to the white volunteers' eyes, was to the Indians an open book.

And so the pursuit went on. Climbing steep and high mountain ridges; threading the mazes of gloomy cañons; now down on the edge of the redwood forests of Humboldt, then back to within a few miles of the scene of their crime, and then away again, the marauders led their trackers; and it seemed certain that after the first day or two they knew of the pursuit, and resolutely kept the distance between themselves and their pursuers undiminished.

At last the pursuing party began to lose heart. Some other method must be taken, or this deed, as others had been, would go unpunished; yet they had some reason to suppose the fugitives would visit a certain locality, and it was decided to quietly abandon the trail, and make for this point, upon the probability of intercepting them there. The conjecture proved not to be mistaken. The camp of the hostiles was found and surprised, and the whole band were slain. It was not a bloodless victory for the victors. One of the raiders, while himself in the throes of death, shot and mortally wounded one of the pursuers, by name Josiah Drinkwater.

But the squaw who was with the party at the time one of its members committed the crime which led to the extirpation of the whole, was not with them when found. Where she could be was a mystery; whether she had left the party during its flight, or had escaped at the last moment, was one of the things they could not at first determine. Their Indian allies said positively, after carefully searching the scene of the conflict for any traces that would show an escape there, that she had quitted the band some time before.

The fall deepened into winter, and the

mountain ranges over which the chase had been conducted were covered deep with its snow. Then followed spring; the mountain sides again put on their garment of verdure; the little streams were swollen to torrents with the melting snows; seed time came, and as the days sped rapidly by, it was followed in its turn by the fields of golden grain ripe for the reaper.

Some seven or eight miles from the settlement in the Hay Fork Valley, and on one of its tributary streams, was a ranch belonging to the Drinkwater brothers, one of whom, as we have seen, had been killed the previous fall in the moment of triumph over the Indians. A field of wheat on this ranch had been cut and gathered to the house. In cutting and gathering the grain, the men employed were purposely neglectful of gathering clean, as it was the intention of the proprietor to plow it when the rains came, and raise no crop the next year but a "volunteer" one.

As time passed on, it was noticed that the loose heads of wheat which in places had been left by the careless gathering thickly scattered on the ground, were so much thinned out that the prospect of a volunteer crop would be small. This did not suit the views of the owner, and he began to investigate what had become of them. It then appeared that tracks of bare feet were to be found, showing that the gleaner was a squaw, and the Indians were told not to glean any more. They promptly denied that they had gleaned at all, and when the foot-prints were brought up as evidence, said that they had been made by none of their number.

Meanwhile, the wheat continued to disappear, and a watch was set upon the field. Then in the days, or rather the nights, when the waning moon shone at its brightest toward the morning hours, a squaw was seen entering the field, and the work of gleaning was begun again.

Her retreat was cut off, and in a little while she was made a prisoner. But to all the questionings of her captors she remained mute. Whether asked in the English language, or in that of the native Indian, she

had no reply to make, and it was only by the marks of the tattooing that it was known that she had been at one time a member of a distant tribe.

It was determined to find, if possible, where she came from the night of her capture, and it was not long until the Indians were on the trail. It led up the mountain until near the summit of a high ridge, and there, in a secluded place near an unfailing spring, her camp was found. She had lived in it alone, without a sign of animal life around, and apparently had lived there a long time.

Among those who found the camp was one who had acted as a guide to the whites nearly a year before, when they were tracking the murderers of the Burkes; and he remembered that in the pursuit the party had passed near that very spot. It was at once concluded that the prisoner of the grain-field was the missing squaw of the marauding party.

When the party came back to where she was kept again, she was asked the question whether she was not. A look of cunning intelligence lighted her face for an instant, then she became as stolid as ever. They told her then the story of the pursuit, the surprise, and the final death of the fugitives at the hands of the whites. When she heard of the death of the leader and its manner, her stoicism gave way, and after rocking herself sidewise a few moments, she burst forth with a savage wail for the dead, and like Rachel, weeping for her children, would not be comforted.

Little by little her story was made known. She was, as had been surmised, the squaw who was with the band at the time Burke was slain and his house burned; and when the party took to flight, she was heavily loaded down with the stolen provisions. The

pursuit was so keen and unremitting that she was soon obliged to lag behind, and it was this fact that enabled the whites to gain so rapidly upon the Indians at times. The Indians saw that if she remained with the party, and they lagged for her, they would soon be overtaken, and that she must be dropped from the band in such a way as would not be mistrusted at first. The existence of this lone spring was known to them, and the leader, her husband, told her to go there, build her a camp, and when the whites gave up the pursuit—as it was confidently believed they would soon do—he would return for her.

She did as he directed, hiding in the hut in the day time, and only going forth at night to range for something to support life. Through the long, terrible winter, through the more genial spring and summer, and until fall came again, she had waited and watched. Fires she dare not make, lest the smoke should betray her presence, save in the dead hours of night. In all this time she had not looked upon the face of a human being, and only once or twice heard the sound of a human voice. Impatient, yet hopeful, for nearly a year she had kept her vigil upon the mountain side, waiting and watching for the sound of the promised foot-fall, listening with ear laid next the earth to catch the first tones of that voice long since hushed in death.

She was told that she was free, at liberty to go where she chose. She gladly availed herself of the permission, and from that time to the present has not been seen by any of those who were cognizant of her history. Perhaps, when left solitary and alone, she once more sought her people over the mountains; perhaps she traced out the place where her husband was slain, to lay her bones with his.

*T. C. Jones.*



## FOR MONEY.

## XIV.

EUGENE FLEMING had established himself on a basis of cousinly intimacy at the Warings', and Louise grew to look forward to his visits as being all to her that Gilbert's used to be in the old days at San Manuel, before her marriage. During Lent, when he was sure to find her at home in the absence of all gayety, he came constantly; and after he was gone, her bright spirits and happy manner rejoiced the hearts of Frances and Mr. Waring. But after awhile she began to grow nervous and restless. The good effects of Eugene's visits became confined to the time he was actually in the house. It did not occur to her, or to the others, to connect the two as cause and effect; it was a coincidence merely.

Sometimes Frances was present, sometimes not. They had all kinds of subjects to converse about; books, pictures, events, people, and dearest of all, abstractions with just enough faint personal flavor to make them interesting.

The supposititious circumstances that were discussed, and that served to bring out Louise's thoughts and feelings, and as she imagined, Fleming's also, would have stocked a novelist for two or three books. After a while they grew to regard Frances's presence very little, and during the dull, cloudy days of March, Eugene was constantly to be found in Mrs. Waring's pleasant library, to which she had transferred many of the Ripley books.

People commented on the intimacy in the free and easy way in which names are often taken in vain; but Fleming, when he was jestingly taxed with it, always said enthusiastically, and somewhat patronizingly, that "he liked Mrs. Waring, she was a dear little woman; but her husband was a king among men." If he and the Warings were in public together, he almost always unobtrusively avoided

Louise, and conspicuously devoted himself to Mr. Waring, so that people soon came to consider the banker his real friend, and to know that he looked on Louise as his friend's wife.

She wondered and fretted. He was always so kind and sympathetic when he was alone with her. He always seemed to be telling her silently that he understood her, and grieved for her unhappiness, accenting it more sharply thereby. She always looked forward to meeting him away from her home, sure of a few minutes of pleasure in a talk with him; and as regularly she was disappointed. He talked long and earnestly with other women, giving her sometimes a regretful glance, in connection with the numbers always surrounding her, as if he did not know that she would have sent them all away at his approach. But he only spoke to her when she entered with her husband, or when he saw them to their carriage, with a long, apologetic look into her wondering, grieved eyes.

One afternoon, after such an evening—a little musical at Mrs. Valentine's, where they had gone to hear Georgie Carolan sing, because musicals were not entertainments, and there was no supper, but terrapin and coffee—Fleming rang at the Warings' door. It was a gusty day early in March; the eucalyptus was tufted with white blossoms, and the acacia near the house was flinging about its golden locks. Here and there in the west and north a ragged bit of blue was struggling through the sulky, neutral tint of a rain-cloud, that refused to rain and clear away.

San Francisco weather is as capricious as a pretty woman. Some one has epitomized it by saying that the climate is delightful, and the weather is detestable. It has an average of nine warm days in the year, which it distributes all over the calendar; sometimes by threes in April, September, and Oc-

tober; sometimes all at once in May; never by any miracle in July and August, which are raw, cold months, full of summer west wind all day long, rising sometimes almost to a hurricane, and heavy fogs driving in from the ocean at four o'clock in the afternoon, and continuing until eleven or twelve o'clock the next day. Yet for all the discomfort it produces, some of the picturesque effects of that fog drifting in southward toward the Mission hills, like troops of gray Doré spirits going forever on the accursed air, are unsurpassed.

But the eastern traveler, deluded by the ideas of Naples or the tropics, finds, to his dismay, that it is not safe to leave his overcoat at home any day in the year, and that the native San Franciscan leaves town in the summer to get warm.

Fleming had nothing to do, and his mind had reverted on this disagreeable afternoon to the warmly furnished, portière-hung Waring house. He would go and bask before Mrs. Waring's bright grate, and sun himself in the admiration of her glorious eyes. It was his creed, practised when his wife made him uncomfortable at home, that there was always sunshine somewhere, and at present he proposed to find his sunshine in the Waring library.

Frances gave him a languid hand in welcome. She was reading in his favorite room when he entered, and was not particularly pleased at the interruption.

"If you're busy don't hesitate to send me right away," he said, as he drew up a chair near her, and dropped his eyes before the glow of the coals.

"We are always glad to see you," said Frances politely. "Louise will be down presently."

And in fact, at that moment Louise came running down stairs and pushed aside the portière, all brightness at the visit which she knew was a silent atonement for last night's neglect.

"I felt mournful and unhappy today, and I came here to be cheered up," he said to Louise, as she greeted him cordially.

"Oh, what is the matter?"

"I don't know. Yes I do, too," he answered thoughtfully, and fell into one of the silences that they permitted each other, being such good friends. "I always fall into such a mood on seeing certain people," he went on after this pause. "You know Judge McAroon was there last night."

"So he was, I remember," said Louise gravely. Frances took no part in the conversation, and stared absently at the fire.

"That man always causes me a sleepless night of sorrow and regret," Eugene continued in a low voice. "I have never spoken to you before of the first time you learned of my misfortune."

"No," returned Louise, in a voice low as his own with sympathy. "I have often wanted to know from yourself, though, just how it was. Can you tell me? Would you mind?"

"Mind? It would make me happier, I think, to have you know from me. Of course you have heard the story from two or three different sources. It isn't uncommon in California, unfortunately. We loved each other and we married. My whole life was devoted to trying to make her happy, but I failed in some way. And yet I know she loved me, and I am sure if you asked her now, you could not get her to say a word against me. I don't know of any other such case."

Fleming spoke slowly, with perceptible pauses between his sentences, and his only interruption was an occasional gesture or murmur of attention from Louise, who listened as if she were magnetized.

"We agreed on a divorce; I could not in conscience consider her my wife, but I allowed her to get it. It was the best thing for both of us. Two months afterwards she was married again. She consulted me about it, and I advised her to do it. She was proud, and did not like to accept her support from me when we had resigned all responsibilities to each other, and so I told her to marry and be happier than she had been with me. I never had seen her husband then; people told me afterwards that the man had visited very intimately at my house, but never while

I was there. I simply did not believe them, and I do not now."

"Did you ever see her after her marriage?" inquired Louise very gently, in a hushed voice.

"Twice. I was spending the evening with some people and she and her husband came in. I don't know whether she saw me or not. Of course, I left immediately."

"And the other time?"

"Was in the street. We met, but she passed me by without looking at me. It was better that she should. I remember I stood looking after her till some one touched me on the shoulder and asked me if I had lost anything," he concluded with a long drawn sigh.

"I pity you with all my heart and soul," said Louise in an earnest whisper. She was too much moved to speak aloud. "How could she do it?"

"I have all the letters she wrote me during our engagement," Fleming went on. "I made her destroy all mine, but I kept hers. They are the greatest comfort and the fiercest torture I have. Yes, she was all in life to me, and she is another man's wife." Then he added under his breath, "I shall be loyal to her till death."

Then fell another long silence. Frances sat rigid in the attitude she had first taken. She was leaning back in her easy chair, with her hands loosely folded in her lap, and her eyes fixed on the fire; and yet she could no more stir a finger to unclasp her hands, nor move an eyelid to look at the man who sat there pouring out his grief theatrically to her fascinated sister, than if she had been bound down in some hideous nightmare.

"And I've sent Miss Frances to sleep," said Eugene at last. "It's high time for me to say good-bye."

The spell was broken. "I'm not asleep," said Frances, slowly. "Good bye, Mr. Fleming."

"I am glad you know this from me at last," he said, turning to Louise. "I have longed for the hour to come when I might explain it to you myself. What you and your sister think of me is a great deal to me.

A man's standard in life is what good women think of him."

"I thought men cared for what other men thought of them," observed Frances.

"Some men do, but that is a low standard after all. Women have all the goodness, all the conscience of the world. I would rather have one woman think well of me, than all the best men I know. They keep one up to a higher level of conduct and ambition."

Frances turned away and examined a bookcase with every appearance of interest.

"You are my religion, Mrs. Waring," said Eugene to Louise in a low voice. "If I knew that I had been able to secure your good wishes and good opinion, I should feel that I was not altogether the worthless fellow I am inclined to believe I am, sometimes, and that I am afraid your sister thinks me. Won't you try and make her think of me a little more kindly?"

She bent her head. He was about to take his leave, when Mr. Waring, hearing voices in the library as he came home from his business, entered to see who was there.

Fleming seldom could make an opportunity of meeting the great capitalist on whom his hopes and plans were centered, so he promptly accepted Mr. Waring's invitation to "sit down, sit down," offering a few remarks on a bill before the State Legislature. It appeared from his conversation, which was fluent and brilliant, that he knew a great deal about the inner working of the matter, and had not a little secret influence in its construction and presentation before a previous legislature. Louise was doubly impressed by his intimacy with all the local politicians, and his ability to instruct her husband, whose political knowledge she had respected up to this time.

Mr. Waring lent an attentive ear to all he had to say, following his disclosures with the concentrated look of a man able to observe closely, to calculate rapidly, and to combine and act with precision; the qualities of a good financier or a good politician. He said very little, except an occasional, "I'm glad to know how that came about," or "yes, yes," until Eugene's flow of words was ex-

hausted, and he made preparations for departure a second time. Then Mr. Waring's keen gray eyes rested quietly on his face, and he said in a level tone, which might mean anything :

"I was always interested in that bill, Mr. Fleming, and curious to know just why it failed last year. You've given me a good deal of information. How is it going this year, do you think?"

The habitual drooping of Fleming's eyelids concealed the inward qualm with which he heard of Mr. Waring's interest in the bill, for he had supposed it a matter of no importance whatever, except to the few men openly engaged in its passage.

"I didn't know you were personally interested in it," he answered, with his habitual caution in approaching a subject where he was not sure of his ground. The amount of Mr. Waring's interest might temper his answer as to the probabilities of the bill's passage.

"Personally?" said Mr. Waring, with a short laugh. "It's of no consequence to me which way it goes. I don't get anything by it. I only wanted the opinion of an inside man."

"Oh, it's going through, without question," answered Eugene with an air of jaunty enthusiasm. "Of course it may be thrown out on a third reading, but that isn't likely; and the Governor may veto it, but I think that is provided against. It is safe enough, I may venture to say. Next week is the last one of the extra session, and they usually rush things through."

Mr. Waring nodded and accompanied him to the door, then returned to his wife in the library. She was alone there; Frances had disappeared. Mr. Waring was not in the most amiable frame of mind towards his late guest. In the first place, he thoroughly disliked and distrusted the man; in the next place, that man had kept dinner waiting, and Mr. Waring shrewdly suspected him of designs on an invitation to stay.

"Louise," he remarked after several turns up and down the room with heavy steps, his hands plunged into his pockets, "I wouldn't

dictate to you for the world, my dear, and I know he is a sort of connection—thank Heaven, he is no relation of yours—but do you know, I wouldn't let that man come here so intimately as he does, if I were you."

"Why?" asked Louise, with a little catch of her breath. "He is very pleasant and agreeable."

"I know he is. That's the mischief of it. Now, I happen to know a good deal about the man, and he isn't the sort of man to have about much. I'm not prejudiced, and I don't often talk against people, but I had better tell you that men don't think very highly of Fleming. His life isn't of the best, and he's a tricky fellow; well, I might as well say, perfectly unscrupulous. Now you have the responsibility of Frances's future, and if she should happen to get interested in him, why it would be a very unhappy thing for her, and we should be to blame for letting it go on, of course. Such a thing might easily come about, for he is an attractive man, so far as women and society are concerned. You always want to look out for a man that has only women friends, though. There's something not quite right with him."

Louise said nothing. She felt that Fleming was being slandered in some way, and she could not quite marshal her forces to defend him.

"People in politics are always talked against, aren't they, Marion?" she asked presently.

"He doesn't know enough about politics to hurt him," answered her husband shortly. "Being up to all kinds of dodges doesn't make a politician of a man, by a long sight. Why, he has broken political pledges, and a man's worse than a fool to do that. Of course nobody trusts him. He talks too much, too. I never heard such a lot of nonsense as he got off about that bill."

"Didn't he tell you right?" inquired Louise, a little startled. "I thought it all sounded so clear."

"Sounded well enough, to anybody that didn't know about it, but it just chances that I know all the ins and outs of that whole business; I got the bill defeated before, and

it will be defeated this time, for all they think it's going through so straight. This is in confidence, mind. I've never talked business to you before; but you are a close-mouthed little woman, and you ought to know about this now."

"I thought you said you had no interest in it," said Louise icily, feeling that he had deceived Eugene. "What is the matter with it?"

"It's a scheme put through to give some money to certain people that don't deserve it. You wouldn't understand it, if I explained it to you. It doesn't affect me in the least; but it would fall very heavily on the poorer tax-payers, and be a bad thing for the city. It's an infamous plan for a big steal, and I wasn't going to see it succeed. It won't, either. I'd like to know what he has to do with it, though."

Louise listened, thought, doubted, and decided for the present she could not tell which side to believe. It was almost impossible for her to think Eugene a shallow pretender; on the other hand, there was an air of serenity, and a quiet impartiality and absence of prejudice about her husband's side of the question, that was very convincing. She left the matter in abeyance, as she thought; but, almost unknown to herself, the preponderance of feeling was on Eugene's side, and it grew into a certainty that he was harshly judged, and that she must be his partisan. It was absurd to shut him out from her house on account of Frances—Frances, who treated him with positive rudeness.

She walked to the window as dinner was announced, and looked out. It was raining, and without thinking she had sent the poor fellow out into the rain and dark, without giving him a hint that he would be welcome at her table.

The dinner was a silent meal for all of them, and they finished it rather more quickly than usual. Mr. Waring stayed to smoke his cigar, and Louise and Frances wandered back into the library, where no lights were as yet. Frances dropped into the chair by the fire again, but Louise wandered restless-

ly up and down in the twilight, and finally pulled aside the curtain and looked out again.

It had stopped raining. A heavy black cloud hung over the west, but towards the horizon it was torn away, leaving a band of clear sky, orange above the hills, shading through all tints of yellow to clear deep green as it touched the trailing scarfs of inky cloud, and in the fair space shone one star. Louise hoped Eugene saw that sunset sky as she did, and that it stilled his troubles as it did hers. She was roused from her abstraction presently by Frances's voice from the depths of her chair:

"What nonsense that Fleming man does talk," she remarked. "Think of his having the audacity to say to intelligent girls, that a man's best audience was women, and expecting them to believe it."

"You don't like him. That's the reason you find him ridiculous," returned Louise quickly. "I think he is right about saying that women have more conscience than men, and you won't find many men generous enough to acknowledge that."

"It would be a pity if they hadn't more conscience than he has," said Frances, laughing. "How he did make up as he went along, to Mr. Waring. I don't see how he kept his face straight."

"How could you tell that he was making up?" said Louise, turning round suddenly and walking close to her sister.

"Oh, I don't know; something in his face every time he had to invent something new," answered Frances. "There's never any time your husband appears more like a man than when he is brought in contact with other men. For solid character, he looms above them like a giant; and as for poor Eugene Fleming, he turns positively flimsy beside him. Why do you have so much to do with him, Louise?"

"You and my husband are in league against me!" broke out Louise passionately. "For some reason, I can't tell what, you want to take away the only bit of youth, and fresh, out-door life that I can get. I feel as if he brought me air when I am stifling, and

you plot and plan among you to shut me away from it."

"Louise!" cried her sister, "You don't know what you are saying. You don't know what your words seem to mean to me. Of course I know they don't mean that, really."

"What do they seem to mean to you?" said Louise faintly, but with defiance.

"That your married life is either not sufficient, or is painful to you, and that you find that this man—oh, Louise, I can't put it into words—not my own sister—"

Louise had grown rigid as Frances's agitated voice broke off suddenly.

"No, Frances," she said firmly; "you never shall have cause to say that of a sister of yours. It seemed to me that you and Marion were prejudiced against the poor man. He is all alone in the world; he has nobody to live for; his wife, that he loves—his wife that he told us today he should always love—is worse than dead, and perhaps he doesn't do quite right sometimes, and so, perhaps, I took his part little too strongly."

She turned ghastly white as she was talking, and suddenly threw herself on her knees, clasping her sister tightly in her arms. "Frances, Frances," she said wildly, "if you can think that of me, help me to say that I will never see him here again. You are my conscience; let me promise you never to see him here again. My life is what I have made it, and I must endure what it brings me—even this."

"Oh, my dear!" said Frances, in an agony of remorse, "can you forgive me for even letting myself hint such a thing of you? Of you, of all people in the world! It is only because I have heard so many strange things lately, and people seem to care so little. I know you have married the truest, most honest heart in the world, and it would be impossible for a thought to enter your mind that was not pure and right. Tell me you forgive me, or I never shall forgive myself. Louise, have I broken your heart?"

"My dear, dear sister, you have made me see my own heart, and I shall thank you for it to the end of my life. I thank God for all you have always been to me. Hush,

there is Marion. We shall never speak of this again."

But as she rose, she shuddered at the weary years before her.

## XV.

AFTER that conversation between Louise and Frances, Fleming found unusual obstacles to his familiar occupation of the Waring house; though, as they all appeared to be accidental, he could not be sure that they were really obstacles for him to surmount. On two occasions Mrs. Waring had been out; on a third, she was lying down with a nervous headache; on a fourth, she was just starting for a drive with Miss Carolan, but Miss Lennard would see him. Eugene had no fancy for a *tête-à-tête* with Frances, so he left the piano score of "Aïda," that he had been intending to go over with her, and simply said that he had no time to stop; he merely called to leave the package of music for Mrs. Waring.

Louise grew languid and pale, as dull gray March wore away into an April full of rain and bright sun, new leaves, and fresh, full blossoms—nature waking to more vigorous life, even here where she never sleeps.

The only thing Louise seemed to care about was to have Georgie Carolan with her as much as possible, playing and singing to her out of "Aïda." Miss Carolan had a happy faculty of getting a great deal out of a piano score. She had heard a good many operas, not, perhaps, very well given, but well enough for her to have an idea of how they should sound, and she could pick out parts of choruses or concerted parts, play a little here, sing a good deal there, describe between, and go into musical raptures incomprehensible to an outsider over bits of instrumentation or orchestral effect, so that Louise sometimes found them more satisfying than the indifferent performances of the operas themselves that she attended afterwards.

It was not exactly the best mental diet she could have chosen, for it only intensified the dreamy, supermundane mood she had fallen

into. It did not make her particularly happy, either, for she chafed against everything that sought to bring her back to the necessary practicalities of every-day life.

"Poets rave about the spring," she said one morning to Frances, as they stood in the garden, the hot sun shining down on them, the still air full of the aromatic odor of the clump of pines beside the house, and the heliotrope that climbed against the high wall separating them from the next house. "I hate it. Something that I cannot control rises up in me in the spring. Tiny cruel hands seem to be all about me, tearing at my heart."

These half-confidences that she hinted to Frances were a partial relief to her, and the only approach to a discussion of her affairs that she permitted herself. It is almost incompatible with the constitution of humanity to suffer or enjoy without expressing those emotions to some one. Blessed are they who have sisters for their intimate friends, for they are never tempted to betray confidences to the outer world. There is no friendship on earth like that of two sisters nearly of an age, when they are friends, for devotion, singleness, and constancy.

During this troubled time she avoided her husband as much as possible. She tried to behave as usual, but the moment he entered the room she seemed to grow lifeless. Sometimes, the sound of his voice so irritated her tense nerves that she would leave the room, and throwing on a shawl, go and wander about the garden until she thought she could trust herself to go in again.

In just the state of feeling against which she was struggling, she had naturally no desire to make frequent visits to her old home, and Mrs. Lennard and Rose felt very much hurt in consequence, more than Rose was willing to acknowledge.

Rose had two grievances. One was that her sister did not care to come and see her; the other was that since Louise had been living in the city Eugene had never been near her and Jack, after all his professions of affection. He had even forgotten to call on them, to thank them for their hospitality

in relieving him from the discomforts of a country hotel in winter; and yet both Frances and Louise, when they did come over, spoke constantly of Eugene's being at the Warings. It was not fair of Louise to absorb him when she had everything, and Rose had so few pleasures.

But Louise's disinclination to visit San Manuel was easily explained. But for her mother she never should have married as she did, and every day the thought of her marriage was causing her more and more acute suffering. And as for Rose, she was so completely, serenely happy in her married life, she and her husband were such friends and companions, that Louise could not endure such "looking into happiness through another's eyes."

She was a little surprised, therefore, to hear a knock at her door one day when she had shut herself in, with orders not to be disturbed unless Miss Carolan should come. She opened it, and there stood her mother.

"Dear mother, how sweet of you to come to me!" she cried, establishing her in a comfortable chair. "I've been reproaching myself for I don't know how long that I haven't gone to see you, but I haven't had the energy to think of the boat. How have you all been? I'll call Frances."

"No, you needn't call Frances, that is, just now," Mrs. Lennard responded. "Louise, whom are you to trust, if not your own mother?"

"Trust you? Why, mother, in what way? Haven't I always trusted you?"

"My dear child, I want to know what makes you avoid us. I want to know why you have grown restless, and nervous, and thin. You are not like your old self, Louise, and I think I ought not to be forced to ask my own child the reason why."

"Oh, mother, now you are hurt, and all for nothing. I couldn't tell you why. It is only that life doesn't seem worth living from minute to minute, and nothing that I do interests me."

"No woman as young and as free from care ought to have that dragged look," her mother continued. "You encourage these

low spirits and boredom, I am afraid, Louise. Why, child, you are not twenty-two yet."

"I know it, and I may live to be sixty!" exclaimed Louise, in unfeigned terror.

"Now take my word for it, Louise, you must rouse yourself and shake this off. You will lose your husband's affection if you don't take more pains to keep it. Men hate a faded, moping wife."

"I wish I had never seen him!" cried Louise, uncontrollably.

"My daughter! What do you mean?"

"I mean that I forswore myself at the altar, and that God alone knows what I am suffering in expiation. For my sake, mother, let the little ones marry for love."

"Louise!" gasped her mother. "My darling, forgive me. I loved you the most of all my children. I meant it all for the best. I thought you must love him, he is so kind and so fond of you. I thought your aversion was only a girl's perverseness, and that you could only be happy with every wish in the world gratified. And it is too late. It can't be undone. All my doing!"

"Mother, dear, don't reproach yourself. It was not you. I was wicked to say that. Nobody could have made me do it if I hadn't been willing. It was my own act; you musn't dream it was yours. Really, I am only nervous with the spring weather. I haven't anything in the wide world to complain of. He is as kind as possible."

"Louise, I have been a wicked, worldly mother. I can only pray, my darling child, that you never may see any man that you can love, so that you never can be able to reproach me with having forced you into temptation. That, I think, I could not bear. Let me bathe my eyes, dear, and then go and call Frances."

"Yes, mother, but let me ask you first to say nothing to father—absolutely nothing. I could not endure the idea of your talking me over together. You will promise me that?"

"My child, I would promise you anything in the world if it would make you happier. My poor, poor little girl."

"If you pity me, you will make me cry,

and I don't want to do that," said Louise, with tremulous lips.

"I wish you would come to San Manuel, and see Rose," said Mrs. Lennard, as she began to recover herself. "She feels so badly about your staying away from us all."

Louise promised with a sigh that she would go to see Rose the next day—a promise that she kept with some misgivings as to what Rose might say to her altered looks.

"I began to think you had forgotten all about us here," said Rose, all her hard feeling dissipated the moment her sister appeared. "Jack and I have just been discussing ways and means. We want to go away gipsying this summer, and we are afraid we can't afford it."

"It would be just the thing for you," said Louise. "Where would you go?"

"Jack is wild to go," answered Rose, "but I feel so perfectly contented and happy just as we are, that I shouldn't feel very badly if we had to give it up."

"You always are contented and happy," said Louise, almost enviously. "Why is it that you always are? From Gilbert down to you, things seem to come so easily. Even Harry took his disappointments quietly. But we second set of children are restless, nervous, never quite content with what we are, and never quite knowing what we want. I wonder why."

Rose shook her head and laughed. "I give it up," she answered. "It must be because you are too introspective—always fretting about your motives. Take life as it comes, Dudu. It's the only way. Jack says 'Never cross a bridge till you come to it.'"

"Good advice," said Louise, shrugging her shoulders, "and like all good advice, so easy to take. Did you know I might go to New York by sea next month?"

"How lovely!" cried Rose. "Why by sea, though?"

"They seem to think I need a sea voyage. It will be a new sensation at least, and give me an appetite, perhaps. Frances says I don't eat enough to keep me alive. Breadths of tropic shade may restore me to a love of roast beef."



"Well, Louise! to think that I should live to hear you talk about a new sensation!" exclaimed Rose in a sort of dismay.

Louise lifted her great, weary eyes. "You think it sounds affected? I don't know but it does. I won't say it again."

Rose looked at her earnestly and critically, and was startled at the change in her. "Louise, what is the matter?" she enquired anxiously. "How thin you are. You look as if you would blow away."

"It is the spring," answered her sister carelessly. "I shall grow stout again before long, you'll see."

"Oh yes, of course," said Rose hopefully. "I remember you grew thin like this before you were married, and you got all your looks back again in two months."

"That's the way it is going to be this time," said Louise, calmly, and kissed her sister good-bye. "Don't discuss my looks with mother and father, will you? Because I am all right, and they would get anxious for no reason. Remember."

Rose saw nothing unusual in the request beyond the fact that Louise was fanciful, and promised to say nothing about her beyond the mention of her exceedingly welcome visit, even to Jack.

"Because you may not even go East," she said. "You rich people can go anywhere at a moment's notice, and it often ends by your staying just where you are."

Rose had meant to be playful, but her phrase, "you rich people," brought the ready blood into Louise's face.

"Whatever we may be," she said in a voice from which, in spite of her efforts, the heartiness had suddenly died out, "we are going to this opera that has come up from South America, and you must come over some evening and stay all night at our house to hear it. People say it is going to be quite good. Think of my never having heard an opera!"

"I'm in the same plight," said Rose, unconcernedly, "but you are likely to feel it more than I."

"Because I am fonder of music than you?" inquired Louise.

Now the imputation of a lack of love for

music is what no mortal will endure calmly. Whether Shakespere's enumeration of the crimes possible to a man that hath no music in himself is responsible for it or not, the being thus accused may have no more ear than a deaf adder, but he will protest that he adores it—"real music," he means; "this noise that so-called musicians pretend to like isn't music, it is only the fashion to call it so; music is melody." So he goes on, ringing the changes on "music" and "melody," until he has completely stultified himself, when he walks away, happy in the thought that he has confounded the musician—as he has, and the musician is confounding him under his breath.

So Rose resented her sister's question, though it was put in the most perfect good faith.

"No, I don't think you are," she replied, quickly; "I mean because you live in a world where you are made to feel your inexperience more than I."

Louise returned home not greatly soothed by her visit. Indeed, she was more perturbed than the occasion demanded. A very slight jar was now enough to upset her equanimity, and while managing to control most outward manifestations of irritability, her inner self was in an almost perpetual state of turmoil.

She started for her first opera with more excitement and anticipations of pleasure than she had felt for some time. The troupe was an unheralded one, made up of unknown names, coming from a South American and Mexican tour whence they had been driven by one of the numerous revolutions that are constantly taking place among those small but peppery states; but it had settled convictions of its own powers, and had determined with an obstinacy that no argument could shake, to open in "Aida."

Louise and her party, made up of herself, Frances, Georgie Carolan, and Mr. Waring, entered their box in a state of expectancy of failure shared by the rest of the house, but Louise and Frances were to have their first idea of an opera, and the prospect put them both into a high good humor.

The performance was a disappointment to

every one, inasmuch as it was a triumphant success. The voices were all fresh, at least, and some were more than good. A murmur of surprise ran round the audience, as the sweet, powerful, unforced notes of the best tenor many had ever heard, delighted them with "Celeste Aïda." The house rose to a pitch of frenzy as the opera went on, and the cheers and cries of "Brava" from the Italian fishermen and vegetable gardeners in the gallery encouraged the singers to do their best, while they took their praise with the naive pleasure of children.

Louise became more and more enthralled. It was her first experience of the opera; under Georgie Carolan's training she was becoming a musical enthusiast; she knew the piano score well, which added ten-fold to her enjoyment of this work, in which Verdi, leaving behind the sugary trivialities of his earlier years, has vindicated his title to fame; and it was a performance of musical evenness, which satisfied even severe musical critics like her husband, who for all his unobtrusiveness of opinions was a judge of no small ability. He used to say, laughing, that music was one of the few things he knew much about, and he never, if he could help it, missed a concert or an opera.

As the curtain was about to fall before the last act, her eyes chanced to fall on Eugene Fleming sitting below her box, looking troubled and worn. A pang shot through her heart at the sight of him. He had been constantly in her thoughts from the beginning, and all through the wonderful duet in the third act just finished, where the slow river seems to lap through the music, and the African sun to lie hot and still on the tropical trees and flowers through the beguiling notes with which Aïda tempts her lover to betray his country, Fleming's face and form had seemed to take the place of Rhadames. And there he sat. She turned away her eyes absently on the rest of the house, but presently they strayed back again to his place. It was empty.

A slight noise behind her made her turn, though she imagined it was only her husband coming in; but no, there stood Fleming in

the door of the box, looking at her pleadingly, apologetically. She gave him a conventional greeting, repeated by Frances, and more warmly by Miss Carolan, who was glad to see him, happy in her enjoyment of the music, and anxious to discuss the merits of the performance with some one she had not seen, for the occupants of the box had exhausted their enthusiasm on each other.

"Why have you treated me so badly to-night, Miss Carolan?" said Fleming, lightly, as he took a chair behind her. "I have put my opera glass out of focus turning it on you so persistently, and you never even looked my way."

Georgie smiled. She was not quick at repartee, and Eugene continued boldly, turning to Louise: "Mrs. Waring is cruel to me, too. She not only won't look at me, but she falls ill every time I call at her house."

"You see what a bad effect you have on me," answered Louise, with a pale smile. "I am the one to complain."

"Jesting aside," said Fleming, seriously, "may I come to see you next week on a matter of business? It is of pressing importance."

He looked so much in earnest that Louise thought she could not be doing wrong to break through her resolution not to see him again, though the bound of pleasure that her heart gave as she consented made her hesitate, and almost wish to take back the word that permitted him to come. Then Mr. Waring came back and took the chair behind her, and the curtain went up on the last act.

That ravishing last scene, where the lovers, dying together for each other's sake in the black vault beneath the temple full of light and glowing color, seem to see heaven opening above them to the soft, penetrating chords of harps and shimmering tremolo of violins, in a very ecstasy of love and rapture of approaching immortality, fell with redoubled force on Louise's quivering nerves and tormented heart. She forgot everything, forgot that Mr. Waring was, according to his habit, resting his arm on the back of her chair, which generally caused her acute annoyance, forgot herself and her surroundings,

absorbed in the illusion of the scene before her. Even Georgie Carolan, self-contained Georgie, trembled, and her eyes filled with tears.

The soprano, not beautiful, not great, lacking all the accessories of dress, seemed to gain sudden inspiration from what she herself was singing. Her face became transfigured, and an almost unearthly sweetness thrilled through her voice as she bade farewell to earth.

Rhadames laid Aïda gently on the ground. The curtain fell, the last dying notes of the orchestra became silence. And he had sat by her side and heard it with her—he with whom life could be all that she once dreamed it might be, whose simple presence contented her, without whom life was—what? She knew all that she had lost now, all that she had thrown away by weakly yielding to her mother's arguments. She knew what was before her.

Her overwrought nerves gave way. She had been at a high pitch of feeling for weeks; she had eaten scarcely anything for days; and as they all rose to leave the box, she gasped heavily—all the air in the world seemed to be exhausted, and her head fell forward against the railing of the box. Eugene sprang to her and lifted her, but Mr. Waring pushed him away and took her from him.

"Stand aside," he said, as he might have spoken to a servant. "Go and get some hartshorn and a glass of water, and be quick about it."

Eugene departed, while Frances undid her sister's bonnet strings, with hands that shook so she could scarcely control them, and Miss Carolan fanned her hostess vigorously in the vain effort to restore her to consciousness.

"I never knew her to faint before," said Frances, in a voice of distressed surprise, as Eugene returned with the water and hartshorn.

"It's nothing," answered Mr. Waring, as he saturated Louise's handkerchief in the water, and bathed her forehead with it as gently as a woman. "The theater is outrageously close, and she is a little run down

with the spring weather. See, she is all right now."

Louise opened her eyes, and raised her head languidly. "Is Mr. Fleming there still?" she asked, letting it drop back again against her husband's shoulder as Georgie continued to fan her, and Frances plied her with the salts.

Fleming quietly stepped forward before any one answered.

"I shall be ready to go presently," she went on. "Don't wait for me. Marion, let Mr. Fleming see Miss Carolan and Frances home, and send back the carriage for me."

She took the salts from Frances, and insisted on her plan being carried out. When they were safely out of the box, she roused herself, and told her husband she could walk out of the theater perfectly well, and she wanted to be in the fresh air until the carriage came back. He said nothing, but supported her carefully as she moved slowly up and down under the deep night sky, and they drove home, still in silence. Frances was standing anxiously watching in the front door as they stopped, and she followed Louise to her room, eager to do something to help her.

"Don't Frances," she said gently, though a little fretfully, as she sank on the lounge and closed her eyes. "Go to bed, and take care of yourself. I'm not sick. One would suppose nobody ever fainted before. I shall be better as soon as I know you are comfortable for the night. Now, go, there's a good girl."

"She's right, Frances, she knows what she wants," said Mr. Waring, as Frances looked at him appealingly, and she was obliged reluctantly to shut herself out of Louise's presence.

Louise still lay motionless on the lounge without opening her eyes, and Mr. Waring began to walk thoughtfully up and down the room. Presently, he stopped near her and looked down at her white face.

"It's all very well to make light of this before Frances," he began. At the sound of his voice she started violently, and shivered as if with sudden cold. "Because she is easily frightened," he went on. "But you're

not a fainting woman, Louise, and I am inclined to think that this is serious, and you had better see a doctor."

"I am not sick," Louise repeated, with more energy than one would have thought possible in her exhausted voice. "I wish I were. I might die then."

"My poor girl," said Mr. Waring, gently stroking away the short, damp hair from her forehead. "When am I going to see you your own bright self again?"

"Never! never again. I am too bad to be happy. You are too kind to me, Marion. Oh, if you only knew how wrong I was to marry you as I did, you would never forgive me."

"You told me there was no one else, and I believed you, my dear."

"I told you the truth, indeed I did, but it was just as wicked of me to let you marry me, all the same."

"Now, don't talk any more, and excite yourself," said Mr. Waring, with quiet firmness, and a set look about the mouth that Louise had never seen there before. "You are nervous and feverish, and you will look at things in a different light in the morning. This will all seem like a bad dream, and we shall neither of us remember it very clearly. Good-night, my child, and a pleasant night's rest."

He slipped his arm under her shoulders, and with an affectionate kiss on her passive lips, and an embrace that meant "I shall not let you go," he left her alone.

## XVI.

THE reflections of the night so worked upon Louise's brain that morning found her in a more excited and restless state than she had ever been before. She did not go down to breakfast, though Georgie Carolan was her guest; she felt that she could not speak to her husband again after last night, especially not with the resolution that had come to her with the gray dawn of the early May morning.

But she heard his voice outside her door asking for her, heard the maid say that Mrs.

Waring was asleep, heard him leave a message for her that he should be at home early, and hoped to find her quite well again, and then the front door closed on him. Then came Frances's farewell to Georgie, who was starting on her round of lessons, very sorry that she could not see Mrs. Waring.

Louise stepped softly as she dressed for going out, so that Frances might not hear her, packed a little bag of necessaries, and then sat down to write a note to her husband. She thought for some minutes before she put anything on paper. All his love and kindness came back to her, act by act; and her grief and trouble surged higher and higher. Finally she wrote hurriedly:

"DEAR MARION: I have gone to father for a little while. Do not be anxious about me.

"LOUISE."

This she kissed and pinned on his cushion with shaking hands. She looked all about her room and his. It was her farewell. She never should see anything there again.

She did not stop to think of what a strange thing she was doing in leaving Frances in his house, altogether ignorant of the step she was taking. She only feared that Frances would remonstrate with her, and she was in such a frantic state of agitation that every moment under that roof seemed to lessen her chances of escape. The hour and a half that passed before she finally reached the familiar station in San Manuel seemed like days to her, and she sped up the road and flung open the door of her father's house as if she were pursued by some invisible enemy.

Susy met her in the little hall, saying in her shrill voice, "Nobody's at home but father, Louise. Mother and Julia have just gone to see Rose a minute."

Louise pushed her away as if she had been a doll; and bursting into the room where her father sat writing, and locking the door behind her, she panted out, half wildly, "Father, I have come home to you to stay."

The shocked look she saw in his face sobered her partly.

"Louise, my poor child, what has brought you to this?" he exclaimed, taking her in

his arms, as if he would shield her from everything in the shape of evil.

"Father, I cannot endure my life any longer. I married my husband without loving him. I even disliked him. And now I am seeing the consequences."

"Consequences?" repeated her father, greatly troubled. "What do you mean? Is he unkind to you?"

"No, no. He is kindness itself, and that makes it worse. He is so indulgent, so thoughtful, that every hour I live only makes my ingratitude more monstrous; and yet I cannot like him. I shudder away from him, and the knowledge of how I wronged him, marrying him as I did, degrades me in my own eyes."

"Louise, I never dreamed of this," said her father, with mournful self-reproach. "What system of false reasoning did you go through, my child, to induce you to take such a step as marrying him, feeling as you did towards him?"

"I thought I ought," faltered Louise. "I thought there would be more for the others if I were gone, and I could do so much in the way of making things more comfortable for you all, if I married him."

"And was there no thought in your heart of your own added comfort, my child?" said Mr. Lennard searchingly, though gently.

"Indeed, father, I am speaking the truth when I say no."

"My poor, self-sacrificing little girl," said her father tenderly, "why did you think this over all alone? If you had talked with your mother or me, we could have shown you how unsafe such a basis was for an irrevocable step like marriage."

"But, father, it is not irrevocable," cried Louise wildly again. "I know that when he learns how unhappy he makes me, he will be generous enough to consent—"

"To what, Louise?" interrupted her father sadly. "My child, you are changed, indeed, if you can think of such an act in connection with yourself. Louise, you are hiding something from me. You must tell me everything, if I am to help you."

She made no answer, only clung to him

more convulsively; and, after waiting a moment, he pursued more earnestly:

"You would not be like this if you were simply indifferent to your husband. From all that you have ever told me of him in his relations to you, from your very confidence in his giving you back your freedom, his conduct towards you could not excite this repulsion on your part, unless—"

He stopped as Louise shrank back and covered her face with both hands, and his features altered. "God help you, Louise," he said in a tone of infinite pity. "You have come to me in time."

"No one dreams of it but me," she answered in a low voice.

"Have you suspected your own feelings long? You are a woman now, Louise, not a girl any longer, and you know what tools you have been playing with. How long has it been going on?" He took both her hands gently as he spoke.

"I have been afraid of myself for a long time," she replied in a whisper, "but I was not quite sure until last night, and then I came straight to you. Oh, father," she added, her voice rising with her distress, "he cannot force me back again to be his wife. It would be wicked of him to try. You will let me stay, will you not?"

"This villain that has led you away from your honor and duty—" began her father with white lips.

"Ah!" gasped Louise, as if she had been struck a sudden blow. "He has never said one word to me that all the world might not hear. He thinks of me simply as a friend. He has claims on me, as all the world knows. He has no idea that in being my friend he was growing into something more to me. No; I have the shame of knowing that I am the only one to blame. I have given away the dearest thing I have, the highest thing I owe my husband—given it away unasked."

She struggled with herself for a moment, then flung herself passionately on the floor before her father and buried her face on his shoulder.

"Does your husband suspect anything of this?"

"He will not listen to anything I try to say. I tried to tell him that I could not in honor remain bound to him, and he told me I was 'feverish,'" she said scornfully.

"Louise, my darling child, it does not seem possible to me, even after all this, that a child of mine, and one loved and sheltered as you have been, can be called upon to go through the deep waters you are struggling in now. But—hear me out patiently, my child—I think it is your duty to go back to your husband."

"Father!" she protested, passionately, with a storm of tears and sobs. He held her closely in his arms until the first strength spent itself, and then said tenderly:

"Try to listen to me, my child. I know it sounds hard and cruel to ask you to be reasonable, feeling as you do just now, but I think,—I trust,—I am right. You have no cause to leave the man you swore solemnly to cleave to till death. Think what you will do if you persist in breaking that oath. You completely wreck the happiness of a man who only lives to make you happy, and ruin his home through no fault of his. You weaken the marriage tie in the minds of all who know you. You encourage every girl who hears of you to take just such a step as you took, recklessly, from wrong motives, perhaps from sordid ones that did not enter your thoughts, and every girl who plunges into an ill-advised marriage, if matters do not turn out as she wishes, will be made as free as she was before, to marry again, and be liberated again, if she chooses. She can point to you as a precedent to make her passion her law, and she and you bring reproach on every suffering woman who seeks the law's redress for genuine, unendurable abuse."

"Then you do believe that sometimes divorce must be?" said Louise, pronouncing the word with an effort.

"Child, who can live in the world and not know that it must be sometimes? But for you—if you can believe that you are justified in this matter, what is to prevent you when you are free again from seeing this man that you think you love, from giving way to your feelings, from arguing that you are as

exempt in the eyes of the law from all ties, with a husband living, as you were before you had a husband? And the next step is another marriage, and what is that? It is nothing more or less than legalized sin!"

"No, father! I could never bring myself to that!" cried Louise in horror.

"Did you think this that you are contemplating possible a month ago?" asked her father, quickly. "We lean very easily to the side of our interests, my dear. Arguments to give us our own will are always powerful; that is human nature. Don't believe that I do not sympathize with you in this, every inch of the way; but I know you are strong enough to do your duty, and I want you to do it."

"I am not strong enough, father. Should I have come to you if I had been?" said Louise, brokenly.

"I did not suppose you were, of yourself," answered her father, simply. "But you have been taught to rely on a power above you, a love that is with you through all your suffering, a help that is never failing to aid you in doing right. You have not forgotten that, Louise?"

"It seems very far away, all dim and unattainable," she murmured with a quivering sigh.

"Louise, I am going to wound you again, but I think in the end you will thank me for it. Do you know why all this trouble has come to you?"

She looked up quickly and inquiringly, and shook her head.

"I am afraid it is because you have lived for yourself only, my poor little blinded girl. You have been given the responsibility of great wealth, and the influence that it brings, and you have devoted it all to the task of amusing yourself, of trying to make yourself, only yourself, happy. You have been living an idle, pleasure-seeking, empty-hearted life. You have claimed happiness as a right, and you have found trouble instead. Think of the wretched people, the poor, the sick, the orphan children, the worse than orphan baby criminals in that city where you live. What have you done for them? Find your pleasure in working for other people, my darling,

and so fulfill the law of Christ. Go to your husband for counsel and advice. He is a large-hearted, open-handed man, but he has only money to give. You have abundant time, skillful hands, a kind heart, a good head. You are too young and too inexperienced to take the lead; there are many older and wiser than you, for you to follow; but devote yourself to living for others, and the time will surely come when, if you do not find the romantic rapture you imagine now is the only thing that makes life worth living, you will find the reward of well-doing in your own warmed and purified heart, with God's help."

His daughter lay quite still in his arms, only now and then shaken from head to foot with great sobbing sighs.

"Life is so long," she said, at last.

"I know it is hard to live from day to day," answered Mr. Lennard, all his heart going out to his child in her strife with herself. "The great crises we can bear with fortitude, but to narrow ourselves down to making each day complete in itself, getting through the day as best we can, never looking forward—I know it is not in human nature to live so. Well, then, my child, set yourself an object to look forward to—the time when you shall love the man to whom you owe your heart; a man full of noble qualities, a man of genial nature, and one worthy of any woman's love and respect; a man, my child, who cannot be appreciated by every woman, or by every man, either, because his good traits are not paraded before the world. I knew something of him before you married him, and since, I have learned more. I wish there were more men like him in the world, and fewer like that worthless Eugene Fleming, whose life has been a curse to all that ever knew him."

"Father!" exclaimed Louise, sharply, as if in sudden pain. "What have you heard against him?"

Her tone betrayed to her father that Fleming was the man who had caught her fancy, but he would not let her see that he had discovered it, and he went on with the remark that he had intended to make.

"He sacrifices everything and everybody to his own selfish ends. For instance, he borrowed quite a sum of money from Jack Percy the other day, and I have just learned that he has absolutely no means of paying it back. It was the money they had intended to use for their trip this summer, and they have been obliged to give it up. That's only one example. A great many things about his life would be more convincing to a man than a woman, and this certainly is bad enough."

He was not sorry that he had the disclosure to make. He hoped that Louise's love was mostly of the imagination, and that it would die a natural death after a little, if she could only be made to see how unworthy the object was, and to cease idealizing it.

"I will be guided by your judgment, father," she said, after a long silence. "May I stay here tonight?"

"I should like to say yes, Louise, but I think it would be better for you to go home. It is easier to begin the new life without such a decided break in the old. God bless you, dear child."

Louise took her way back to the city in a numbed state. She wondered to find herself so utterly devoid of feeling of any kind. As she opened the front door, she met Frances in the hall, looking unusually bright and fresh.

"Why, where have you been?" she asked. "Mr. Waring came up with the trotters at two o'clock to take you driving; and finding you gone, took me with him instead. We have just come home."

"Where is he?" inquired Louise, hastily.

"He drove around to the stables. He will be right in. Where have you been?"

"At San Manuel, with father," she answered, flying up the staircase to her husband's dressing room. He had not been in there, that was evident. There was the note, just as she had left it. She tore it into tiny fragments and crowded them into her purse, to be burned at her leisure, and then fell on her knees by the bedside in one great throb of inarticulate prayer.

*Helen Lake.*

## THE MARTIAL EXPERIENCES OF THE CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS.

THE only communication California had in 1861 with the Eastern States, was either by steamer from San Francisco to Panama, then across to Aspinwall, and from there again by steamer to New York, or the more slow and tedious way by teams over the plains, or by sailing vessels around Cape Horn. It is well remembered by those who then lived on this coast with what pleasure the arrival of every steamer was hailed, when it brought the much looked for mail, and news from those loved ones whom we had left far away, to come and settle on this Western slope. Steamer news, as it was called, was carried through the State as fast as possible, and was read and reread in every town, village and hamlet in the land. It can then be well imagined with what longing the arrival of this news was looked for, when important events were enacted in other parts of the world, but more so in our own country.

During the presidential campaign preceding the election of Mr. Lincoln, rumors of discontent and possible secession of the Southern States had reached us with every mail, and opinions were vastly divided as to what the outcome of all this trouble would be. At last, the startling news came that Fort Sumter had been fired upon; war had actually begun. I shall never forget the day when the news reached Shasta, where I then lived. Men hastened from all the outlying settlements, and the little town was soon filled with excited men, gathering here and there in small groups, discoursing with anxious faces the eventful news.

The grave and most important question seemed to be, "What effect will this have on the Pacific Coast? What will our State officials do?" Of course, the opinions expressed, and the arguments used, were as far apart as the North is from the South, and generally leaned towards that side from which the parties hailed. The men from

the South hoped California would take sides with the South, and the Northern men wanted to go right away and help to crush this rebellion. After a few days, each party became more calm, and all concluded to await further developments. It was generally thought that the rebellion would be of short duration, and that perhaps Californians would have no chance to place their devotion to the Government on record.

The call for volunteers by the United States authorities was made, and John G. Downey, who became governor through Milton S. Latham's election to the United States Senate, promptly issued the call. All over the State the loyal men organized, and soon the beating of drums was heard and the flying of flags was seen from Siskiyou to San Diego. Old Shasta was not behind. In different places of the county meetings were held, the roll was open for signatures, and in a few days enough had subscribed to form a full company. The question then arose, "Who shall be the captain?" We heard of a gentleman living in Horsetown, who had served during the Mexican War; the writer of this was authorized to offer the command of the company to him, and secured Captain West as our commander.

On a certain day all the recruits came to Shasta, and went into a camp a little outside the town. The enthusiasm displayed by those who were willing to go and fight was taken up by the citizens in general, and they concluded to present to the Shasta Guard—for so the company was called—a silk flag, emblem of that union which was now threatened with dissolution, and for which they might be required to lay down their lives, if that would help to preserve the country. The young ladies took charge of the presentation ceremony, and right royally did they carry out the programme. Shasta lies in a little valley in the mountains. The wide business street runs through the



middle of the town, and on the hills on either side are the private dwellings of her inhabitants. A large platform was erected in the middle of the business street, and as soon as the sun had set, the guard, all dressed in black pants and dark blue woolen shirts, marched from their camp, and formed in a hollow square around the platform. Then the young ladies, one for every State, dressed in white, with red and blue sashes, each head encircled by a small gilt band, surmounted by a silver star, led by a miss dressed as the goddess of liberty, bearing the silk flag, ascended the platform, and after a short prayer by the minister, in a few well-chosen words presented the flag to Captain West, who, in the name of the company, accepted the banner as a trust from the citizens of Shasta. At the conclusion of the presentation, the band and all voices joined in "America"—and if ever that anthem was sung, it was sung that night in Shasta. The heavens were as bright as only a night in California can be; on the platform stood the maidens who had come to bid God speed to the young men of Shasta; around the platform, surrounded by their relatives and friends, eighty-three men, willing to go wherever their services might be needed; on each side, the little town, where many of them had lived and toiled for years; back of the town, the everlasting hills. As the music of the hymn swelled upwards in the air, Bengal fires of red, white, and blue were started from different parts of the town; anvils were thundering forth their salute, and what with the melody pouring forth, the strange lights bringing everything into plain view, the banner waving overhead, a picture was presented that made an impression which has never been effaced from my memory during all these long years. The evening finished with a grand ball, and next morning we bade farewell to Shasta—to some a farewell forever.

Instructions had been received that the company as soon as organized should report for duty at Sacramento; so we marched from Shasta to Red Bluff, and from there were towed in a barge by the regular steamer down the Sacramento River. At a great many

stopping places, the company was received with a good deal of patriotic enthusiasm, but at others, where the sympathy was with the South, sullen faces greeted us; and when the steamer was again fairly on her way, the then familiar song, "I wish I was in Dixie," came floating over the waters. When we arrived at Sacramento, we were assigned to the 4th Infantry Regiment, commanded by Colonel Judah, who afterwards made a good record as brigadier-general in the East.

The headquarters of the regiment were at Auburn, and to that flourishing little place we took up our march. Upon arriving there, soldier life began in earnest, which to most of us, with the necessary drills, parades, and guard duties, soon became monotonous, and did not give us variety enough. To relieve this every day, hum-drum life, the boys every now and then would play some pranks on the inhabitants and traders of Auburn. Going out at night, and returning in the early morning with a bag full of chickens, which had not been purchased at the poultry stall, was nothing unusual; and as the season advanced and Christmas drew near, turkey became also in general demand. One night a party of foragers started out to obtain this luxury, and visited a neighboring turkey roost. As ill-luck would have it, a favorite peacock had that night ascended the perch; in the darkness, peacock and turkey looked all alike, and among the trophies brought to camp that morning was a poor defunct peacock. This depredation raised a great rumpus, the more so as the owner of that bird had been very kind to the men. The Colonel ordered a strict search to be made in every tent, but, strange to say, no sign of the peacock—no, not even a single feather—was discovered, and the camp was declared innocent.

The winter of '61 to '62 was one of the hardest California has ever seen. It began to rain early in the season, and kept on until half the country was under water. To live in a tent, with straw for bedding, even in an ordinary rain-storm, is not very inviting; but when for days, weeks, and months the heavenly dews keep on "descending," it is easy to

picture before the mind's eye what a nice, comfortable place a tent gets to be. The roads at last got so bad that it became necessary to move the troops, as there was not enough food for man or beast, and hardly any could reach us; so we were ordered to march to Folsom, and from there partly by railroad and partly by steamer move to Camp Union at Sutterville, near Sacramento—for alas, in Sacramento itself, there was not a dry place for a camp. The city was mostly under water. I greatly admired the spirit of the people who, with such an outlook, remained and made the best of their misfortune. Few that saw Sacramento that winter, would have thought that the beautiful city of today could have been erected out of such devastation. The streets were under water, the houses, gardens, and in a great many cases most of the furniture in ruins; but in spite of all that, the people did not lose heart, but made the most of what there was left; kept house on the upper floors; and when the rain ceased and the sun again shone forth, it was a novel sight to see the many gaily painted boats move from house to house, here to transact business, there to make friendly calls; and on a moonlight night it was really picturesque to see these boats, a great many with music on board, and illuminated with colored lanterns, floating over the still water, or darting here and there under the shadows of the houses, and moving swiftly over the inland sea beyond the levees, reminding one more of a night in Venice than of one in the capital of California.

Our camp at Sutterville was on rising ground with a loose, sandy soil. The many weeks of rain had so softened the ground that the ordinary tent pins would not hold; we had to make them four, five, and even six feet long, and then it was nothing unusual to see a whole row of Sibley tents blown down in the night, and in the morning the men crawling out of them on their hands and knees when reveille was sounded.

We had now been almost eight months in the service. Colonel Judah, being an officer of the regular army, had been ordered East into active service, and an officer had taken

his place in whom the men had not the same confidence. This inactive camp-life was not what they had enlisted for. They became restless, and wanted to take part in the drama that was then enacted on the battle-fields in the Eastern States. No paymaster had made his appearance during all this time, and although with a number finances were getting very low, the men were ready to give up all to have a change. Meetings were held, and all agreed that if the Government would send us East, each man commissioned or enlisted, would forfeit his eight months' pay. A letter to that effect was addressed to General Wright, then commanding the department. The letter was returned, with the answer that the men did not know what they were asking; that their services were far more needed here than at the East; and subsequent events proved that this was true, for strong efforts were made to have the Pacific States either declare for the South, or form an independent republic.

At last, the long looked for paymaster arrived. I shall never forget the morning after Uncle Sam had for the first time opened his purse to us. The boys, having been wet outside so long, took this opportunity to get a wetting inside. It looked as if a hard battle had been fought; for more than a mile around the camp there could have been seen those who had fallen dead-drunk, the victims of General Alcohol. But this was soon over, and all received the order to break camp with a good deal of pleasure. Some companies were ordered one way, and some the other. The headquarters, to which I was attached, went *via* San Pedro, now called Wilmington, on the southern coast, to Camp Latham in Los Angeles County.

We went by boat to San Francisco, and from there by sea in the old steamer "Senator." I believe this steamer was one of the first that came to this Coast, and ran for a long time on the river to Sacramento; I have heard it said that the "Senator" and her sister boat, the "New World," had earned their weight in gold in the earlier days of California. From San Pedro we marched inland about eighteen miles, to a lovely spot

where the camp was established ; a small, clear creek ran on one side, its banks lined with majestic trees, whose branches afforded ample shade in the heat of the day. Within about two miles washed the mighty Pacific, whose billows, beating on the sandy beach, could be heard in the stillness of the night. After the disagreeable winter we had spent, this place seemed like a perfect heaven to us ; but, alas, we were soon reminded that, although we were within a few miles of "The City of Angels," Paradise was a long way off, for we soon found a tormentor that gave us many a sleepless night—the sandy soil was literally full of fleas. It may be taken for exaggeration, but is nevertheless true, that when walking near the corral in the heat of the day, our light blue pants became covered with these little pests, until they were almost black to the knees. The only way that we could account for this was there were a great many ground squirrels, most of which had their underground mansions near the corral, where grain was plenty. We had to resort to different devices to gain a night's rest ; the most effective was to leave one blanket on the bed and the other hanging outside the tent ; then just before turning in, roll the one from the bed together and throw it outside the tent, wrap up in the other, which was then clear of the fleas, and go to sleep. Before a new set could come to the attack, the night was far advanced, and we were that much ahead in sleep.

Our colonel, although not opposed to indulging now and then in a glass of Old Commissary himself, wanted the men to be patterns of sobriety ; how hard such a task is to accomplish, all those who have had soldiers to manage, know full well. Orders were issued that no intoxicating liquors should be sold within three miles of the flag-staff, and all the men were compelled to leave or enter the camp by the guard-tent. This was all very well for a while, but after a time, every now and then, one of the men became very much the worse for the moving spirit, and it was well known that drink was plenty for all who desired to indulge. The colonel was furious ; the guard was increased, a sen-

tinel was posted every few steps, no one was permitted to leave the camp ; still no reform. The report came to headquarters, "More men drunk than ever." Here was a poser ! How did they get the whisky ? At last, the mystery was solved. The fruit dealers were permitted, after being searched, to enter the lines and sell to the men. One morning the officer of the guard wanted to purchase a melon, and picked out one lying near the front part of the wagon. The peddler did not want to sell that particular melon ; said it was not the right kind, was not fine enough for an officer, and offered one much larger for less money. But the officer had taken a fancy to that melon, and no other would do ; so he bought it and took it to his tent. When it was cut, the cat was out of the bag. The melon had been tapped, and about a quart of aguardiente, the vilest of all drinks, poured into it. Care was taken that no more fruit of that peculiar kind came into camp, and the guard tent was after that empty of the disciples of Bacchus.

Let it not be understood that our men were more addicted to drink than the generality of men. On the contrary, the majority of them were men of a high standard of morality ; but there were then, and always will be, in every large body of men, and especially in the army, a few, that, although good men in every other respect, will take too much whenever the opportunity affords ; and camp life will make a man contract bad habits sooner than any thing else I know of. There are too many hours of idleness, and "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." *or "idleness is the devil's workshop"*

The southern counties were then full of rebel sympathizers ; and as the news from the seat of war was dark and gloomy, these men became very hostile and bold in their expressions. A few of the ringleaders were at last arrested and sent to Alcatraz, and strict watch kept that no organizations were effected that might become troublesome. Most of the natives were loyal to the government, and in every way tried to make our stay among them as pleasant as possible, especially the dark-eyed señoritas, who cast

loving glances at the soldier boys; and I think that some of the men found their affinities in that country, and afterwards settled there.

The natives had some customs that must have dated back long before California became annexed to the United States. I witnessed one that seemed to me revolting at first, but which I afterwards looked upon as sublime. A few of us received one evening an invitation to attend a fandango. When we entered the room, the festivities were already at their height; the señoritas with their *campañeros* were whirling in a fantastic dance, following in graceful movements the music produced by a violin and two guitars. Among those who seemed to enjoy themselves the most, was a young woman of quite prepossessing appearance; she seemed to give herself entirely up to the pleasures of the evening, and not a shade of sorrow was visible on her handsome countenance. After gazing for a time on the scene before me, I was attracted by a small, white covered table in the corner of the room, on which stood several burning candles, and what from a distance looked to me like a dressed wax doll. I could not imagine what purpose this display could have in that room, and in order to have a closer inspection, I managed to get as near as possible. I was astounded and horrified to find, that what I had taken for a wax doll, was the body of a beautiful little baby. It was clothed in a dress of the finest lace, the feet incased in light blue satin shoes, on its brow a wreath of flowers, and in the tiny hands, folded over the heart that was still in death, a small crucifix; it seemed to have a smile upon its lips, and looked more like a sleeping angel than the remains of mortal clay. I could not believe my eyes, but touching the cold face left no question in my mind. As soon as I could, I left and returned to my tent. The next morning, I made inquiry of a gentleman who had lived for a long time in that part of the country, and he explained this strange custom to me thus: It is presumed that an infant is without sin, and that these sinless infants are touched by the finger of death, and called to

become angels in the immediate presence, and around the throne of God. Therefore, when one of these little innocents is taken, the family consider it a special mark of distinction that they should be considered worthy to have one of their offspring called by the Most High to his personal service; they hold that if it is considered a high honor if a crowned head takes the child of a commoner to be a page to him, how much more honor and cause for rejoicing should they have, to have their little one near the King of kings. So they have festivities instead of mourning, and the young woman that I saw the night before, so overflowing with pleasure and mirth, was the mother of the dead child in the corner of the room.

Indolence was the besetting sin in that country. I have seen in some instances ranches with large bands of cattle, among which were many fine milch cows, running within easy reach of the house, and at the same time not a pint of milk nor a pound of butter did they have. When they wanted meat, they drove in a steer, butchered it on the ground, hung part of it in a tree to be used as required, and jerked the rest by cutting the meat into long narrow strips, dipping them into a solution of salt and water, and then hanging or spreading them out in the sun to dry.

A little distance from the camp was a field of which the scorpions and tarantulas seemed to have full possession; it was an easy matter to take a shovel and dig out a half dozen or so of these little beauties in a very short time. When faced with each other, they would fight to the bitter end. The scorpion would run at the tarantula with lightning speed, throw his tail over his head, and strike with the sharp poisonous end wherever he could. The tarantula would receive the attack by rising on the hind legs, and trying to grasp the enemy in his fangs. Did he succeed, good bye to Mr. Scorpion, for the powerful jaws crushed through the hard body of the scorpion like a piece of dough. Both animals are very poisonous in this part of the country, and we were very fortunate that not one of our men was stung or bitten. A tar-

antula is about as ugly looking an insect as any one wants to see, but of great interest when one stops to examine him. Their houses are a wonder of mechanism—a tube made out of earth, about five inches long and one and a half inches in diameter, closed with a little door which moves on its hinges as accurately as any door made by human hands. When Mr. and Mrs. T. are out, the door is left open to air the apartments; but when they are at home it is carefully closed, so that the peace of the household is not disturbed by intrusive callers.

When General Fremont came to California, he purchased for use on the long, sandy plains, a herd of camels. These animals had remained as pensioners to Uncle Sam all this time, and we found them a part of the movable property of the quartermasters' department when we arrived at the post. We could make no earthly use of them, and they were a perfect nuisance and constant trouble. We tried them for packing purposes, but they would lie down, and no amount of whipping or coaxing could make them get up. They would break out of their corral and run away, and the first thing we would hear, they were miles away, committing depredations in the gardens and corn fields of the farmers. Now and then one would disappear altogether, but as there was also an occasional increase in the family, we could always report the full number. The only payment they made for their care and feed, was their milk, which, for lack of something better, was very acceptable. They were at last sold at public auction, and I think that in later years I recognized my old friends at Woodward's Gardens; and they must have also recognized me, for I thought I saw them wink at me with the left eye, as much as to say: "What a good time we used to have together!"

In the fall of 1862, Camp Latham was broken up, the troops moved to Camp Drum, near Wilmington, and the headquarters of the regiment were transferred to Benicia. Benicia Barracks had been erected many years before that by the regular troops.

The post is about half a mile from the lit-

tle town, and overlooks the Straits of Carquinez, through which the Sacramento River empties into the Bay. It will be remembered that Benicia was at one time the seat of the State Government, and it is said that had it not been for the greediness of the land owners in asking fabulous prices for their land, a large city would have been built at this place. Near the barracks and close to the water are the United States arsenal buildings; between those and the town were at that time the repair shops of the Panama Steamship Company. One or two of their steamers lay almost all the time at anchor in the stream.

I have mentioned before that the news from the East made the Southern sympathizers very bold, and treasonable expressions became more frequent every day. At this time it was rumored, and it looked as if there was truth in the rumor, that an attempt would be made to make California one of the stages upon which the bloody acts of war should be enacted. The plan was to seize by force the barracks and arsenal, at the same time capture the works of the Steamship Company, equip their steamers, run them down the bay to the southern part of San Francisco, where the city had no protection, and make such demands as might seem best and most profitable. That these reports had some foundation, was shown by the precaution the officers in charge of the arsenal and barracks took. The entries to the arsenal building were guarded from the inside by two cannon loaded heavily with grape shot; the doors were all locked at sundown, and the guards in the building ordered to shoot any man crossing a certain line after dark; the sentries at the barracks were doubled, and at night mounted men kept watch over the different approaches. Whether these precautions prevented the outbreak, or whether all the rumors were gotten up in the interest of the army contractors, who desired to keep the troops here, is an open question. At all events, we had no opportunity to show our courage, except that one dark night one of the sentinels thought he saw a body of men approaching; before he was certain of his

game, he fired his gun, the long roll woke us from our peaceful slumbers, and I think for greenhorns that we answered the call very promptly; only it would not have looked well to inspect us with a calcium light, for it was a decidedly undress parade.

We were a great deal annoyed by pigs belonging to the outlying farmers. They made their appearance on the parade ground at guard mount and dress parade, and interfered seriously with the military movements of the men and the equilibrium of the officers, when they desired to look the most bewitching in the eyes of the assembled ladies. The Colonel, after warning the owners, gave orders to shoot every pig that came inside the lines. After this order had been carried out once or twice, fresh pork became scarce. The grunTERS were penned up. But the boys had grown fond of that kind of diet, and this precaution on the part of the farmers did not suit them; so, to overcome the difficulty, they used to take a haversack full of bread, make their way to the pigs' domicile, loosen the door or one of the boards, then walk back to camp, dropping every few steps a piece of bread, right up to and within the lines; soon the melodious sound of the approaching and unsuspecting swine would be heard; if he crossed the forbidden line, bang went the gun, and pork chops and roast pig were again on the bill of fare of the soldiers' mess. They claimed that they never played this on a Union hog—how true, I leave the owners to answer. I know that in a number of cases the boys, after having had their fun, went and paid more than the actual value of the pig that had died for his country's good.

Our stay at Benicia was very pleasant; it was the only place where we had been in comfortable quarters, and when in the spring of 1863 we were again ordered to Wilmington, we left the post with a good many regrets and wishes for our speedy return.

The day after my arrival at Wilmington, I witnessed one of the most distressing accidents that has ever taken place on this coast. The water in the bay was so shallow that the steamer had to anchor about three

or four miles from the wharf; and to land the passengers, baggage, and mail, a small steamer called the "Ada Hancock" was employed. On her return trip to take the San Francisco bound passengers to the "Senator," when about a mile from the wharf, she exploded. A few fellow soldiers and I had walked down from camp to take a sail on the little steamer, as was often done by those stationed at the post. The wind, however, was blowing rather cold, and we concluded not to go, and turned to go back to camp. Hardly had we reached the middle of the wharf when we heard a sharp report, and quickly turning, we saw human bodies and debris flying in the air. The next moment all was still; but in that short moment more than twenty human beings had been hurled into eternity. But an instant before they were full of life, each one with some expectations from his contemplated voyage, each one with some cherished hope for the future, and no thought of death; and there I stood alive and well, who, but for a little chilly wind, would have been among them. Every available craft was manned, and hastened to the point of disaster, and soon the wounded and dead were brought ashore. As a great many of the dead were strangers, it was necessary to examine the bodies, and make record of letters and articles found on them, so that relatives and friends might afterwards claim them. This unpleasant duty fell upon me, in company with others. One poor fellow seemed as if he had fallen asleep; even his clothing showed not the slightest mark of disturbance, except a new pair of pegged boots, from which the soles and heels were completely blown off. But the rest were ghastly to behold and painful to remember.

Two companies of our regiment were ordered to proceed and occupy Fort Mojave, on the Colorado River; and as a good deal of new work had to be done, the regimental quartermaster, commissary, and quartermaster sergeants were ordered to accompany the expedition. Water being very scarce on the road, the troops were sent a few days ahead, and we followed with wagons, mules, horses,

and a small escort. It is a long, weary march of about three hundred miles, first passing by the city of Los Angeles, which at that time was just coming into prominence as a place of resort for invalids. Most of the houses were of adobe, with wide verandas; this, and the old church, with a set of bells hanging on the outside, gave the place a very quaint appearance. Most of the inhabitants were of Mexican descent, and with their gay apparel, mounted on their finely equipped horses, lent a romantic appearance to the otherwise slovenly looking town. From Los Angeles a good road leads past El Monte to the Cucamonga Ranch, where we made camp for the night. At that time the Cucamonga wine had already obtained, as a California production, quite a name. I think it was from this ranch that the first California wine was produced. From Cucamonga the road led through the Cajon Pass to Lane's Station, and then to the Point of Rocks.

About four miles before we reached that station, I met with what might have proved a very serious accident, but again the hand of Providence seemed to protect me. The road fairly swarmed with rabbits, and we had great sport all the morning shooting at them. I had dropped behind to fix my saddle girth, and just after I had again mounted, a saucy little long ear was sitting on his haunches, looking at me with his bright eyes, that seemed to say, "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" I could not resist the temptation to answer him with a shot from my Colt's revolver; I raised my arm to take aim, when a rattlesnake sprung his rattle just in front, my horse took fright, turned quickly to the left, my right arm with the cocked pistol was forced to my side, off went the shot, and to this day the bullet is safely lodged in my right foot. It is and will remain a mystery, how I escaped breaking any bones; but after a careful examination, I found that I had only a very painful flesh wound. This necessitated my traveling in one of the wagons the rest of the trip, which over a rough road, with the sun pouring down at about 120 degrees, was not a holiday journey by any means, as those who

have traveled in an army wagon will fully understand.

Our next resting place was marked on our route-map Fish Pond. Here, we thought, from the name of the place, we might have a change of diet. But we were doomed to disappointment, for the closest examination could not discover even the scale of one of the smallest specimens of the finny tribe—in fact, there was no pond at all, and hardly water enough for ourselves and our animals to drink. Our next day's journey brought us to Camp Cady. Here, years before, the regular troops had a fight with the Indians, who were then making this overland route unsafe; and for protection of the troops a small fort of adobe was built, which was still in a good state of preservation. From Camp Cady, about eighteen miles brought us to the Caves, called so after several small caves in the surrounding rocks. Up to, and a few miles beyond Camp Cady, the road traveled was quite respectable, and the grass, wood, and water—what there was of it—good; but now all this changed. In place of cottonwoods and willows, we found different kinds of cactus, some of which grew to very large proportions. The grass was what is called salt grass, and the water so impregnated with alkali that it resembled the color of strong tea. In some places there was nothing but sand, with here and there a scrub mesquite bush. Horned toads and lizards were the only living animals, and desolation reigned wherever the eye rested. The following year two men established a small station here for the purpose of giving accommodations to those who might pass that way, attracted by the developments made in the mining districts of Arizona. They deserved prosperity for their courage and energy, but in place of that met with a violent death; a band of hostile Indians attacked their little hut and killed them both, afterwards stealing everything that was worth taking. A party of prospectors, passing that way the next day, found the mutilated bodies, which they gave decent burial, and there they now sleep.

Twenty miles more brought us to Soda Springs. This place is the last station be-

fore setting out for the longest stretch without water on this route. Out of a little hill of almost pure white quartz pours a large, warm spring. The water is as clear as crystal, but very disagreeable to the taste, as if mixed with sal soda and other salts. It must possess excellent medical properties, for as we had to make our next march by night, we rested for a day, and during this day I kept bathing my much swollen wounded leg, and with wonderful effect. It removed almost all the swelling and pain, and from that time on I had no difficulty in traveling. My remembrance of this place is two-fold: first, from the relief it gave me on this trip; and then, again, from an event which happened the next year, when again I passed over the same road. At that time, we were only three, all well mounted. We reached Soda Lake late in the afternoon, unsaddled our horses, and allowed them, with their lariats loosely trailing on the ground, to roam at their will. After our supper of jerked beef and panola, we looked for our animals, but they were nowhere to be seen. A close examination showed they had made back tracks to find better feed than there was to be found at Soda Lake. As night was fast coming on, there was nothing left but to await the dawning of the coming morn, and then go and find them. We drew lots who should go and who should stay. Mine was to stay, and guard the saddles and other effects. My two companions made an early start, and I remained alone in that vast wilderness. When I look back and think of those thirty-six hours that I spent there, I can better understand that when God created the world, he decreed that it was not good for man to be alone. I do not wonder that men, when put in solitary confinement, have been found to lose their reason. I would not spend another such thirty-six hours for a good deal. All nature was still—so still that at last it became so oppressive that even a hostile Indian would have been a welcome visitor. About noon the second day, a crow came flying across the lake, and hovered over me, perhaps wondering if I was, or soon would be, a sweet morsel for him. Not being quite

satisfied, he passed on away in the distance, and was lost to sight. About an hour later a coyote came trotting around the little hill, stopped within a few feet of me, and surveyed me with his bright, hungry-looking eyes. I did not dare to fire at him, for fear that the report would bring the Indians down on me, who, no doubt, would have left me more acceptable to both crow and coyote than I then was. Deeming me not worthy of his farther consideration, he also slowly marched off, and disappeared from view. Never in after life has a sound—no, not even sweet words from loving lips—been half so pleasant to my ear, as the return of my fellows in the evening of the second day with our animals, and the exchange of our experience of the last thirty-six hours by the cheerful campfire.

To return to my first visit. After the day of rest, we started in the afternoon on our march to Marl Springs, about thirty-five miles from Soda Lake. The road, directly after leaving camp, runs across the bed of a dry lake about ten miles wide, perfectly level and as white as snow, from being covered with dry alkali, which must have impregnated the water before it disappeared from the surface. As we rode along, this dry alkali rose in fine dust, which soon penetrated our eyes, ears, and nostrils, and by the time we had crossed the lake, we would have given anything for a good wash and a cool drink of water; but we had twenty-five miles more through deep sand before we reached our next stopping place, which we did early the next morning. Marl Springs looked like an oasis in the desert. The water and feed, though far from being perfect, were much better than any we had had for days. In several places, little groups of large mesquite trees relieved the monotony of the surrounding country. In one of these little groves, and under one of these mesquite trees, is the lonely grave of a young man, who came to the coast full of hope and ambition. I met him at Fort Mojave on his way to San Francisco. I was going that way myself in a few days; he was ill, and anxious to get to the city for medical treatment, and though I asked him to stay



until I was ready, his desire to go on was so great that he started with his companion and team. Our mail rider brought us the sad news that at Marl Springs he died, and was buried there; when I reached the place a few days later and looked for his grave, I found that the coyotes had scratched the body out of the ground, and nothing but the clean white bones were left of what but a few days before was full of life, of him whose warm hand I held in mine when wishing him good bye and God speed on his journey. We replaced in the grave what remains there were, heaped heavy stones on top, and trust that there they remained, and rest as peacefully as if a marble monument covered and marked the spot.

From Marl Springs to Rock Springs is but a short day's drive. The country still had that tropical aspect, with what we called bayonet trees, which I believe are now much used to make a common kind of paper. From Rock Springs to Pah-Ute Hill is an easy, uphill grade, but from the top of the hill to Pah-Ute Springs is a very steep descent, which requires skillful driving to make it in safety. This part of the country must have witnessed immense volcanic upheavals; the mountains appear to be extinct craters, and large and small rocks, perforated and looking like pumice stone, lie scattered over the ground in every direction. Pah-Ute Springs is a pleasant camping place; its water, pure and sweet, comes rippling down a cañon, refreshing by its sound and coolness the weary traveler, all the more that he has been having so much that could hardly deserve the name of water.

About eight miles more brought us to the top of a hill, from which we beheld the valley of the Rio Colorado, or Red River. It looked pretty indeed from that distance; the water was sparkling and glittering in the morning sun; but it proved to be very deceptive, for we found that Rio Colorado was no misnomer, the water being so muddy that it required a great deal of filtering to make it drinkable. A drive of two hours brought us to Beaver Lake, a mile from the river; here we saw the first Indians, who had come

to meet the new arrivals, and get the first chance to beg whatever was beggable—which included all that we had, from a mule to a piece of tobacco. We soon arrived at the ferry, and thence to what was called Fort Mojave. The word fort up to that time implied to me a fortification, something that would shield or protect: fancy then my disappointment, and likewise shame at my ignorance, for here a fort was nothing more than a few miserable shanties, built by placing cottonwood logs upright in a trench, then filled in between with pieces of wood and mud, a roof composed of brush, tules, and mud. Openings were left for doors and windows, but no doors or windows to put in. The floor was also of mud, and when it rained or blew, it was more pleasant to go into the open air than to stay in the house, for in the first case we escaped the mud-bath that came from the roof, and in the second, the draught through the holes. There was no stockade, not even a fence to keep any one at a distance. This was Fort Mojave in the "year of our Lord" 1863, and my abode for about two years.

Our immediate neighbors and the tribe we had to look after the most were the Mojaves, but we had also the Pah-Utes, Chimoravas, Hualapies and other Indians to watch, and see that peace was preserved on the frontier. Our life at the post was rather a hard one. All our supplies came by way of Fort Yuma, from which place they were brought by steamer. The river at certain seasons of the year is very low, and a trip from Yuma takes always a long time. One month it was exceptionally rough. Our commissary department, never too plentifully supplied, had run very low; we were looking for the steamer with more than the usual longing, but a long time in vain; for as ill luck would have it, she ran aground, and before she finally reached us, we were reduced to beans, coffee, sugar, and flour—and such flour! The heat had developed weevils, which multiplied to such numbers that it was hard to know which predominated, flour or weevils. Some thought it was flour, but I held it was weevils; I certainly detected, when eating, the weevils a

great deal easier than the flour, but perhaps I was a little too fastidious. I never believed that so many dishes could be made out of beans. It is an old saying that "necessity is the mother of invention," and as eating is as much a necessity as anything I know of, invention was strained to its utmost capacity to devise means by which beans could be made not to be beans; but it was no use—the cook said that

"Roast, boil, bake, fry, stew as you will,  
The taste of the bean will cling to it still."

We kept strict count, and ninety-three black charcoal marks graced the wall of the mess room before the steamer "Cocopah" arrived and brought us the much needed relief from bean diet. One of the men heard that Indians eat the headless rattlesnakes, so he obtained some and made a stew, but his invitation to sit down and partake was not accepted by any one except himself, and I did not learn that the dish became one of general use and liking.

Speaking of rattlesnakes, when we came to Fort Mojave there were about as many snakes as stones. There were two kinds. One, which I called the regular rattler, grew four or five feet long. The others were not much over a foot long, with two little horns on top of their heads; these little pests were very fleet in their movements, and ran in a zigzag line. They were found in every conceivable place, and it was nothing unusual for the men to find one in their blankets in the morning, where it had enjoyed a night's warm sleep; but strange to say, no one was bitten by them. After a time one of our companies was relieved by one from the Sixth Infantry; a young lieutenant was appointed adjutant of the post. One morning he went to his office to attend to his duties; hardly had he taken his seat at the desk, when a noise in the room attracted his attention, and looking round he saw a large rattlesnake glaring at him out of one of the corners. I never saw a man make better time across the parade ground, and a worse scared officer was not to be found. He said he had "a terrible aversion to snakes," and from

his appearance I have no doubt he spoke the truth.

Fort Mojave is considered one of the hottest places on the American continent. I have known it for more than four months in the year never go below 94 degrees by night or day. We used to sleep in the open air near the bank of the river; before turning in, we would wet the ground thoroughly, then jump into the water for a good bath, and dripping wet as we came out, lie down and go to sleep. I remember one afternoon, of which one hour was the most distressing of my life. It had been more than ordinarily hot for a few days; the little wind, in short puffs, felt as if it came out of a burning furnace. All at once black clouds began to gather, and in a short time a gentle rain fell. The ground was so heated from the rays of the sun, that the rain as soon as it touched the ground turned to steam; the vapor, impregnated with an earthy smell, rose in the air, penetrated every room, and almost suffocated us with its stifling odor. Some of the men sought refuge in the river; others had to throw wet towels or pieces of cloth over their heads; and I believe had this state of the atmosphere lasted for any length of time, not a man would have survived. Fortunately the rain ceased and left the air pure and bright.

Often the heat was relieved by lightning without thunder. One evening it became so intense, brilliant, and continuous, that the whole surrounding country was constantly illuminated by these electric flashes. Like snakes they shot in every direction, darting here and there, now chasing each other, then seemingly entwining and curling around each other; then again it looked as if balls of fire were dashing across space and falling downwards to the earth. With all this not a sound could be heard, and the spectacle became awfully grand. How tame and insignificant fireworks seem, in comparison with such a display of the heavenly powers!

The Colorado, generally a sluggish river, during the rainy season swells to a tremendous stream; the muddy water rolls downward with great velocity, carrying large trees

and other obstacles before it. The Indians watch the approaching flood with much interest, and as soon as the water breaks over the natural embankments and overflows the surrounding flats or bottom land, there is great rejoicing, for, like the inhabitants of the Nile, they have to depend on the overflow for their crops. As soon as the water recedes, they scoop little holes about six inches deep, and plant the seeds, principally corn and melons, in these little holes; this protects the young plants from the sun until they are strong enough, and above the holes, when they mature very rapidly.

I suppose our military commanders thought that the less we heard and knew from the outside world, the better we would do our duty in this out-of-the-way place: first we were blessed with a mail three times a month, then it was cut down to two, and finally, in order to save expense, we only received one mail per month. Fancy, in this age of fast communication, when we are not satisfied unless we read at our breakfast table all that has happened here and abroad the day before—and that at such a time! True, travelers came sometimes from the settlements, but they had generally been so long on the road that they did not know much more than we did. O, with what a wistful eye did we watch, on the day we expected the mail-rider, the top of the hill across the river, where we saw the first indication of his approach by the rising dust; then how eagerly we scanned the letters, to see if among them there was one with the familiar handwriting from the friends at home; and how bitter the disappointment and aching the heart when among those white messengers of love one's name was not found. As for newspapers, they were read and re-read until we were familiar with every part of the paper, advertising matter and all. We took deep interest in all the news from the seat of war, and when the news of the fall of Richmond reached us, we should have rejoiced, had it not been that we also learned at the same time of the assassination of President Lincoln.

It is not to be wondered at that men so

cut off would devise all kinds of tricks to break the monotony of such a life. For months after we came to the fort we had no sutler, and perforce the men were all Good Templars. But one fine morning the orderly sergeant reported one of the men drunk. How and where did he get the wherewith? There was no liquor, except in the hospital, within more than one hundred and fifty miles. We heard that the Indians had brewed some kind of a decoction from the roots of the cactus. We had never seen it, but from the description of it we did not think that any white man could drink such stuff, so that was not the fountain. We set to watching, and found that the man had invented a way to ferment and brew an intoxicating drink from the barley that was issued for the mules—one brute had been deprived of a necessity that another might indulge in a beastly habit.

The great question at a place like Fort Mojave was how to kill time and how to keep cool. I have found that the temperature in a room can be decreased many degrees by hanging a wet sheet or blanket across a line in the middle of the room, so that the draft can strike against it. The Indians made a kind of crook, called a *quasky*; when this was covered with a sack or piece of blanket filled with water, then wetted outside and hung in the shade, it made the water so cold, even at the hottest season, that ice would have been a useless luxury.

Those who have never come into close relation with Indians cannot, perhaps, understand what a strange feeling possesses one, when day after day he sees these children of nature around him, watches their customs, sports, and every day life, which is so different from ours, and then thinks that they are the creatures of the same God, formed after his own image, and that the same immortality lies before them as before us. During my two years' residence among the Mojaves, I became well acquainted with their ways and habits. The head chief at that time was Irataba; the sub-chiefs, Has-ho-kit, Kowo-ke, and Sig-a-hot. What these distinguished names meant in English, I could

never learn. Irataba was a man six feet four inches tall, of very powerful frame, but very gentle and kind in demeanor, and a staunch friend of the whites. He seemed to have great influence over neighboring tribes, and acted in disputed questions as a kind of supreme judge.

During our stay at the fort he was, by returning prospectors, taken to San Francisco, and from there by steamer to New York and Washington, where the authorities made much of him, and gave him a number of presents, as he was the first Indian from that part of the country who had visited the White Father. During his absence, we nearly had serious trouble with his tribe. At his departure, Irataba promised to return by a certain day; this promise was not fulfilled by almost a month, and the Indians got it into their heads that he had been taken away to be murdered, and would never return. We had talked and explained to the sub-chiefs how he might be delayed, but these men, who had never seen and knew nothing of civilization—how could they understand the delay of railroads, ocean steamers, or a hundred other ways? We noticed that they grew more and more sullen every day, and as our command was small—for, on account of trouble at La Paz, a mining camp down the river, half of our company was on duty there—we felt that an outbreak would cost us a great many lives, if not the total destruction of the post. When we found that for a few days the squaws had not visited us, we looked for trouble to begin, and prepared the best way we could. Fortunately, just then, the mail-rider brought the news that Irataba was on the road, and would reach the fort in a few days. We took good care to let the Indians know this at once, and harmony was again restored. When the day of his arrival came, the whole tribe, with the exception of a delegation that had gone to meet him, assembled at the ferry landing, and in their way received him with as much honor as would be accorded to a crowned head or ruler over nations. He was dressed in the full cast-off uniform of a major-general, except the sword, which he had traded off in

San Francisco for a Japanese one, and as his shoes were painful to his feet, he wore them by a string around his neck, and came bare-foot. The sentry, with mock respect, came to present arms, but Irataba took it as his due, and returned the salute with as much gravity as if he were a major-general in full command. In the evening he addressed the warriors of his tribe, and the way he described what he had seen and heard was made so plain by his movements and gestures, that even those who did not understand one word of his untutored eloquence could follow him, and fully understand what he meant and what he tried to impress upon his hearers. Indians never make show of their surprise, so not one face of all the warriors expressed the slightest emotion, but no doubt they did a great deal of thinking.

These Indians were masters of pantomime; very few white men can equal them in facial expression. An old prospector at one time got lost in the wilderness of Arizona, and died from want of water. When the news first reached us, we thought that the Hu-aliases had killed him, so we sent a messenger to Che-rum, the head chief. He inquired into the matter, sent for the Mojave sub-chief Sig-a-hot, and delivered to him the effects of the man, as taken by the Indians who found the dead body. Sig-a-hot brought them to headquarters, and illustrated by words and pantomime how the old man had met his death; how he started out and proceeded on his journey; how he was disappointed in finding water; how his horse became lame, and finally fell to rise no more; how then Curtin started out on foot, and after a day's fruitless search for water, found himself at night at the same place from which he started in the morning, beside his faithful companion, his dead horse; how next morning, totally overcome and worn out, he had died. When it came to describing the last moments, the chief lay down on the floor, and went through the agony of the death struggle with so much reality, that it looked as if grim death was claiming him for his victim. If any of our actors could act like that, his future would be secure; for, men as we

were, the tears trickled down our cheeks when the too natural description came to an end.

The Mojaves are a fine tribe of Indians, few of their warriors less than six feet. They allow their hair to grow long and fall in small braids down their backs. They are very fond of horse racing, and when engaged in that pastime they present a novel and interesting sight. Almost naked, and mounted horseback, they would come dashing along at full speed, their long hair streaming behind, yelling at the top of their voices to urge on their ponies; they looked more like demons than human beings. Their power of endurance is very great. I have known an Indian boy, carrying a parcel of several pounds, run twenty miles in a little less than four hours, and that in the middle of the day, when the heat was about 120 degrees in the shade. Their feet, from running barefoot in the hot sand, become so hard that nothing could penetrate them; for a small consideration they would crush a glass bottle with their naked feet without the slightest injury.

It is sometimes said that the white man and the Indian are natural enemies. My experience has been different. Treat them kindly and justly, and they will be kind to you. I received many tokens of real friendship from their hands. On one occasion, an Indian boy who lived with me walked during the night twenty miles, to bring me a watermelon from his father's ranch, having heard me express a desire for one when suffering from a severe attack of headache.

In their domestic relations they resemble the Mormons, believing in the plurality of wives, and signs of family jars were of frequent occurrence. If matters became too desperate, the ungovernable squaw would be disposed of for a consideration to some other brave, who perhaps thought he could better tame her tongue and temper. Like most heathen nations, the Mojaves believe in a spirit land, something beyond this life. A few miles above the fort is what is called "Dead Mountain." This is pointed out as the "happy hunting ground" of the departed. Not for all the wealth of the Indies

would an Indian go near that place, sure that death and destruction must overtake him if he dares to invade the sacred domain. They never speak of their dead, for fear that the spirits would hear them and come and punish them. Their doctors are set apart with a good deal of ceremony, and claim to do all their healing through the power received from the spirit-land. But to be a doctor among that tribe carries with it no small responsibility. One night we heard a great commotion a little distance from the fort. Sending a file of men to ascertain the cause, we found that one of their doctors had just been killed by them, and they were preparing to burn his body. The sub-chief was sent for, and he gave us this explanation: When a brave is made a doctor, he receives ten credits—that is to say, if he is called to a sick man, he must say if he is going to get well or not; does he make a mistake, one of his credits is struck off; if he makes ten mistakes, away go his ten credits, and he atones for his errors with his life. His body with all his possessions is then burned to ashes, and as the flames consume him, so his name fades away, never to be mentioned again. They hold that once a doctor, he can never become a common warrior again; so they send him and all his belongings to the spirits who failed to uphold him in his authority. If this plan should be adopted among civilized nations, what a vacancy in the signs of M.D. there would be in our thoroughfares.

In ferreting out a criminal they showed real detective ability. A small cabin not far from the post was broken into, and a pair of old pants and a loaf of bread stolen therefrom. Irataba was sent for and informed of the theft. He with another Indian went to the cabin, and began measuring the footprints in the sand. To us they looked all alike, but to their experienced eye there was a great difference. After measuring several and rejecting them, as those of "honest Indian," they found one over which they pondered for awhile; then Irataba, throwing back his head, said: "Tomorrow I bring you bad Indian"; and sure enough, he did

—the next day at noon the thief, with the stolen pants under his arm, but minus the loaf of bread, was marched up to headquarters for punishment.

It is strange how we find similar weaknesses in the human family, wherever dispersed over the globe. The desire for gambling is as strong with these Indians as any people I ever saw or read of. They had several games of chance of their own, one of which seemed quite exciting. A ring twisted out of branches of willow, about six inches in diameter, would be thrown by one of the players with great force on the ground, so that it would roll; then both, armed with long sticks, would run after the ring, and by throwing the sticks would try to catch it on the point. The most successful was winner of the game. After a time they became very expert in gaming with cards; I have seen them play whole days, and even far into the night, by the light of a fire. If a brave was successful, he would carry all his winnings on his person; if he had five pair of pants, half a dozen coats or shirts, he would have them all on, no matter if the sun poured down at a hundred degrees or more. Perhaps the next day luck would turn against him, all his fine property would disappear, and he would be reduced to the lowest ebb, and content to strut about with a string tied round his waist and an old rag to cover his loins.

Half dollars were their favorite coin, and any service we required of them had to be paid for in it. From trading with other tribes, or in some other way, they had become possessed of a number of five dollar and two and a half pieces. At first they would bring these in, and rejoice if they could get two half dollars in place of each; but they soon learned their value, and before I left, they knew the different denominations of the then prevalent greenbacks as well as any pale face at the post, and were as sharp at a bargain as if education in the best mercantile school had been part of their early training.

In their living they were not over choice, and nothing was wasted in the culinary department. After we received live cattle,

slaughter day was always looked upon as a kind of Thanksgiving Day among them. Not the smallest part was thrown away; all the offal was cooked and devoured with the greatest relish. If one of the horses or mules died, there was no necessity to dispose of the carcass; word was sent to the tribe, and before another morning dawned, nothing was left but the clean bones of the defunct quadruped. It seemed to me as if a Mojave never rejected anything that was eatable, no matter how good or bad, and that their stomachs were like a street car—always room for more.

Their ignorance of modern improvements very often created laughable scenes. A prospector, who was staying at the fort, sat out doors one evening, enjoying his evening repast. An Indian, squatting on his haunches before him, was anxiously waiting for stray morsels to fall to his share. The prospector happened to have a set of false teeth, which in masticating the not over tender food, became disarranged. To adjust them better, he took them out of his mouth. When the Indian saw the man with his teeth in his hand, he, with wide-staring eyes, arose slowly from his crouching position, retreated cautiously backwards, until he thought himself well out of reach, then ran with all his might to safe quarters, nor would he ever thereafter come near the man with movable teeth. Their astonishment at first seeing Henry rifles was equally great. They had learned all about revolvers, but when more than six shots were fired without reloading, they opened their eyes; and when ten, eleven, and twelve reports followed each other in quick succession, they threw down their bows and arrows with the utmost disgust.

I have so far mentioned the female portion of this tribe very little, not but that they, like all of their sex, deserve a prominent place, but a natural feeling of gallantry prompts me always to leave the best until the last. The dark-eyed maidens of the forest were really very comely to look upon, and if they had dressed in the height of fashion, would rival many a civilized beauty. They were what the Frenchman would call *petite*,

their form and figure very graceful ; their small hands and feet showed aristocratic descent—at least, I believe it is said that this is a sure sign of aristocracy. They had already adopted the now so prevalent fashion of banging their front hair, while the rest fell loosely over their neck and shoulders. In the matter of assisting nature by art, they also followed or preceded their pale-faced sisters ; for they had a fashion of enlarging their otherwise small though brilliant eyes by drawing a little piece of wood dipped in some dark blue paint through their eyelids, which gave them a very languid look. They wore no garment above the waist, but had skirts composed of the fine fibre that grows on the willow between the bark and the wood. After this was stripped off, it would be soaked for a few days in water, then cut into narrow strips about three feet long. When dry, these strips would be woven together at one end, thus forming a girdle. It takes from two to three hundred to make one dress, and when ornamented at the bottom with small pieces of bright red or blue cloth or flannel, they look quite pretty. The love of finery was as much displayed by these daughters of the wilderness, as by the most fashionable lady. The smallest present of glass beads or other trinkets would make their faces light up with the strongest expression of pleasure. Little pocket looking-glasses were to them the height of happiness ; they would carry these with them wherever they went, and look and admire themselves therein at every opportunity. Among the stores sent to the post-trader were a dozen large hoop-skirts, and as there were no white women within a hundred miles, they were presented to a few of the younger squaws. Their natural female instinct taught them that the articles were a sort of wearing apparel, but instead of using them where they belonged, they put them outside, and so came marching across the parade ground.

We tried to find out something about the history of Olive Oatman and her sister, two young white girls who lived with the Mojaves for a number of years, but we could never get them to talk. The sister died, and

Olive was rescued, and finally taken to her friends in New York, who regarded her also as dead.

As with all other Indian tribes, the women did almost all the work. They managed the cooking, which was done in closely woven baskets on heated sand or stone ; they also made a kind of flour from the bean of the mesquite trees, and attended to the other household duties. The arrival of a baby did not require the making of the many little embroideries in which white ladies so much delight ; for until children were six or eight years old, their only dress was a string tied around their not over slender waists. Altogether, the squaws enjoyed themselves about as much as the women of the more favored races ; their wants were few and soon supplied, and there was no Mrs. Lofty among them—the wife of the head chief had no more rights or privileges than the humblest among them. The girls to their fathers and mothers represented a commercial value, and when they left the parental protection to follow the fortunes of a noble brave, the parents were minus a daughter, but plus a pony, sack of flour, or some other commodity.

During my stay at Fort Mojave I made many trips to the country then inhabited by the Hu-ala-pies, Mojave Apaches, Tanto Apaches and others. The last two were then on the war-path. Each tribe has some peculiarities by which its members can be easily distinguished. None of these tribes were as fine looking as the Mojaves. On the faces of the few Apaches that I saw, raciality and treachery were strongly marked. Their mode of warfare, as is well known, was very cruel ; we received reports of bodies being found that showed clearly that they were tortured in a most horrible manner before being killed, but as I did not see these, I cannot vouch for the truth of the report. Many men whom I have known, and a few of my personal friends, met their death at the hands of one or other of these tribes of savages : as I am writing these lines, memory brings back to me their familiar faces and the sound of their voices, and a feeling of

sadness for their fate, and thankfulness for mine, steals over me.

I suppose that many of the chiefs and braves I knew have gone to the "Happy Hunting Ground," and that Talpo, Gatta, Tapicito, Noltch, and all the other young squaws that used to play around the parade ground have grown old, and forgotten the pale faces they knew more than twenty years ago. I have for a brief time lifted the curtain from the past, and allowed their dusky faces and forms to pass in review before me. I never expect and have no desire to see them any other way. Yet this frontier life has a fascination that can hardly be understood by those who have never tried it. This being free from all convention, and in constant danger, has such influence on some men that they cannot live in any other way ;

they desire to be away from all that is civilized, alone with nature and nature's surroundings. I myself must confess that although I spent some of the hardest days of my life at Fort Mojave, I had for a time an intense longing to return.

When the war closed, I, with other thousands, returned to a civilian's life—as a California volunteer, with no great events to relate. We that served on this Coast cannot inscribe on our banners the names of battles fought and won. On the great stage of life, we cannot all act the star's part, but to make the play a success each one must do his share, and do it well. As soldiers, it was our sworn duty to obey ; this duty we performed to the best of our ability, and let us hope that by so doing we helped, in our humble way, to obtain the final end.

*Edward Carlson.*

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#### SONG OF THE APPLE BLOOM.

Beautiful billows of blossoms,  
 Rolling o'er orchard trees,  
 Pink and white foam of the blossoms,  
 Floating away on the breeze !  
 Would I were fair apple blossoms,  
 Sung to and loved by the bees !

Would that my life might be sweeter,  
 Fairer and rosy like these !  
 Would I might rest here forever,  
 Bathed in these apple bloom seas !  
 Here mid the wealth of the orchard,  
 In silence save sound of the bees.

Billows of beautiful blossoms,  
 Sweeping o'er orchard trees,  
 Pink and white foam of the blossoms,  
 Blowing away on the breeze !  
 Would I were sweet apple blossoms,  
 Sung to and loved by the bees !

*Laura M. Marquand.*



## A STORY OF THE CAMP-MEETING.

It was delicious September weather on the Coast, and it was the last week of a camp-meeting—one of those gatherings that increasingly take the place, now-a-days, of the protracted meetings that once, within the walls of the churches, stirred the sluggish, and offered occasion of overflow to the enthusiastic. Each succeeding year sees the churches more decorous, more conventional, more consisting of societies held together by like opinions than of bodies of worshipers united by a passionate faith, and ready, if need were, to die for their convictions.

This camp-meeting had fewer than usual of the oily hypocrites who infest such places, to the serious jeopardy of their neighbors' purses and their neighbors' wives; and the little children swarming about the tents and under the hedges formed an unintentional police force of immense value, both to the weak and to the wicked.

"What's going on, especially, today?" asked a young ranchero of the horse-car driver, as the car went on after depositing an enormous load of passengers at the foot of the cypress avenue leading up the hill to the meeting-house.

"They say there's a young woman been converted, an's agoin' to preach for the first time today," replied the driver, an amicable, dull old German, who regarded the camp-meeting as only another Americanism, and tolerated it as such. "Aint you never been up there yet? Seen you traveling back and forth on this line lots o' times."

"I've been to no meeting—I mean to no camp-meeting,"—the stranger corrected himself with a little gasp, "since I was living East, and that's a good while ago. What's the good? Religion don't keep people from stealing and lying, and—and other cursed work."

"Wal, now, I don' know," said the driver, flicking his horses meditatively, "these people must be better'n common. They don't

put the wrong tickets in the box, and them of them that live around here make the best kind o' neighbors."

The stranger showed so little interest in the subject that the driver said no more, although evidently inclined for conversation.

Just now, however, the car door rolled back, and a young girl who had been sitting close by the open front window, and listening with eager though grave attention to what the two men were saying, stepped outside, and touching the sleeve of the younger one, said, while she blushed violently:

"Dear brother, you was sayin' that religion don't keep people from wickedness, but, dear brother, it does, oh, it does! If you will only give up your heart to God, and let him make it pure, you won't ever want to sin; and oh, you will feel such a precious peace."

This was all said in one breath, and though her voice trembled, her eyes looked straight into the eyes of her astonished listener, and her embarrassment was manifestly less than his.

"I'm not a brother," he said, with awkward bluntness. "I joined the church when I was a boy, but I quit saying anything to God, and I think he quit expecting it of me, several years ago."

"Oh, my dear brother, it's the Devil puts you up to talkin' that way! He wants to have your soul; but won't you come to the meeting tonight and let the Spirit of God have a chance? Oh, promise me you will come! Peter, let me off here," she said to the driver, hastily, as he passed the end of a bridge; and while Peter checked the horses, she laid her hand once more on the young man's sleeve, and said, imploringly, "Won't you promise me to come?"

"Yes, I suppose I'll come," answered he, half shyly, half resentfully, and she exclaimed: "May the Lord bless you!" as she stepped to the ground, ran lightly up a bank

by the roadside, and disappeared through a gap in the fence.

"Now, what kind of a new-fashioned performance is that?" asked the stranger of the amused German, who had been deeply interested in the little scene.

"Oh, that's one that's got sanctification," he responded. "I know that little woman; she works up here in the foothills; and what's so curious about it is, that she's just one of the bashfullest girls you ever did see, but since something's happened to her up there at the meeting, she gets up and talks right ahead before the whole crowd."

There was no response to this, and the car jogged on for a space, Peter bestowing many an observant, sidelong glance on his taciturn passenger's face.

It was an unusual face—full of character rather than intelligence. His voice, too—voices are so quick to betray by their modulations, culture, or the lack of it—was not that of an educated man, but his eyes alone would have redeemed him from the commonplace. Beautiful eyes they were, and of the sort that never find their way by chance into the face of a limp, or ordinary, or milk-blooded man—eyes that are always the sign of lasting passions and sinewy resolves.

Peter ventured at last—seeing they were near the terminus of the track, where his passenger would leave him and climb the steep road that began here to wind into the heart of the hills—

"Taint only good lookin' young fellers she tackles, neither—that girl. She just goes after niggers and white, as if their souls was all one color."

Satisfied that he had punctured with this shaft any slight tendency the young man might have to a puffing up of vanity, he led his horses to the trough, and wondered whether the stranger would really come down from the hills again that day to fulfill his implied promise to the young girl.

THAT night the huge octagonal building, with its bare rafters and its ill-smelling kerosene lamps, was full to overflowing. Around the doors were a fluctuating crowd, there

mainly through curiosity, and afraid to occupy seats, lest some of the workers should pounce upon them, and entreat them to be "fully saved." For even now, although services were going on up in front at the long bench which was called the altar, men and women were gliding quietly around through the audience, clasping the hands of strangers, and whispering earnestly to them about "heart purity" and "entire consecration."

The faces were curiously commonplace. Curiously, I say, because it was singular to see brought together in America, so many hundreds of faces which, without being stolid, without being deficient even in a certain look of shrewdness and practical capacity, were nevertheless lacking in all the signs of social and intellectual cultivation. Little they knew, good souls! how much of the vague longing that brought them there, how much of the ecstasy that thrilled them, being there, was the outgrowth of a human need of change and excitement that was wholly independent of any spiritual hunger. Toiling all the year in field and kitchen, in shop and workroom; these patient women, these honest men, and innocent young girls, looked forward to the annual camp-meeting with an expectant delight, which they believed to be born of what is divinest within them; born of God, in fact, and impossible unless through the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Not for them the theater, the eloquent lecture, the Philharmonic concert, the thousand and one social excitements that respond to the universal clamor of the human nerves for titillation. All these are replaced by the camp-meeting; and tremendous are the waves of emotion that rise and fall under the influence of the hymns, and the prayers, and contrite groans, and exclamations expressive of sanctified joy.

Sitting on the extreme rear bench, nearest the great swinging doors, was the man to whom the young girl had spoken on the horse car. His dark eyes had the singular faculty of brightening and fading almost like an electric light; an effect the more striking, because the face was not a mobile one, but rather a little heavy, and the mouth slow in its motions when speaking. The young girl

herself was there of course, and had watched earnestly for his appearance, in going from one to another of the audience, and begging them not to be satisfied with their present uncertain relations to God, but to strive for the "holiness" which was possible to all Christians. When she saw him come in, she felt a thrill of pleasure, succeeded presently by a deep pang of self-rebuke, as she realized that her heart was beating with an unsanctified shyness at the thought of approaching and appealing to him.

Just now an old negro was "giving testimony," and telling how "he jess didn't want nothin' but to have de Lawd wuck right through him, blessed be his name! didn't want no will of his own—didn't want nothin' but a holy heart, and that was what he had got—bless de Lawd for it!" At every pause the brethren and sisters shouted "Amen!" "Glory to God!" or ejaculated a nasal and beatified "Yes! yes!"

After the colored brother sat down, a minister arose, and it was to be expected that from him would be heard some elaboration of "doctrine"—some such preaching of the gospel as emanates from every pulpit of whatever sect: but no doctrine fell from his lips; none, at least, except the doctrine that it is the privilege of every Christian to be "sanctified." This was the Alpha and Omega of all discourses, whether lay or clerical. It was not the conversion of sinners but the salvation of Christians that they wrought for, and there was absolutely nothing told or to tell, except that it was a blessed thing to be sanctified, to be pure, to be sinless.

As soon as the minister ceased, a pale, hysterical-looking girl in the choir began to sing a hymn, in which the rest soon joined, all lifting their right hands, and pointing awkwardly in the same direction at the refrain: "Yes, I'll follow, follow, yes, I'll follow Jesus."

Before the last notes fairly died away, a straight, strong-looking young figure walked firmly and quickly out of the throng, and stood on the next to the upper one of the steps leading to the platform. An audible rustle went through the house, and every face

turned towards this new apparition. And small wonder, for anything more unlike what had preceded her could not well be thought of. Among the scores of partially developed or prematurely broken women, who had recited their experiences or sobbed out their exhortations before her, she rose up like a young Boadicea, her bright, untamed locks fringing crisply her square forehead, in spite of the most pious efforts to subdue their ornamental and worldly curves. The deep, untroubled violet of her eyes—eyes that looked with level glances—gave a child-like innocence to a face whose sorrowful mouth bespoke acquaintance with a woman's pain.

She let her hands hang straight down at her sides, an attitude which left quite uncealed the graceful luxuriance of her figure—its suppleness and vigor and balance, permeated, one felt, by the perfume of her perfect health. A faint color reddened her cheeks when she first stood up, but that passed away before she spoke, and left her as untinted as ivory.

"My friends," she began, in a full, vibrating voice: "I am glad to be wherever the Lord wants me to be. I did not want him to put me here, but he knows what is best, blessed be his name forever! He made me and fashioned me, blessed be his name! and I am not my own—I am only a reed to be blown through by the breath of God, blessed be his name forever!"

This was the usual formula—staled with endless repetition, and yet never stale apparently to the initiated, whom it perpetually threw into raptures.

This time, however, there was utter silence; no responsive amens arose; none of the usual striking of hands ensued, as the newly sanctified speaker paused to gather breath. She had chanced to place herself where the entire glare of a reflector fell upon her face, and made it seem a luminous spot in the midst of the smoky half light in which the others sat. Just such an effect resulted as that produced by Correggio in his "Holy Night." As there, the body of the child emits a soft radiance that is all the light of the picture; so here, this woman's

face with its lovely pallor seemed itself the source of the silvery light that was upon it; and a strange hush pervaded the immense assemblage, as if they, too, held their breath, gazing and waiting.

But out of the midst of this hush there issued an incredible sound. The cackling, malignant laugh of a demon interrupting the burial prayer of a little child could not have been more discordant than was that sound with the scene then enacting itself. Loud, astounded, apparently unconscious of its own noise, a man's voice exclaimed

“Well! By God!”

Every head was turned so quickly toward the rear of the house whence these words came, that not one person saw how the woman on the steps reeled as if struck a heavy blow, nor how her face became scarlet. As the startled audience, not being able to distinguish the devil's emissary, who had so far surpassed Satan's ordinary insolence, looked again toward the speaker, they realized that the disturbance was going to be too much on this, the second occasion of her rising up in public to bear testimony to the sweet security and bliss of a will entirely sanctified—a heart entirely purged of sin.

She still gazed with a strained vision toward the back of the great room, and one hand moved in a sort of helpless way from her side, as if seeking something whereon to support herself.

No one made any motion to help her. Awe and surprise held every one still, until, at length, the smooth-shaven leader of the band exclaimed, “Go on, Sister Dobson! Don't let the Devil stop our glorious work. Rout him by the Spirit of God, blessed be his name forever!” But the Devil had triumphed this time, and the poor thing, her form swaying like a blade of grass, tottered toward an empty chair behind the organ, and hid her face in her hands.

Many testimonies followed, but great disappointment was felt at the young woman's failure to speak, and several of the faithful alluded to it as a temporary victory of the Enemy of souls, especially as the crowd became very much thinner, when it was dis-

covered she had slipped away from the platform, and was likely gone to her tent.

Traversing quickly the moonlighted space around the meeting house, she threaded a narrow alley or two between white tents of various sizes—tents as silent as tombs, except for here and there a fretful baby's voice—and gained a small canvas shelter on a path overarched by a low branching scrub oak. The flap door was thrown quite up, revealing a crowded little interior, where a man, whose face showed that a thinner than canvas wall was between him and some other world, and state of being or not being, lay stretched upon a narrow cot.

He was a man who had been rather hapdsome than otherwise, but with a crafty and sensual mouth, oddly in contrast with a permanent expression of martyrdom and resignation about the eyes, which, although closed, still wore that injured, upward curve of the outer corners of the eyebrows, which denotes so much, and is so irritating to unsanctified human nature.

Seeing at the first hurried glance that he was asleep, the woman drew a screen made of pasted newspapers between a second cot and the open door, and throwing herself on her knees, buried her face in the pillow.

From the echoing octagon came to her the sound of triumphant hymns, faintly penetrating the thick foliage that intervened; but to her poor, confused spirit, they were no more intelligible than the wails and shrieks of so many Red Indians around their dead. All her peace was gone. That “utter separation from self,” which she seemed to have achieved, was, after all, only the putting away of an already paralyzed selfhood, which now lifted itself again, and clamored for sustenance and for happiness. The Devil was hot on the scent of her barely saved soul, and she saw with a shiver that she was not half so intent on escaping him as she was on defending herself against the accusation of complicity with him.

The last four years rose before her in incoherent jumble and disregard of sequence—her mother's death-bed, her own divided obligations, the crime of the man she loved,

her duty to a man she did not love, the emotional vicissitudes of the past twelve months, when she had tried so hard to obtain that sanctification which seemed to make the people with whom she associated so happy.

And now, with a pang as over some treasured jewel that one sees sinking into the sea, she saw, slipping away from her, away, irrecoverably away from her reach, her just yesterday-acquired treasure—the absolute yielding up of selfish desires. With a passionate cry, she threw up her arms like a shipwrecked person who surrenders hope.

Her cry awoke the man on the cot, and in a half-authoritative, half-whining tone, he said: "Why, Martha! I thought you were preaching tonight. What's the matter?"

"Oh, I'm not saved at all," answered she, getting up and coming to him; "I have been altogether mistaken; I am not saved at all."

"Well, Martha, you're almost sure to go to hell. You've been wrestling against the Holy Ghost for the past year, and it's only my prayers that have kept you out of the Devil's clutches."

"Yes, and he has got me now, once for all I suppose, for I don't feel as if I even care!" This fiercely, after a pause—"Henry Welch was at the meeting tonight."

"What! Did you speak to him?"

"No, I didn't even see him, but I heard him speak, and I knew his voice."

"Was he sanctified?"

"Oh! I don't know. I came away—I came away!" she cried with a lack of restraint that was evidently unusual to her, for the man observed her curiously, and then said in a mocking tone:

"You might have helped to save his polluted soul you know, Martha, if you had stayed," and then, his voice changing to one of sudden passion as he looked at the beautiful woman before him, he said hoarsely:

"I've been a fool to take less than I might have had! I wish I had the last few years to live over again!"

She looked at him with apathetic wonder, and he continued:

"Are you going to talk to him if you meet him?"

"I shall not meet him. You and I will go away from this place early in the morning. This meeting is nearly over, and anyhow there is no more work for us," she finished with bitter sadness.

He answered nothing, but continued to look at her with a peculiar gaze.

"You're a strange woman," he said at last. "You're cold and obstinate. I've tried to understand you, but I never could. I've had no satisfaction with you, and now it's too late to take the right way when I see my mistake. But if you think I'm going to die"—he hissed suddenly, and then paused, gasping for breath, and a lurid light came into the eyes already so repulsive, with their pendulous puff of skin just below them.

Just as quickly, however, his expression changed again to one of pious submission under suffering, as voices were heard nearing the tent. One of the leading brethren, accompanied by a gentle, motherly old lady, had come to inquire after the invalid, and to pray with and for the new convert, whose light had been so quickly quenched.

"Yes; it is hard to bear, Brother Marshall," intoned the sick man. "To be tied up in this tent, when I am thirsting to be in the vineyard of the Lord—blessed be his holy name!"

"We are in his hands," replied the other, somewhat dryly, for he had been in neighborhoods where Dobson, years ago, before he became sanctified—was well known as a "revivalist," and he knew his reputation was such that "family men" looked well to the ways of their own households, in the particular districts in which he happened to be "evangelizing."

THE first rains came early in November this year, making the faces of the bread-eaters to shine, in proportion as the wheat gamblers looked victimized and sour.

The fine, hair-like shoots of emerald grass were already springing so fast that the foothills, brown now for three months and more, began to look a peculiar color, too bright for gray, too dim for green, and all the trees were clean and shining after their long dust and drought.

A little farm, occupying an irregular triangle far up on the hillside, just where the road seemed to take a few hundred yards of rest, before climbing more steeply than before, looked a picture of thrift and order and beginning beauty. For in a country where five years suffice to make full grown shrubbery, even three will produce a very substantial boskiness and bloom.

This tiny ranch distinguished itself from hundreds of other similar cozy neighboring places, by being walled in with a hedge of the lovely pepper tree, instead of the usual beautiful, but perhaps a trifle monotonous, Monterey cypress. The house was an old two roomed cabin, covered and apparently upheld by a thick growth of grape and hop vines, and its ruinous condition sharply emphasized by the near proximity and newness of the tiniest of Swiss châteaux, perched on the steep bank of a noisy, hidden brook, and evidently a dairy house, from the bright tin pans ranged on a shelf under its reëntrant porch. It fronted the southwest, and a woman coming up the road turned, and walked toward the gate as if mesmerized by the little pictorial milk-house, all glowing under the red foliage of the five-fingered woodbine.

As she stood there with a fixed gaze, a man came up the path from behind the house, carrying a bucket in his hand.

He set his bucket down on a smoothly sawed stump beside the porch, before he saw that some one was at the gate; and then two gravid summer clouds rushing together could not have seemed more charged with thunder and lightning, than were the eyes of these two persons as they met with equal shock.

Very unequal, however, was the secondary effect. A sudden gladness replaced the surprise in the woman's face, while the man's lips grew white, and he turned away as if from some object of loathing.

In another moment the gate was opened, and the girl went swiftly down to the door through which the man had disappeared. "Oh, Henry! why do you treat me like that?" she said, stopping on the threshold as if restrained by some intangible power. "Henry, I've been hunting for you for two months."

A whole minute pulsed itself away while the young man stood there with anger, love, disgust, and agony alternating with each other in the gaze with which he regarded the woman, who, only a few steps away, looked at him with a heaven of love in her eyes.

"Where's Brother Dobson?" he said at length, making a visible effort to hide his passion in a sneer.

"He is dead," she replied. "He died the same week the meeting broke up."

"Where's your widow's dress, then? Are you done mourning so soon?"

"What do you mean by that, Henry? I'm no widow;—what *do* you mean?" she cried, as a sudden look of enlightenment came into her eyes.

"I thought Dobson was your husband," he answered very slowly, as if even while he spoke, another thought was beginning to distract his attention.

Then they both looked at each other eagerly again, as if to anticipate speech.

"You were worse mistaken than I was," she broke out at last, with a half hysterical laugh. "I only thought he was my father!"

Her interlocutor seemed almost benumbed for an instant, with the effort to readjust his mental retina to the flood of sweet and rosy light that poured in upon him.

"Martha!" he said, coming up and putting his two hands upon her shoulders, "I cannot understand it yet, but just tell me if you are my own wife as you were four years ago when I let you go home to see your mother die."

"Indeed, indeed I am, Henry! Oh, Henry! what shall we do about the four years of our lives that old villain has cheated us out of?"

"He came near cheating me out of more than that," he answered. "If I hadn't escaped from jail that time they took me up for a stage robber, I suppose his evidence would have sent me to the penitentiary."

"And weren't you there, Henry?" she said rapidly, almost breathlessly. "Haven't you been in the penitentiary all this time?"

"Why, no," he answered wonderingly; "didn't you know I hadn't?"

She drew in her breath with a bitter sob.

"And so you've been out here in this

pretty place all these four years, and letting me drag around with that old hypocrite, who came up just as my mother died, and pretended to be my father! And you never hunted me up to tell me you weren't a highway robber, and—" here she stepped quickly away from him, and drawing her little cape around her arms with a gesture full of dignity, she said: "I am going away, Henry Welch, and I am only sorry my eyes ever lighted on you again."

"Martha, listen!" he cried. "When I got away from jail, I went down to Texas, intending to get you to me just as soon as we could manage it; for I felt certain you wouldn't believe what anybody said about my having a hand in the robbery. Then I saw in the paper that the body of Henry Welch, the escaped robber, had been found in a river away up in Colorado, and I traveled back to Missouri as fast as I dared, so as to keep you from being heart-broken, as I thought you would be. Well, it was pouring rain the night I got to your house, and I crept around and peeped in the windows to see if it was best to show myself to you then, or what to do; and then I saw that Dobson come in, and go up to you and kiss you; and you sat down beside him, and he put your hand on his knee, and patted it, and I—well, everything in the world went to dust for me then, you know. I thought I recognized him that night we were fighting around the stage, and when I saw him by your fireside, then I knew it was the same canting scoundrel that was preaching at a big meeting when I joined the church; and I knew it was the same perjured thief that stuck his own mask and stolen money into my pocket while I was gripping another of the gang that night, and then pretended he helped the passengers against the robbers, and me among them! But, oh, Martha, that was nothing to the thought that you were in such a hurry to take up with him, when it was such a little time you could have believed me dead!"

Martha scarcely breathed while this explanation was going on, and when it was done, she burst into a passion of weeping, and

clung about her husband's neck as if something were striving that moment to draw her thence.

"Look here, Henry," she said, at last, standing up straight, and looking more than ever a young Boadicea as lightning flashed from the violet of her wet eyes; "That old man is dead, and I suppose it's very wrong for a Christian to say what I'm going to, but I've not forgiven him, and I hope the Lord Almighty will not forgive him forever and ever. See," she continued, as she took a paper from her bosom, "this is what he wrote the night before he died. He gave it to Brother Marshall to give to me afterwards, and Brother Marshall made me promise I would not tell about it unless it was necessary to clear you. They seemed," she went on with indignant bitterness, "to feel far worse about my leaving the work of the Holiness Band, than they did about your having been four years in State's prison for another man's crime."

"But Dobson knew I was not in prison. He knew his evidence was necessary to send me there. My name was printed among those that were sentenced, but it was afterwards corrected. Didn't you read the papers at all?"

"We were on our way out here for the longest time. I didn't seem to care for anything. Another woman would have died, but I couldn't even get sick," she concluded, as if disgusted with the rhythmic harmony of physical being which kept her bodily functions in even swing, while her spirit was tossed and bruised in cyclic storms. Henry Welch took the paper from her hand and read:

"I feel that I am washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, and that I am in every fibre of my heart consecrated to God—blessed be his name forever! I have been a sinner, like every body else, but God has saved me to the uttermost, and made me an instrument of his glory—praise his name!"

"The young woman Martha, who passed for my daughter, is in reality my wife's daughter by her first husband. I had not found her mother congenial to my spirit, and I left

home and devoted myself wholly to the Lord, while Martha was yet an infant. When I returned by chance to my wife's house, I found her lying dead, and I claimed Martha as my daughter. She did not know any better, and as her husband had just been arrested for robbing a stage, and was likely to go to the penitentiary, I thought she would need my care. If I had been the vessel of wrath that some men are, I should have proposed to Martha to become my wife, for it would have been easy to procure her divorce from a criminal; but I have, instead, cherished her as a daughter, and have prayed for her entire sanctification. She needed my prayers, for she has always seemed to me more like a pagan than a humble Christian woman.

"As for Henry Welch, it is perhaps right to say that he did not commit the crime for which he was arrested. I was eye witness to the robbery, and I saw a man put the stolen bills into Welch's pocket, but as the other man was more useful and precious if saved for God's work, than ever Henry Welch could have been, I was impressed to conceal the truth. Let Martha remember that beauty is vain, and favor is deceitful, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Amen!"

Neither Henry nor his wife looked at each other for a full minute after this precious document was refolded, and then with one accord their right hands met in a clasp for life and death, and they sat down on the white bench in the little porch, and the wood-

bine leaves threw fantastic shadows over them, as the sun sank lower and lower, and all the circle of the hills seemed to share their utter content.

"Where were you going, Martha, when you came by my gate?" said Henry, as he woke to a vague sense of a hospitable relation.

"I saw an advertisement in the paper for an experienced woman to oversee a large dairy up here some place, and I was going to see about it. I had spent all my money looking for you," she said shyly, "and I thought dairy work would seem like old times on our place in Missouri."

"You can take charge of a dairy of your own again," he said with a real flush of pride and joy. "It isn't so big as Mr. Nisson's that you were looking for, but I built the milkhouse just like the one you used to say we would build, and I put that woodbine on it because you had it on the porch at home. We'll have a new house now, too," he said, as he drew her toward the tiny vine-covered cabin. And his heart stood still with happiness as she went in before him; the first woman whose foot had crossed the threshold since he came there, a solitary man, too clean, and sane, and brave, in his simple way, to think of dulling his grief by plunging into coarse excitements;—instinctively laying his wounded heart close to the dear old mother earth, whose touch is so potent a cure for stings and poisonous hurts of every kind.

*Mary E. Grafton.*

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## PRISON LABOR.

THE question of the employment of prisoners is one that has always been full of difficulty. At the present time, owing to the depression in business, and the consequent idleness among mechanics and laboring men, this question engrosses considerable public attention. On the one hand, the taxpayer is eager that the cost of all public institutions should be as low as possible. He is

apt to look upon a prison as a costly necessity, and without considering other questions, jumps to the conclusion that perfection in prison management is reached when the prison is made self-sustaining. On the other hand, the laborer looks solely to the effect that competition with free labor is supposed to have upon his wages or profits. By both, the more important object of reforming the



convict, and of cultivating in him habits of industry, together with respect for and obedience to the laws, are, to a great extent, ignored.

Yet that prisoners must labor is evident to every thinking man. As said by the Superintendent of State Prisons for the State of New York, in his last report: "It is necessary for their physical and moral well being. The experience of the last hundred years in every enlightened nation in the world positively affirms this fundamental principle. The conspicuous prison administrators and the greatest prison reformers declare that *productive labor* by the inmates of prisons is a vital condition of success in reforming the convicts, and is the corner stone in any practical and humane system. Besides, every week in the year, several men are sent by judicial sentences to the State prisons, to be confined, and to be engaged 'at hard labor' during the term of their sentences. Unproductive labor is a curse to the prisoners; it fails to reform, but debases, hardens, and brutalizes. For this reason it is not to be tolerated; and it is less tolerable because the majority of the convicts in our State prisons are young men, many of whom can be saved from continued lives of crime by the moral influences of judicious discipline, industrial training, and humane treatment in the prisons."

Let us look at this question in its double aspect of (1) pecuniary profit and (2) interference with free labor. And before proceeding farther, it may be interesting to understand the different systems of labor, with their advantages and disadvantages, which have prevailed, or do now prevail, in different prisons.

It is customary to use the phrase "sentenced to hard labor." This term once had a signification not now given to it. In the United States there is no prison in which the tread-mill and kindred forms of labor or of punishment are used, as a part of the labor to which the prisoner is subjected as an incident of his sentence. It is understood that the labor which the prisoner is to perform is labor in some branch of indus-

try by which a revenue to the State is produced.

There may be said to be three distinct systems of this productive labor. The one producing the greatest amount of revenue, yet the one that is most objectionable, so far as questions of prison discipline and the reformation of the prisoner are concerned, is that known as the lease system. By this system the lessee has the sole control of the prison. He agrees to pay so much money for the management of the prison and the labor of the convicts, and his profit is derived from the earnings of the prisoners, and any reduction that he can make in running the prison. Sometimes the price paid to the State for the lease is very large, and of course, the larger the price the more is the profit to the State. The lessee is compelled, as a matter of business, to see that the labor of the convicts will pay not only the cost of their maintenance, but also the price which he has paid to the State for the lease, and whatever profit he expects to derive from his contract.

It is evident that this system is destructive of all prison discipline. The lessee's only object is to make money. It is to his interest to have as much labor performed as possible. It is also to his interest to reduce the cost of feeding and clothing the prisoners to the smallest possible sum. Hence, it necessarily results that prisoners are scantily fed and clothed, and greatly overworked. If as much profit is not obtained from the labor as was anticipated, the lessee endeavors to repair the loss by curtailing the expenditures for food and clothing. Towards the close of the contract, the condition of affairs is likely to become worse, as the lessee, having soon to turn the prison and its inmates over to other hands, has every incentive to exact as much labor from the convict as he can perform, and at the same time to expend almost nothing for medicines, or for properly caring for the sick.

Manifestly, this system is profitable to the State. The State is at no expense, but on the contrary, for a number of years a certain profit is assured to it. The prison is certain-

ly self sustaining. But at what a cost! The prisoners are in most instances treated as animals rather than human beings. It is impossible, under such a system of prison labor, to effect anything like reformation. All discipline is destroyed. The prison is simply a money-making machine. In this only is it successful.

The next system of prison labor, and the one that is best known, perhaps, to the general public, is that denominated the contract system. This system, prior to the adoption of the present Constitution, was in vogue in California, and now prevails in a majority of the State prisons. Under this system, the management of the prison is retained by the State, but the labor of the convicts is let out to contractors at a stipulated price per day for each convict employed. During the day, the prisoners are under the control wholly, or to a partial extent, of the contractor or his agents. The clothing and food are supplied by the State. The State punishes for offenses and infractions of prison rules.

From a penological standpoint, this system, while greatly preferable to the lease system, is objectionable, because it places over the prisoners during the day men who are not employed by the State; and hence it may happen that the men placed in charge of the prisoners are such that they will permit the sale of contraband articles to the convicts, or engage in the traffic themselves. This system is known everywhere as the "contract system." It has met with violent opposition, because, aside from other objections, by fixing the price for labor at a small pittance per day, it decreases the standard of wages.

The distinctive feature of this system is, that a day's labor is paid for, not the result of that labor. If the price paid is fifty cents per day, one prisoner's labor may be worth five dollars, another's may be worth only twenty-five cents. The Constitution of California, in Article X., declares: "After the first day of January, eighteen hundred and eighty-two, the labor of convicts shall not be let out by contract to any person, copartnership, company, or corporation, and the Legis-

lature shall by law provide for the working of convicts for the benefit of the State." This provision is so plain that it is impossible to see how any one who ever read it could misinterpret its meaning. Prior to its adoption, the labor had been let out by contract. The Constitution says that when the contracts then existing expired, no similar contracts should be made. A system was then in existence. That system was abolished. Instead of giving the contractor the benefit of the labor performed by the man who could earn five dollars, the State was to retain it. The State was to sell the *result* of the labor on the best terms possible, to one firm or a dozen firms.

This leads to a consideration of the third system of prison labor, where the prisoners engaged in labor are entirely under the supervision of the prison officials. The institution is run as a manufactory run by a private individual would be. If the State owns the machinery and buys the raw material, it places the articles manufactured upon the market for sale. It receives the market price, no more, no less. If a private individual is willing to buy the material and some or all of the machinery, he is compelled to pay so much apiece for the manufactured articles, the price being determined by what he would have to pay to obtain the same results from free labor.

This is the system pursued in the California State Prisons, and is the one declared by all penologists to be the best system of prison labor. At San Quentin the departments of labor operated are the jute department, sash, door, and blind department, furniture department, harness department, and brick department. At Folsom the prisoners are engaged in stone-work. This work is all done within the prison enclosure. During the last fiscal year the earnings from all the various departments at San Quentin amounted to the sum of \$71,602.38, from which should be deducted the per diem paid to prisoners employed in the manufacturing department. The receipts for the last fiscal year at Folsom were \$21,020.

In respect to the methods pursued in

California, we may consider systems of prison labor (1) as to the effect upon the prisoners themselves, and (2) from a pecuniary standpoint. Aside from any question of revenue, it is absolutely essential to the maintenance of discipline that the prisoners should be constantly employed. The majority of those who commit crime have no trade, have never been taught habits of industry, and have fallen into crime either because they could not obtain employment, or were unwilling to work. Reformation in men of this character can be effected only by teaching them habits of industry, and supplying them in some measure with mechanical skill. When a prisoner is liberated, he should have some means of earning a livelihood. It is cheaper, for the State to have trained him in such a way, than it is to allow him to relapse into crime, and cause the State to incur all the expenses of another criminal prosecution. If a prisoner had not committed the crime for which he is undergoing punishment, and was living an honest life, he would outside of prison walls be engaged in some branch of labor. By working for the State he does not augment the number of laborers. The only question is, Shall he remain idle, or shall his labor be profitably employed? If he were kept in idleness, a criminal would be housed, clothed, and fed at the expense of the State whose laws he had broken, and compelled to give nothing in return. His condition would then be better than that of many a respectable citizen. To treat him in this manner would be to offer a bid for the commission of crime.

Should the prisoner receive any wages for the labor he has performed? Until quite recently it was the custom at San Quentin to give faithful prisoners a small stipend, never exceeding ten cents per day. This practice has been abolished, and at neither Folsom nor San Quentin do the prisoners now receive any money. Yet to secure the best results, it is necessary to reward in some mode those who have excelled. This is in part attained by the credit system, allowing a deduction of time for good behavior. Still, this is something that the

prisoner cannot fully appreciate. To give him a little better food, or an additional supply of clothing, an extra allowance of coal oil or tobacco, is to reward him in a way that costs the State but a trifle, yet greatly encourages him. This system places all prisoners on an exact footing, and gives to each the opportunity of ameliorating his condition.

So far as the payment of money to prisoners is concerned, there are many conflicting considerations. On the one hand, is the fact that a prisoner who has stayed a number of years in prison, who had no money when he entered, and has been able to earn none during his imprisonment, is poorly equipped to engage in an honest struggle for bread. He is branded wherever he goes as a felon. Those that knew him before his conviction have gone away or are dead. He is like a stranger in a strange land. He has no money with which to support himself, or to seek other localities for employment; and unavoidably, almost, he is again forced to commit crime. Nor is he the only one who suffers. Before his conviction, he may have been the bread-earner for a helpless wife and infant children. In giving way to anger or yielding to temptation, he may leave, as an effect of his offense, his family dependent on the charity of the world. These considerations, and many others that might be mentioned, would seem convincing in favor of his receiving something in money for his labor.

Still, on the other hand, he has put the State to a great deal of expense. It is difficult to estimate what it does cost the State, on an average, to lodge a man in prison, but the amount is quite large. The law says that his civil rights shall be suspended. To give him the results of his labor would make his condition as good as, if not better than, that of him who had not committed crime. Again, if he is allowed to have money, he may not wish to save it. He may gamble, or attempt to purchase contraband goods. Of course, vigilance can prevent his doing this, yet it must be increased vigilance. The money is of little use to him unless he can

spend it. While the amount paid to one man may be small, yet in the aggregate it will be great. For instance, if he should receive only three dollars per month, the amount paid to two thousand prisoners (and we have nearly that number in California) would be six thousand dollars a month, or seventy-two thousand dollars a year. Hence, the better way, all things considered, is to adopt the plan of grading the prisoners, and giving to the deserving extra supplies.

It should be the aim of all prison authorities, while attempting to secure profitable results, to employ the prison labor in such branches as will interfere to the smallest possible extent with free labor. The mechanic who is a law abiding citizen ought not to feel that his capacity for earning a livelihood is lessened by competition with prison labor. The prisoners should be employed in manufacturing goods not manufactured in this State to any great extent, and they should be sold at the same price that goods manufactured elsewhere will command. This has been the constant aim of the directors in the management of the prisoners of California.

It may be asked why a prison should not be self-supporting? It may be said that the free laborer supports himself and has a surplus left, and that a prisoner should accomplish as much. An answer to this will also show how greatly exaggerated is the opinion of the effect that prison labor has upon the labor market. In the first place, a prisoner cannot, or will not, do as much labor as a free man. Some claim that he will not perform more than a third as much, and the most careful tests made in England place the average at not more than one-half as much. Then, all the prisoners cannot be employed in profitable labor. Some must be used as cooks, and in various departments of unproductive labor. Some are engaged in making repairs. It is probable that any able-bodied prisoner who will work can earn a great deal more than what it costs to feed, clothe, and guard him. But it should be remembered that nearly every person must be trained before his labor will be of any value; then, when he has acquired

skill, his term expires, and a new-comer takes his place, who also receives like training. The prisons are recruited, not from the hard-working, industrious mechanics, but from the idle and vicious; and it cannot be expected that much work can be obtained from one of the latter class.

To any further objection made to the employment of convicts, it may be finally answered that the law makes it mandatory. It requires \$200,000 a year to maintain the prison at San Quentin, and \$130,000 a year to maintain the prison at Folsom. It was estimated at the last Legislature that the San Quentin prison could earn \$70,000 a year, and the Folsom prison \$40,000 a year, and the appropriations were made accordingly. But, owing to many causes, these sums cannot be earned, and with the most careful management a deficiency is unavoidable. It would be better if the State would make an appropriation sufficient to cover all expenses, without any allowance for earnings, and have whatever profit was made paid into the State treasury.

Yet the question of cost is not the only one involved in prison management. A prison is a place where a criminal should be punished, in order that he may himself suffer the consequences of his guilt, and that others with similar inclinations may be restrained, from the fear of the punishment to follow. It should be all this, and should be more. It should be a place where a prisoner may be rescued from the course of evil, and given all the training that will enable him to live the life of an honest man. Many who commit crime do so through depraved instincts that no training can eradicate. Reformation in these it may be foolish to expect. But few are aware of the large number that enter our prisons who are not really depraved, but weak and destitute of any clear ideas of right and wrong, who do not realize the full consequences of a crime. These can be saved from a criminal life, and made useful citizens. Any system of prison labor or prison discipline that fully accomplishes this is in the true sense of the word successful.

*Robert T. Devlin.*

## IN FAVILLA.

## A PHANTASMAGORIA.

*New York, Sept. 1, 1902.*—Once more in my snug bachelor quarters on the Boulevard. Being an old foggy, not engaged in business, I let the nine o'clock express go, and jogged along comfortably in the seventeen o'clock afternoon accommodation, which took a whole hour from Montauk to the city. Met on the train Mr. Vanderbilt, a middle-aged gentleman, who, they tell me, was once worth four or five millions a year. He was a railroad man. But one day Perry Belmont's Railway Confiscation Act put an end to the private ownership of railways, and he was reduced to a pittance of fifty or sixty thousand a year. He has a claim for damages against the government, which he is steadily prosecuting. It will be called in the Supreme Court in fifty years or so. Just now he devotes himself to palæontology, and is quite excited over a recent discovery of a maxilla which, he says, proves that the American burro was an inhabitant of the earth during the second ice period.

Montauk is the queen of the watering places. Saratoga's splendid ceremonial and Cape May's wild dissipation are all very well for those who like them. But for crowds of men and women, of every nation and race in the world; for rippling laughter and an endless succession of gaieties; for hurrying and scurrying throngs, bustling waiters, overflowing dining-rooms, corridors crammed with new arrivals, a jam of coroneted carriages, battalions of merry girls, and brigades of jolly men, all bent on pleasure, and amusement, and sport, and love, there is no place like Montauk. Ah, me! that word love makes me wince. *She* was there, with that puppy Jenkins, as usual, in her train.

They say that the season was waning when I left; that there were fourteen hundred empty rooms at the Corbin, and that not

over fifty thousand people witnessed the last sham battle of the iron-clads. But I noticed no falling off. The "Daily Census" reported one hundred and forty-six thousand people still at the hotels and cottages. The day before I left, when Mademoiselle Soprano tried her new electric air yacht on the grand parade, the crowd was so dense that young James Gordon Bennet (who is only eighteen) ran over the ex-Emperor of Germany in his steam velocipede; his ex-majesty was carried to the Bismarck, whose landlord, son of the famous Chancellor, tended him with loving care and floods of tears. At the morning ball at the Grant House, where Monsieur D'Este, who is said to be the only legitimate son of the late King of Spain, conducts the orchestra, three hundred and forty couples stood up in the Milan. If Montauk was dull, it was only dull by comparison with its former self. Never before has any watering place held such a gathering of prosperous, happy people, bent wholly on enjoyment, and seemingly assured that the delights of today will last forever.

*Sept. 3.*—The Philadelphia "Press," issued at fourteen o'clock, contains an amusing dispatch from Italy. It reads as follows:

MILAN, Sept. 3.—Professor Scalchi has written a letter which will appear in tomorrow's "Osservatore" on the subject of the comet. He adheres to the views he has heretofore expressed, and states positively that the comet will intersect the orbit of the earth, and says he is filled with the gravest apprehensions in regard to the possible occurrence of a collision.

The joke takes well. This afternoon's "Puck" contains a paniconograph of Banker Morris, who is both the fattest and politest man in town, colliding with the comet, removing his hat with grave urbanity, and apologizing:

"Beg your pardon, ma'am, a—a thousand times. So short sighted!"

Young Wallack, who reminds us old fogies more and more every day of his grandfather Lester, has introduced into his new play several gags on the expected collision, which will doubtless bring down the house. The judge in the play stops the hearing of a case, in order, he says, to issue a mandamus, requiring the comet to observe the rules of the road.

*Sept. 4.*—I met her on the Boulevard. Wonder if she guesses! She is always the same—sweetly smiling, divinely unconscious. I fear I stare at her like a gibbering idiot. Sometimes I fancy I catch a mischievous quiver in the corners of her mouth. What business, indeed, have I to think—? If I had married Maria, whom I met in the old days at one of President Arthur's receptions, I might have had a daughter as old as she. I don't deny my crow's feet or the grizzle in my hair. For all that, the heart is as tender as ever; who was the donkey of the last century who wrote:

"Then you will know the worth of a lass,  
When you have come to forty year?"

*Sept. 5.*—The "Herald" publishes a dispatch from Professor Brown of the Lick Observatory in California. The Professor tries to be non-committal about the comet, but, to my mind, he confirms Scalchi's opinions. The dispatch says:

"The history of Gould's comet is known to everybody. When it made its first recorded appearance in September, 1882, it was carefully studied, not only in this country, but in Europe, South America, and South Africa. The elements of its orbits were, on this occasion: longitude of the node,  $345^{\circ} 50'$ ; inclination to the ecliptic,  $38^{\circ} 05'$ ; longitude of the perihelion,  $276^{\circ} 28'$ ; perihelion distance, as a decimal of the earth's distance from the sun, 0.0076; eccentricity of the orbit, 0.99997. It was found that, on approaching its perihelion, it traveled at the rate of 300 miles in a second; also, that it passed within 250,000 miles of the sun. Many consequently believed that it would fall into the sun, and disappear forever. These expectations were disappointed by the reappearance of the comet, after its perihelion, on 17th December, at a distance of about  $3^{\circ}$  from the sun.

"Astronomers then changed their base, and as-

serted that it would reappear in the spring of 1883, and then certainly would fall into the sun. This prognostic also proved false. It did not appear again until September, 1887, when its perihelion took place, about 230,000 miles from the sun, on 28th September.

"It appeared again in September and October, 1892, and again in the same months in 1897. It was unmistakably the same comet, with a period of five years. On its progress toward the sun, its nucleus was always large, splendid, and apparently nearly solid. On its homeward journey, the nucleus, on every occasion, split into several spheres, connected with each other by a nebulous film.

"On each occasion of its appearance, when in proximity to the sun, it traveled at the rate of 250 or 300 miles per second, but on its return journey, when it was as far distant from the sun as the earth is, this pace was slackened to about 20 miles a second.

"It has changed since 1882 in one respect only. The plane of its orbit has been different at each appearance. Like the other great comets, it came originally from the neighborhood of Sirius, and pursued its course towards the sun in a very elongated ellipse. It did not return whence it came. Somewhere in the fathomless depths of space it encountered a perturbing influence, which diverted from its old orbit and caused it to pursue a new one, which, at each successive appearance, has drawn closer to the orbit of the earth. In 1882, it was never nearer the earth than the sun is. In 1887, the distance had been shortened nearly one-half. In 1892 and 1897—the latter year especially—it passed within a few million miles of the earth's orbit. But the earth was not in any danger, and no attention was paid to the transit.

"The danger this year arises from the fact that the comet seems not unlikely to cross the earth's orbit just at a point which the earth should occupy at the time."

Other papers have dispatches from Europe of a like tenor. The nucleus of the comet is said to be about forty thousand miles in diameter, but the coma, or tail, has been found to measure, at times, not less than one hundred miles in length, and one hundred thousand miles in diameter.

There is one comfort. The earth is a small body, and space is large. Mars comes within thirty-five million miles of us, and it is no easy job to see him. The moon passes us at a distance of two hundred and twenty thousand miles, and does nobody harm. Gould's comet approached within two hundred and fifty thousand miles of the sun, and

was none the worse for the scorching. Perhaps it will treat us with the same distant civility.

It is not to be disguised, however, that the disposition to joke about the comet is not as general as it was. Books on astronomy are in demand, and at the clubs, orbits and gravitation are as frequent topics as stocks and politics. Most of the talkers madden me with their idiotic jabber. A fellow actually told me today that *she* was engaged to be married in the spring!

Sept. 7.—Drove out in my duplex electric curricule with Lieutenant Perry of the artillery, to see the Gould monument at Tarrytown. The mighty financier rests under a solid silver pillar, which almost rivals the obelisk. Signs warn the public not to approach within fifty yards of the monument, as the ground is sown with torpedoes. This is done, it is said, to prevent the body being stolen. I should think the silver would be more attractive. A tottering old man was being led by a lady through the grounds. They said his name was Cyrus Field, and that he had had something to do with the first Atlantic cable, also Major André. How could this be? André was executed much over a hundred years ago.

Lieutenant Perry is an astronomer of no mean force, and his serious views of the prospect quite startled me. He says that the chances of a collision between the earth and a comet are infinitesimal—three hundred millions to one, says Arago. Still, there is that one chance. And Perry says that in this instance that chance is almost safe to bet on. What the result would be, who shall say?

The earth passes through a cometary body every August and November, and the only result is that "falling stars" are more abundant than usual. Whether, as some say, the nucleus of a comet is gaseous, or, as others pretend, solid, it is nothing more or less than a compost of elements found here, in a state of high combustion, and the tail is merely an agglomeration of ærolites, far enough apart to permit stars to be seen between them, and yet near enough to appear to us a con-

tinuous body. The spectroscope teaches that these ærolites contain sodium, carbon, hydrogen, etc., and that they contain no element with which we are unacquainted. But how large are they, and how many of them go to the tail of one comet, we don't know at all. Aerolites weighing half and three quarters of a ton have more than once fallen to the earth in a state of active combustion. How would it be if a million such monsters bombarded us simultaneously in the course of an hour?

It would be even worse, as Laplace has pointed out, if the earth collided with the nucleus of a comet. In the twinkling of an eye everything on the globe would be consumed by fire, and the earth itself would melt like ore fed into a smelter's furnace. Combustion would be so rapid that no one would know what hurt him.

I confess, I found myself catching my breath at the picture, but after a moment I observed that if the comet passed us as far away as it passes the sun, there might be no collision at all.

"True," replied the Lieutenant, "there are two chances of this kind. The comet may pass near enough to the earth to be deflected from its orbit, and to be compelled by the earth's attraction to adopt a new one, circling round our planet as the moon does, without approaching any nearer than that orb. Or it may pass far enough away to be out of reach of the earth's attraction. But these hypotheses are not easily reconciled with the facts. The earth, you must remember, is a small planet in comparison with Jupiter, Saturn, and Neptune, which have compelled comets to leave their orbits, and become satellites of theirs. Gould's comet is a ponderable body, and at a given distance I cannot see how it and the earth could fail to exercise a mutual attraction which might perturb both orbits, without rendering one a satellite of the other. But, in fact, the calculations of astronomers are usually accurate. When they affirm that the comet will cross the earth's orbit at a point occupied by the earth at the time, it is safe betting that it will do so. Mark you, they don't say the comet

will pass *near* the earth ; they say the two objects will be together, in actual contact, at the same point in space, at the same moment of time."

I may as well confess that I went home in low spirits, and when my broker called to say that the city of Mexico Elevated Railway had defaulted on its bonds, of which I hold twenty thousand dollars, I surprised him with the reply: "What does it matter? Confound the city of Mexico!"

Sept. 8.—I have been to hear the Reverend Isaac Sedgwick preach a sermon on the comet in the New Plymouth Church, on Manhattan Beach. There were the obligato suggestions that the peril warned us to amend our lives and eschew sin ; but after this concession to his cloth, the preacher, in a vigorous and cheerful strain, refuted the theories of the astronomers in what, to me, was a comfortable manner. He took up astronomer after astronomer, and tore them all into shreds. He showed, by frequent references to the Apocalypse, that a large number of prophecies still remain unfulfilled ; and he asked his audience with great emphasis whether the Deity was likely to destroy the world until every jot of the future which He had chosen to reveal had come to pass. He dwelt on the fact that, while the last census showed one hundred and one millions of believers in this country, five or six times as many precious souls were still plunged in heathen darkness in Asia alone. "The world cannot perish, my friends, till every one of these unbelievers has been baptised, and is a Christian."

I was not so much impressed with this last argument as I probably should have been. But still, in common with the rest of the congregation, which must have numbered twelve thousand people, I left the church edified and comforted.

Sept. 10.—Another catching of the breath. The "Tribune" announces this morning that the comet should be visible through the forty-six inch equatorial in the James Gordon Bennet observatory on the night of 25th inst.

The "Sun" publishes a London dispatch, stating that the British Astronomer National,

Mr. Garnet Wolseley, son of the officer who lost his life while leading the royal forces against the British insurgents in the last battle of the civil war, has issued the following bulletin, which is eminently English in its terse phlegm :

"NATIONAL OBSERVATORY,

"Greenwich, Sept. 10.

"To whom it may concern :

"Notice is hereby given that the world will come to an end in the first week of October. British citizens will govern themselves accordingly.

"GARNET WOLSELEY,

"Astronomer National."

Sept. 12.—Comet or no comet, *il faut s'amuser*, and tonight Mrs. Patrick O'Shaughnessy threw open her palatial apartments to the cream of society. The O'Shaughnessys were quite common people a few years ago. Indeed, Paddy is said to have handled the pick and shovel before he discovered the Irish Republic lode, out of which he took two hundred and forty million dollars in about five years. However he came by his wealth, he knows how to spend it. The ball room was built for the occasion over the roofs of his own and half a dozen adjacent houses, and the borders were a parterre of rare flowers, each in its native earth. Forty steam elevators carried the guests from the street level to this improvised story above. By common consent, the finest diamonds were worn by the old Duchess of Edinburgh, who, now that the British and Russian thrones are matters of history, has decided to lead a jolly widow's life in the world's capital. The ex-Pope was fine in purple and long, white hair. Many remember him a simple parish priest at Baltimore. Twenty thousand people were present, and a whole train of cars was needed to convey the supper and wines to the house. I am so old-fashioned that I would have liked a glass of French claret, but it was not to be had. Nobody, who is anybody, now drinks anything but California wines.

She was there, in radiant white, with corundum ornaments ; a sapphire in her hair. No one less fair could have carried off such simple jewelry. The page who carried her train was a very Cupid. In an interval of



the Monaco glide, she passed me and beckoned :

"Can you spare me a moment?"—with the sweetest smile and in the most musical voice. "Do excuse me, General, for the rest of this dance. This is an old friend, and I don't know when I may meet him again."

The General bowed and retired in good order.

She led me to a recess shielded by Alaska laurels, then turned on me quickly :

"You are wise. You read everything. Tell me what you think of the comet?"

I began stammeringly, "I hardly know—"

She interrupted sharply: "Tell me the truth. Of course I am only a girl, and my life is all before me. But I am brave. Speak out."

I was self-possessed in an instant. If any mortal had a right to my inmost thoughts, it was the woman now beside me.

"I fear it bodes us no good."

"Ah!" she gasped, "that is just what I feared."

There was a long pause. Then she suddenly asked: "How long do you think we have to live?"

"I cannot tell. In less than a month we shall know the worst."

She was deadly pale. "I am so young, and life is so pleasant."

It was like the prick of a pin. I venomously muttered :

"With the prospect of marriage before you, too!"—I had watched her dancing with Jenkins.

"Who told you that idle falsehood? Of course, if we all live, I may expect to marry as other girls do. But no man has ever received encouragement from me."

I could have jumped over the ball-room. I was wild, crazy. My heart thumped. But I could say but one word—

"Mary!"

She looked up surprised, but almost instantly her eyes fell. I was about to speak when that unconscionable, double-dyed ass, Captain Smith of the Harrisburg Finables, drifted up, and claimed her for a dance.

She just whispered as she left, "Come and see me."

As I walked home that night with Buckley of the Bar, he began, as everybody does, to talk about the comet. I roughly exclaimed :

"Confound the comet! It's a bore."

He thought I had taken too much California champagne.

*Sept. 14.*—I called, and witnessed a sad scene. Mary met me at the door, and whispered: "If you can say anything to comfort them, do so. They are not as brave as I am."

Her father and mother were seated at a small table reading the Bible, and mingling their devotions with tears. When I was presented, the old gentleman wrung my hand and cried in a broken voice :

"Sir, they tell me you are profound in astronomy. What do you think of the world coming to an end?"

The old lady watched me as if she wanted to see my thoughts before they were spoken.

I uttered some commonplace remark about opinions differing as to the danger, when she actually screamed :

"Don't prevaricate, if you please. Tell the truth. Mary says you are an honest man and a learned. What do *you* think? Will the comet smite the earth?"

"I hope not, madam. I really don't know. We are all in God's hands."

Then followed a burst of wild crying from both father and mother. They were very old—Mary was a child of their old age—in any event they had but a brief span to live. But to that span they clung desperately; their grief was harrowing to witness. Mary was calm. I sought a moment's conversation with her.

"Not tonight. We shall meet again before the end."

I left a copy of Dr. Sedgwick's sermon against the astronomers, and the aged couple were eagerly devouring it before I closed the door.

*Sept. 15.*—Panic on the Stock Exchange. Stocks declined from fifteen to thirty per cent. Why? That young reprobate, Barney

Cohen, says that gold, silver, and jewels are the only bankable currency in the other world, and refers to the Revelation. Surely, if everything is going to smash, Northern Pacific is as good to hold as a balance in bank.

"The Continental Magazine" is out this morning, with an article on the Lost Planet, which formerly revolved between Mars and Jupiter. The writer starts from the theories of the Baron de Zach and Dr. Olbertz, and sums up in a few pages all that has been proved or imagined regarding the missing orb, and its successors, the asteroids. One passage struck me as affording food for serious thought. It ran :

"Even at the risk of seeming alarmists, we must confess that, after collecting all the evidence on this subject, we discover no scientific warrant for Dr. Olbertz's notion that the lost planet was destroyed by an internal explosion or convulsion. No conceivable force could have driven fragments so far from the planet as to be beyond the energy of its attraction. Admit that its center may have been a receptacle of explosive matter of such strength that, in comparison with it, nitro-glycerine would be as harmless as a Chinese fire-cracker ; admit that an explosion occurred one fine day, and the orb was blown to pieces ; still, the pieces, after obeying the impulse which sent them flying into the air, and dispersed them in every direction, must, when that impulse was exhausted, have obeyed the law of attraction, and gravitated together again, at or near the place whence they started.

"The lost planet must have been destroyed by a collision with another heavenly body ; not a planet, for none of these have left their orbits ; not the sun, for the asteroids survive. The colliding body must have been a comet, and if so, the debate whether the nuclei of comets are solid or gaseous may be considered as closed. A gaseous body could not shatter a planet into pieces. Such work could not have been accomplished by an imponderable sphere."

Sept. 18.—Three days more. Curious, how differently the prospect affects different people ! At the Never Say Die Club, one of the most popular resorts of fashionable youth, everybody, when I dropped in, was in the wildest spirits. Some gay fellows were singing at the top of their lungs :

"Our business is to die, boys,  
To die, boys, etc., etc."

The barkeepers say they never did so large a business. People who were never seen in a bar-room in their lives before, are

now regular *piliers d'estaminet*. "'Pears like they want to forget," says shrewd old Pat McGlory.

The theaters are crowded, the applause generous, and the mirth uproarious. At the new Temple of the Drama, the receipts average \$30,000 a night. A new ballet *écheoelé*, just imported from Paris, represents the comet, followed by sixty-nine asteroids, all comely girls, in abbreviated tinsel. The play has taken the town by storm.

On the other hand, the churches are full as they never were before, and there are daily prayer-meetings in every church. Even the most rigid of the orthodox clergy cannot prevent these prayer meetings from growing into the semblance of a Methodist revival. As one passes by, one hears nothing but groans and lamentations, piteous appeals for mercy, and harrowing sobs of repentance for past sins. In the Catholic churches, trained choirs chant unceasingly that most doleful of minor strains :

"*Dies ire, dies illa,  
Solvat sæclum in favilla.*"

Down town, business goes on much as usual. I stepped into my bank, and asked the president if he was discounting as usual. "Yes," said he, "why not? Want any money? No? You see," as he whirled himself round in his revolving chair, "if the comet smashes us up, we shan't be here to collect the notes. If it don't, I'll be bound that all our paper will be met."

Other branches move in the old ruts. The afternoon steamers for Bristol leave Montauk at the appointed hour, with the usual number of passengers. The incoming vessels arrive as regularly as clock-work, though, to be sure, the "Juno" was twenty minutes late last Thursday, her machinery, which was new, having failed to run smoothly. At the Stock Exchange the customary bawling and bustling go on, and the papers report the transactions as up to the average. The five minute trains on the railways are crowded as ever ; it was only yesterday that the Secretary of the Interior said he thought he could next spring reduce fares to one-fourth cent a mile.

*Sept. 19.*—A proclamation from the President. It read as follows :

EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
KANSAS CITY, Sept. 19.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

The painful duty devolves upon the President of announcing to the people that the world is threatened by an appalling catastrophe. Astronomers who appear to be entitled to credit, state that a collision between the earth and a comet is likely to occur in the first week of next month. What the consequences will be, and how the danger can be averted, it is not in the President's power to say.

The President appeals to the people to bow in due submission to the Divine Will, and to bear whatever fate God may decree with Christian fortitude. He draws their attention to the following passage from Scripture :

"When the sixth seal was loosed, the kings of the earth and the great men and the rich men and every bondman and every free man hid themselves in the dens, and in the rocks of the mountains."

Possibly in the event of a collision, the hour of which can be accurately determined beforehand, some degree of safety may be secured by resorting to caves in mountains, deep cellars, shafts in mines, and other places which may be considered sufficiently well covered to afford shelter from a heavy fall of aërolites.

Done at Kansas City this 19th day of September, 1902.

MELVILLE E. STONE,  
President.

By the PRESIDENT,  
LAWRENCE NORDHOFF,  
Secretary of State.

The proclamation came out in the morning papers, and before night one thousand Ingersoll Rock Drills were boring tunnels into the Highlands. With the new diamond drills they can make thirty feet in twelve hours ; and thus it is estimated that within a week, shelter can be provided for a million people, that is to say, one-third the population of the city. Boring is also going on vigorously in the hills in New Jersey and Staten Island. Thousands of people, with pick and shovel, are fashioning dug-outs for themselves.

A wild speculation has sprung up in tickets of admission to these bomb proofs. They sold at first at twenty dollars apiece, but now a hundred dollars are bid, and the supply offering is small.

*Sept. 20.*—The digging goes on, and at any rate serves to divert men's minds, which

were becoming so depressed that one was reminded of De Foe's description of the Plague of London, or John Shorthouse's accounts of the pestilence at Naples. The speculation in bomb proof tickets continues, and quite fancy prices are said to have been paid. Some hotel clerks have realized small fortunes as brokers. I was lucky enough to secure three, which I sent to Mary. She returned one with a note, saying that if I had not four, two would suffice. Did she mean—?

Young Edison, a grand-nephew of the great inventor, has invented a diving bell of mammoth proportions, which he proposes to sink in the bay, there to remain till the comet has passed. It will hold fifty thousand people. The price of admission is two hundred dollars, and several thousand tickets have been sold.

*Sept. 22.*—A monster prayer-meeting was held today in Central Park, under the auspices of ministers of all denominations. It is said that a million people were present. They were addressed by two hundred preachers, Cardinal O'Brien nominally presiding over the whole. All the sermons were from the same text (1 Rev. vi : 12) : "The sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood ; and the stars of heaven fell into the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken by a mighty wind."

It is, of course, right and proper ; in times like these men should look to the salvation of their souls. But meantime, these funereal observances add much to the prevailing terror and helplessness.

*Sept. 24.*—Some people have already taken to the bomb proofs, carrying their provisions with them. Whole blocks in the city are deserted, and thieves are reaping a fine harvest. Not that the criminal class is unaware of the peril. A brute who was sent up for sixty days by Judge Dodge, for wife beating, sneeringly observed, as he was led off,

"Sixty days, is it, Judge? Long before that, man, you and I will meet in hell."

*Sept. 25.*—My friend, the Lieutenant, called. He says that the General of the army

has ordered the fifty thousand men who are stationed at this post to be in readiness to extinguish fires, in case of a collision with the comet. The men are to be exercised at once in the fire drill. The General reminds them that their lives are a secondary consideration; duty comes first. Not a man has deserted.

The Lieutenant says that, according to the latest calculations, the collision will take place at 7 h., 10 m., on the morning of 3d October. After sunset on 2d, the comet will probably hide the moon and most of the stars. It will fill the heavens, just as the Constantinople comet did, when the Turks first besieged that city. He judges that, on that occasion, it was a close thing for the world. In 1832, as everybody knows, a collision was avoided by just one month. Perry will send me word tomorrow whether or no the comet has been seen, as expected.

Sept. 26.—I was in no mood for dissipation, but Mrs. Stafford, who was formerly known in England as the Duchess of Sutherland, gave one of her charming ice parties today, and I went, chiefly to meet Mary. Under the genial warmth of the hostess's kind reception, people forgot their cares, and among the whole five thousand guests—the party was quite select—I did not see one gloomy face. I stood with Mary, after a short turn in the glide, and was studying what words I should choose to express my feelings, when through the gay throng a little figure crept, and a little shrill voice, almost drowned by the joyous laughter and buoyant dance music, whispered in my ear, "A dispatch for you." I tore it open. It contained but four words—"The comet has come!"

Sept. 27.—Before daybreak, men thronged the streets, talking loudly and anxiously about our visitor. Crowds surrounded the observatory, and a strong force of police was required to keep them out. The chief feeling among the people appeared to be intense curiosity. Everybody talked to his neighbor, whether he knew him or not. Everybody wanted to know what other people—no wiser than themselves—thought on the subject.

Loud talkers were surrounded by gaping throngs.

At midnight, the governor of the State, who had taken a special train at twenty-three o'clock, arrived in town, and was closeted for some time with the mayor and other notables. He seemed to think he would convene the legislature—as though it could do anything. There was once a pope who issued a bull against a comet. But he was really driving at Galileo.

The "Cosmos" has a manly editorial, calling upon citizens to show firmness and courage in the present crisis. If we must perish, the article says, let us die like men. Let us take all possible precautions, such as providing bomb proofs for shelter against falling aërolites. These failing, let us meet death with the cheerfulness of Christians, and the fortitude of American citizens.

There was nearly a riot this morning. Old Simon Gripe, one of the heaviest millionaires in the city, has been selling his bonds, stocks, and real estate, and accumulating money in the banks. Today he drew five millions in gold from three of his banks, and proceeded to cart it to a vast cellar, which he has had dug under his house. He had six express wagons, guarded by a battalion of the 120th infantry. The crowd hooted him and his wagons, and at one time a fight was imminent.

He would have had ten millions to hide instead of five, had the President of the United States Bank paid his check in gold, as he demanded. But the President told him bluntly:

"Mr. Gripe, if the end of the world is at hand, you won't need gold where you are going. If it is not, your money is safer here than it would be in your cellar. I refuse to give you the coin. Send in the notary."

A note from Mary, saying that she is distracted at the misery of her parents, who are almost crazy with fright. She begs me to write to her as often as possible, but not to come at present.

Sept. 28.—What so many have feared has at last occurred. Late last night, a crowd of laborers, chiefly foreigners, broke into a

liquor store, and began to help themselves to whisky. They were soon followed by others, and the whole crowd got drunk. The example was contagious. By daylight this morning, a dozen or more liquor stores had been looted, and a drunken mob, variously estimated at from fifteen to thirty thousand men and women, took possession of the city, sacked the bar-rooms, and seized the arms in several armories. Drunk as they were, they could fight. In almost every instance, they routed the police. They set fire to some of the finest residences on the Park, and threw the costly furniture out of the window. Some scoundrel painted a flag for them, bearing the device,

“A short life and a merry one,”

and with this borne aloft, they paraded the streets, knocking men down, insulting women, breaking windows, destroying electric lights, and creating a perfect pandemonium.

General Lusk, commander of this post, left yesterday for Kansas City to consult the general of the Army, but has been recalled by telephone, and will arrive some time to-night. He is a brave and cool officer, who will stand no nonsense.

I am hastily recalled to my house, which, they tell me, has been fired by the mob.

*Sept. 29.*—General Lusk arrived at five this morning, and made his dispositions at once. A division of infantry, with eight batteries of artillery, marched up Broadway to the Park. Guns were placed in position to sweep the wide streets, and First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth avenues. Two regiments of cavalry and two of dragoons disembarked at the foot of Twenty-third Street, and proceeded to the scene of the recent depredations.

It was none too soon. At daylight, a messenger brought word that the mob had attacked Madame Echantillon's famous boarding school, where over a thousand young ladies of the best families are boarders. The messenger told his story to Colonel Graham of the 15th Dragoons, who had just halted his troop in the Jews' square, opposite the new synagogue. The Colonel did

not wait for orders. He just turned in his saddle, and shouted, sharp and clear :

“March ! Trot ! Charge !”

In a few minutes the dragoons were upon the rascals. There was no time to unsling carbines. But the sabres were keen. In less time than I have taken to write these lines, the dragoons had gone through the mob, leaving rows of bleeding bodies in their track; then they turned bridle, charged back again, and made short work of those who remained. Some ruffians had entered the house. A lieutenant with a few troopers gave chase, and most of them, I judge, were thrown out of window. One fellow, who was found in a young lady's bed-room, received a sabre cut on the nape of his neck as he tried to crawl out of a window, and his head fell outside while his body remained in the room.

The fighting had only just begun. Across Twenty-ninth Street a crazy German socialist had persuaded a crowd of drunken fellows to erect a barricade, from behind which they kept up an indiscriminate fire upon passers-by. It chanced that Captain Rae, of the 8th Artillery, had been experimenting with a new shell, charged with an improved compound of giant powder. He suggested to General Lusk that this was a good time to try the shell. The General nodded his head, and the gunners, supported by three companies of foot and a squadron of horse, were soon hastening to the spot. The guns were unlimbered in short order, and a single shot was fired. The result was frightful. Not only was the barricade smashed to atoms, but houses on each side were blown down, and so far as the troops could judge, the socialist and his army perished to a man.

Other skirmishes followed with the same results. General Lusk is a wise soldier. He doesn't believe in blank cartridges. His men understood him, and they did their work cleanly.

For thirty hours I had been under arms, with only a biscuit to eat. Toward evening we fell out in search of rations, and I hastened to Mary's, who I feared had been frightened, if not molested. All was quiet,

but when I entered she seized my hand, and with a flood of tears, evidently long repressed, cried :

“My poor father! The doctor says he is dying.”

A glance at his face showed that it was so. He was dying of fright. When he saw me, he raised himself in bed, and screamed :

“Has it come? Has it come?”

I took care that the family was supplied with what they needed (food was becoming difficult to procure), and left with a hasty promise that I would return as soon as possible.

*Sept. 30.*—This has been a most miserable day. Every one has been engaged in burying the corpses. It was idle to think of conveying so many to the cemetery. A certain number of bodies were claimed by friends; the rest were buried in a fosse near Harlem River. Every horse and wagon in the city was impressed by the troops for the transportation of the bodies, and relays of clergymen read the funeral service over them in batches as they were lowered into the ditch. The slaughter must have been frightful. Yet the lesson doesn't seem to have checked the appetite for drink. Drunken men, and women, too, still crowd the streets.

Mary's father died today at sixteen o'clock. I had great difficulty in hiring an undertaker to prepare the body for the grave. The funeral is to be on the 3d. *On the 3d!*

*Oct. 1.*—The comet is now plainly visible to the naked eye, coming toward us at a fearful rate. As I watched it, I thought of the man in the Inquisition, who was imprisoned in an iron chamber with movable walls, which slowly and gradually closed in upon him till they crushed him to death.

Many people have gone mad. My neighbor, Dr. Bruce, tells me that this is usual on occasions of general disaster. The same phenomenon accompanied the plague in London and in Athens. He says that two-thirds of the ladies he attends exhibit more or less well-marked signs of insanity. Some are in the melancholy stage, and sit at home all day, crying and wringing their hands. Others cannot remain in their houses, but

rush wildly through the streets in all kinds of queer attire, singing and screaming. A band of these mænads has just passed the window, dancing hand in hand, as in the days of Carmagnole.

The epidemic is not confined to the one sex. Dr. Bruce says that a large proportion of the men he meets show symptoms of mental derangement. Some are only moody and morose. Others appear to have lost their memory, and don't recognize friends. Others are flighty, as if they had been drinking; clap strangers on the back, and crack silly jokes about the comet. Some have reached the violent stage, and are so dangerous that they ought to be placed under restraint. But if, in the present stage of wild confusion, it were possible to despatch these unfortunates to places where they could be cared for, there are not asylums in the country sufficient to accommodate a tenth of the cases. Dr. Bruce says that even if the comet does not destroy us, it will take years to cure the insanity caused by the fright, and many of the patients will never recover.

As we are talking, news comes that the mayor of the city has gone mad. He says he is the Destroying Angel, and is marching up and down the City Hall in a state of nature, with a broom in his hand, to sweep out, as he says, corruption from the Board of Aldermen. A clerk who tried to lead him into a private room was felled like an ox by a blow from the broom-handle.

Precisely a similar epidemic has broken out at Paris. A dispatch says the city is a *grand hospital de fous*. The English are sullen, and many are skeptical. But in Germany and France hope has been abandoned, and a state of general agony prevails.

*Oct. 2.*—I don't suppose a single person slept last night except the insane, the wounded, and the troops, who were worn out. There was, in fact, no night. It was all the time bright light. The sight of the comet was appalling. Its tail covered three-fourths of the heavens, and when we had a glimpse of the moon, she seemed a dirty yellow-brown, by contrast with the brilliant white of the comet. Through the tail, stars are occa-

sionally visible. The nucleus has a substantial diameter. There is something frightful in its mute sentence of death upon all of us.

People are exhausted after the turmoil of the last three days, the outbreak of the mob, the street fighting, and the sudden appearance of general insanity. The noisiest of the poor lunatics have screamed themselves still. The wounded cry for release in death. The troops are silent round their fires. Where yesterday all was noise, confusion, and wrangling, today all is still, as still as a graveyard. Prayers are constant in the churches. Many of the devout have overtaxed their strength. Aisles and pews are full of prostrate worshipers, who lie where they fell exhausted, with glassy eyes and parched mouths, unable to get up, and unable to sleep. Business is quite at an end, and, in some quarters, hunger is added to other woes. It requires a vast system of machinery and the labor of thousands to feed a city of three million people. But for the foresight of General Lusk, who laid in a great stock of rations on the first day of the riot, starvation would be general.

I spent most of the day with Mary. Her mother lay on a sofa, dropping to sleep, and waking up with a shriek. Late in the day she died. Mary's hand never left mine, and once or twice, her fair head, bowed by a fatigue which overpowered her, sank for a moment on my shoulder. Few words passed between us, but we understood each other. This was no time for betrothals. I felt we would die hand in hand. If, haply, we lived, there could now be no parting.

Not from any hope—for I had none—but from morbid restlessness, I walked over to the camp where Perry's guns lay. He was sitting in his tent, reading Charles Sumner's speeches. In reply to an inquiry how he felt, he said he felt as he had done before going into battle. I asked him if he had changed his mind.

"No," he replied, firmly. "I have made it my business to go over the calculations afresh, and I have come to the conclusion that they cannot possibly be erroneous. The

collision is absolutely inevitable; as certain as fate, or death."

We stepped outside the tent. "Do you know anything of horses?" he asked. "If you do, look at those horses of ours."

They were certainly behaving curiously. Some were standing with ears set back, trembling as if about to fall in blind staggers. Others lay on the ground quivering, as horses do in the colic. Others followed the men round, with that mute, piteous confession of helplessness which horses that have lost their riders in battle so constantly exhibit.

"If you remember accounts of earthquakes," continued the lieutenant, "you must have been struck by the fact that horses usually foresee the danger before men do. In South America, their terror, long before the shock, often impels them to rush over precipices or into the ocean."

"What are you going to do," I asked.

"Do you remember," replied he, with a proud smile, "the loss of the Birkenhead? When the captain realized that all hope was vain, he told the truth to the colonel of a British regiment which he was carrying to the Cape. The colonel ordered his men to fall in, and forbade any man from leaving the ranks. The ship gave one lurch, and that noble regiment sunk under the waves, aligned as if on dress parade, with every officer and every man in his proper place in the ranks. Shall we meet death less firmly than Englishmen?"

As I walked home, the streets were deserted. Everybody had gone to the bomb-proofs. Every hill in the park and in the new additions had been burrowed, and fathers and mothers were thrusting their children into the burrows.

A heavy thunderstorm broke over the city about nightfall. Until twenty-two o'clock, the skies were clouded, and the only unusual phenomenon was a strange noise—at first faint, but soon distinctly audible between the thunder claps. It was like the rushing of a wind through a forest.

At twenty-two o'clock, I drew Mary to the window. The clouds were flying south; as fast as they disappeared, the heavens were

revealed as one vast sheet of white flame. So dazzling was the glare that it was difficult to discern the few stars which were still visible through the least dense portions of the sheet. The rushing noise increased steadily in volume. Those who have heard a tornado sweep through the forest on the borders of the prairies can imagine it. At times, it rose to a roar which was ear-splitting.

At midnight the sky was clear, and with the exception of a few degrees above the western and northern horizon, it was all comet. The nucleus was larger than the moon. Its edges were not sharp, but wavy, as if constantly changing under the influence of heat. The coma was perpetually assuming new aspects. Great rifts, spreading across half the sky, would sometimes split it into two or more tails. They closed up as rapidly as they opened. They ran in every direction—lengthwise, crosswise, anglewise.

About two o'clock, the nebulous character of the tail partially disappeared, and the nebula resolved itself into myriads of small shining points like stars, some of which appeared to fall, while most of them followed the nucleus with well disciplined obedience. The noise of the rushing wind had now grown into a roar, louder than any artillery ever heard. It was a crepitating noise, the steady roar being mingled with frequent sharp explosions. The light was brighter than any day, and within an hour or two, a stifling heat had begun to be felt.

Mary asked would I go with her to one of the bomb-proofs or other refuges?

This was a point on which I had made up my mind very thoroughly. While men far worthier, with lives more valuable, were facing the danger in the open, I was not going to hide. So I told her I should remain where I could be of use to the wounded, in case any of us survived.

She placed her hand in mine and said: "Where you go, there will I go also."

We walked out. The streets were empty. On the stoop of a splendid house of palatial dimensions, sat a man whom I recognized

as the heir of the great Astor property. He was smoking a pipe. With the stem of the pipe he pointed to the comet, smiled, and shrugged his shoulders as we passed. If he spoke, we couldn't hear him. We sat down alone on a bench in Sheridan Park. There was no human creature near. A dog ran past, sweating in agony, howling weirdly. The heat was becoming intolerable. It was not a sultry heat, which perspiration relieves. It was a dry, scorching, blistering heat, like the breath of an iron furnace in full blast. Mary's parasol became too hot to hold, my watch chain raised a blister when I touched it, and on the trees the leaves curled up, blackened, and fell. A sulphurous smell began to impregnate the air.

I looked at my watch. It was six o'clock. I shouted in Mary's ear:

"One hour more!"

Her head fell on my shoulder, and she slept. Yes, in the face of death at an hour's distance, she slept. So long as life lasts, nature reigns.

How long she slept, I don't know. The fierce heat became unbearable, and feeling that we should both die if we endured it many minutes longer, I carried her to a small pond, and plunged with her under its waters. Ah, how precious its fresh coolness! But when I raised my head the torment was renewed. I seemed to be breathing flames. The sulphurous smell was asphyxiating. My wet hair smoked when it was exposed to the atmosphere. Mary's gasping efforts to get breath were harrowing.

All at once there was a crash, and the earth reeled beneath us. The pond dried up instantly. The stars, as I seemed to see them, began to fall, in clusters, by the millions, by the myriads. Thick rolls of black smoke darkened the lurid sky. The ground on which I stood kept slipping away from my feet.

The end had come.

I cried in her ear: "*In favilla!*"

She kissed me.

Geraldine M. Bonner.



## DISCUSSION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

STANDING in the House of Commons, Prime Minister Gladstone, not long since, uttered these remarkable words: "The evils wrought by drink are more deadly, because more continuous, than those wrought by the three great historic scourges of war, famine, and pestilence combined."

More recently, in an address to the Legislature of Ohio, U. S. Senator John Sherman used the following language: "There is a growing sentiment in every State of this Union, that certain laws ought to be passed to prevent the evils growing out of the traffic in intoxicating liquors. . . . If you will not lay party aside and represent the people, a higher power will bring about this legislation."

Municipal and other statistics, the experience of officers of penal and reformatory institutions, and the observations of all who have given attention to the subject, confirm the statement of Prime Minister Gladstone, and agree in showing that by far the greater portion of the poverty, vice, and crime, and a large per centage of the mortality prevailing among Christian nations, is attributable to the excessive use of alcoholic stimulants; and this it is that has given birth to the "growing sentiment" referred to by Senator Sherman; a sentiment which exists, and is growing, not only in this, but in every Christian land, and which is manifested in the old world, as in the new, by the various measures that are being resorted to, for the purpose of suppressing or holding in check the evils resulting from the too free use of intoxicating beverages.

In some countries, as, for instance, Norway, where formerly drunkenness prevailed to an unusual degree, restrictive laws governing the liquor traffic have been enacted, and are being vigorously enforced, and drunkenness has been made a crime punishable by severe penalties. As a consequence, intemperance, with its invariable accompaniments

of vice and crime, has greatly lessened. In Germany, the law limits the number of places where alcoholic liquors are sold by the drink, fixes the hour at which they must close, and gives careful attention to the moral character of persons keeping such places. In Switzerland, the drinking of French brandy became such a pronounced evil, that the Federal assembly, a few years since, prohibited its importation. In Russia, by a stroke of his pen, the Czar, on the first of the present year, closed more than eighty thousand drinking places. In France, the subject is receiving attention; at a late session (Nov., 1885) of the Academy of Medicine in Paris, among other recommendations, were the following:

"The imposition of the highest practicable tax upon spirituous drinks, and an insistence upon both good moral character and a severe license in the case of liquor dealers."

"The punishment of those found in a state of intoxication, and the establishment of refuges for those who cannot refrain from the abuse of strong liquors."

In Great Britain the same great question is before the people, and large meetings in favor of the "local option" are being held and addressed by able advocates of temperance reform. In the Province of Ontario a high license law, with several penalties, has been enacted, and other restrictive measures, looking to a further curtailment of the liquor traffic, are under consideration.

In our own country prohibitory laws prevail in five States, and high license laws, with privilege of prohibition extended to county governments, exist in a number of others.

The agitation is extending and increasing in intensity, and will not cease until this gigantic, overshadowing evil of our time and civilization is destroyed, or at least reduced to the rank of the common, unavoidable evils that harass humanity.

Of the various plans that have been suggested as best calculated to accomplish this result, but two occupy to any considerable extent the public mind, and these are :

1. The enactment of laws prohibiting the importation, manufacture, and sale of alcoholic beverages.

2. The enactment of laws imposing a high license tax, and other restrictive measures, upon the retail liquor business.

Both these plans have been carried into practical operation, and there are localities to which each seems adapted.

In States having prohibitory laws, the effect in the smaller towns and the rural portions, as a rule, has been good; public drinking places have been closed, drunkenness has become an exceedingly rare offense, and public and private morals have correspondingly improved; but in some of the larger cities, public sentiment and the leanings of judicial and executive officers are such that the laws are not enforced, and in some instances, at least, the condition of affairs is worse than ever: as might be expected where the business, though made unlawful, is not suppressed—the very fact of its unlawful character tending to attract more strongly the reckless, dissolute, and criminal element, and thus aggravate the evils of the business.

In a government of the people, a law, to be properly enforced, must be sanctioned by the community it affects; and public sentiment differs so greatly in different sections of even the same State, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to adopt any measure that will apply equally well to all localities. To illustrate: Were such a law as that now regulating the liquor traffic in Illinois in force in this State, it is probable that San Benito County, for instance, would adopt prohibition; while in Napa, and Sonoma, and other vine-growing and wine-producing counties, and in the cities, high license would prevail. But were a prohibitory law such as that of Iowa in force in California, it is not at all probable that any attempt to enforce it in San Francisco would be made. In fact, if such places as Dubuque and Davenport can defy the Iowa

prohibitory law, it is certain that in this city, with our mixed population, and decided sentiment against prohibition, no such law could be enforced.

For these reasons, a law giving to counties and municipalities the option of regulating or prohibiting the traffic, seems best calculated to meet the difficulties of the case, and enable communities to deal with the question in the most practicable and effective manner.

In the large cities of our country, it is doubtful if a majority of the people will ever favor prohibition; but there is no doubt that a majority do favor good morals and good government; and, in time, all such can be counted upon to favor more or less rigid restrictive measures. All that is needed to bring about the reform is such an agitation as will educate the people to the proprieties and necessities of the case, and secure unity of action.

Good progress is being made in this direction through the instrumentality of the National Law and Order League, an organization formed for the purpose of securing the enforcement of existing laws regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors, and to procure the enactment of such additional measures as circumstances call for, and legislative bodies will grant. The League has branches in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and many other cities and towns, and will soon occupy every portion of our country. Its work has assumed such importance, and become so wide spread, that it has been found expedient to establish in its interest a weekly journal, the "Law and Order," which is being extensively circulated, and adding much to the efficiency of the organization.

Existing regulations and restrictions affecting the retail liquor business differ greatly in different States and cities, but the principal ones are as follows:

1. A license tax varying from \$60 to \$1,000 per annum.
2. A provision that no license shall be granted to persons of immoral character.
3. That all such places shall be closed from 12 o'clock, midnight, until 5 o'clock A.

m. on week days, and throughout the entire day on Sunday.

4. That no such place should have its interior concealed by a screen, curtain, or other device.

5. That no such place shall be permitted within four hundred feet of any school building.

6. That no intoxicating liquor shall be sold or delivered to a minor for his own use, or the use of his parent or any other person.

7. That no liquor shall be sold to a common drunkard, or to an intoxicated person.

8. That any person who is injured in person, property, or means of support by reason of the intoxication, habitual or otherwise, of any person, shall have a right of action against the person or persons who sold the liquor which caused the intoxication in whole or in part.

9. That a bond guaranteeing a compliance with the provisions of the law shall be furnished by all parties to whom a license is granted.

It is apparent that with such regulations properly enforced, the evils of the business will be reduced to the minimum; and that such enforcement can be had is demonstrated by the experience of the Law and Order League.

As an example of what has been accomplished, reference is made to the city of Chicago. In 1882, before the enactment of the high license law, there were in that city 3,919 licensed retail liquor saloons, paying an aggregate tax of \$195,490.41; and among the regular patrons of these saloons, by careful estimates, there were 30,000 minors. In 1885, after the enactment of the high license law, notwithstanding a large increase in the population, there were but 3,075 licensed saloons, but these paid an aggregate license tax of \$1,721,474; and a still better result—one that cannot be valued in dollars and cents—is the great decrease in the number of minors patronizing them, as shown by the following extract from the last annual report of the Citizens' League:

"The sale of liquors to minors has been very largely suppressed. We believe it safe

to say that the sale of intoxicants to minors is today at least seventy-five per cent. less than it would have been but for the work of the Citizens' League."

Andrew Paxton, the general agent of the Citizens' League, gives further testimony to the same effect. Under date of February 17, 1886, in a private letter, he writes: "Permit me to say that, but for the high license law and the work of the Citizens' League, we should have in Chicago at this time not less than from five thousand five hundred to six thousand licensed saloons, instead of little over three thousand; that means a great deal for us, for, as it is, we are able to keep the boys and girls out of the saloons almost entirely."

In San Francisco the retail liquor business is practically without restriction. In 1883, the Legislature of the State outraged the moral sense of the community by repealing the Sunday law, and our Supreme Court has declared unconstitutional the law prohibiting the employment of females in drinking saloons. This leaves us with the following regulations:

1. A law imposing a license tax of twenty-one and forty-one dollars per quarter, according to sales, upon all retail liquor dealers.

2. A provision that all saloons shall be closed upon election days.

3. A law against intoxication of officers.

4. A law providing that no minor under sixteen years of age shall visit, or drink any intoxicating liquor in, any saloon, unless accompanied by and drinking with the consent of his parent or guardian.

Aside from these provisions, we have left only the general supervisory authority of the police, in their capacity of conservators of the peace and quiet of the city.

The license tax is so small as to interpose no obstacle to any one desiring to engage in the business, and the licensing power has no discretion in the matter, but *must* issue a license to any and all applicants coming duly recommended by twelve persons owning real estate in the block or square in which it is proposed to carry on the business. In case

of the law relating to minors, our Police Court holds that under its provision parents or guardians may send their children or wards into a saloon, to purchase liquor for the use of the sender or his household. Why an inconsiderate or dissolute parent or guardian should be permitted to expose a child to corrupting influences, and the contraction of vicious habits forbidden by law to other children, is as inexplicable as it is anomalous.

The California Society for the Suppression of Vice, for some time past, have been considering what could be done in the city to prevent the evils growing out of the traffic in intoxicating liquors. In a pamphlet recently issued, they say :

“The investigations of the Society show that a large number of licensed liquor saloons are kept by notoriously disreputable characters, in some instances by ex-convicts, in others by those who have been known as keepers of disorderly houses; and many of them are habitual resorts of the depraved and criminal classes of both sexes: but the worst, the most appalling feature developed by the Society, is the fact that more than 4,000 of our youths, ranging in age from twelve to twenty-two, are being educated and graduated in these nurseries and schools of vice and crime. This work of demoralization goes steadily forward, despite the efforts of the police, who claim they are doing all that their “limited authority” permits. While such facilities for the manufacture of the vicious and criminal exist, can we wonder why reformatories, societies, and churches are not only making no progress, but actually losing ground, in their efforts for moral reform?”

The Municipal Reports of San Francisco reveal a condition of affairs, growing out of the liquor traffic, that imperatively calls for increased restrictions in our liquor laws. Coroner Dorr, in his report for 1881, says that “most of the murders, cases of manslaughter and justifiable homicide, and many of the suicides and accidents” are attributable to “the direct influence of the intemperate use of alcoholic beverages.” Coroner Levingston, in his report of June 30, 1883,

says: “There has been an increase in crime without any corresponding increase in population.” And again, in his report of June 30, 1884, the same officer says: “There has been an unaccountable increase in crime.” Coroner O’Donnell, in his last report, says: “The mortuary statistics of this city show an alarming increase in the number of suicides among the white population.”

For the past ten years in this city, the average annual suicides to each 1,000 inhabitants has been .299. The suicides for the fiscal year, 1884-’5, were 48 per cent. greater than those reported for 1875-’6, and are 2.9 per cent. greater than the average annual number for the entire period of ten years. In but one other city in the world—Paris—are suicides, compared to population, as frequent as in San Francisco.

The Alms House report for 1884-’5, compared with the same report for 1875-’6, shows an increase of 50 per cent. in the average number of inmates, an increase greatly in excess of the increase in population. The Chief of Police, in his report for 1884-’5, gives a comparative statement of population, number of arrests, &c., of the leading cities of the United States, and from his figures the following percentages are deduced :

New York.....	5.4
Philadelphia.....	8.6
Brooklyn.....	4.2
Chicago.....	5.9
Boston.....	8.1
Baltimore.....	6.5
San Francisco.....	9.5
Cincinnati.....	5.5

The average per cent. of arrests to population of the eight cities is 6.7, while the per cent. of San Francisco is 9.5, or 41 per cent. greater than the average.

The same report gives the following information as to arrests made in the city for the years designated :

Fiscal Year.	Arrests.	Population.
1874-’5.....	16,280	230,132
1880-’1.....	23,011	234,520
1884-’5.....	24,432	270,000

The average annual arrests for the four years last past have been 25,037, making an increase, as compared with 1874-’5, of 48

per cent., while the increase in population has been but 17 per cent.

The Health Officer's report for 1884-'5 gives the number of deaths for the year as 5,288, and in the causes of death, the following per centages are given:

Apoplexy and Paralysis.....	3.76
Softening of Brain.....	.66
Disease of Heart.....	5.46
Aneurism.....	.52
Disease of Liver.....	1.96
Disease of Kidneys.....	2.03
Violent Deaths.....	5.23

19.62

Of these deaths, it is safe to say that at least one-half are more or less directly attributable to the abuse of alcoholic stimulants; add to them the per centage of deaths from alcoholism, 1.13, and it will be seen that drink is annually carrying to their graves from five hundred to six hundred of our population.

In 1875-'6 the licensed retail liquor dealers were reported as 1,944. In 1884-'5 the number reported is 2,612, an increase of 688, or of 38 per cent., and no corresponding increase in population. San Francisco, excluding Chinese, has at present a population not exceeding 260,000, and our register

contains the names of 50,542 voters; we therefore have one saloon to every nineteen voters, and to every one hundred white inhabitants, including women and children. In proportion to inhabitants, San Francisco has thirty per cent. more drinking saloons than New York, fifty per cent. more than Philadelphia, and double the number of Chicago.

The foregoing demonstrates the truth of the assertion of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, that "vice and crime, to an alarming extent and in rapidly increasing degree, exist in our city," and shows the necessity for a union of all our moral forces, in an effort to bring about a better condition of affairs.

The Superior Court of the United States has decided that the regulating and the restricting of the liquor traffic is but the exercise of the police power inherent in every State, and that this power can be delegated to local legislative bodies. Our State Constitution confers upon municipalities the power to regulate the traffic, and whenever the people can be educated up to the necessities of the case, a reform will be accomplished. How much longer will action be deferred?

*G. A. Moore.*

### MUST LIFE, BEGINNING HERE, NECESSARILY END HERE?

IN the presence of death all ranks are leveled, all conditions are made equal. It has always been equally a mystery to philosopher and peasant. All classes stop with eager interest, to read or hear anything which claims to throw light on the meaning of man's life, or his destiny after dissolution. No matter whether they have accepted as sufficient the promises of faith, or have rejected all such teachings, and stoically look forward to non-entity, every man and woman is willing and anxious to examine anything which promises to solve our origin or illuminate our future.

A majority of the scientific world deny

not only the probability, but the possibility, of a continued life for man after this. Seeing intelligence beginning, continuing, and apparently ending with organization, they conclude that the dissolution of the organism must necessarily cause a cessation of intelligence. When any attempt is made to prove a continuation of the intelligence after the death of the organization it accompanied, it is met with the postulate: "Whatever has a beginning must have an ending. Intelligence began with the body, and must therefore end with it."

This same postulate is a source of great perplexity to all the more intelligent, thinking

people of all religions, who believe that immortality is proved by revelation. It is also a great stumbling block to large numbers of spiritualists, who claim to have positive demonstration of a continued life. So overwhelming to most minds is this simple dogmatic postulate, that large numbers, both of religionists and spiritualists, have made another unproved assumption of preëxistence as the only road out of the apparent labyrinth. We meet with many assertions like Cicero's: "The origin of souls cannot be found on earth, for there is nothing earthly in them"; or, "How absurd the theory that the conscious soul is evolved from unconscious matter. . . . The soul is an uncreated, indestructible entity, emanating from a spiritual source." Assumptions of this kind, innumerable, might be quoted. It is assumed that the intellectual and spiritual part of man has always existed; that the memory of that existence is temporarily suspended; that since it has had previous existence, it follows as a corollary there may and will be continued life after the dissolution of the present body.

Believing that these positions are mere assumptions, I will try to prove them so.

The first postulate—that all things having a beginning must have an ending—must be particularly perplexing to the philosophical religionist. All religions teach that there was a time when all things—all matter—had a beginning; that they were created. This postulate would carry him forward to the time when all matter must have an end, and be blotted out. This distant future period would, of course, witness the end of all humanity, as well as all other created things.

This idea of creation is not now the accepted view of the intellect of the world. The human mind cannot conceive of universal, empty space having been filled with matter, because there was no place from whence it could come, and nothing from which it could be made. Science has therefore adopted as an axiom the eternity of matter and force.

Whether matter in its last analysis is merely an aggregation of points of force, or

whether it is really *substance*, always accompanied by and acted on by *force*, is not necessary to the present inquiry. I simply assume the eternity of matter and force, because the opposite cannot be conceived of, and therefore cannot be assumed as true. Neither does my present inquiry involve the question whether this eternal and universal force is a rational, thinking personality, worshiped as God by religionists, or whether it is the great Unknown and Unknowable of agnostics. It is enough that we recognize the eternity of matter and force. Having recognized this fact, it follows that there can be no *beginning* to any new thing or force; they must of necessity be simply modifications or changes of form of what already existed as substance or power. Upon this rock I build my superstructure. I have something solid and substantial upon which to base my reasoning.

All caprice and whim and changeableness are eliminated from the universe. We can follow back the progressive movements of matter and force as we gradually learn the alphabet and language of nature, and our minds are filled with reverential wonder and respect as they gradually and dimly comprehend the onward procession of changes, from simple to complex, which have marked the inconceivable eons of the past. This, for the want of a better name, we call Evolution.

Science has, with reasonable certainty, demonstrated the homogeneity of the universe; has proved that distant suns and planets are made of about the same stuff as are our system and our planet. It has shown that the vast complexity and apparent diversity of nature are the result of different combinations of a few elementary substances, and the different conditions surrounding them at different times. It has shown that the apparently different forces are convertible, and are really but one force.

The matter of our bodies and the vital force which animates them are, then, simply varied combinations of the same old, eternal, but ever changeable matter, and the operation in a varied direction of the same eternal, omnipotent, and ever active force of the universe. As the matter of which they are com-

posed never had originally a beginning, so did it not have a beginning when it became temporarily a part of our bodies. So the energy which moves them is not the beginning of any new force, but is the action within an organism of a part of the ever present, universal force of nature. As the matter that composes the body is constantly changing, some passing out and other matter taking its place, so it is of the force. Both appear to have different characteristics from surrounding matter and force, on account of their peculiar relations to each other and their temporary conditions.

"Well," says our materialistic friend, "although the matter constituting, and the force moving, our bodies may not be new or newly created, they must necessarily cease to be manifested through an individualized entity when the present organism ceases to exist."

That is true, unless the present body secretes, generates, or builds up within itself some finer, more perfect and powerful organism, which is capable of continuing to draw upon the great universe of matter and ocean of force for its perpetuation.

Is there any process of reasoning by which we can establish the rational probability of there being generated within each individual a self-perpetuating organism, which leaves the present body at its dissolution, and continues its career beyond the ken of our present senses in other and higher conditions?

Of course, the proof positive of the existence of such organisms would be the most satisfactory and convincing. It is not, however, the scope or intention of this paper to try to prove any continued life. It is simply to combat the one dogmatic postulate, that "if our existence begins here it must end here."

As far back as we have been able to trace the processes of nature as to our solar system and our planet, the tendency seems to have been from diffusion to concentration; from ephemeral combinations to the more enduring; from the simple to the complex; from lower to higher. This is true evolution, true progression. Matter has been condensed from nebulous gas to fluid; from fluid to solid. The simple elements have

been first segregated and then combined. Life has traveled up from simple protoplasm to man. The exhibition of force has climbed upwards, from causing simple motion between a heterogeneous mixture of elementary substances, to the manifestation of reason and affection.

If the simple elements existed as such (and they, no doubt, did), they were diffused as mixtures and not chemically combined. Let us see, by way of example, how the simple, metallic element of gold has been separated and aggregated together.

At some period there occurred a storm in the earth's crust, causing waves in its substance, and making at some point a deep crevice or crack. During the oscillations produced by this storm, the sides of this crevice were rapidly moved on each other, the trituration wearing them perfectly smooth, making the miner's slickenside. At the end of the storm, the sides of the crevice are separated a few feet from each other, leaving a permanent fissure. This fissure immediately fills with water. The electro-chemical currents, constantly at work, begin to crystallize from this water certain substances therein held in solution—silicon, which is deposited as beautiful quartz crystals; gold (and sometimes other metals with it), which is deposited at the same time and embedded within and surrounded by the crystals of quartz. The waters, which are usually thermal and charged with powerful solvents, permeate the surrounding strata, and are constant carriers in solution of the materials that are being separated and deposited in the fissure by crystallization. After long years or periods of time, the fissure is filled up, and there is a vein of gold-bearing quartz.

The materials composing this metallic vein were all in existence in the surrounding country strata, but so minutely diffused that they could not have been detected by any of our senses, and perhaps with difficulty by nice chemical tests. The gold did not begin to exist when the wonderful alchemy of nature first segregated it, and made it to us a tangible and beautiful reality. But it was then, for the first time, so concentrated and solidi-

fied, that for ages on ages it is able to resist the wear of elements and corrosion of time.

Take another example from the inorganic kingdom. One of the most common and most abundant of elementary substances is carbon. Itself an inorganic element, it is the most persistent and abundant constituent of all organic life. Uncrystallized, it is a dark colored, unattractive substance, easily burned, ever ready to make combinations with other elements, and lose its elementary identity. Yet, when condensed and crystallized by electro-chemical action, it becomes the hardest, most beautiful, most valuable, and most enduring of all inorganic elements. Until the chemist's analysis proved it, no one would have dreamed that the diamond which flashes on the person of the rich beauty was the honest child of the black and sooty coal. This crystallized carbon is so hard, and pure, and resisting that it can preserve its existence, beauty, and crystalline identity, unchanged for untold ages of time. This, too, though it is inorganic, and has no means of self-replenishment from surrounding nature.

This much we learn of the inorganic world—that nature is constantly working in the line of segregation, concentration, and durability. What are the lessons of the organic world?

In this kingdom a new law comes into action. Instead of always being acted upon, as in the inorganic, kingdom, by the extraneous forces of nature, a portion of the universal force is infused into the products of this kingdom, making them to a certain extent self-acting. Force exerted in this manner we call life. By means of this, organisms take into themselves from their surroundings certain of the elementary and composite substances, use them for a time, excrete them, and then replace them with unused material. First, the vegetable kingdom takes up the inorganic elements; incorporates them; makes up new compounds, held together by new affinities, and leaves them for the use and sustenance of the higher organisms of animal life. Indeed, the object of vegetable life seems to be, in great measure, to so modify and work over the elements of the inor-

ganic kingdom that they can be appropriated by the animal kingdom. How the steps upward have been made, from inorganic substances, having no life, to the organic, having this force; from protoplasm to bioplasm, or from vegetable to animal, we know not.

But the steps have been taken. The steps and changes have been innumerable, and these enormous labors of nature have extended over vast periods of time. These steps and changes have been persistently upward. New functions and new powers have been constantly developed. New facilities for coming into relations with the world around, and new capabilities for investigating and understanding it, have been from time to time evolved.

The crowning organism was at last attained—an organism capable of building up within itself a refined and enduring duplicate, fitted to be launched upon the great ocean of perpetual existence at the dissolution of its matrix. This interior organism, in fineness, in solidity, in beauty, and in durability, as far surpasses the gross and short-lived exterior body, as the solid, brilliant diamond surpasses in beauty and durability the black and smutty coal from which it was crystallized.

“But,” says our materialistic friend, “suppose there is built up within our bodies a finer, more compact, and more durable organization; it will be subject to the same laws of decay, death, and decomposition that so surely bring to a close the most perfect specimens of physical strength and beauty.”

Not so, our friend. We have seen how long the crystallized carbon, as diamond, will remain unchanged by all the elements and forces of nature. Suppose this beautiful substance was an *organism*, and as the wear of time deprived it of some of its substance, it could draw upon the great reservoirs of surrounding carbon, and crystallize within itself a sufficient amount to supply the waste and wear of time: can we conceive of any period of time or eternity which would not find the diamond organism still in existence? It would be a self-perpetuating, everlasting entity.



To develop or evolve just such a self-perpetuating organism is the aim and end and crowning work of organic life. The lower forms of animal life were and are perishable and ephemeral. Those that are exceptions and are longer-lived, are species in which the life forces are sluggish, and the waste is exceedingly slow. Nature builds up human organisms weighing from one to two hundred pounds, which must be entirely rebuilt every few years, and yet are capable of living and vigorous action even for a century. We all know how simply and yet how wisely and beautifully this is done. The organism draws its supplies from the great world of substance in existence around it. Having appropriated and used its material and force for its own purposes, it returns the debris to surrounding nature, and takes in new pabulum. Under favoring circumstances, some of these organisms have existed into the second century. By strict compliance with all the laws of nature, we can hardly tell how long even these ponderable and coarse bodies might last.

We can readily understand, then, that an organism so pure, and perfect, and refined, that to our scales it is imponderable, to our eyes invisible, to our touch intangible, might be perpetually enduring. Its activities would produce the waste of so little substance that it could easily and readily be replaced. As the matter by it used would be no more destroyed than is the matter used by our present bodies, and as it has the whole universe of matter from which to draw its supplies, there is no reason why it could not continue as an organized entity forever.

That it might at remote periods, perhaps, cast off an external covering, as it does this it now inhabits, is indeed possible. This would, however, only render it more and more capable of continued and perpetual existence.

It is not intended or attempted in this paper to actually *prove* the existence of such an interior entity, even if it could be done. It is only desired to show from the processes of nature, and analogies derived therefrom, that an individualized, organized entity com-

mencing on this planet may not *necessarily* cease to exist here.

There is no doubt in the writer's mind that all existence, and life, and intelligence, and spirit now on this planet began here, not as new matter and new force, but, as before said, as new manifestations of old matter and old force. The idea of the pre-existence of the intelligent personality is entirely too shadowy, and is unsupported by any evidence. An intelligent preëxistence that has lost all its intelligence, knowledge, and memory, amounts to no existence at all. It is an existence without useful results; a trifling waste of time, and entirely at variance with the usual economy of nature. If we have had innumerable preëxistent experiences, and come into this life, as we do, without knowing anything, it is, to say the least, extremely discouraging for the future. All the innumerable facts of heredity are powerful arguments against independent preëxistence. Our tendencies, our dispositions, our intellectual peculiarities, in fact, very many of the things that make up our individual personality and identity, can be directly traced back to father and mother and preceding ancestors. This would not and could not be so, if an independent preëxistent soul took possession of our bodily organism, and developed and controlled it. We should then be independent of heredity. Nearly every fact of nature tends to prove that all there is of us bodily, intellectually, and spiritually began here, and is the result of organic life.

If, then, the final work of development on this planet produces an immortal entity that is capable of everlasting improvement and unfolding, we can see that evolution means something. The long labor and travail of nature has not been fruitless. The waiting has been long, but the result has been glorious.

Sometime we may be able to trace back the upward steps, and be wise enough to comprehend and understand the philosophical necessity of the long, tedious, laborious processes that have attended the progress of the past from star dust up to immortal spirit.

*E. A. Clark.*

## DIES IRÆ—A NEW TRANSLATION.

In presenting a new metrical translation of the *Dies Iræ*—the famous mediæval hymn which has been so often translated, reproduced, paraphrased, and imitated—a few prefatory words may not be out of place.

Not a great while ago two translations of the hymn with the Latin text appeared in one of our local journals. A critical and comparative examination of these, commenced as a pastime, became a curious and interesting study, which—pursued at intervals, and at times almost forgotten—finally resulted in a translation; first in iambic, and then, that which is here presented, in the more difficult trochaic measure, with the ternary double rhyme, and the rhythmic quantities more in conformity with the original.

A "Bibliography of the *Dies Iræ*," recently published in the Bulletin of the Mercantile Library of Philadelphia, abundantly illustrates the great labor which has heretofore been bestowed in the numerous efforts made to effect translations, and is also sufficiently suggestive that no satisfactory one has yet been accomplished, but that the fascinating and illusive theme remains unexhausted.

In attempting a literal translation of the Latin, in similar English verse, the chief difficulty is encountered in the necessity of providing for each stanza three appropriate English words of double rhyme, and to accomplish this it often becomes necessary to resort to paraphrase; but even then, as it must be admitted, the solemn grandeur and

musical cadences, with the peculiar vowel assonances, which characterize the Latin verse, cannot be reproduced in our language.

Beginning with an exclamation from the Scripture—" *Dies Iræ, Dies Illa* "—the first six stanzas of the hymn are descriptive of the last judgment: the eleven next succeeding contain an appeal and supplication for mercy made, in view of the impending judgment, solely in behalf of the actor. The last stanza, classed by some as of the *addenda*, has sometimes been translated as being a universal prayer for the dead, as if the word "*huic*" referred to the word "*homo*," and this is the adaptation generally made when the hymn is used in the church service; but by others the stanza has been construed as if it were intended, like the eleven immediately preceding it, to be a part of the same individual appeal for mercy. In the version here given, the latter interpretation has been adopted; but if the former should be deemed preferable, a corresponding change can be made by substituting in the last two lines "*me*" for "*him*"; or the stanza may be translated, as follows:

Day of tears and lamentation,  
Man from dust and earth's cremation  
Guilty comes; O, God, prepare him  
For that judgment day and spare him!

Precedents have been followed in making use of the present tense of verbs, in place of the futures and future participles of the original.

## LATIN TEXT.

Dies iræ, dies illa  
Solvēt sæclum in favillâ,  
Teste David cum Sibyllâ.

Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando Judex est venturus,  
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

## TRANSLATION.

Day of wrath! that day when burning  
Earth dissolves, to ashes turning;  
Witness Psalm and Sibyl's warning.

O, the consternation pending!  
God in judgment comes, descending,  
To arraign a world offending.

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepulchra regionum,  
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit, et natura,  
Quum resurget creatura,  
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,  
In quo totum continetur,  
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,  
Quidquid latet apparebit,  
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Quum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
Salva me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,  
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ ;  
Ne me perdas illâ die.

Quærens me, sedisti lassus,  
Redemisti, crucem passus  
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis,  
Donum fac remissionis  
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,  
Culpâ rubet vultus meus ;  
Supplicanti parce, Deus !

Qui Mariam absolvisti,  
Et latronem exaudisti,  
Mihî quoque spem dedisti.

Præces meæ non sunt dignæ,  
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,  
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,  
Et ab hædis me sequestra,  
Statuens in parte dextrâ.

Confutatis maledictis  
Flammis acribus addictis,  
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,  
Cor contritum quasi cinis ;  
Gere curam mei finis.

Lachrymosa dies illa !  
Qua resurget ex favillâ,  
Judicandus homo reus :  
Huic ergo parce, Deus !

Trumpet's wondrous peal is falling,  
All the dead of ages calling,  
To the throne, in sounds appalling.

Death and nature, stunned and quaking,  
See resurgent man awaking,  
While the day of doom is breaking.

There the book divinely worded,  
Open lies with all recorded :  
Whence the judgments are awarded.

Lo ! the Judge the throne ascending ;  
Lo ! the veil of secrets rending :  
Naught is spared the vengeance pending.

Oh, what then shall I be saying ;  
Whom invoke for aid while praying,  
When the just are fear betraying ?

King of majesty and splendor,  
Who dost free salvation tender,  
Mercy's source, be my defender.

Blesséd Jesus, my salvation  
Caused thy gracious visitation ;  
Leave me not to condemnation.

Toiling, weary, thou hast sought me,  
On the cross redemption brought me ;  
Be this hope not vainly taught me.

Holy Judge of retribution,  
Grant me saving absolution  
Ere the judgment distribution.

As in guilt I groan repenting,  
Sin in shame's red blush lamenting ;  
Save me God, be thou relenting.

Mary's sin thou saw'st condoning ;  
Thou did'st heed the robber's moaning,  
In my soul thus hope enthroning.

Prayers of mine are unavailing,  
But do thou with grace prevailing,  
Spare me endless fire and wailing.

With the sheep from goats divided,  
Be for me a place provided,  
On thy right to safety guided.

When the wicked, headlong flying,  
Doomed to flames in woe are crying,  
Call thou me to joy undying.

Low in prayer before thee bending,  
Grief my contrite heart is rending ;  
Shield me when this life is ending.

Day of tears and lamentation,  
When from dust and earth's cremation  
Man shall rise : O God, prepare me  
For that judgment day, and spare me !

*John S. Hager.*

## HOW WE WENT TROUTING.

IT was a delightful surprise to me, one hot August afternoon, to receive a dispatch from my friend, the Professor, proposing, if agreeable, to join me for a short raid on some trout streams we knew of in the wild fastnesses of the Sierra Nevada. The pleasant visions the trip opened out to me, amongst which those snow-banks near the summit figured prominently, caused me to instantly return him a favorable reply; and ere three days more had passed, our preparations were all completed, and we were only waiting the advent of darkness before bidding adieu, for a season, to the ways and haunts of civilized life. Our avowed object in starting at night was to avoid traveling during the intense heat of the day. Some of our friends rather intimated it was to escape the criticism our personal appearance was liable to awaken. As we reversed our mode of travel after the first night, it is barely possible their view of the case may have been the correct one.

Our expedition had been projected on an extremely limited scale. My friend and I constituted the infantry, while the cavalry was represented by an ancient Rosinante, destined to convey the few articles we, as old campaigners, considered all-sufficient for our mountain wants. The guarantee of his owner that the horse was always gentle, proved singularly truthful and satisfactory; and as the only compensation he exacted for his services was a promise from us "not to bring back anything but his shoes," we felt that, in a pecuniary sense, we were making a decided success of it from the start.

Feeling fully competent to act as guide, I elected myself to that position, and decided we should take the ridge road, which, though longer, would avoid the heavy timber and consequent darkness of the lower one; but before a dozen miles had been passed over, I became painfully conscious of the fact that I had not the slightest idea where we were, or whither we were tending. The road was an unknown one to me, and an indescribably

rough one; down, down we went, pitching and plunging deeper and deeper into almost total darkness. The subject being an uninviting one, I carefully avoided it in my conversation with the Professor, who was bringing up the rear of our cavalcade, I having our steed in tow; I supposed he, in his absent-minded way, and trusting entirely to me, would not think of it at all, or, if he did, would believe it was all right; and I, in the meanwhile, would find some way to get out of the scrape. But a crisis was precipitated by his calling out, as though in soliloquy, but unnecessarily loud, "This is surely the most bewildering state of affairs I ever encountered in all my varied experiences. I have traveled over the greater portion of three continents, and supposed I had seen every imaginable variety of landscape; but this is the first time I ever found a ridge tightly wedged in between two high mountain ranges."

I promptly called a halt, and after making a clean breast of it, tendered my resignation as guide; it was not accepted, and we soon resumed our march, deciding it was better to grope our way onward, no matter where this strange road might lead us, than to demoralize ourselves thus early by retreating.

A few more trying miles had been accomplished, when I was again stopped by my friend's saying, in a puzzled tone, "Nearly ever since our last halt, our charger has been acting very strangely. His gait is far from uniform; his front feet keep up a regular walk, but his rear ones are continually breaking out into a kind of waltz. Do you suppose his pack is all right?"

"Oh, yes," I replied confidently; "that is all right; I believe I understand packing, and I put it on to stay"; and I reached around through the darkness to give the pack a confirmatory shake. Alas, no packing was there! Only a rope, tightly bound across the "gentle" creature's back.

The discovery of our loss was very humil-

iating to me, and I unkindly tried to throw some of the blame upon the Professor by saying, "It strikes me if *I* had been walking behind that horse, I should have recognized the pack when I fell over it."

He quieted me by saying calmly, "On anything but a 'ridge' road you probably would, my dear young friend; but they are so filled with stumps and roots that a slight obstruction like our pack would never be noticed."

I began gathering some leaves together to start a fire to throw some light upon the subject, while the Professor pleasantly beguiled the time and encouraged me by saying, that, having no further use for the horse, and as I probably had the facilities about me for detaching his shoes, we would soon be ready to resume our little pleasure trip without him.

A new surprise awaited us when the fire blazed up, for there, beneath the animal, all our effects were safely swinging; his "waltz" having been caused by his "rear" feet trying to find something besides the pack to walk on.

While I was putting things to rights, my friend was maneuvering around the bow of our craft, and an excited exclamation from him sent my blood down to zero again.

"Out with it, man!" I said resignedly; "I am past being surprised, and am prepared for anything—he hasn't lost his head, has he?"

"Oh, no," he replied soothingly, "Only the use of it—do you know, he is sound asleep and snoring vigorously?"

"It is more likely," said I, taking a practical view of the case, "he has become paralyzed by the sawing of this rope on his spine for the past hour."

"I think not," the Professor answered calmly, "It appears to be only a case of chronic drowsiness—it certainly has been dark enough for him to sleep nicely, and I think quite likely his nap is all that has saved us from having an active eruption of circus, here on the ridge."

The darkness seemed more intense than ever when we were again plunging through

it, and only about a mile more had been scored when our horse stopped so suddenly that the Professor walked part way over him before he succeeded in checking himself. The trouble was caused by his having become tightly wedged between two trees that stood directly in our path; we had at last found the end of the road, and the statement I had made a few minutes before, that it would surely bring us out somewhere pretty soon, though plausible, proved to be unreliable.

I did not trust myself to speak for some moments; I felt the utter folly of trying to grapple with the subject, and I think it was a disappointment to my friend when I quietly told him I would yield the floor to him. His suggestions, as usual, were to the point. He believed he had had enough for the first night; he thought he could safely say the same for the horse; if I also had, why not make our first camp right there, and take daylight for our future explorations? But if I wanted more, we could go ahead, with a fine prospect of getting it in a very short time.

The result of his good advice was that in a few minutes the cheerful blaze of the huge fire we built had melted away all our annoyance at our recent mishaps. Our faithful horse had been released and unpacked, and we, wrapped in our blankets, with a soft bed of pine leaves beneath us, knew nothing more until awakened by the sun's bright rays streaming through the trees upon us.

Within a few minutes thereafter I had made several discoveries. One was that we had been traveling all night over a new, unfinished logging road; another, that our horse had been amusing himself by eating about half our supply of flour; and that a short distance away was a log cabin, from the chimney of which smoke was issuing. This I hastened to investigate, and soon returned with the glad tidings that I had found a man who had agreed to "knock a breakfast together for us in less than no time." When we came to dispose of it, we found it bore abundant evidence of having received some rather hard knocks, but we were too

hungry to be very fastidious, and the meal was at least satisfying—much more so, in fact, than our bill; for the two dollars mentioned as “about right” was the first intimation we had received that we had found a first-class hotel, though my friend, who has traveled much in foreign lands, told me confidentially our experience in this particular was far from being unique. I had made up my mind in the night that the unemotional temperament of the Professor would prevent him from being surprised for a moment at anything that might occur; it was therefore rather gratifying to notice his bewildered look as our host, jingling the money in his hand, said very emphatically: “You may not believe it, gentlemen, but that is the first coin I have got hold of, honestly, for more than a year.”

I knew his intention was to bring in that word “honestly” somewhat sooner in his sentence, but I was willing to overlook his mistake, for quite likely it was the first time the word had been used in that vicinity; and after taking another glance at the man’s face, I felt it my duty to let his statement go upon the record unchanged—while the Professor, edging towards the door, absent-mindedly mounted his green goggles instead of his ordinary glasses, and gazing curiously at our host, seemed more bewildered than ever at the strange hue suddenly cast upon all his surroundings.

Once more we were upon our way, but it hardly seemed possible we were the same persons, or were in the same world we had been groping through the night before; and as our horse gave an unusually vigorous sneeze, for him, my friend exclaimed approvingly,

“Why, even old Morpheus is waking up, and is full of life!” Flour, he should have said, and quite likely some obtruding particles of this staple had brought on the explosion. But I did not undeceive him; I wanted him to feel as perfectly happy as I did myself; for the glorious sunshine which was flooding the earth with beauty, had not only dissolved all unpleasant recollections of our ridge-road experience, but it had also warmed

into life an impression that we really did have a jolly good time of it, and wouldn’t have missed it for anything. But it very sensibly stopped at this point, and did not prompt us to speak of any desire for an encore.

When we found ourselves approaching the stream which had been in our thoughts for several days, I felt confident our troubles were all over. We decided to stop near by, and after a trout lunch and a good rest, we would go a few miles further before camping for the night. Our destination was many miles above, but we proposed going but a few miles each day, fishing and enjoying ourselves generally as we progressed.

I had never fished with the Professor, but having heard him speak very enthusiastically of the pleasures of “fly” fishing, I was sure he would frown down the small boy’s plan, though I knew a worm and a bent pin often scored the greatest success; so I had surreptitiously secured a can of live bait and smuggled it through. I now made a full confession to him, and in extenuation of my weakness, told him that the low, overhanging limbs on some of these mountain streams were liberally festooned with artificial flies, while the water beneath them fairly swarmed with worm-hungry trout. He looked at me reproachfully for a moment and then said with chilling calmness, “I am truly sorry you thought it necessary to act in this underhanded way towards me, but I am not altogether unprepared for this confession; by some chance I engaged your boy to go on a similar errand for me, and as he was carefully testing the coin I gave him, he said something about there not being as many as the other gent had, but they was a heap sight plumper.”

As an offset to this, I then told him of another remark of the young bait merchant, who had mystified me by asking as we were about starting, “Say, Cap, are you gents going to start a worm ranch somewhere?”

These mutual confidences passed off quite pleasantly, but not the discovery that followed closely on their heels; both cans of bait had disappeared—lost, no doubt, when our saddle turned—and the fact that the

ranch *had* been started by us, did not amuse us as much as it did some who heard of it. Nor could we see very clearly where the fun came in, when we knew both fly-books had been left behind as unnecessary luggage, each intending to borrow of the other. But a merry young grasshopper that came sailing by, suggested such a satisfactory solution of our trouble, that carrying with him all our vain regrets, he left us happy.

As I neared the stream to secure the material for our first lunch, the pleasant sound of a woman's voice, followed by rippling laughter, rather astonished me; and going a few steps further, somewhat more cautiously, I came upon a very refreshing scene. Two young ladies who had probably heard of the Indians' mode of fishing by constructing a wicker-work dam, and driving the fish into the trap, had ingeniously simplified the plan, and were just commencing operations. They had divested themselves of their foot gear, and were standing in the stream about twenty feet apart, in water some ten inches deep. As soon as the most muscular one succeeded in getting a large, flaring tin pan into position under water, she called to her companion, "Now start them!" and bracing herself, prepared to scoop up a fine mess of fish, while her friend advanced toward her, beating the water with some brush and "shoo"-ing continually. I watched them make two runs, both attended with poor results so far as the catch of fish was concerned, but they had all the enjoyment they could manage, judging by the hearty peals of laughter they indulged in; and I passed on as I came, unobserved, and thoroughly amused at this harmless mode of fishing.

I had noticed a covered wagon near the river, around which some men and children were grouped, and as I was preparing for my first cast, one of the men joined me, and kindly told me I would waste my time in fishing there; "I don't believe there is a fish in the river," he continued, "for we have been here five days, trying it every day, and haven't had a bite."

His last word was strongly emphasized, for I just then had the satisfaction of flipping his

hat off with a four ounce speckled beauty that had been waiting for me. (In print, this size is usually called a "two-pounder.") I had meant this for a gentle hint that I would try to struggle along without assistance, but its effect on him was quite marvelous; starting towards his wagon on a keen run, and waving his arms wildly, he called out at the top of his voice, "Come on, boys! Get your poles, quick—hurry, hurry! The trout have come! The trout have come!"

His cry caused great commotion in their camp for a short time, and then three men, each armed with a healthy looking sapling, from which depended strong cod lines with hooks to match, large bright sinkers, and artistically painted "bobs," were soon prepared for action. I promptly moved on, and gave them room, and as I returned to camp with enough fish for our meal, I could see them working vigorously, lashing the waters into foam, and frightening every living thing away, in their good-natured rivalry to obtain the first bite from the newly arrived trout.

As we worked our way slowly up stream for the next few days, each mile opened out new scenes to charm and interest us, and left each hour laden with pleasant memories to cheer us in the future with the retrospect; and when at last we reached a spot which was to be our home for several weeks, we felt much as any two healthy-minded school boys would, who had cut loose from all their tasks and cares; and if the whole truth must be told, I will here own we acted as much like them, too, as our weight of years and rheumatic joints would permit.

Our camp was pitched some miles east of the "dead line" that once existed on the western slope of the Sierras, between the ranges of the Diggers and Piutes. This line was unsurveyed, it is true, but was there none the less, and the Indian who crossed it needed no stake to apprise him of that fact, nor any one to remind him that if detected he was very sure to be dead-headed through to the happy hunting grounds of his tribe. The Diggers, nearly exterminated by their contact with some of the rough edges of our civilization, ceased to be a party to this boun-

dary line trouble, but their places were taken by the herds and flocks of the newcomers, which each summer encroached more and more upon, until they entirely occupied, the western hunting grounds of the Piutes. It was therefore not surprising that when the Indians crossed the summit, on their annual journey to secure their winter supply of food, and found that the wild game had all been driven away by the presence of these intruders, they laid violent hands on such stray cattle and sheep as fell in their way or rewarded their search. The stock men retaliated cruelly, and though no open war broke out, it was well understood on both sides that no favors or chances were ever to be given; and thus it happened that many who had strayed into these upland solitudes on various peaceful errands failed to return; and in numerous cases the evidence was not lacking to prove that the deadly bullets of the red man had laid them low. We felt no real anxiety from this source about our own scalps, for it would be many weeks before our domain would be liable to invasion from the east; some little nervousness was engendered, however, by the fascinating nature of the theme, causing us to converse on it frequently, and most often on dark nights after composing ourselves for sleep.

We had numerous visitors during our stay in the hills, but, as they generally made their calls at night, we saw but little of them. The discovery of a huge grizzly track near our larder rather startled us one morning, but did not cause us to lose any sleep the following night. For several mornings thereafter I was greatly entertained by the excited comments of the Professor when he first awoke, on finding several similar tracks near the head of our bed, but always on his side. For some reason, after he expressed doubts as to their being genuine, they were no longer seen.

The only human being we saw during the whole time we were in camp up there, was an unintentional caller, who was as much surprised at finding us there as we were *not* pleased at having him call. He came into full view of us early one morning before

noticing us, and as it was then too late to retreat, he rode boldly into camp. He was a rough-looking Mexican, and was riding a fine American horse, having no doubt just crossed the mountains by an unfrequented pass; of course, we invited him to breakfast, and as our stock of china was limited (to two tin plates), let him eat alone at the first table. Possibly as an apology to each other for our own ravenous appetites, we had fallen into the way of saying that it did us good to see any hungry creature eat. Looked at in this light, the performance of our guest was a perfect bonanza to us; there was no sham about it; he was undoubtedly hungry—almost starving—and on that account only we were glad he found us. As our "trout for two" were fast disappearing, the Professor went to our larder, and, unhooking the last of our bacon from the tree, brought it, and laid it with a sacrificial air by the side of the frying-pan, and then strolled gloomily away. I no doubt saw the look of resignation on his face, but failed to recognize it as such, the disgust blended with it successfully disguising it.

I noticed the horse of our guest as closely as I could without attracting too much attention; to the riata, which was trailing on the ground, I could devote more time, without my glance being considered obtrusive. I think quite likely *it* belonged to him; it was old, and had seen much service, a family heir-loom, probably, handed down from father to son for generations, and very likely the leading-string to most of their fortunes; as to the horse, I was very confident he had been "missed" by his rightful owner, with a justifiable presumption that he would remain so. He seemed uneasy, as though some recollections of his old comfortable quarters on the other side of the range were troubling him, and as if he was wondering why his equine companions had not accompanied him. The humane Mexican who had him in charge had no doubt also thought of his loneliness, and was glad to dispel that feeling; for two days afterwards, at early dawn, as he passed through the outskirts of the little village I called my home, he was seen



to have selected a suitable companion for him; the old riata had again come into play, and the two horses were galloping along gaily side by side, heading due south.

Before he left us, the Professor returned, and as much to my surprise as to that of our horse, was carefully leading old Morpheus into camp; and it was quite an interesting study to watch him fastening him with the largest rope we had to a log several feet in diameter—another of his absent-minded spells, thought I, for this was the first time we had ever subjected our steed to this indignity; and we had been alone some time before it occurred to me that he actually had some fears for the animal's safety. I told him that all my experience with that class went for nothing, if we had not, by treating the man kindly, secured ourselves from all danger of annoyance from him or his friends; for not expecting much, if any, kindness from Americans, they were peculiarly susceptible to such influences. But the Professor believed his plan of letting the fellow take a good, square look at our horse was the best one, for it insured his absolute safety. I then told him of a case that occurred to me near Yreka, when a horse, stolen from me one night, was next morning recognized and re-stolen by a brother Mexican and returned to me, all compensation being refused, simply because I had, without solicitation, paid the poor fellow's fine, a few days before, for some petty breach of the law. But the Professor retorted that my story had no bearing whatever upon our case; that he considered himself a party to the contract to return those shoes, and would take all imaginable precautions to that end.

I do not think I was exactly pleased when I made the discovery that the fishing was a mere pretext on the part of my friend, to ensure my joining him in his summer's vacation. His delight was in exploring every nook and cranny of the surrounding hills, and under his pleasant tuition I soon became a convert to his view of the case, and found myself enjoying every minute of the long, delightful excursions we made. I felt no regretful pangs as to neglected opportu-

nities, when I saw how tame the trout were becoming, and the visits of the few that we had at our meals were all the more enjoyable for the intervals between them.

The cooking had all devolved upon me, and it became no trifling matter to satisfy the mountain appetites we had acquired. The Professor begged off from such work, on the plea that should he attempt it, he would be liable to introduce disease and death into our camp. I threatened, in return, to draw the deadly baking-powder can upon him, in which, as is well known, careful housewives always store their family supply of strychnine, that they may know exactly what it is when they come to it; but his reply, "that having been my guest some days, he was now impervious to poison," caused me to change the subject.

I shall not attempt to describe the peculiar charm of the dry, cloudless nights in that pine-scented mountain air. After a day spent in constant action, it was simply the perfection of rest to stretch out upon our bed, made of the smaller branches of the balsam-fir carefully arranged. No wooing of the drowsy god was ever necessary, and after a night passed in dreamless sleep, we arose in the morning entirely free from all sense of fatigue, and full of life and vigor.

It came upon us much like a surprise, when we found the days had imperceptibly melted away into weeks, and the time had arrived for us to begin our uneventful homeward march. But before we break camp, let me describe some of the incidents that were crowded into one of those delightful last days.

We had agreed at breakfast to "hang around the camp and rest" that day, and the Professor, in order to fully carry out his part of the programme, left me directly after that meal, "to run down a grasshopper or two, as a preliminary for a trout dinner." The crop of hoppers in that vicinity had evidently been nearly harvested, for I lay there in the shade a long time watching him before he flushed any game; and then one of the liveliest little runs came off I had ever seen, for my usually dignified friend, not once

thinking there was a witness to the performance, abandoned himself wholly to the excitement of the moment, and brought all his energies to bear upon the work before him. After walking very slowly for a few steps, hat in hand, and apparently on tip-toe, he made a sudden, cat-like spring, and alighted in a shapeless mass on the ground, his hat slightly preceding him. It was not the surprise he intended it should be, for the next moment he was on his feet again, and was fairly leaping over a hundred yards or so of treacherous road at a perfectly reckless gait—then his hat went spinning through the air, and by the time it touched the ground he was on top of it, hovering it with extreme care—another failure; for he was leaping upwards, making wild, convulsive clutches with both hands; and then grasping his hat, and turning with a suddenness that I thought would surely snap his surprised vertebræ, he was retracing his steps with a speed that gave splendid promise of a material reduction of his record. Such perseverance finally met with the success it deserved, and as he sat by my side, panting, I fully believed his statement that he hadn't had "such a shaking up as that before for twenty years."

He frequently gave me pleasant little lectures on our shortcomings, and decided, while he was cooling off, to add another to the list.

"Why will you people persist in calling that little beast a grasshopper? For what are the facts in the case? You are not insane enough to hint that he was hunting for grass up there on that hot, bare granite, and we never find the creature elsewhere. And his 'hopping' is done by his rising into the air perpendicularly to an indefinite height, flying with the speed of an arrow as long as his fancy prompts him, and then, after a second's pause, another hop! Well, never mind now what you call him—he belongs to me, and is good for half a dozen fine trout!" And with what was intended to be a very impressive wave of the hand, he dismissed the subject—and the little beast at the same moment; for he had barely time to make the somewhat extravagant offer of "a thousand

dollars for the use of a shotgun a second," before his late prize disappeared from view, heading for some bushes on the hillside, and, of course, on the opposite side of the river.

It is possible my laugh was a trifle loud, or my question as to how he would have the trout cooked, untimely; at all events, he left me without a word, and about an hour afterwards I heard his farewell call from a distant point on the hill.

I felt quite certain I knew the object he had in view; for several days he had been casting wistful glances at a high peak on that side of the river, and was very anxious to explore it, for he was an enthusiastic lover of nature, and a botanist of high standing, one of the leading authorities on that science in his own land; and so, as events proved, I acted wisely in making preparations for passing the rest of that day alone, while he continued his "rest," so well begun, by a twenty-mile tramp of rough mountain travel.

Darkness had set in an hour or more, and I had lighted a huge signal fire for his benefit, some time before I heard his welcome hail. He was greatly excited about something, and began talking loudly as soon as he came into sight, but my rustiness in German prevented me from fully appreciating his remarks. He had it all his own way for the next minute or two, for I was completely taken by surprise by his excited embrace, and the affectionate salute he gave me upon each cheek. I shook myself loose from him, and brought him around by asking him whether it was snake-bite or antidote that ailed him; and then he laughingly piled apology upon apology for his actions, and explained.

It was after dark when he crossed the river on his return, and then he found he was lost, or rather, the camp was, for he could not decide whether it was up or down stream from him. He could get no response to his signals, and the "lost" feeling was fast getting the mastery over him, when my welcome fire blazed up, and beckoned him home. The reaction in his feelings, and the fact that he had made a wonderful discovery, and

was wild to share this knowledge with me, had caused him, he said, to forget for a moment I was "not a brother Dutchman."

And what was his discovery? It was only a flower, a little flash of color that I would have gazed at approvingly, and then passed by; but his trained eye had instantly detected in it a previously unknown, uncrowned queen, and it was to be his privilege to seat her securely upon her rightful throne in the realm of flowers, and his name, coupled with hers, would thus be handed down to future ages.

I managed to get him seated at supper at last, but his plate, with some trout browned to a turn thereon, had been balanced on his knees some time before he noticed the savory morsels; and then his earnest, honest question, "Did the little rascal fly back

again?" furnished us with a phrase that has since been several times repeated.

Can it be possible, thought I, that yon sober-looking, dignified man, bidding kind farewells to his many friends from his seat beside the driver on the stage, can be my late companion in our happy gipsying holiday? It hardly sounded like his voice that was saying, loud enough to be heard by all, "I have had a glorious rest up here in your hills, and have laid in sufficient fuel to carry me through at high pressure for another year, when I hope to see you all again."

But I recognized him fully the next moment, as the stage was starting, when he grasped my hand and said in a lower tone, "But on our next trip, partner, we will take a guide along to lead us around the ridge road, and an active youth to herd the bait."

*W. S. Hutchinson.*

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#### THE BARDS OF POLYPHEME.<sup>1</sup>

The strangest story told in ancient song  
 Is of the mighty giant, Polypheme,  
 Whose eye was blinded by the blackened beam  
 The crafty "Noman" thrust therein: The throng  
 Of shaggy Cyclops, Homer drew with strong  
 And steady hand, and still the world doth deem  
 It worthy to be rendered as a dream  
 Sent by the Gods. The muse, delaying long,  
 Hid in Sicilian vales old Homer's lyre,  
 Amid the summer-fall of brilliant flowers,  
 For sweet Theocritus to tune again;  
 A giant sprang from out the Cyclops' den  
 Whose voice resounded 'bove the belching fire  
 That burst from Ætna's crown. Too many hours  
 He dallied with the muse; a lofty rock,  
 From whence the ringing laughter, and the clear  
 Sweet voice of Hereus' daughter one could hear,  
 Was his lone seat. Forgot were herds and flock,  
 Deaf to all sounds except the careless mock  
 Of Galatea. Next Virgil saw the blear-  
 Eyed, sightless giant, like a wild beast rear

<sup>1</sup> Four poets, Homer, Theocritus, Virgil, and Ovid, have described the Giant Polyphemus. Homer pictured him as a cruel, malignant monster, afraid of neither gods nor men. Theocritus drew him as an uncouth, awkward boy-giant. Virgil completed Homer's story; while Ovid drew largely from Theocritus, only adding thereto the slaying of Acis.

His hoary head to strike with awful shock  
 The Trojan's ships. As some young wife doth cling  
 To her strong spouse, and tendril-like, doth bind  
     Herself in thought and speech to him, so fain  
     Would Ovid chant the ancient hymns again.  
 Ætna hath changed, yet still these poets sing  
 Of Polypheme, dread foe of human-kind.

*Mary J. Reid.*

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CHAUCER.

HERE, by thy tomb, O Chaucer! unto thee,  
     Whose thought-gems lent thy lustre to inspire  
     And kindle in my soul the vestal fire  
 Of fondest love for heavenly poesy;  
 I offer homage, feeble though it be;  
     Like a poor warbler, that would fain aspire  
     To imitate the lark he doth admire.  
 Whose trilling notes of liquid melody  
 He fails to reach; yet finds a sweeter tone  
     Pervade his earth-born cadence; he will sing  
     With new attuned voice, the Power Divine  
 That taught his song to utter thanks alone.  
     Thus wakened by thy memories, I bring  
     With grateful heart, this tribute to thy shrine.

*M. B. M. Toland.*

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IN MEMORY OF D. G. ROSETTI.

It seems but yesterday that thou didst stand  
 The sisters nine in homage gathered round  
 Son of Apollo, with his laurels crowned,  
 His lyre of lyres trembling at thy command.  
 The brush and chisel in thy tireless hand  
 Enchantment wrought, but sweeter far resounds  
 The music of thy verse, the soulful sounds  
 Flung from thy pen as from a magic wand.

Had all thy wondrous powers to song been given,  
 What floods of melody had filled the air—  
 Eros' and Psyche's voices mingling there.  
 Alas, the wine is spilled, the lyre is riven;  
 Stern Albion's son, thy soft Italian name  
 Lives only in the Pantheon of Fame.

*E. L. Huggins.*

## JEAN INGELow.

I read once how a chieftain hard bestead,  
 After long fight all one heroic day,  
 His liegemen scattered and the foe away  
 About him, faltered—in despair, not dread—  
 Thinking in scorn: “Had not the cravens fled,  
 I had not wavered. Were ten loyal,—nay,  
 Were one heart true, I would not yield the fray!  
 But now, alone”—when, suddenly, the tread  
 Of feet came trampling, and the tumbling dust  
 Shook with his slogan, and with answering shout,  
 Roused by the cry, he made such desperate fight,  
 The day was turned. So to my soul’s distrust,  
 When the night blackened, has thy voice rung out,  
 And thy humanity made plain the right.

*Francis E. Sheldon.*

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 THE TWILIGHT OF THE POETS.

*To E. C. Stedman.*

By the Atlantic, when the sunlight fails  
 From all the winter world enrobed in white,  
 The tender twilight hardly brings the night;  
 For lo, the moon, that glowing noontide pales,  
 Renews the day and shines on hills and vales  
 With such a clear, calm plenitude of light,  
 That men are glad. So, too as from our sight  
 The great bards go, or cease to sing the tales  
 Of magic beauty that have held us long  
 So bound that we could hear no strain beside,  
 The poets that are less to these alone  
 Shall keep undimmed the shining day of song.  
 Then, gentle critic, loving not to chide,  
 No voice shall sound more sweetly than thine own.

*Charles S. Greene.*

## RECENT MINOR VERSE.—I.

It is with a little surprise, knowing the apathetic condition of the demand for verse, that we find each quarter on our table so considerable a number of maiden volumes full of poems of no startling merit. Every month in the year several of these come from the presses. They are usually small volumes, printed with a good deal of regard to elegance; sometimes they are the merest pamphlets, indicating the very lowest possible expenditure—for let no one of our readers who may be contemplating the publication of his own maiden verses, suppose that they will be printed at any one's expense but his own. As we have had occasion to remark before in this connection, poetry must always be received with a certain amount of consideration, because it is apt to be the expression—even if only partly sincere—of cherished feelings. Therefore, we prefer to say our severest things of this endless dribble of minor verse in a general way, instead of under title of each volume; and we can the more appropriately do this, as they are almost all to be commented on in much the same terms. It occurs to us that there are doubtless many poetasters among the readers of this review, and we take the occasion to point out to them especially and seriously the uselessness of setting afloat these frail ventures. There is no money in it; there is no fame in it; there is no service to the world in it. As a rule, no volume of poems is worth publishing, unless the publisher asks for it. There are exceptions—there are even a very few exceptions to the rule that verses which the magazines have not wanted the world will not want. But, for the most part, there comes nothing of such ventures but a publisher's bill and a volume on the centre-table, to lay some otherwise amiable young man or woman open to "the diseases of small authorship." Sometimes one yet worse result—a sort of conspiracy among the small authors to circumvent the apathy of

the public by "writing up" each other. It is a wide-spread belief among small authors that success depends not so much on the quality of the work as on proper puffing; or, more correctly, they do not believe that any great difference exists in quality of writing; a book is a book; one should succeed as well as another with equal puffing. Now, it is perfectly true that skillful advertising may give a temporary run to a book that has no solid merit; yet even for this it must have some elements of success within itself—something that will stir the jaded appetite of the readers. No permanent success comes of it; no success at all, if the book does not fall in with the public humor; nor could, in any case, the mutual bows and smiles of polite references to each other's books and descriptions of each other's gardens, in the public prints, help the matter on.

It is astonishing to people accustomed to be much about magazines and publishers, to discover how unaware many people still are of the enormous amount of verse that is constantly offered for publication. Still fewer people know that at the better class offices no great proportion of this verse is absolute trash; nor does the editor receive, except very rarely, any poetry that is head and shoulders above the rest. For the most part, what he accepts is by only a narrow span better than what he rejects; and his work of selection consists in toiling through many hundreds of "sets of verses" of very level merit—a respectable facility of rhyme and metre and poetic language in each one; more or less mastery of the current tricks of manner; and for the rest, some ideas repeated, sheet after sheet, sheet after sheet—conceits about "my lady," and her hat or hair or fan or flirtations; landscape impressions; meditations on the beauty of nature; and if the writer be a little less sophisticated, stanzas about the domestic affections. When one observes the respectable mediocrity, the

repetition, and the unimportance of even the selected few that do get into the magazines, it is matter for very serious wonder indeed why yet others should be fished out of that sea of mediocrity and preserved, at the rate of several collections to every month. At worst, it is to gratify an uneasy hankering for an impossible "fame" in the author's mind; at best, it is to gratify a real desire of friends, and to give them pleasure. We do not speak of the genuine "minor poets." They have a real place in the world's service; we speak of the minor versifiers.

Some one has collected a volume of verses under the title of *The Humbler Poets*.<sup>1</sup> All the poems in it have the right to permanent form that they have been already approved by some one, to the extent of being accepted and printed in periodicals of all sorts, from which the editor has selected them. The collection is decidedly too catholic, and in consequence runs up to four hundred and fifty pages in fine print. Still, in collections of this sort, one always expects to get a great deal that he does not want, in order to get a little that he does want; and the editor's plan, as expressed in the preface, of putting in everything that contained *anything* worth saving, has its merits and its justice. Accordingly, some of the selections are "poems which deserve to rank higher up than in *The Humbler Poets*; . . . others are little more than suggestions of beautiful ideas struggling through halting metre and homely jingles. Several are only the rude setting for one or two good lines or happy thoughts." The editor also suggests that in these strays may sometimes be found the germ of some greater poet's thought, and points out an instance that is not improbable, provided the humbler poet can be proved to have written first. When coincidences between the work of a great poet and a newspaper rhymester appear, the chances are that the lesser one has echoed the greater. Domestic poems take up a large share of the space; there are also a number of "old vagrants," but too many others that had been already housed in well-

known collections, or in the author's complete works. The editor calls attention to the number that have been left destitute of signature, as a reproach to the careless papers that copied without credit. In a very considerable number of cases, the authorship of the unsigned poems is known, and should be supplied in any future edition.

An exceedingly unpretentious pamphlet, entitled *Voices from the Cascades*,<sup>2</sup> contains some thirty poems of Washington Territory—descriptive, patriotic, humorous, and domestic. The humorous poems strike in naïve fashion a few droll conceptions, as of the old gentleman who came home in despair from an election lost by only one vote, and was consoled as follows by his wife:

"I've ever had, my dearest Josh,  
Your welfare deep at heart;  
If you were constable, my dear,  
We oft must live apart.

"We women here in Washington  
Can vote just as we like;  
I—I voted not for you, my dear,  
But for our neighbor Pike."

The rest of the verses may be illustrated by any stanza taken at random; it chances to be from fourteen on Mount St. Helen.

O mountain, white-robed mountain,  
How lofty thy bold brow!  
Thou art majesty's fountain,  
Emblem of greatness thou.

Another Pacific Coast effort is *The Star of India*,<sup>3</sup> a long narrative in verse, some thirty-five hundred lines long. In noticing a previous volume by the same author, we have said that his versification flows well, and that there is a good deal of sense of beauty and poetic language in descriptions. The narrative, however, is essentially crude, though better in this than the former volume; and it is very much "jumbled" in the telling. It has elements of power, and with the modicum of poetic ability in the verse, might have been made into a fair idyl by savage editing.

<sup>2</sup> *Voices from the Cascades*. By Orrin E. Harmon. Chehalis, Washington Territory. 1886.

<sup>3</sup> *The Star of India*. By Henry Sade. San Francisco: Golden Era Publishing Company. 1886.

<sup>1</sup> *The Humbler Poets*. A Collection of Newspaper and Periodical Verse. 1870- to 1885. By Slason Thompson. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1886.

*The Poet Scout*<sup>1</sup> is one of the volumes that, as we suggested above, has justification for existence in the undoubted pleasure it will give to the author's friends—not only his immediate ones, but a larger number, who esteem the man by reputation, as one who, while a daring frontiersman among Indians and rough surroundings of every kind, was yet temperate, quiet, and in a simple way, bookish. Captain Jack Crawford, late chief of scouts in the United States Army, was of plain origin—Scotch-Irish—and uneducated; but being possessed of much unaffected sentiment and a desire for expression, and having a fondness for books, he became a popular contributor to newspapers, both in prose and verse. His condemnation of the dime novel, and invariable refusal to let his name be used at any price or in any shape in connection with this variety of Indian "literature," is much to his credit. The verses themselves have a value as an honest and natural expression of the life and thoughts of a man of the wild frontier. They represent the real mind of trapper, scout, or miner of the better class, far more correctly than the artistic rendering of such outsiders as Bret Harte; and it is observable that a certain frank sentimentality, both in friendship and love, and a distaste for conventional religion, make up much of the material of this real mind. The denunciation of cant, with inquiries which of these broadcloth clad ministers would feed a ragged child or shake hands with a poor man, and the contrasted praise of some profane good fellow, who good-naturedly helped a widow in trouble, is, of course, quite as much cant on the one side as that which it denounces on the other, and has been too long a fashion in writing to boast of much originality. In habitual fact, the life of any sincere minister, whatever his theological limitations, is given up to helping people as he sees it; and the drunken good fellow, whose habitual life is an indulgence of his selfish appetites at cost of others' suffering, by no means makes the balance of true

Christianity dip on his side by being disposed to good-natured kindnesses when his feelings are properly appealed to. It is probable that a suspicion that the well-dressed citizen "feels above" them, has as much to do as unbiased conviction with the alienation of many plain people from church-religion, and their apotheosis of good nature. Captain Crawford is in the main genuine in his verses, but such things as "Rattlin' Joe's Prayer," an elaborate piece of affectation in slang, described by the editor as "the honest prayer of Rattlin' Joe," are just as unreal as the Biblical phrase of the hypocrite. No man in his sound senses ever addressed the Almighty with a string of gambling metaphors and the naiveté of a six-year-old, unless he was thinking much more of being "smart" and electrifying his hearers, than of really making a petition. Much more creditably, because more simply and sincerely, the gallant captain appears when he writes of such matters as "The Miner's Home," in such wise as:

It is not a castle with towering walls,  
With marble floor and stately halls,  
With lovely walks and grand old trees,  
Nodding and bending in the breeze.

No: his home is a humble cot,  
Perched, perchance, on the mountain top,  
With tunnels beneath, where the iron horse  
Thunders along on his fiery course.

And when at e'en their toil is o'er,  
They hasten home to the open door  
Of the little cot; though shaggy and grim,  
There's happiness there and love within.

Another book of poems, much of whose contents is justified in its publication chiefly by its value to friends, and by the character of the author, is in all other respects the very opposite of Captain Crawford's. It is, in the first place, a small paper-covered volume, and very simple and "distinguished" in appearance, while the other is large and ornate—a trifle barbaric in the matter of adornment. It is entitled *Verses*,<sup>2</sup> with sub-title,

<sup>2</sup> Verses. Translations from the German and Hymns. By W. H. Furness. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

<sup>1</sup> The Poet Scout. By Captain Jack Crawford. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls. 1886.



“Translations from the German and Hymns,” and consists of the scholarly, refined, and devout meditations of a well-known venerable clergyman of the Unitarian Church. The translations are not more than fair, being a little stiff, and without much poetic spirit; but they are also without crudities or halting. The original work, which is less in amount, is better. The spirit is tender, pure, and aspiring, and the expression at least adequate, if in no wise striking or remarkable. The following not only gives an example of these hymns, but oddly carries out the antithesis of the two books we have contrasted and our comments on “Rattling Joe’s Prayer,” by a specimen of prayer undoubtedly as real and free from the smallest theatrical intent, in spite of its Latin name and refined wording, as the frontier poet’s was *not*, for all its slang.

*Invocation.*

What is the world that it should share  
Hearts that belong to God alone?  
What are the idols reigning there,  
Compared with thee, Eternal One?

Fountain of living waters! We  
To earthly springs would stoop no more.  
Athirst, we humbly turn to Thee;  
Into our hearts Thy Spirit pour:

The Spirit of Thy boundless love,  
The Spirit of Thy truth and peace:  
Come, blessed Spirit, from above,  
And every earth-bound soul release!

These twenty-odd devout and dignified brief hymns, written at intervals extending over fifty-six years, and yet expressing an almost uniform quality of mood and mind, are by all means worth preserving; the translations scarcely, save as memorials of their venerable author.

*Songs of Sleepy Hollow*<sup>1</sup> belongs to the more simple and spontaneous class of refined mediocre verse, and *Etchings in Verse*<sup>2</sup> to the more artificial, having all the mannerisms of the day at finger-tips; while *Under the*

<sup>1</sup> Songs of Sleepy Hollow, and Other Poems. By S. H. Thayer. New York and London: G. P. Putnam’s Sons. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

<sup>2</sup> Etchings in Verse. By Andrew F. Underhill. New York, Washington and Chicago: Brentano Bros. 1886.

*Pine*,<sup>3</sup> and still more, *Sylvian*,<sup>4</sup> without being really better or more thoughtful poetry, have yet more distinctive character, as both are somewhat eccentric and singular.

The *Songs of Sleepy Hollow*, though simple, are not unsophisticated, scarcely even crude. They are merely pretty pieces of description and meditation, the best of which do not, in poetic merit, fall short of some minor poems by well-known poets—say even Bryant. The following stanzas, for instance:

Wild waters of Pocantico!  
Stray rivulet of wood and glen!  
Thy murmuring laughters, soft and low,  
Elude the alien ears of men.

O’er broader bosoms than thine own  
The fleeting wings of commerce glide;  
Hid in thy sylvan haunts alone,  
The nymphs of fairy-land abide.

It is very true that, had the poets written nothing better than this, there never would have been noble volumes, in whose pages would be turned over and forgotten many such stanzas; yet the few best of these “songs” are worthy a modest preservation, especially as “poems of places.” They are issued with a modesty and unpretentiousness that disarm criticism.

*Etchings in Verse* has a department of “Songs in Minor Keys,” which are Poe-ish medleys of Kingdoms of the Gloaming and spectral leaden moons of lurid luster, sad lights fading and swooning, ghastly sleeping water in pools along the fells, curst streams with wave-drops like poisonous blood, Kingdoms of Sorrow, where

“I fell on my knees in the rushes;  
And prayed and vowed vows ’mid the reeds,  
For light—’mid the thin, restless reeds—  
For seven long days, ’mid the blushes  
Of blood-flowers flush with the weeds,  
I prayed in the rank-growing weeds,”

night flowers that sicken and bloom, regions miasmatic and drear, shrieks—sometimes uttered and sometimes heard by the poet—and many more such unpleasant things. As

<sup>3</sup> Under the Pine. By M. F. Bridgeman. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. 1885.

<sup>4</sup> Sylvian, A Tragedy, and Other Poems. By John Philip Varley. New York: Brentano Brothers. 1885.

burlesques of Poe, they are admirable; but the poet has neglected to give any intimation of whether he means them for jokes or serious poems. Then follow "Interludes," which means verses of this sort:

Within her eyes  
I see strange lights and changing dyes:  
Love comes and goes—  
Alas! who knows  
The secret of those wondrous eyes?

Then "Shreds and Patches," which are society verses, rondeaux, and humorous trifles, some of them quite clever and readable. This is a fair specimen:

Languid she leans in the *fauteuil* reclining.  
Shadow enshrouds her, and soft, subdued light.  
Silence has fallen. Ah, dreams she I'm pining  
To know if she loves me?—I'll ask her to-night.

"Imogené, dearest—Look up to me, *chérie*—  
I've something to tell you—" a sigh long and deep.  
"I love you! Just say—" This is very strange—very.  
"Imogené!—D-n it! the woman's asleep!"

*Under the Pine* contains some twenty fragmentary pictures, pensive, and with a curious, original accent, hard to fix or define. The following poem, which we quote entire, illustrates this curious, even eccentric tone, which has something attractive in it:

*Sub Astra.*

O'er the narrow, quiet streamlet,  
Lean'd the willows in the night-air—  
Slept the elms along the lowland,  
And the alders dark beyond us—  
While the summer silence hushed the voiceless vale.

Slept the farm-house in the locusts,  
Morton's mill among the poplars,  
And so still the drowsy village—  
On the slope the heavy shadows,  
And the midnight in the lonely forest glade.

"Yes," he said, "so many seasons,  
Since that vision went, have vanished—  
And so oft the dead leaves rustle  
In how many distant autumns—  
Rustle like the year's late leaves in wind-blown fields."

And we sat and talked in dream-land,  
Long beyond the dusky meadow—  
"Sombre," said he, "is yon pine-tree,  
In this scanty August moonlight"—  
"Ah!" I said, "o'er Wayland's wood the moon is wan!"

Nobody but the author knows exactly what this means, but it gives one a mood, as music does, and that is an achievement of some importance. Occasionally one finds what seems trickery of expression in these curious poems, and they are not weighted with thought; yet every one, whatever its defects, succeeds singularly in producing that same music-like effect of impressing its mood on the reader.

*Sylvian* is a still more curious book. It is hard to see how a verse-writer can show so much ability and not show more—one hardly knows whether he is a genius or a little insane. The opening tragedy is in structure somewhat in the manner of "The Spanish Student," in language frank Shakespearian imitation, and achieves a surprisingly clever echo of the Shakespearian manner. There is some witty and sensible talk in it, too, mixed with some points so crudely made, that all the good points seem to have been mere accident. Again, in the songs and translations that follow, there is constantly an alternation of work that would indicate more than average intelligence, with some indications of less than average. One finds, for instance, so ignorant a blunder as "nuptual," and "faun" constantly spelled "fawn"; and then translations from Latin, German, and Persian. One finds such poems as the following—and better ones, too long to quote:

*The Soul.*

They say the soul 's a blade '  
Of steel in a sheath  
Rusty and old;—come Death,  
Come Rust, corrupt the sheath,  
That the soul may shine  
A blade of steel divine.

Also, there is more or less such versifying as this—and worse ones, too long to quote:

Sing hey nonny,  
Come live in the wood, grief thins the blood,  
The forest but is bonny  
Hey nonny!  
Hey nonny, nonny, nonny,  
Hey nonny!

There is a tone of egotism about the book that is not prepossessing, and also a slight leaning toward the "fleshly."

## RECENT STUDIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

THE historical and economic pamphlets which are being published by the American Historical Association, by Johns Hopkins University, and by various other societies and colleges, are always worth a careful examination. At the present time, when the California State Historical Society has just been organized, these pamphlets are suggestive of the kind of work which we hope will soon be done by original investigators on the Pacific Coast. Any one who wishes to know how advanced students in universities are led to investigate subjects, need only to take the fifth publication of the third series of the Johns Hopkins pamphlets, entitled, *Local Institutions in Maryland*.<sup>1</sup> It began several years ago, from a suggestion of Mr. Edward Freeman's (then lecturing at Johns Hopkins); it was intended by its author to be merely a short paper for the historical seminary. It proved to be new work in a large field, and led to the uniting of a large pamphlet on the Calverts, and the present one on Local Institutions. Two hundred and fifty pages, crowded with footnotes, illustrations, and evidences of wide investigation, has resulted from work undertaken for pleasure by this young historian, who, by the way, visited California as special agent of the Labor Bureau, last year. Mr. Wilhelm, in his study of Maryland's local institutions, divides his book into four parts: the land system, the hundred, the county, and the town. A great deal of trustworthy and important information about early Maryland is attainable here. We have not merely the results of a wide course of reading, but also the use of new sources of information, and the fruits of comparative criticism. The land system that Lord Baltimore introduced into Maryland, with its freeholders, its manorial lords, and its proprietary, the labor system of slaves

and redemptioners, the various kinds of land tenure, the geographical and political subdivisions, all suggest and reproduce the England of a time long before the Stuarts. Maryland institutions show the influence of mediæval institutions and feudal tenures, which were in their prime under the second Norman king of England; Virginia institutions show the influence of the social system of the England of the Cavaliers; and, one might add, each one of the original thirteen colonies was strongly individual in its local system.

The first election districts in Maryland were called "hundreds," but the personal hundred of our Teutonic ancestors was unknown. It remained the fiscal district of the province until after the revolution. The "taxables," the "trained bands," the "burgesses," are heard of chiefly in connection with the hundreds; and the freemen of the hundreds, when assembled, were like the New England farmers in town meeting.

The fourth part of Mr. Wilhelm's work, "The Town," contains graphic pictures of social life in colonial Maryland, the gentry, the planter, the Indian traders, the servants, and the slaves that peopled the realm tributary to "The Lost City of Maryland," old St. Mary's.

Prof. Austin Scott, of Rutgers' College, in *The Influence of the Proprietors in Founding the State of New Jersey*,<sup>2</sup> has done for New Jersey what Mr. Wilhelm has done for Maryland, and Mr. Ingle for Virginia. But, in the case of New Jersey, there has been a veritable discovery of organic relations, and strong individuality of local development unsuspected by ordinary historians. "East New Jersey" in the time of the Proprietors, the meeting of the first assembly, the earliest compacts with individual settlers, the opposition to quit-rents, Elizabethan grants, the

<sup>1</sup> *Local Institutions in Maryland*. By Lewis W. Wilhelm, Ph. D. Johns Hopkins University Studies. Third Series, v., vi., vii. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University. 1885.

<sup>2</sup> *The Influence of the Proprietors in Founding the State of New Jersey*. Johns Hopkins University Studies. Third series, viii. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University. 1885.

seven towns of first charter rights, the spirit of complete religious liberty, and the gradual creation of the mixed town and county system peculiar to New Jersey local rule—these are a few of the subjects studied in this admirable pamphlet. It was the Legislature of New Jersey that first applied to the Union Montesquieu's phrase—"a Federal Republic."

*American Constitutions*<sup>1</sup> by Hon. Horace Davis, of this city, is an able and interesting discussion of Modern State Constitutions, the Federal Government, and the Judiciary. The last, Mr. Davis thinks, forms the safeguard of the American system. After brief review of the Colonial governments, following Story and Bancroft, he next considers the Constitutions of the Revolutionary period, the crude efforts towards a just balance of power which are so instructive to students of constitutional history. In all these documents, the Legislature was the center of the system, and executive usurpation was so much dreaded, that Madison called the result mere tyranny, and Jefferson denounced it as "elective despotism." Taking up the modern State constitutions, Mr. Davis gives some pertinent facts relative to the veto power and other checks upon unwise legislation, as provided for in various States. Massachusetts has lived and developed for a hundred and five years under one instrument, but the tendency in most States is towards a change, and towards the greater checks upon the powers of the officers of the State. The early instruments were often "simply a bill of rights, followed by a mere skeleton of the government. Those of today are lengthy documents, full of detail, more like a code of laws than a fundamental instrument." Mr. Davis next studies the Federal Government, tracing the "hesitating steps by which our fathers reached this admirable form of government." Coming to the conflict of powers in more recent times, he considers the functions of the different gov-

ernmental departments. Although a strong constitutionalist, Mr. Davis thinks that the legislative branch has often encroached upon the executive, and speaks of "the authority assumed of late years by Congress to canvass the electoral vote" as "far more dangerous" than "the awkward provisions for the election of President by the House voting by States," (pp. 27, 28). The three points of conflict, treaty-making, "political riders," and appointment or removal of officers, receive thoughtful consideration, and are illustrated by the fight of 1834, between Jackson and the Whigs, the fight of 1867, between Johnson and the Republicans, and the fight between Hayes and the Democrats, in 1879. To these we may now add the recent contest between Cleveland and the Republican Senate. Since a constitutional government is often best studied along the lines which cross debatable ground, this portion of Mr. Davis's work is by far the most important. In twenty pages he sketches the radical changes in the three coördinate powers of our government, and favors the steady increase of the authority of the Judiciary. The appendix gives a tabulated comparison of Modern State Constitutions.

The last pamphlet of the third series of the Johns Hopkins publications is upon *The City of Washington*, and is by John Addison Porter, a graduate of Yale. Monographs upon each of the great cities of the United States will follow; studies upon New York, Chicago, San Francisco, St. Louis, Baltimore, and Philadelphia are already promised. It will be time enough to criticise this group of institutional studies when it is more nearly complete. It is to be hoped that these pamphlets upon the government of cities will be accurate and practical, and edited with great care, for they form the most important group of publications the University has yet undertaken.

In the fourth series, Mr. Irving Elting has done a good piece of work;<sup>2</sup> it is conceived

<sup>1</sup> American Constitutions; the relations of the Three Departments as Adjusted by a Century. By Horace Davis. Johns Hopkins University Studies, Third Series. IX.-X. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University, 1885.

<sup>2</sup> Dutch Village Communities on the Hudson River. By Irving Elting, A. B. Johns Hopkins University Studies. Fourth Series, I. Baltimore: 1886.

in the true spirit of historical research, and bears on every page the signs of laborious investigation. He reviews the early town governments in the Rhine countries, the jury of thirteen, the magistrates, councils, and other officers; he describes the manorial systems, the founding of villages in "New Netherlands," with their charters, common lands, and the town-meetings of the early Dutch settlers. Both New England and New Netherlands derived their love of freedom, their determination to have local self-government, and many features of their systems of land tenure, from a common Teutonic ancestry.

Rhode Island is proving to be one of the most fertile of fields for institutional studies.<sup>1</sup> Mr. William E. Foster and Mr. Edward Channing contribute two papers, both of interest and value. Bancroft, the historian, has recently said that "more ideas which have since become national, have emanated from the little colony of Rhode Island than from any other." It is often the smallest states that furnish the most important material for political history. Portsmouth, Providence, Newport, and the plantations of Narragansett, present characteristics quite different from the towns of Connecticut or Massachusetts. The struggles between the towns of Rhode Island, and a colonial government in the seventeenth century, the struggles of the colony in the eighteenth century against the national government, the unusual survival of the spirit of local town authority, are only a few of the notable things in the history of the plucky little colony. Mr. Channing, whose Tappan prize essay (Harvard) won deserved recognition abroad, has followed his general studies on town and county government in the colonies, by a particular study of an aristocratic race,—the former "Planters of Narragansett," whose social life and manners were curiously like the life and manners of the planters of Maryland and Virginia. The large estates, the law by which only freeholders could vote, the comparatively large number of slaves,

and the prevalence of Episcopalian doctrines sufficiently separated Narragansett from its neighbor plantations.

William P. Holcomb has done another of those pieces of honest work which only local historians appreciate at their full value.<sup>2</sup> One of the best things in the pamphlet, from the picturesque standpoint, is the account of the settling of Germantown by Pastorius and his Crefeld weavers. The story of the first borough Charter of this old and staid town is told with much skill. A good feature of Mr. Holcomb's work is the manner in which he compares Pennsylvania local institutions with those of New Jersey and of other colonies. In Pennsylvania, the influence of the proprietary was so important, and the methods of the great Quaker were so statesmanlike, that we wish Mr. Holcomb had devoted more space to this portion of his subject. The pages occupied with the present condition of the boroughs, offer some pregnant facts. York, the largest borough of Pennsylvania, levied in 1884 but two mills on the dollar for municipal purposes. The school tax is three and a half to four and a half mills on the dollar, and this is the total borough tax. Time and time again, these orderly, well-governed communities have refused to become cities. They prefer their burgesses, their simple machinery, and their freedom from debts.

The fourth issue of the American Historical Association is upon *The Louisiana Purchase*<sup>3</sup> and the results, material and political, that followed that magnificent acquisition. It was, indeed, a strange incident of the vast struggle between France and England, that a third of the present territory of the United States came to us almost as a gift from Napoleon, and in spite of the bitter opposition of New England. All that the American people then thought of value was the possession of the mouths of the Mississippi, and

<sup>2</sup> Pennsylvania Boroughs. By William P. Holcomb. Johns Hopkins University Studies. Fourth Series, iv. Baltimore: 1886.

<sup>3</sup> The Louisiana Purchase in its Influence upon the American System. By the Right Rev. C. F. Robertson, D.D., Bishop of Missouri. No. 4, American Historical Association Papers.

<sup>1</sup> Town Government in Rhode Island. By Wm. E. Foster. The Narragansett Planters. By Edward Channing. Johns Hopkins University Studies. Fourth Series, II. Baltimore: 1886.

the right to navigate it, without paying tribute to a foreign power; Kentucky, Tennessee, and the new settlements west of the Alleghanies were the primary object. The corn fields of Kansas, wheat fields of Idaho, mines of Colorado, and pastures of Montana were fairly thrust upon us, and no one except Napoleon appears to have realized the greatness of the event. But of immediate political results, one is evident—the dread felt in New England of growth to the West and Southwest, and consequent loss of relative power. In 1803-'4, certain Federalist leaders began to talk of a Northern Confederation, and in 1814 the Hartford Convention set forth the evils which, in its opinion, had resulted from the Louisiana Purchase. Tracing the discussion for ourselves in the pages of the Federalist, the "Olive Branch," (that most vituperative of political pamphlets), the annals of Congress, and the writings of Jefferson, Monroe, and other leaders of the time, we are forced to recognize the enlargement of the American policy which the Louisiana Purchase compelled. It led by easy steps to the enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine in 1823; to the Texan revolt of 1836; and to the conquest of California, in 1847. It modified, over a large territory, the common law of England by the Latin law of Spain and France; it added new influences to the national life—such as the creoles of New Orleans, the Spaniards of Santa Fé, and the old French aristocracy of St. Louis. An event whose results have not been unmixed with evil,—but a great event, nevertheless, and one that is full of dramatic historical interest.

The most important work that the American Historical Association has yet issued, is Mr. Knight's exhaustive study of *Land Grants for Education in the Northwest Territory*.<sup>1</sup> It is, in fact, an honor to the Political Science School of Michigan University, of which Mr. Knight is a graduate, and it is based upon original research among State

<sup>1</sup> History and Management of Land Grants for Education in the Northwest Territory (Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin). By George W. Knight, Ph. D. No. 3, American Historical Association Papers.

papers. It is one of those pieces of work that show at a glance order, dignity, and accuracy in details. It is in two parts, "Federal Legislation," and "State Legislation and Management of the Grants." The entire story is a sad one, disheartening to the friends of education. Land grants that under honest and capable management would have served as a support to the public schools and colleges, have been alienated from their proper purpose, and wasted in a thousand ways. Hasty sales, special legislation, theft, litigation, forgeries of land scrip—all the methods of swindling the State of its school lands, familiar somewhat farther west than Illinois—are vividly described in Mr. Knight's treatise. He sums up by blaming the "Legislature and the people. The six causes of waste have been (1) Undue haste in selling lands. (2) Careless legislation and lack of restrictions on the legislature." (3) Failure to guard and invest moneys received from land sales. (4) The general indifference of the people to the whole subject. (5) Special legislation. (6) The attempt to divert educational funds to other State objects. It would be well if some Californian would take up the subject of Land Grants for Education on the Pacific Coast. It is a fruitful subject, and one worthy of investigation. We can heartily recommend Mr. Knight's admirable monograph as a model of method.

The fifth of the Historical Association publications is a strong civil service reform document.<sup>2</sup> The weight of its argument lies in its unprejudiced analysis of the cause which corrupted the appointing power, and produced its culminating evils of 1861 and 1877. From the days of the first debate on the appointing power, in the Philadelphia Convention, to the Conkling-Blaine contest, and the Pendleton bill of January 16, 1883, the story is told with admirable skill and reserve. Miss Salmon groups the administrations to 1829 as belonging to the "Merit Period," those from 1829 to 1861 as belonging to the "Spoils Period," and the latest as of

<sup>2</sup> History of the Appointing Powers of the President. By Lucy M. Salmon. No. 5, American Historical Association Papers.

the "Reform Period." She traces the spoils system to the proscription methods employed by Governor McKean of Pennsylvania, the autocrat of the politics of that state for a quarter of a century or more. McKean, in 1799, when a Republican, and in 1805, when elected by Federalist votes, removed every office-holder, from gate-keeper up, and urged Jefferson to adopt the plan. The New York Council of Appointment, about the same time, tried the spoils system. Jackson only delayed and made national the doctrine that McKean first enunciated. Miss

Salmon explains at some length the views of Washington and his contemporaries, Jefferson's policy, Adams's appointment of his political foes, Jackson's departure from the system, and the results of that departure. She has examined a wide range of authorities, and her contribution to civil service reform is most important. Its orderly arrangement of evidence and its pertinent illustrations, show trained literary habits of thought. The men and women who wish to help forward practical governmental reforms would do well to read this book.

### ETC.

WITH very few exceptions, every one of the violent and extensive strikes and boycotts that have for the last month shaken the business of the nation, seem to have been directed to the same end—that is, the preposterous one of enforcing a denial of men's right to decide whom they shall employ, and on what terms; no less preposterous a denial of human rights than the now obsolete one of men's right to decide for whom they will work, and on what terms. We have not been able to find in more than a few of these demonstrations any question of grievances, even of wages, but a purely aggressive attempt to compel the employment of certain men, and forbid the employment of others. It is highly probable that selfish and dishonest acts on the part of employers have done much to lead up to this crusade upon human rights, but nothing of the sort seems to actually enter into it. Even were it through purely peaceful and legal means that the Knights of Labor and other such bodies were attempting to enforce their extraordinary claim, it would be practically a defiance of American liberties—of the liberties essential not merely to a democratic society, but to any civilized society. If they could legally enforce it, it would be as purely a usurpation of tyrannic power by a class as ever aristocracies, under the forms of law, have committed. This would be very evident to any one if the converse claim were set up by employers: *viz*, that they should not only decide for themselves whom to employ, but should fix terms, irrespective of the other party to the bargain, and should have the right to compel him to work for them at those terms, whether he wished it or not, and to prevent his working for any one else who might offer him better terms, prove a kinder employer, or otherwise treat him better. This is precisely the power over the laborer that the feudal system did claim, and that

the employers of England were trying to enforce half-a-thousand years ago; and it is precisely the converse of the right to settle both sides of a bargain now claimed by the laborer and precisely as just and sensible.

BUT in fact, while it is theoretically possible to enforce peaceably such an aggression upon the rights of a class, under the form of merely using in combination the unquestionable private right of withholding one's own labor or patronage, it is practically impossible to do it without illegal aggressions, including destruction of property and assaults upon life and limb. The position of the Knights of Labor and other unions, therefore, appears to be as follows: They have a right to settle what laborers shall be employed, to forbid dismissals, fix wages, and all other matters concerning the employment of labor, without reference to the wishes or interests of the other party to the bargain; if the withdrawal of their own labor and patronage proves insufficient to compel submission to this sovereignty, it is just and proper to call upon all third parties to cease intercourse with the rebellious employer (at whatever cost to their own business, involving possibly ruin and poverty to many employers, and consequently destitution if not starvation to many more laborers); and if this call be not obeyed by employers, to use all possible efforts to destroy the business of the offenders, ordering into idleness and misery thousands, and even hundreds of thousands, of laborers, and insuring the ruin of more yet, through the ruin of their employers; while any laborers who take the vacant places may be stoned, beaten, or otherwise persecuted into compliance, and any property belonging to any disobedient parties may be destroyed, whenever it becomes necessary in the enforcement of obedience. This is not even civ-

ilized warfare, for civilized warfare regards the rights of neutrals, and knows no such act as the demand from one contesting party that all third parties shall "stand in" with it in subjugating the other.

It may sound like a figure of speech to say that the present struggle of workmen to dictate both sides of their bargain with capital is practically an effort of labor to constitute itself the privileged class of modern society: but the utterances of their organs contain distinct avowals of the doctrine that labor, as the basis of production, is entitled to favor and power, even to privilege secured by law, over and above that extended to all members of society; and even such a man as Mr. Chamberlain, from a different point of view, bespeaks for labor and for the poor, as the weaker class, special government protection, over and above that to which all are entitled under a government of freedom and equality. These doctrines are, of course, fundamental contradictions of the principle of equal rights under the law to each individual, as an individual, upon which the American republic was based. Individuality—manhood rights, instead of class rights—was the foundation principle of the republic; and individuality is now, not impliedly and unconsciously, but avowedly and by name, the *bête noir* of a very large number of the laborers and other poor and individually weak members of the social order. It can hardly be said any longer that our population is with substantial unanimity in favor of the principles upon which the Republic was based. Nor are the present rebels against those principles the original sinners—dishonestly acquired wealth and the corrupt power of money over governments, national and local, have doubtless contributed more than any other factor to produce the present situation. Passionate and blind party attachments have worked powerfully in producing these conditions, as far as the governmental side is concerned.

It is worth while to note what recommendations to our favor as a privileged and ruling class labor has. It is evident that its capacity for tyranny, cruelty, and injustice is not less than that of other privileged classes, and greater than is displayed by those now in existence in most civilized countries. Some one tells of a business man who, after reluctantly, under force of an unreasonable and ruinous strike, yielding to the strikers' demands, said passionately as he wheeled around on his office chair: "The Lord have mercy on the world when *you* get control—you know neither justice nor mercy." We have little to say of the justice or mercy of the conflict with the employer—there has been injustice and mercilessness on both sides there—but what are we to think of the fitness for power of people who do not hesitate to throw thousands of fellow-workmen out of employment in winter weather, to compel the reinstatement of a workman dismissed for cause? or to bully and try to impoverish a working woman, to force her into discharging her three or four assistants,

because they choose not to join the union? or to try to cut off the food supply of a man they are in conflict with, by subjecting his butcher to threats of ruin? or to injure all third parties who do not join their fight? or to beat and maim all workmen who take places voluntarily vacated by them? For it is to be remembered that "the rights of Labor" never means the rights of all laborers, but only of organized labor. The poor laborer who does not belong to an organization is not entitled to even the ordinary civil rights—not even to life and limb. He is a dog, a pariah, whom every man of the privileged class may stone or beat away, if he has the audacity to try to sustain his own and his family's life by taking a place that the superior being wishes for himself or wishes held vacant. And the sympathetic and philanthropic class acquiesce, because they feel that Labor deserves every consideration. We have spoken well of the Knights of Labor in these pages, because we respected the men who appeared before the public to control the order, and because its avowed plan and purpose was respectable. But the occurrences of the last month show that expressions of approval must be applied only to these nominal leaders and their plan; the rank and file of the order and its practical working being obviously of quite a different grade of civilization.

THE pernicious and now moribund boycott lately attempted in this State, comes under part of the foregoing criticism, as it includes the same attempt to deny the right of an employer to use his own judgment and conscience in the employment of labor, and the same reckless readiness to convulse the industrial interests of the State; but it was a political rather than a labor movement, and had backers in all classes of society. It was a fit climax to the curious phenomenon we have witnessed here for the past six months—*viz.*, a wide-spread illusion among our people that the hordes of Asia were pouring in upon us, and an agitation must be begun for the restriction of these floods. We have not been able to ascertain whether it was a sudden delusion that seized upon our people, to the effect that the Chinese Restriction Act had been repealed; or whether a general disease of memory struck the Coast, and wiped out altogether the record in many brains of the existence of that Act: certain it is that our speakers and press, even to the OVERLAND'S contributors, have felt it necessary to begin all over again, and urge with great seriousness the imminent need of some restriction. We are glad to see that the community is now recovering from this strange delusion or disease of memory, and becoming aware that not merely restriction, but temporary exclusion of Chinese labor, for a long term of years, is in actual operation. These public delusions and lapses of memory fortunately pass by, but they leave unfortunate results in irritation, business losses, sense of insecurity, and spots on the community's reputation for justice, sobriety, and common sense.



### Alexander S. Taylor.

MANY persons in San Francisco will remember Alexander S. Taylor. In early times—from 1852 to 1866—his face was familiar in the public libraries and in the editorial offices of the magazines and newspapers, and articles from his pen abound in the publications of that time. He was singularly out of place in this community. A man with a genuine instinct for original investigation and the tastes of a student, he was stranded in a community of money-getters—in it, but not of it. His tastes ran mainly to historical research, from which he turned aside to make some collections from the wonderful page of nature just opened to study in this new country.

Unfortunately for him, his early education had been limited, so that he had never acquired judicious habits of investigation; while his isolated position here debarred him from access to the great libraries of the world, and other rich stores of information to be had in the older communities. His means, too, were small, and forbade any great outlay to gratify his literary taste, or afford him the means of more extended study. The same cause prevented the publication in permanent form of his various collections of curious and interesting material, so that the results of his labors are found today mostly in the files of different newspapers; though some of them, such as his *Indianology* and his bibliography of California imply enormous work and patience, and contain matter enough for a volume. His researches were consequently desultory, and his publications fragmentary and imperfect. His zeal for truth and his earnest pursuit of knowledge, at a time when little was thought of here except the making of fortunes, entitled him to a place in the lasting memory of California. No account, so far as I am aware, has ever been recorded of his life and labors; and this memorial is a labor of love, to preserve the memory of a man who deserved to be remembered well by this State.

Mr. Taylor—or Doctor Taylor, as he was often called, for what reason I do not know—was born in Charleston, South Carolina, April 16th, 1817. His father was A. S. Taylor, who served as prize-master in the Privateer "Saucy Jack," in the War of 1812, and was afterwards a lieutenant in the volunteer Marine Corps, raised during the war of 1812; after which he commanded various vessels sailing from Charleston. His mother was Mary Chapman, of the parish Wapping, London. Taylor was educated in Charleston, where he lived till 1837. He says in a letter: "I left my native city of Charleston in 1837 (only returning for a few days in 1839), when in my twenty-first year, and since that time have wandered over the West Indies, England, India, the Red Sea, China, Singapore, and Ceylon."

He came to California from Hongkong in the brig "Pacific," landing at Monterey, September 8th, 1848. That place became his home until 1860, and a part of that time he was clerk of the United States District Court. In 1860, he moved to Santa Bar-

bara, and there married the third daughter of Daniel Hill and Rafaela Olivera de Ortega, his wife. Hill was a well known and prominent pioneer, having arrived in Santa Barbara in 1823. He owned one of the most fertile and beautiful ranches in that county, now called the "Hill Ranch." After his marriage, Mr. Taylor settled at "La Patera," a portion of his ranch, where he spent his time until his death, which took place in July 27, 1876. Long before his death, he had become well known as a writer, especially upon early California, in recognition of which he was elected a member of the American Antiquarian Society in April, 1864; and for his interest in scientific discovery, he was made an honorary member of the California Academy of Sciences.

These were the only rewards he ever received for his literary labors. He lived poor, and died without acquiring the fame he coveted; but his thirst for knowledge and his love of letters entitle him to be remembered as one who loved learning better than gold, even in the mad days of 1849. He deserved better than he received, and I gladly give this tribute to his memory.

#### LIST OF A. S. TAYLOR'S PUBLISHED WRITINGS.

*Indianology of California.* Published in the "California Farmer," February, 1860, to October, 1863. In four series of one hundred and fifty numbers.

*Bibliographa Californica.* Published in "Sacramento Union," June 25, 1863. Continued March 13, 1866.

*Grasshoppers and Locusts in California.* Published in fifteen numbers, in "California Farmer," from February to May, 1858; abridged and republished in "Smithsonian Report," 1859.

*Grasshoppers and Locusts in California. Second Series.* Relating to their appearance in California in 1861. Published in "California Farmer," from February to April, 1864.

*Cabrillo's Discovery of California.* 8vo pamphlet. 1853.

*Indian Tribes of California.* In "Bancroft's Handbook." 1864.

*Historical Summary of Lower California, 1532-1867.* In Ross Browne's "Exploration of Lower California." 1869.

*Bibliography of Alaska. 1600-1867.* In Ross Browne's "Resources of the Pacific States." 1886. Sketches connected with California History: Prologue. 8vo pamphlet. 1855.

#### *Articles Published in Hutchings's Magazine.*

*The Great Condor of California.* Seven numbers, from May to June, 1859.

*Alessandro Malaspina.*

*Juan de Fuca.*

*Sir Francis Drake.*

*Death and Burial of Junipero Serra.*

*Life of Father Junipero Serra.*

*Populations of Eastern Asia.*

First Beef-Curing Establishment of California.

Journals of Explorers of Sonoma and Napa Counties in 1823. Three numbers, from July to September, 1860.

Eusebio Kino. Two numbers, from May to June, 1860.

*Articles Published in Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

Cotton Planting in British India, 1841.

California. August, 1851.

Byron, Nelson, and Napoleon in California, in "Pacific Monthly," June, 1864.

*Newspaper Articles upon Various Subjects.*

Gray Sea Pelican of California.

The Abalone.

Influence of California on Animal Life.

Domesticated Animals of California, 1770-1859.

With an account of Mission Dolores in 1808.

Mediterranean Fruits and their Production in California.

Cultivation of the Olive in California.

Great Trees of Calaveras.

Analysis of Population of California.

Cyclone Storms of 1854 and 1864.

The Great Drouth of 1863-'64.

Natural History of California.

Pacific Railroad and the various Passes.

Human Fossils found in California. 1770-1864.

Interior Basins of California.

La Apacheria and the Great Colorado Cañon.

Prospecting on the Colorado.

Traces of Half-civilized Races in California.

San Francisco Bay, *ante* 1750.

California Members of Mexican Congress.

Franciscan Missions of Alta California. From original papers of Father Arroyo.

Discovery of Planchas de Plata (Arizona), 1730.

Mission of San Antonio, and its Founder.

Mission of San Luis Rey, and its Founder.

Mission of San Juan Bautista and its early Fathers.

La Suen, Founder of San Luis Rey.

Jesuits in California and Spanish America.

Early Settlement of California Missions. From the Archives of Santa Barbara Mission.

Ordanetta's Voyage; Manila to Mexico in 1566.

First Overland Immigration, 1841.

Kotzebue on the Season of 1824.

Old California Historical Yarns.

Bibliographical Sketch of the Press in California, 1846-1855.

Pioneer Printing Presses. Mexico and Peru before 1550. *Horace Davis.*

**Ladies and Tricycling in England.**

You ladies of San Francisco little know what a health-giving and charming form of recreation you lose by being unable—chiefly, for want of suitable roads—to indulge in the now fashionable pursuit of tricycling.

As an old athlete, who has tried almost every form of recreation—and thoroughly enough to have captained the football team of a large English school; to have rowed in his "College Boat," and played in his "County Eleven"; who has shot over moor, mountain, and covert; "ridden to hounds"; aspired to lawn tennis; and even descended to croquet—I can assure you, there is no form of recreation which, in my opinion, is so disappointing at first, or so thoroughly enjoyable after a little experience, as tricycling is.

Tricycling is disappointing at first, because it is, until understood, rather hard work; but to show how easy it does become, I need only mention that a lady has, to my knowledge, ridden more than two hundred miles within the twenty-four hours, while a gentleman, a friend of mine, has ridden considerably more in the same time, and on ordinary roads. It is a popular fallacy, however, to suppose that because a lady, mounting a tricycle for the first time, can stay on without being held on, and can make the wheels revolve—down hill, at least—any one can ride a tricycle "by the light of nature"; on the contrary, it requires considerable practice in order to ride easily. Further, tricycling is not an ungraceful pursuit, though some ladies, from sitting too low, and thereby raising their knees to the level of their chins with every revolution of the treadles, would make it seem so. A lady riding properly should seem to be standing almost upright, and easily in the treadles, and at no time should her ordinary walking dress rise higher than the top of a low boot. Wrong impressions frequently get abroad from ladies' experimenting on hired and inferior machines. Now a tricycle worth riding—such as the "Lady's Humber," made by Rudge & Company, of Coventry—can rarely or never be hired, for such a machine costs in England one hundred and twenty dollars, or here one hundred and eighty dollars. Again, ladies will often attempt what is an impossibility, and that is, to ride effectively and gracefully on a seat; a saddle—which, after all, is only a seat with the corners cut off—must always be used, so that the rider can apply her weight as well as her muscle to the treadles.

Some of the most enjoyable experiences I ever gained were as a member of a small tricycling club in the Midlands, in England. This club consisted of about twenty ladies and fifty gentlemen, all of whom were persons moving in cultured and refined society. It was the habit for some of us to meet every fine Saturday, early in the afternoon, and then ride leisurely to some place of interest, within easy distance, returning after having seen the sights and partaken of a sociable tea, by road or rail, according as the distance home was short or long.

In these little excursions, we occasionally visited Lichfield, with its beautiful cathedral, probably the most perfect specimen of Gothic architecture in the country; and there, if afternoon service were being conducted, we might sit awhile and listen, as

"Through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swelled the note of praise."

Then, after a pleasant hour spent around the tea table, haply communing with the shade of old Sam Johnson, we would mount our steeds, and bowl merrily home, along that great highway that, fourteen centuries ago, the proud Roman invader drove in a straight line over hill and dale, through the very heart of Britain; seeming, as we sped by in the dark, to belated travelers, little less than a troop of dancing lights and tinkling bells.

At other times we would visit Coventry—the city of the three spires—the scene of Lady Godiva's ride. An ancient city is Coventry, rich in strange customs, and poetic legends and romances; it was formerly the center of the watch and ribbon industries, but now of the bicycle and tricycle trade; and to such an extent has it monopolized this trade, that it probably turns out today more of those machines than are manufactured in the whole world besides. Thence, we would return by Telfer's grand road, which, for two hundred miles, is as smooth and as well kept as your fine Golden Gate Park drive.

A third favorite ride was to Stoneleigh Abbey—the seat of Lord Leigh—stately, even among "the stately homes of England"; it stands in the center of a large, undulating, and beautifully timbered park, and there, as we rolled smoothly along, we might spy the timid hare, the whirring pheasant, the gentle coot and moorhen, the graceful swan, and the lordly stag. A few miles further on, and the towers of Warwick Castle would rise in view, and we could gaze in awe on its massive keep and solid walls, still rearing their heads, in the midst of this nineteenth century civilization, a perfect monument of those feudal times of old, when might was right. Inside, the castle is a very storehouse of priceless works of art and historic relics. Thence, we might pass into the old church, whose ancient and curiously-stained windows shed a "dim religious light" on the marble tombs of many an Earl of Warwick and his lady faire, and before us would rise up those solemn lines of Gray:

"Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to their mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?"

Nor did we forget Kenilworth, with its sad memories and grand associations. There we would seek in imagination to once more raise from its gray and ivy covered ruins those princely halls and terraces of which Scott tells; and as the moon rose, piercing with silver ray the broken oriels around us, in fancy we would see the specter knights and ladies of Elizabeth's court file silently by, and disappear into the deepening shades of the deserted banqueting hall; and as the evening breeze went sighing through the ruined dungeons, we would almost hear sweet Amy Robsart bewailing her cruel fate. One of these dun-

geons is still pointed out as the place of her confinement; and now at eventide

"The village maid with fearful glance,  
Avoids the ancient moss-grown wall."

And often would we visit Stratford-on-Avon, there to tread with reverent steps the quaint, half-timbered house, where the "Sweet Swan of Avon" was born and lived—the old school-house where he sat, and where we would wonder whether he like other boys would creep like snail unwillingly to school. Close by, we would find the little rustic cottage where the great poet, unbending for a time, had sighed and loved, and loved and sighed again—the beautiful park of Charlecote, where he had roamed. And as the sun sank to rest, we would visit the sacred church, with its fragrant avenue of waving, whispering limes, where, beside the Avon, rests the poet's dust.

Nor are the pleasures of tricycling confined to such short excursions as these I have mentioned; for ladies, with their husbands or brothers, or two or three ladies together, may and often do make tours for several days or even weeks, taking with them sufficient comforts for two or three days, and sending further supplies on ahead by train. To assist such tourists a club, known as the Cyclist's Touring Club, which already numbers some twenty thousand members has of late years been organized, and supplies to each of its members, at a trifling cost, a road book or guide, which gives in every town in England, most of those in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and many of those on the continent: (1), The name of a comfortable and respectable hotel, with which specially favorable terms have been made for the benefit of members of the Cyclist's Touring Club; (2), The name of a "consul,"—*i. e.*, a gentleman who has undertaken to furnish, free of cost, to all members of the club who may call on him, all information in his power as to distances, state of local roads, places of interest, etc., and (3), the name of a reliable machinist to repair any little breakage that may have occurred *en route*. Armed with this little guide, I have, with my wife, "done" Wales—extending our tour for a fortnight—Derbyshire, Leicestershire, The Forest of Dean in Gloucestershire, Land's End, and the Lizard in Cornwall, and many other charming spots. We would start early after breakfast, carrying with us a frugal lunch, and wander where fancy might lead us, up this lane and down that; at midday, we would lunch beside some babbling brook or mossy spring, and then, after a rest, jog on our way again, until the growing shades of evening warned us to seek shelter for the night, which we would do in some old-fashioned hostelry in some quiet little country town, there to find

"Good Digestion wait on appetite,  
And Health on both."

*J. Edward Deakin.*

**Some Other to Some One.**

[*Some One to Some Other.*

Oh, love me not, that I may long for thee;  
Or, loving me, show not thy love away;  
For love that seeks shall weave a song for thee;  
But love unsought is love that's gone astray.

Love me anon, and love will sicken me—  
Even thy love, the love I most desire.  
The want of love alone may quicken me;  
The love that kindleth doth e'en quench the fire.

Yes, it is right for me, but wrong for thee,  
To breathe a fruitless prayer with bated breath;  
So, love me not, that I may long for thee—  
Love and desire thee even unto death.  
*Charles Warren Stoddard, April Over'and.]*

**Some Other to Some One.**

Oh, love me, sweet, that I may long for thee;  
And loving me, show thou thy love away;  
For love that seeks will weave a song for thee,  
And song unechoed's song that's gone astray.

Love me, anon, and love will quicken me—  
Thy love, dear love, the love I most desire.  
The want of love, thy love, will sicken me;  
The fire whose warmth's unanswered quencheth fire.

Yea, it is wrong for me, as 'tis for thee,  
To breathe a fruitless prayer with bated breath;  
So, love me, sweet, that I may long for thee,  
Love and desire thee even unto death.

*Peter Robertson.*

**The Sisseton-Wah'peton Sioux Again.**

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND MONTHLY: An article on the "Sisseton and Wah'peton Sioux," which appeared in the columns of the OVERLAND MONTHLY for February, has been read recently. To say that its perusal caused surprise, amusement, and indignation, would be expressing the case mildly.

The writer presents "a few plain facts." Would it not be well to be sure that they *were* facts before presenting them to the public as such? When visitors come on the Reservation, they should surely stay long enough to make thorough inquiry into causes as well as results, especially if they plan to give the public the result of their inquiries.

Shall we examine a few of the writer's statements? "Originally they" (the Sisseton and Wah'peton Indians) "were as blood-thirsty as any of their brethren, but *through the influence of agents who won their confidence by being true to their interests, this change was brought about.*" The italics are mine. It might be just and wise to inquire into the record of different agents, before the credit is so sweepingly given to them. "No one man should have more credit for this than Hon. Joseph R. Brown." No person who is at all acquainted with these Indians and their history, could have so disregarded the self-denying labors in their behalf of Doctors Williamson and Riggs, which extended over nearly half a century, as to make such a statement. Nor would the early labors of

other members of the Dakota Mission have been forgotten. The Ponds, the Higginses, the Pettijohhs, the Hopkinsons, the Adamses, and others—these all deserve remembrance. The work that these missionaries did was for no personal aggrandizement, for the gratification of no personal ambition, from no motives of policy. It was done only and entirely with the desire to uplift and Christianize the degraded people among whom they lived, and for whose sake, and the sake of the One who died for us all, they had left behind all the pleasures and delights of civilization.

"As he made friends with the aborigines, he got them to drop the breech-clout and blanket, and wear the clothes of white men." It was by no means through the influence of the Hon. J. R. Brown alone that this result was brought about. Further than that, the mere laying aside of the "breech-clout and blanket" was comparatively nothing. When a man did it with the intention of thereby acknowledging his desire to become a follower of the one perfect man, Christ Jesus, then indeed it meant something. But civilization without Christianity would have availed them naught—naught whatever.

"Mr. Brown's respect for his marriage went so far that he sent one of his half-blood sons to Yale College, where he graduated with honor." If the testimony of an intimate friend and near relative of Hon. J. R. Brown and his son may be relied upon, the son never went to Yale College, and as a result of that, never graduated there.

It is from no desire to detract aught from the respect shown the memory of the Hon. J. R. Brown, that the present writer takes the pen. "Honor to whom honor is due," is a trite saying, but no less true. That any one should visit these Indians, among whom the missionaries have toiled so faithfully and patiently, through summer's heat and winter's cold, through evil report and good report, through persecution and distress, with starvation staring in their faces: that any one should visit these Indians and utterly ignore the labors of these sainted and saintly men and women, is more than flesh and blood can patiently endure.

The writer of the article referred to speaks also of the local government established among these Indians. In this connection, it may not be uninteresting to state, that at the present time a petition is in circulation, praying the "grandfather" at Washington to relieve the people from the pressure of these burdensome laws!

We quote: "Nearly all the officers are full-blood aborigines, though they have adopted Christian names." Most of these men wear the names which rightfully descended to them from their fathers. Gabriel Renville, the chief, is not a full-blood Indian. Charles Crawford is not, Louis La Belle is not, David Faribault is not, Thomas Robertson is at least three-quarters white, and James Lynd is half white, having in his veins some of the bluest of Kentucky

blood. Reverend John Renville is not a full-blood Indian ; neither is he president of the council, and never has been. An older brother—Michel Renville—has, however, held that position.

We quote again : “ Forty years ago, he (Reverend John Renville) married a white woman ; *then* he was a painted Indian, wearing breech-clout and blanket ; *now* he is a quiet, inoffensive old man, possessing much intelligence and common sense.” To no part of that, except the very last, would the friends of Reverend John Renville (and they are many) agree. It is not yet thirty years since he married Miss Mary Butler. He was not a “ painted Indian, wearing breech-clout and blanket,” *at that time, or any other*

*time.* His father was a man of considerable information and intelligence, as well as of much courtesy and refinement of manner. He sought to bring up his children in a way befitting their name and ancestry, and they were always dressed as white children from their earliest babyhood.

Reverend John Renville a “ quiet, inoffensive old man,” forsooth ! Would God there were more of just such quiet and inoffensive old men ! The world would be the better for them.

What more shall be said ? “ We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen.”

*Martha Riggs Morris.*

SISSETON AGENCY, D. T., March 10, 1886.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

### Marlborough.<sup>1</sup>

This is one of a new series of small volumes entitled “ English Worthies,” intended to consist of short lives of Englishmen of influence and distinction, past and present. But it seems that Professor Saintsbury has gone aside from the original design of the series, for this so far fails of being a life of Marlborough, that he apparently takes for granted in the reader not only a knowledge of the historical surroundings of his life, but a full knowledge of the life itself. It is scarcely a life, but rather a defense, of Marlborough against what the author believes are unjust aspersions, and unnecessarily severe judgments upon his character. The life of Marlborough, with narrations of such historical surroundings as are really a part of his life, and a knowledge of which is necessary to understand the facts of his life, could scarcely be included within the limits set to these volumes. This, then, could not be more than it is—a historical study, a brief examination of the prominent facts of his life, and an examination of the arguments of earlier students for and against him—or attempted readjustment of the scales of opinion touching his place in history as a man. What he was as a general, there seems to be no need of a new estimate ; for by unanimity of opinion, he stands preëminent above not only all English generals, but all the generals of Europe of his time. Professor Saintsbury says that in his work the main facts of Marlborough’s life are stated, he believes, impartially from the best authorities, “ and certainly commented on without the least determination to make the man out a fiend or an angel.” The hurts in the author’s mind are, that against Marlborough’s character “ the very worst that can possibly be said has been said by the novelist of greatest genius and the historian of great-

est popularity that our time has known.” It would seem to be a vast undertaking to reverse the verdict of history concerning a man of such prominence, who died over one hundred and fifty years ago, the main facts of whose life are indisputable, and have long been available to students. The judgment of the severest critics upon Marlborough is, that he was “ venal without hesitation or limit ; shamelessly and indifferently treacherous ; not, indeed, wantonly cruel, but as careless of others’ blood as of his own honor where his interest was concerned ; faithless to his party ; trimming, to the end, between the rival claimants to the Crown, and sordidly avaricious.” Professor Saintsbury examines with the most charitable eye all the allegations that were brought against his subject ; but most people will hesitate before regarding Marlborough as guiltless of the charges against him, and will agree with the author in his observation that “ the facts, rather than the arguments, will determine each man’s own conclusion as to his moral character.” A complete reversal of the elder judgments the author cannot ask, in the light of his own view that “ it is possible to make large deductions from the unfavorable estimates of Marlborough’s character at almost all times of his life ; but what remains renders it futile to attempt to represent him as a man of delicate honor, of a high ideal of patriotism, of an innate and instinctive repugnance to dishonest gain.” This seems to be only a mild way of uttering the severest judgment.

### Lord Beaconsfield’s Correspondence with his Sister.<sup>2</sup>

LORD BEACONSFIELD was born in 1805, produced his first work in 1826, entered Parliament in 1837, was Chancellor of the Exchequer first in 1852. He died in 1881. This correspondence began, then,

<sup>2</sup> Lord Beaconsfield’s Correspondence with his Sister. 1832-1852. New York : Harper & Brothers.

<sup>1</sup> Marlborough. By George Saintsbury. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White & Co.

when he was twenty-seven years old, and had already been five years before the public as an author. These letters to his sister are scarcely more than brief memoranda of his life at that period, showing the persons with whom he was most intimate, places he went to, and people he saw there, with spirited epigrammatic comments upon men and women and events, as they occurred to him in writing freely, with no thought of publication. At a reunion at Bulwer's, he says, "I avoided L. E. L., who looked the very personification of Brompton—pink satin dress and white satin shoes, red cheeks, snub nose, and her hair *à la Sappho*." He "drank champagne out of a saucer of ground glass, mounted on a pedestal of cut glass." This in 1832, when open champagne glasses were evidently a novelty. He was "introduced by particular desire to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a pretty little woman, a flirt, and a rattle." Seven years later, he married this "flirt and rattle." "The staunchest admirer I have in London," he writes, "and the most discriminating appreciator of 'Contarini,' is old Madame D'Arblay. I have a long letter which I will show you—capital!" On January 23, 1833, he writes: "I dined with Bulwer *en famille* on Sunday, 'meet some truffles'—very agreeable company." One day in the next month he went to the House of Commons, and writes of it: "Heard Macaulay's best speech, Shiel, and Charles Grant. Macaulay admirable; but between ourselves, I could floor them all. This, *entre nous*. I was never more confident of anything than that I could carry everything before me in that house. The time will come." His brother, the editor of this correspondence, adds in a note: "Thirty-five years after, he was Prime Minister." On April 8, 1833, he writes: "I have agreed to stand for Marylebone, but I shall not go to the poll unless I am certain, or very confident; there is even a chance of my not being opposed. In the 'Town' yesterday, I am told, 'some one asked Disraeli, in offering himself for Marylebone, on what he intended to stand.' 'On my head,' was the reply."

In May he writes: "By the bye, would you like Lady Z—for a sister-in-law? very clever, £25,000, and domestic. As for 'love,' all my friends who married for love and beauty, either beat their wives or live apart from them. This is literally the case. I may commit follies in life, but I never intend to marry for 'love,' which I am sure is a guaranty of infelicity." In June, thus: "I was at a 'the cream of blueism' the other night, at Madame la Marquise de Montalembert, but can hardly tell you who was there, as I was instantly presented to Lady Lincoln, Beckford's granddaughter, and she engrossed my attention. Handsome, brilliant, and young, but with one great fault—a rabbit mouth." In July he went to a concert at Mrs. Milford's, and "was introduced to Malibran, who is to be the heroine of my opera. She is a very interesting person."

These letters give delightful insights into the private life of the writer. Being to a sister, they are

not political discussions, but are in his easiest and happiest style; gossipy, and occasionally witty in descriptions and comments upon the people he frequently meets. The discretion of the editor has elided everything that was strictly private and personal to his correspondent; and therefore it is probable that we have in no case the whole of a letter, but only such extracts as may be of interest to every one interested in the writer himself. There is much of allusion to politics, of which every important movement is mentioned, for that way lay his ambition, and the letters were written at the beginning of his political career. There is much of dinners with noted people, and of meetings with contemporary authors. He hated dull people, and could himself scarcely be dull at any time; and so especially not in such a correspondence, where he could be free in his expressions concerning men of the time and passing events. It is in such moments that the writer exhibits his real self, and the truth of humanity is that that most interests human kind. The extracts that we have given give a taste of the quality of these letters, and are from the first few pages of the book. The succeeding pages are equally rich in bright comment upon current events, and the people with whom his social life was mostly spent. Though the title-page names the letters the Correspondence of Lord Beaconsfield, they were all written before he was 47 years of age, while he was plain Benjamin Disraeli, and not until the last year of the letters had he become leader of the House of Commons and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

#### Memoirs of Karoline Bauer.<sup>1</sup>

Scandal mongers and gossips are frequently very readable. They are bright, imaginative, and garrulous. In their narration, the entertaining is prominent, the true being the basis but not the limitation of the story. They who live questionable lives love all scandals concerning others, and think they partially justify their own irregularities, if they can specify so many in others that they seem to make the standard of living, and those who differ from them appear to be the exceptions to the rule. When one such has lived a long life, her memory is a wallet full of worthless tales. The garrulousness of age, the desire to justify herself to future generations, and the somewhat lack of delicacy which has become woven into her character, afford a strong working capital with which to begin the business of writing reminiscences. The result is generally the partial gratification of a morbid curiosity, and the dismay and discomfiture of the friends of those whose reputations are besmirched.

Leopold, Prince of Koburg, to whom Karoline Bauer stood for a time in the place of a wife, was the maternal uncle of Queen Victoria, and it is narrated that when this volume was originally published in

<sup>1</sup> Memoirs of Karoline Bauer. From the German. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1886.

Germany, it was the endeavor of her Majesty to purchase and suppress the entire edition. But an enterprising subject of her own, having possession of a copy, had it translated, published, and spread broadcast through her own dominions. This was a good many months ago, and it is not till now that the American publishers whose names it bears, have had the opportunity or temerity to court the unenviable notoriety that should properly attend upon the dissemination of this collection of questionable tales.

Exactly why the larger part of the work was written, beyond a love of writing gossip, and telling all the scandal afloat concerning noted people, does not clearly appear. It does not tell the career of Karoline Bauer as an actress, or *artiste* as she prefers to call herself, for that, she says, "lies open before a sympathizing reader in my 'Out of my Stage Life,' and 'Wanderings of Comedians,'" which have not, to our knowledge, been considered of sufficient merit or importance to be translated into our tongue. She tells of her birth at Heidelberg in 1807, of her parentage, of the early death of her father, and of her visit with her mother to her relatives in Koburg, 1822. She traces the occasion of her relations with Prince Leopold through the facts that her mother, when a child, "became the playmate of the young princes Ernst, Ferdinand, and Leopold, and of the princesses Sophie, Antoinette, Juliane, and Victoria, the sons and daughters of the hereditary Prince Franz. . . . She was fondest of Princess Victoria on account of her amiability and many talents. After many years the two playmates were to meet again in England. Princess Victoria had become Duchess of Kent and mother of little Princess Victoria, now Queen of England—and Christelchen Stockmar (her mother) the widow of Captain Bauer and mother of the Countess Karoline Montgomery, whom Prince Leopold, of Koburg, called his spouse—but to be sure quite secretly, so that England and the English Parliament might not hear of it."

She appears first upon the stage in 1822. "I was sixteen years old," she writes; "I was pretty, sought after, and lionized—I was the *enfant gâté* of the Karlsruhe public—and I was an actress! Under such circumstances, it is surely but natural that love approached me in all shapes—love tender and coarse, noble and vulgar. In the intervals of her personal experiences, she has always time to tell of the amours or the *mesalliances* of others. Once she leaves her theme, and for the greater portion of a chapter gives some pleasant gossip of the phenomenal success of Henriette Sontag, one of the world's queens of song. All her first loves left Karoline Bauer quite unharmed, if we may believe her, as it is probable we ought, since she so frankly makes unnecessary confession to all the world of her later life. Later, when her virtue is attacked by the attentions of a very bad man, Prince August, who overwhelmed her with fear by his bold impudences, even to tears, she virtuously rejected him, and obtained the King's protection

against his further assaults. For a few pages again her attention is diverted from her customary theme, and we are grateful for something personal concerning Paganini and Mendelssohn, and the judgments of their cotemporaries concerning them.

The principal theme of the book is her acquaintance with Leopold, Prince of Koburg, and its consequences. She gives the wooing with much particularity. It was to what she liked to call a morgantic marriage—such a position towards the prince as he promised would be "a thoroughly honorable one, founded on a moral basis." But the record gives evidence of nothing which could be called marriage. The prince was cold and selfish, was many years her elder, and had led such a life that his hearth-stone was deep with ashes. She could not be happy with him, and was not, and after the lapse of a few months, they quarreled, separated, and the dream and the alliance were over. He afterwards was chosen king of the Belgians, and was married to a princess, and she returned to the stage. More than forty years afterward she dips her pen in gall, and, to gain some compensation for the equivocal position in which she allowed herself to be placed for a few months, depicts the character and acts of the many royal nobodies, whose dissolute lives were the theme of plebeian society. If the memoirs were intended as an apology, they do not comply with the meaning of that word. She wisely waited for her own death, before permitting them to be published. They make a department of literature which puts money into the purses of publishers, and hurts the morals of all readers susceptible of influence by narratives of immoralities.

#### Briefer Notice.

In *Frank's Ranche*,<sup>1</sup> an English father tells the history of his son's experiences in establishing himself on a Montana ranch. The boy, about twenty-two years of age, restless in a London counting-room, obtained permission to try his fortune in the West. After two years of experimenting at farming in Minnesota, where he sank a good deal of his father's money, he struck out to Montana, took up a quarter section, and worked hard and roughed it with great pluck and perseverance. He still had to ask for help occasionally, and as he urged his father to come out and see that the circumstances justified it, the old gentleman did so, was entirely satisfied, and not only cleared the ranch of its remaining debts, but added to its acres. The story of Frank's work is chiefly told in his own letters; and not only these letters (which are simple and straightforward, not at all clever, but cheerful and manly) but Frank and his father appear to be real, and the whole story of his earning his ranch, and his father's visit, a transcript from life. It gives valuable hints to young men desiring to go and do likewise, and makes it evident at once

<sup>1</sup> *Frank's Ranche; or My Holiday in the Rockies*, Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilton Beach.

how excellent their chance of success with a little capital, sound health, and boundless industry, courage, economy, and energy; and how useless to undertake the life if one is not willing to work very hard, live roughly, and save his money to the utmost. — Number Eight in "Cassell's National Library" (an admirable series of standard works in ten cent volumes, already noticed here, is *Plutarch's Lives of Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar*.<sup>1</sup>—The tenth number of the charming "Riverside Aldine Series," is Mr. Warner's *Back-log Studies*.<sup>2</sup>—Number Seven of "*Contes Choisis*" is *Carine*,<sup>3</sup> a story of a French artist and Norwegian maiden, and, like the rest of this series, good in moral tone and literary merit. — "Major Tenace's" *Handbook of Whist*<sup>4</sup> is in its way a valuable little volume, especially designed as a book of ready reference for advanced players, and one that would be rather difficult to a beginner who had not read other and simpler treatises. There is very little attempt at explanation in it, the purpose being to place in a handy form the various directions that have been given by the authorities on the game. The club laws of whist given in the back of the book are a useful addition. — A book of great value to orange planters is W. A. Spalding's recent book on *Citrus Fruits and Their Culture*,<sup>5</sup> and while it is not by any means new material (some parts being a repetition of his own article in the OVERLAND MONTHLY), it is concise, exhaustive, and well arranged. Mr. Spalding's reflections on location are of especial value; this is by all odds the most important matter in regard to orange culture, for it is absolutely useless to plant oranges on unsuitable soil or in improper climate. The plan he mentions of growing young trees in old orchards is to be strongly reprehended, as there is no surer way to spread disease; even the neighborhood of old trees being an objection to ground for citrus, as well as other nursery purposes. The chapters on cultivation are especially sensible and to the point. — In *The Lepers of Molokai*,<sup>6</sup> Mr. Stoddard gives an account of a visit in 1884 to the Hawaiian leper settlement, which he had not visited before for sixteen years.

<sup>1</sup> *Plutarch's Lives of Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar*. Translated by J. and W. Langhorne. New York: Cassell & Company. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *Back-log Studies*. By Charles Dudley Warner. Riverside Aldine Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>3</sup> *Carine*. Par Louis Enault. New York: William R. Jenkins. 1886.

<sup>4</sup> *A Handbook of Whist, and Ready Reference Manual of the Modern Scientific Game*. By "Major Tenace." New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885.

<sup>5</sup> *The Orange: Its Culture in California*. By Wm. A. Spalding. Riverside. 1885.

<sup>6</sup> *The Lepers of Molokai*. Number 7, Ave Maria Series. By Chas. Warren Stoddard. Notre Dame, Indiana.

Visitors are now almost totally excluded, and the accounts of the colony and its administration given from time to time, Mr. Stoddard sets down as for the most part founded on baseless rumors. The sketch — it is only a little pamphlet of eighty pages — is really a memorial of the almost unparalleled devotion of the young Belgian priest, Father Damien, who thirteen years ago went voluntarily to dwell among the lepers, and minister to them. For about a dozen years he escaped the fatal consequence of his devotion, but has within a little over a year found the disease fastening upon him. It is certain that the Catholic church can seldom have had greater reason for canonization than it will have in the case of this devoted servant. It is hardly necessary for us to add to the name of the author of this sketch, the comment that it is full of descriptive force and character interest.

— *Skillful Susy*<sup>7</sup> is a pamphlet of directions for fancy work, and suggestions as to what to make for fairs and bazaars; also some details about materials and prices. — The author of *French Dishes for American Tables*,<sup>8</sup> M. Pierre Caron, having been at one time *chef d'entremets* at Delmonico's, New York, is, no doubt, good authority. He tells us in his preface, "That knowing the furnishings of American kitchens to be very meager, he has forborne to mention particular utensils for the preparation of certain dishes," but adds that among the indispensables is a Dutch oven, for roasting meats *before* the fire. No doubt he is right in his opinion of the effect of a stove oven on meat. The book is very rich in recipes for sauces, bouillons, entrées, soups, salads, and various ways of cooking vegetables, besides desserts and cakes. It will be useful where there is an intelligent and painstaking cook. — *Dodd's Adventures*<sup>9</sup> will entertain children, while *Root Bound and Other Sketches*,<sup>10</sup> since it is by Rose Terry Cooke, cannot but amuse and charm both young and old. — *Outlines of Congregational History*<sup>11</sup> gives the facts in a condensed and readable form, well adapted not only to the Sunday School library, but also to meet the wants of many older members of the denomination.

<sup>7</sup> *Skillful Susy*. A book for Fairs and Bazaars, by Elinor Gay. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

<sup>8</sup> *French Dishes for American Tables*. By Pierre Caron. Translated by Mrs. Frederic Sherman. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Jas. T. White & Co.

<sup>9</sup> *Dodd's Adventures*. By Mrs. M. F. Butts. Boston: Congregational Sunday School & Publishing Society. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by American Tract Society.

<sup>10</sup> *Root Bound and Other Sketches*. By Rose Terry Cooke. Boston: Congregational Sunday School & Publishing Society. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by the American Tract Society.

<sup>11</sup> *Outlines of Congregational History, from Apostolic Times till now*. By Geo. Huntington, Prof. in Carleton College, Minn. Boston: Congregational Sunday School & Publishing Society. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by the American Tract Society.



THE  
OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

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VOL. VII. (SECOND SERIES.)—JUNE, 1886.—No. 42.

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CHATA AND CHINITA.<sup>1</sup>

A NOVEL OF MEXICAN LIFE.

I.

ON an evening in May, some thirty and more years ago, Tio Pedro, the *portero* or gate-keeper of Tres Hermanos, had loosened the iron bolts that held back the great doors against the massive stone walls, and was about to close the hacienda buildings for the night, when a traveler, humbly dressed in a shabby suit of buff leather, urged his weary mule up the road from the village, and pulling off his wide sombrero of woven grass, asked in the name of God for food and shelter.

Pedro glanced at him sourly enough from beneath his broad felt hat, gay with a silver cord and heavy tassels. The last rays of the setting sun flashed in his eyes, so he caught but an uncertain glimpse of the dark face of the stranger, though the shabby and forlorn aspect of both man and beast were to be sufficiently clearly seen to warn him from forcing an appearance of courtesy, and he muttered, grumblingly:

"Pass in! Pass in! See you not I am in a hurry? *Valgame Dios!* Am I to stand

all night waiting on your lordship? Another moment, *hermano*, and the gate would have been shut. By my patron saint," he added in a lower tone, "it would have been small grief to me to have turned the key upon thee and thy beast. By thy looks, Tia Selsa's mud hut for thee, and the shade of a mesquite for thy *macho*, would have suited all needs well enough. But since it is the will of the saints that thou comest here, why get thee in."

"Eheu!" ejaculated a woman who stood by, "what makes thee so spiteful tonight, Tio Pedro, as if the bit and sup were to be of thy providing? Thou knowest well enough that Doña Isabel herself has given orders that no wayfarer shall be turned from her door!"

"Get thee to thy *metate*, gossip," cried the gatekeeper, angrily. "This newcomer will add a handful of corn to thy stint for grinding—he has a mouth for a *gordo*, believe me."

The woman, thus reminded of her duty, hurried away, amid the laughter of the idlers, who, lounging against the outer walls, or upon the stone benches in the wide archway, exchanged quips and jests with Pedro, one by one sauntering away to the different court-

<sup>1</sup> Copyright by Louise Palmer Heaven, June, 1886.

yards within the hacienda walls, or to their own homes in the grass-thatched village, above which the great building rose at once overshadowingly and protectingly.

Meanwhile, the stranger, thus doubtfully welcomed, urged his mule across the thresh-old, throwing, as he entered, keen glances around and before him, especially upon the rows of stuffed animals ranged upon the walls, and the enormous snakes pendant on either side the inner doorway, and twining in hideous folds above it, even around the tawdry image of the Virgin and child, by which the arch was surmounted. These trophies, brought in by the husbandmen and shepherds, and prepared with no unskillful hands, gave a grim aspect to the entrance of a house where unstinted hospitality was dispensed, the sight of whose welcoming walls cheered the wayfarer across many a weary league—as it was the only habitation of importance to be seen on the extensive plain that lay within the wide circle of hills, which on either hand lay blue and sombre in the distance. For a few moments, indeed, the western peaks had been lighted up by the effulgence of the declining sun; the last rays streamed into the vestibule as the traveler entered, then were suddenly withdrawn, and the gray chill which fell upon the valley deepened to actual duskiness in the court to which he penetrated.

Careless glances followed him, as he rode across the broad flagging, picking his way among the lounging herdsmen, who, leaning across their horses, were recounting the adventures of the day, or leisurely unsaddling. He looked around him for a few moments, as if uncertain where to go, but each one was too busy with his own affairs to pay any attention to so humble a wayfarer; nor, indeed, did he seem to care that they should; on the contrary, he pulled his hat still farther over his brows, and with his dingy striped blanket thrown crossway over his shoulder, almost muffling his face, followed presently a confused noise of horses and men, which indicated where the stables stood, and disappeared within a narrow doorway which led to an inner court.

Meanwhile, Tio Pedro, his hands on the gate, still stood exchanging the last words of banter and gossip, idly delaying the moment of final closure. Of all those human beings gathered there, perhaps no one of them appreciated the magnificent and solemn grandeur by which they were surrounded any more than did the cattle that lowed in the distance, or the horses that ran whinnying to the stone walls of the enclosures, snuffing eagerly the cool night air that came down from the hills, over the clear stream, rippling under the shadow of the cottonwood trees, and across the broad fields of springing corn, the ripening wheat, the deep green of the plantations of chile and beans, and the scented orchards of mingled fruits of the temperate and torrid zones. For miles it thus traversed on every hand the unparalleled fertility of the Bajio, that Egypt of Mexico, which feeds the thousands who toil in her barren hills for silver or watch the herds that gather a precarious subsistence upon her waterless plains—giving the revenues of princes to the lordly proprietors, who scatter with lavish hands in distant cities and countries, and with smiling mockery dole the scant necessities of life to the toiling thousands that live and die upon the soil.

Many are the fertile expanses, which—entered upon through some deep and rugged defile—lie like amphitheatres inclosed by jagged and massive walls of brescia and porphyry, rising in a thousand grotesque shapes above their base of green; at a near view showing all the varying shades of gray, yellow, and brown, and in the distance deep purples and blues, which blend into the clear azure of the sky. One of the most beautiful of such spots was that in which lay the hacienda or estates of the family of Garcia, and one of the most marvelously rich; for there even the very rocks yielded a tribute, the mine of the Three Brothers—the “*Tres Hermanos*”—being one of those which, at the conquest, had been given as a reward to the daring adventurer, Don Geronimo Garcia. It was surrounded by rich lands, which, unheeded by its earliest proprietors, later yielded the most important returns to their descend-

ants. But at the time our story opens, the mines and mills of Tres Hermanos, though they added a picturesque element to the landscape, had become a source of perplexity and loss; yet were still, in the opinion of their owners, a proud adjunct to the vast stretches of field and orchard which encircled them.

The mines themselves lay in the scarred mountain against which the reduction works stood, a dingy mass of low-built houses and high adobe walls, from the midst of which ascended the great chimney, whence clouds of sulphurous smoke often rose in a black column against the sky. They made a striking contrast to the great house, which formed the nucleus of the agricultural interests, and was the chief residence of the proprietors, and whose lofty walls rose proudly, forming one side of the massive adobe square, which was broken at one corner by a box-towered church, and on another by a flour mill. The wheels of this mill were turned by the rapid waters of a mountain stream, which, lower down, passing through the beautiful garden, the trees of which waved above the fourth corner of the walls, passed on, to be almost lost amidst the slums and refuse of the reduction works, a half mile away. Along the banks of the stream were scattered the huts of workmen—though, with strange perversity, the greater number had clustered together on a sandy declivity almost in front of the great house, discarding the convenience of nearness to wood and water; the men, perhaps, as well as the women, preferring to be where all the varied life of the great house might pass before their eyes; while custom made pleasant to the sight of its inmates the nearness of the squalid village, with its throngs of bare-footed, half nude, and wholly unkempt inhabitants.

These few words of description have perhaps delayed us no longer than Tio Pedro lingered at his task of closing the great doors for the night, leaving, however, a little postern ajar, by which the tardy work people passed in and out, and at which the children boisterously played hide and seek (that game of childhood in all ages and climes): and

meanwhile, as has been said, the traveler found and took his way to the stables. Before entering, he paused a moment to pull the red handkerchief that bound his head still further over his bushy black brows, and to readjust his hat, and then went into the court upon which the stalls opened. Finding none vacant in which to place his mule, he tethered it in a corner of the crowded yard; and then, with many reverences and excuses, such as *rancheros* or *villagers* are apt to use, asked a feed of barley and an armful of straw from the "major domo," who was giving out the rations for the night.

"All in good time! All in good time, *amigo*," answered this functionary, pompously, but not unkindly. "He who would gather manna must wait patiently till it falls."

"But I have a *real* which I will gladly give," interrupted the *ranchero*. "Your grace must not think I presume to beg of your bounty. I—"

"Tut! tut!" interrupted the major domo; "Dost think we are shop-keepers or Jews here at Tres Hermanos? Keep thy *real* for the first beggar who asks an alms"; and he drew himself up as proudly as if all the grain and fodder he dispensed were his own personal property. "But," he added, with a curiosity that came, perhaps, from the plebeian side of his stewardship, "hast thou come far today? Thy beast seems weary—though as far as that goes it would not need a long stretch to tire such a knock-kneed brute."

"I came from Las Vigas," answered the traveler, doffing his hat at these dubious remarks, as if they were highly complimentary. "Saving your grace's presence, the *macho* is a trusty brute, and served my father before me; but like your servant, he is unused to long journeys—this is the first time we have been so far from our *tierra*. Santo Niño, but the world is great! Since noon have my eyes been fixed upon the magnificence of your grace's dwelling-place, and, by my faith, I began to think it one of the enchanted palaces my neighbor, Pablo Arteaga, who travels to Guadalajara, and I know not where, to buy and sell earthenware, tells of!"

The major domo laughed, not displeased with the homage paid to his person and supposed importance, in spite of the villager's unusual garrulity. Las Vigas he knew of as a tiny village perched among the cliffs of the defile leading from Guanajuato, whence fat turkeys were taken to market on feast days, when its few inhabitants went down to hear mass, and turn an honest penny. They were a harmless people, these poor villagers, and he felt a glow of charity, as if warmed by some personal gift, as he said, "Take a fair share of barley and straw for thy beast, and when thou hast given it to him, follow me into the kitchen, and thou shalt not lack a tortilla, nor frijoles and chile to season it."

"May your grace live a thousand years!" began the villager, when the major domo interrupted him. "What is thy name? So bold a traveler must needs have a name."

"Surely," answered the villager, gravely, "and Holy Church gave it to me: Juan—Juan Planillos, at your service."

The major domo started, laid his hand on the knife in his belt, then withdrew it and laughed. "Truly a redoubtable name," he exclaimed; then, as they passed into another court, over which the red light of charcoal fires cast a lurid glare, illuminating fantastically the groups of men who were crouching in various attitudes in the wide corridors, awaiting or discussing their suppers, "I hope thou wilt prove more peaceful than thy namesake—a very devil they say is he."

The villager looked at him stupidly, then with interest at the women who were doling from steaming shallow brown basins the rations of beans and pork with red pepper, a portion of which, at a sign from the major domo, was handed to the stranger, who looked around for a convenient spot upon which to crouch and eat it.

The major domo turned away abruptly, muttering "Juan Planillos! Juan Planillos! a good name to hang by. What animals these rancheros are! Evidently he has never heard of the man that they say even Juarez himself is afraid of. Well, well, Doña Isabel, I have obeyed your commands. What can be the reason of this caprice for knowing

the name and business of every one who enters her gates? In the old time every one might come and go unquestioned; but now I must describe the height and breadth, the sound of the voice, the length of the nose, even, of every *lepero* that passes by."

He disappeared within another of the seemingly endless range of courts, perhaps to discharge his duty of reporter, and certainly, a little later, in company with other employees of the estate, to partake of an ample supper, and recount to Señor Gomez, the administrador, with many variations reflecting greatly on his own wit, and the countryman's stupidity, the interview he had held with the traveler from Los Vigas. Even so slight a variation in the daily record of a country life is hailed with pleasure, however trifling in itself it may be; and even Doña Feliz, the administrador's grave mother, listened with a smile, and did not disdain to repeat the tale in her visit to Doña Isabel, which, according to her usual custom, she made before retiring for the night.

The apartments occupied by the administrador and his family were a part of those which had been appropriated to the use of the proprietors and rulers of this circle of homes within a home, which we have attempted to describe. The staircase by which they were reached rose, indeed, from an inferior court, but they were connected on the second floor by a gallery, and thus the inhabitants of either had immediate access to the other, although, of course, the privacy of the ruling family was most rigidly respected; while, at the same time, they were saved from the oppression of utter isolation which their separation from the more occupied portions of the building might have entailed. This was now the more necessary, as one by one the gentlemen of the family had, for various reasons, or pretexts, gone to the cities of the republic, where they spent the revenues produced by the hacienda in expensive living, and Doña Isabel Garcia de Garcia, still young, still eminently attractive, though a widow of ten years' standing, was left with her young daughters, not only to represent the family and dispense the

hospitality of Tres Hermanos, but to bear the burden of its management.

She was a woman who, perhaps, would scarcely be commiserated in this position. She was not, like most of her countrywomen, soft, indolent, and amiable, a creature who loves rather than commands. A searching gaze into the depths of her dark eyes would discover fires which seldom leapt within the glance of a casual observer. Cold, impassive, grave beyond her years, Doña Isabel wielded a power as absolute over her domains as ever did veritable queen over the most devoted subjects. Yet this woman, who was so rich, so powerful, upon the eve on which her bounty had welcomed an unknown pauper to her roof, was less at ease, more harassed, more burdened, as she stood upon her balcony looking out upon the vast extent and variety of her possessions, than the veriest peon who daily toiled in her fields.

Her daughters were asleep, or reading with their governess; her servants were scattered, completing the tasks of the day; behind her stretched the long range of apartments throughout which, with little attention to order, were scattered rich articles of furniture—a grand piano, glittering mirrors, valuable paintings, bedsteads of bronze hung with rich curtains, services of silver for toilette and table—indiscriminately mixed with rush bot-tomed chairs of home manufacture, tawdry wooden images of saints, waxen and clay figures more grotesque than beautiful; the whole faintly illumined by the flicker of a few candles, in rich silver holders, black from neglect. Doña Isabel stood with her back to them all, caring for nothing, not even the sense of utter weariness and desolation which presently, like a chill, swept through the vast apartments, and issuing thence, enwrapped her as with a garment.

She leaned against the stone coping of the window; her tall, slender figure, draped in black, was sharply outlined against the wall, which began to grow white in the moonlight; her profile, perfect as that of a Greek statue, unsharpened by Time, yet firm as Destiny, was reflected in unwavering lines, as she stood motionless, her eyes turned upon the

walls of the *hacienda de beneficio*, her thoughts penetrating beyond them, and concentrating themselves upon one whom she had herself placed within; who, successful beyond her hopes in the task for which she had selected him, yet baffled and harassed her, and had planted a thorn in her side, which, at any cost, must be plucked thence—must be utterly destroyed.

The hour was still an early one when she left the balcony—though where such primitive customs prevailed it might well seem late to her—and retired to her room, which was somewhat separated from those of the other members of the family, though within immediate call. Soothed by the cool air of the night, the peace that brooded over village and plain, the solemn presence of the everlasting hills—those voiceless influences of nature which she had inbreathed, rather than observed—her health and vigor triumphed over care, and she slept.

## II.

MEANWHILE, the moon had risen and was flooding the broad roofs and various courts of the great buildings with a silvery brilliancy, which contrasted sharply with the inky shadows cast by moving creatures, or solid wall, or massive column. Although it was early in the evening, the sound of voices was heard, mingling later with the monotonous minor tones of those half playful, half pathetic airs, so dear to the ear and heart of the Mexican peasantry; as night approached, silence gradually fell upon the scene, broken only by the mutter or snore of some heavy sleeper, or the stamping of the horses and mules in their stalls.

The new-comer, Juan Planillos, who had joined readily enough in jest and song, though his wit was scarce bright enough, it seemed, to attract attention to the speaker (while absolute silence certainly would have done so,) at length, following the example of those around him, sought the shaded side of the corridor, and wrapping himself in his striped *jorongo*, lay down a little apart from the others, and was soon fast asleep.

Men who are accustomed to rise before or with the dawn sleep heavily, seldom stirring in that deep lethargy, which, like a spell, at midnight falls on weary man and beast; yet it was precisely at that hour that Juan Planillos, like a man who had composed himself to sleep with a definite purpose to arise at a specified time, uncovered his face, raised himself on his elbow, and glancing first at the sky, reading the position of the moon and stars, threw then a keen glance at the prostrate figures around him. The very dogs, of which, lean and mongrel curs, there were many, like the men, fearing the malefic influences of the rays of the moon, had retired under benches, and into the farthest corners, and upon every living creature profound oblivion had fallen.

It was some minutes before Planillos could thoroughly satisfy himself on this point, but that accomplished, he rose to his feet, leaving the sandals that he had worn upon the brick floor, and with extreme caution pushing open the door near which he had taken the precaution to station himself, he passed into the first and larger court, which he had entered upon reaching the *hacienda*. As he had evidently expected, he found this court entirely deserted, although in the vaulted archway at the farther side, he divined that the gate-keeper lay upon his sheepskin in the little alcove beside the great door of which he was the guardian.

As he stepped into this court-yard, Juan Planillos paused to draw upon his feet a pair of thin boots of yellow leather, so soft and pliable that they woke no echo from the solid paving; and still keeping in the shadow, he crossed noiselessly to a door set deep in a carved arch of stone, and like one accustomed to its rude and heavy fastenings, deftly undid the latch and looked into the court upon which opened the private apartments of the family of Garcia. He stood there in the shadow of the doorway, still dressed, it is true, in the ranchero's suit, a soiled linen shirt open at the throat, over which was a short jacket of stained yellow leather, while pantaloons of the same, opening over drawers of white cotton, upon the outside of the leg to

the middle of the thigh, were bound at the waist by a scarf of silk which had once been bright red; his brows were still circled by the handkerchief, but he had pushed back the slouching hat, and the face which he thrust forward as he looked eagerly around had undergone some strange transformation, which made it totally unlike that of the stolid mixed-breed villager who had talked with the major domo a few hours before. It is true, the features of the face were the same, the bushy brows, the high cheek bones; but there was an intelligence and vivacity in the dark eyes, a half mocking, half anxious smile upon his lips, which utterly changed the dull and ignorant expression and, of the same flesh and blood, made an absolutely new creation.

It was not curiosity that lighted the eyes as they glanced lingeringly around, resting upon the rose-entwined columns of the corridor, the low chairs and tables scattered through it; then upon the fountain in the center of the court, which threw a slender column in the moonlight, and fell like a thousand gems into the basin, which overflowed and refreshed a vast variety of flowering shrubs that encircled it. It was rather a look of pleased recognition, followed by a sarcastic smile, as if he scorned a paradise so peaceful. There was indeed in every movement of his well knit figure, in the clutch of his small but sinewy hand upon the door, something that indicated that the saddle and sword were more fitting to his robust physique and fiery nature than the delights of a lady's bower.

Nevertheless, he was about to enter, and had indeed made a hasty movement towards the stair-case that led to the upper rooms, when an unexpected sound arrested him.

He drew back into the shadow and listened eagerly, scarce crediting the evidence of his senses; gradually he fell upon his knees, covering himself with his dingy *jorongo*, transforming himself into the dull clod of humanity which, under cover of the black shadows, would escape observation except of the most jealous and critical eye. Yet this clod of humanity was for the time all eyes

and ears. Presently the sound he had heard—a light tap on the outer door—was repeated; a shrill call like that of a wild bird—doubtless a prearranged signal—sounded, and in intense astonishment he waited breathlessly for what should further happen.

Evidently the gate-keeper was not unprepared, for the first wild note caused him to raise his head sleepily, and at the second he staggered from his alcove, muttering an imprecation, and fumbling in his girdle for the key of the postern. He glanced around warily, even going softly to places where the shadows fell most darkly; but finding no one, returned, and with deft fingers proceeded to push back noiselessly the bolts of the small door set in a panel of the massive one which closed the wide entrance. It creaked slowly upon its hinges, so lightly that even a bird would not have stirred in its slumbers, and a man cautiously entered. He had spurs upon his feet, and after effecting his entrance he stooped to remove them, and Planillos had time and opportunity to see that he was not one of Pedro Gomez's associates—not one of the common people.

He was tall and slender, rather, though, it would seem, in the incomplete development of youth, than from delicacy of race. The long white hand that unbuckled his spurs was supple and large; his whole frame was modeled in more generous proportions than are apt to be seen in the descendants of the Aztecs or their conquerors.

"Inglis," thought Planillos, using a term which is indiscriminately applied to English or Americans. "*Vaya!* a man it would be hard to deal with in fair fight!"

But evidently the Englishman or American was not there with any idea of contest; a pistol gleamed in his belt, but its absence would have been more noticeable than its presence—it was worn as a matter of course. For so young a man, in that country where every cavalier, native or foreign, affected an abundance of ornament, his dress was singularly plain, black throughout, even to the wide hat that shaded his face, the youthful bloom of which was heightened rather than injured by the superficial bronze imparted by a tropical sun.

Planillos had time to observe all this. Evidently the new comer knew his ground, and had but little fear of discovery. "A bold fellow," thought the watcher, "and fair indeed should be the Dulcinea for whom he ventures so much. It must be the niece of Don Rafael, or perhaps the governess—did I hear she was young?"

But further speculation was arrested by the movements of the stranger, who, after a moment's parley with Pedro, came noiselessly but directly towards the door near which Planillos was lying.

Once within it, he paused to listen. Planillos expected him to make some signal, and to see him joined by a veiled figure in the corridor, but to his unbounded amazement and rage, the intruder passed swiftly by the fountain, under the great trees of bitter-scented oleander and cloying jasmine, and sprang lightly up the steps leading to the private apartments. His foot was on the corridor, when Planillos, light as a cat, leaped up the steep stair. His head had just reached the level of the floor above, when with an absolute fury of rage, he caught the glimpse of a fair young face in the moonlight, and beheld the American in the embrace of a beautiful girl. Instinct, rather than recognition, revealed to his initiated mind the young heiress, Herlinda Garcia. Absolutely paralyzed by astonishment and rage, for one moment dumb, in the next he saw the closing of a heavy door divide from his sight the lovers whom he was too late to separate.

Too late! No: one blow from his dagger upon that closed door, one cry throughout the sleeping house, and the life of the man who had stolen within would not be worth a moment's purchase. It required all his strength of will, a full realization of his own position, to prevent Planillos from shouting aloud—from rushing to the door of Doña Isabel, to beat upon it and cry, "Up! Up! look to your daughter. See if there be any shame like hers; see how your own child tramples upon the honor of which you have so proudly boasted."

But he restrained himself, panting like a wild animal mad with excitement. The thought of a more perfect, a more personal

revenge leaped into his mind, and silenced the cry that rose to his lips; held him even from rushing down to plunge his dagger into the heart of the false door-keeper; completely obliterated the remembrance of the purpose for which he had ventured into a place he had deemed so sacred, so secure! and sustained him through the long hour of waiting, the horrible intentness of his purpose each moment growing more fixed, more definitely pitiless.

For some time he stood rooted to the spot upon which he had made the discovery which had so maddened him, but at last he crouched in the shadow at the foot of the staircase; and scarcely had he done so, when the man for whom he waited appeared at the top. He saw him wave his hand, he even caught his whispered words, so acute were his senses: "Never fear, my Herlinda, all will be well. I will protect you, my love! In another week at most all this will be at an end. I shall be free to come and go as I will!"

"Free as air!" thought the man lying in the shadow, with a grim humor, even as he grasped his dagger. Crouching beneath his *jorongo*, he had drawn from his brows the red kerchief. The veins stood black and swollen upon his temples as the foreigner, waving a last farewell, descended the stairs. He passed with drooping head, breathing at the moment a deep sigh, within a hand's breadth of an incarnate fiend.

Ah! devoted youth, had thy guardian angel veiled her face that night? Oh, if but at the last moment thy light foot would wake the echoes, and rouse the sleepers, already muttering in their dreams, as if conscious that the dawn was near. But nothing happened; the whole world seemed wrapped in oblivion as he bent over the old gate-keeper, and with some familiar touch aroused him. He stooped to put on his spurs, as Pedro opened the postern, and instantly stepped forth, while the gate-keeper proceeded to replace the fastenings. But as the man turned nervously, with the sensation of an unexpected presence near him, he was absolutely paralyzed with dismay. A livid face, in which were set eyes of lurid blackness, looked down

upon him with satanic rage. The bulk that towered over him seemed colossal; "Mercy! mercy!" he ejaculated. "By all the saints I swear—!"

"Let me pass," hissed Planillos in a voice scarce above a whisper, but which in its intensity sounded in the ears of Pedro like thunder. "Villain, let me pass!" and he cast from him the terrified gate-keeper as if he had been a child, and rushed out upon the sandy slope which lay between the great house and the village.

He was not a moment too soon. In the dim light he caught sight of the lithe figure of the foreigner, as he passed rapidly over the rough ground skirting the village, the better to escape the notice of the dogs, which, tired with baying the moon, had at last sunk to uneasy slumbers.

Planillos looked towards the moon, and cursed its rapid waning. The light grew so faint, he could scarce keep the young man in sight, as he approached a tree where a dark horse was tied, which neighed as he drew near. Planillos clutched his dagger closer; would the pursued spring into his saddle, and thus escape, at least for that night? On the contrary, he lingered, leaning against his horse, his eyes fixed on the white walls of the house he had left. All unconscious of danger, he stood in the full strength of manhood, with the serene influences of nature around him, his mind so rapt and tranced that even had his pursuer taken no precaution in making his approach from shrub to shrub, concealing his person as much as possible, he would probably have reached him unnoticed. Within call slept scores of fellow-men; behind him, scarce half a mile away, rose the walls and chimneys of his whilom home; not ten minutes before he had said, "I shall be as safe on the road as in your arms, my love!" He was absolutely unconscious of his surroundings, lost in a blissful reverie, when with irresistible force he was hurled to the ground—a frightful blow fell upon his side—the heavens grew dark above him. Conscious, yet dumb, hestaggered to his feet, only to be again precipitated to the earth; the dagger that at the moment



of attack had been thrust into his bosom, was buried to the hilt; the blood gushed forth, and with a mighty groan he expired.

All was over in a few moments of time. John Ashley's soul, with all its sins, had been hurled into the presence of its Judge. The self-appointed avenger staggered gasping against the tree; an almost superhuman effort had brought a terrible exhaustion. Every muscle and nerve quivered; he could scarcely stand. Yet thrusting from him with his foot the dead body, he thirsted still for blood. "If I could but return and kill that villain Pedro; if his accursed soul could but follow to purgatory this one I have already sent! but bah! a later day will answer for the dog! Ah, I am so spent, a child might hold me; but," looking towards the mountains, "this horse is fresh and fleet. I shall be safe enough when the first beam of the morning sun touches your lover's lips, Herlinda."

He glanced from his victim towards the house he had left, with a muttered impreca-

tion; then, trembling still from his tremendous exertions, approached the steed, who, unable to break the lariat by which he had been fastened, was straining and plunging, half-maddened, after the confusion of the struggle, by the smell of blood already rising on the air.

Planillos possessed that wonderfully magnetic power over the brute creation which is as potent as it is rare, and which on this occasion within a few moments completely dominated and calmed the fright and fury of the powerful animal, which he presently mounted, and which—though man and horse shook with the violence of excitement and conflict—he managed with the ease that denoted constant practice, and superb horsemanship. With a last glance at the murdered man, whom the darkness that precedes the dawn scarce allowed him to distinguish from the shrubs around, he put spurs to the restive steed, and galloped rapidly away.

*Louise Palmer Heaven.*

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## THE STORY OF A SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

THE story of the decipherment of the so-called cuneiform inscriptions is an instructive instance of the scientific method of investigation, and of the successful one of learning and thought in solving hard questions.

"Cuneiform" describes the way in which the single strokes are made in this method of writing; just as we call a style of writing back-handed, or a style of type full-faced. It does not refer to the language, nor even to the alphabet, but (so to speak) to the penmanship. Each stroke of each letter in a "cuneiform" inscription is a cuneiform or wedge-shaped stroke. Instead of this word, these strokes have been termed nail-shaped, arrow-headed, dagger-shaped, swallow-tailed; all of which terms describe the same characteristic.

You can easily make a pen for cuneiform writing. Take a four-square and square-ended stick of wood, say eight inches long and

three quarters of an inch through—a four-square desk ruler will do—and use a corner of one end for writing; this is your pen. Instead of paper, take some softish, well-worked brick clay, and spread it on a board into a tablet or flat plate, say a foot square and an inch or two thick. Hold your pen at a low slope, nearly horizontal, with a corner of one end pointing downwards over the clay, and make strokes in the clay say an inch long, with a dab, a slight lift, and a draw, hitting a light blow into the clay, and drawing the pen towards the right, and you will make "cuneiform" strokes. There seems to be reason to suppose that instead of this method by a dab and a draw, the strokes were (probably afterward) made by a direct stamp, like a type. In stone the strokes had, of course, to be cut.

For about ninety years, but mostly during the last fifty years, the cuneiform inscriptions

have been under examination by learned men. The results have been, among others, to add to the small Semitic family of languages a new one, the Assyrian, nearly related to Hebrew and Arabic; to greatly reinforce the evidence for the truth of important parts of the Old Testament narrative; to carry back a dated history in the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris to the time of King Uruk, who began to reign about 2090 years before Christ; and to reveal a whole new literature, with libraries, and systems of science, morals, and religion.

About 1772, the Danish traveler Karsten Niebuhr published copies of some marks whose meaning was totally unknown, and which he had found on certain rocks near the ruins of Persepolis. These were the first specimens of cuneiform writing properly transcribed. Niebuhr took it for granted that they were inscriptions in some language, and meant something, but he had no conception what it was. These inscriptions had, however, been noticed earlier. Figueroa, for instance, Spanish ambassador to Persia in 1618, and the Italian traveler Delle Valle, about the same time, had seen them, and both thought they were records of some kind. Chardin, in 1674, published some copies of them, and said that they were writing, but that nothing more than that would ever be known about them. This is a curious instance of those predictions of what can't be done,—like that about crossing the Atlantic in a steamboat—whose remains are scattered along the path of scientific investigation.

Towards the end of the last century, Professor Grotefend, a German Orientalist of Hanover, set to work to study these inscriptions. He began by just looking at them, and guessing upon them. Niebuhr had already guessed a little. The marks were in three columns; so Niebuhr guessed by differences in the general appearance of the signs that they were in three different languages. He also guessed from the looks of the single strokes of the signs, that these languages were all written from left to right, as we write English. And he guessed that the right hand column of the three, whose signs were less complicated than the others, was

the simplest of the three languages. All these guesses were right. The inscriptions came from Persepolis, which was built by the Achæmenian kings of Persia, (who ruled from about 521 to 331 B. C.), and they were found in the upper parts of bas-reliefs, which seemed to represent a king or ruler of some kind. Tychsen and Münter, two other scholars, with this set of Niebuhr's guesses to begin with, had already also guessed that a certain character several times repeated in the right hand inscriptions of two of these triple sets, might mean *king*, and that certain others found with this might be the king's name.

This was the point at which Grotefend took up the questioning. He took it for granted that the guesses so far were right, viz, that probably the signs in question were the names and titles of some of the Achæmenian Persian kings. But which kings? Here he happened to think of something; he remembered some inscriptions whose position and general arrangement was somewhat analogous to those in hand,—inscriptions in Pehlevi, a dialect of old Persian, already deciphered, and known to be of the Sassanian dynasty, a much later one. He translated the beginning of one of these; and he said, "Perhaps my supposed Achæmenid kings arranged the beginning of their inscriptions as my known Sassanid king did his. If so, my Achæmenid words in the first two lines, are these :

"[Somebody], the great king, the king of kings,  
Son of King [Somebody], of the family of Achæmenes."

Then he looked about for a fact to fit his guessing. "What two Achæmenid kings were father and son?" he asked himself. "Cyrus and Cambyses were; but my two names do not begin with the same sign, and therefore can not mean them. Cyrus and Artaxerxes were; but the sign which ought to mean Cyrus looks rather too long in proportion, and that which would be Artaxerxes too short. Darius and Xerxes were—that will do," and Grotefend filled in his blanks, conjecturally, thus :

"Xerxes, the great king, the king of kings,  
Son of King Darius, of the family of Achæmenes."

And then Grotefend observed a detail which immensely strengthened his conviction that his guess was correct. It was this. He had been working over two of the inscriptions, which came from near each other, and were probably, he thought, not unconnected. The two initial lines were similar in these two inscriptions, except for a variation, which was this: In one inscription, the sign for *king* was with the name of the father mentioned; in the other not; and the son of this non-royal father in one inscription was the royal father of the royal son in the other. Now this exactly suited his guess of Darius and Xerxes; for Xerxes the king was son of Darius the king, whereas Darius the king was son of Hystaspes, who was not a king; and Grotefend now confidently wrote down the dozen or so letters which he extracted from his four names—Xerxes, Darius, Hystaspes, Achæmenes.

The key to the cuneiform inscriptions was found; although Grotefend himself, in consequence of not knowing enough about other Oriental languages, never got much beyond this first step. Grotefend's publications on the subject dated from 1802 to 1816. Soon after him, St. Martin, Rask, and Burnouf studied the inscriptions; but the next important advance was by Lassen, of Bonn, an able comparative philologist of the modern school, who made good use of the rapidly extending knowledge of Zend, Sanscrit, and Oriental languages generally, during a third of a century after Grotefend's labor. By 1836, Lassen had discovered twelve more letters of the alphabet, and had worked out words enough to prove that the inscriptions were in a language related to Zend and Sanscrit, and having grammatical forms similar to theirs; and he translated many of the cuneiform words by using similar words in Sanscrit and Zend. In 1843, the Dane Westergaard brought home more accurate copies of the inscriptions than those of his countryman Niebuhr, and copied that at Naksh-i-Rustam for the first time. And Lassen, using these materials, published further in 1844.

There was a good deal of unbelief in the genuineness of all this deciphering, and

there is some little trace of it still. But a very powerful proof in its favor was the "undesigned coincidence" of Sir Henry Rawlinson's work with Grotefend's. Rawlinson was in 1835 an English resident at Kerman-shah in Persia, and he knew of Grotefend's labors, but not what their results were. He set to work himself, quite independently, on some inscriptions at Hamadan; and like Grotefend, he first guessed out the probable relationship of the same three names—Xerxes, Darius, and Hystaspes. His results were so nearly identical with those of the European scholars, as to leave it about as probable that the decipherings are mistaken, as it is that the Greek Testament has been wholly mistranslated into English. Rawlinson's transcript, analysis, and translation of the great inscription at Behistun, with dissertations and vocabulary, was published in 1846, and is, perhaps, the most important one publication upon the cuneiform inscriptions hitherto. Many valuable books and papers have, however, also been published by Hincks, Morris, Talbot, Smith, and Sayce; by Benfey, Oppert, Ménant, Schrader, Lenormant, de Saulcy, and others. But as long ago as 1850, the first of the three languages of the cuneiform inscriptions had been worked out so thoroughly, that it was not only proved to be old Persian, and closely related to Zend and Sanscrit, but there were, according to Rawlinson, probably not more than twenty words in all the inscriptions in that language about whose meaning, derivation, or grammar there was any doubt.

Thus far, the story has been solely of the first of the three columns of the trilingual cuneiform inscriptions—that on the right. It was found, however, that the deciphering of this column did not by any means lead immediately to the deciphering of the other two columns. It was, however, taken for granted (and it turned out to be morally certain) that they were translations of the first column, for the use of populations of different races and languages; just as the public documents of the State of Wisconsin are regularly printed in German and Bohemian, as well as in English; and this fact was a great and indispensable help in working on the other two

columns. Westergaard, in 1844, published the first important work on the second column inscriptions; Hincks, De Saulcy and Holtzmann followed, and Norris, working on Rawlinson's materials, published, in 1853, an alphabet, grammar, and vocabulary, which went far towards doing for the second column class of cuneiform inscriptions what Rawlinson had done for the first. Haug, Mordtmann, Oppert, and others have since done additional work on them.

As it quickly appeared that there were more than a hundred different characters in the second language, it was correctly judged that these characters were not alphabetic, but syllabic. This, of course, prevented any explanatory relation between the two inscriptions except in the proper names, and these did not suffice to translate, by any means, all the signs. And, besides, it was gradually found out that the second language was not an Aryan one, as the first had been, nor a Semitic one either, but a "Turanian" one, related to Mongol and to Finnish, a range of languages much less known than the other two; and thus the new research was found to be difficult enough—and so it still remains, although some progress has been made with it.

The work of deciphering the third column or language went on along with that of the second, and was found to be more important and more difficult also. Its signs are the most complicated of the three, and the inscriptions written in it have been more mutilated than those in the other two, and the occasional ambiguous idiograms which infested it were a most vexatious annoyance. But it is the language in which the principal ancient records of Assyria and Babylonia are written, and its records are now in process of adding to the history of man and of religion chapters perhaps even more important and interesting than those from the Egyptian monuments. For the language of these cuneiform third inscriptions is a Semitic one, nearly related to Arabic, Chaldee, Syriac, and Hebrew; and the records found in it have opened up an amazingly important and fascinating field of inquiry into the comparative ethnology, philology, and history of the

first human civilization, and the earliest recorded religion, besides furnishing numerous and important coincidences with the Old Testament history.

Since Rawlinson's transcript of the third column of the Behistun inscription, in 1851, great advances have been made in the knowledge of this third language—the Assyrian language; the chief contributors being (besides Rawlinson) Hincks, Fox, Talbot, Layard, Smith, Botta, Oppert, Ménéant, and Schrader.

The first column, or Old Persian, language was written with about forty alphabetical signs. The second, or Turanian, language used more than a hundred syllabic signs. The third, or Assyrian, makes use (so far as now known) of a good many more than three hundred. Of these, the translated three-column records have in one way or another helped to understand only somewhat more than a hundred. But it further came to be known that some of these signs, besides their syllabic power, had one or more of three other powers, namely:

1. Some of them might be either syllables or "determinatives," that is, names of some class of words. Thus, a given sign might either have its syllable sound of *an*, or it might stand before a name (as *Bel*, *Istar*) *without any sound*, but to indicate to the reader that the personage named was a god. Other similar silent signs or determinatives showed that a name was the name of a country, a river, etc.

2. Some of these might either be syllables or *ideographs*, viz, a kind of hieroglyphic, standing for a thing, not for a sound, somewhat as our  $\sqrt{\quad}$  stands either for the words, or much more accurately for the conception, *square root of*.

3. A good many of the signs have more than one syllabic value—sometimes standing for one syllable and sometimes for another. This distressing fact is becoming somewhat alleviated, however, by the discovery of certain arrangements for directing which value shall be used in certain cases; but even so, it does not facilitate reading. Further and very material help has been given, also, by the syllabaries and dictionaries found in the

great library of clay tablets at Kouyunjik (or Nineveh), by Mr. Layard. It is now agreed that the reason of this variety was the fact that the signs were invented by one nation or race and then adopted by another, who kept the old meaning and added new ones of their own, much as the Japanese have done with the Chinese characters.

Moreover, there has been discovered that there are, besides the alphabetic Old Persian, six more or less different languages which use the syllabic signs, namely :

1. The Turanian of the Nineveh bi-lingual tablets (Oppert's "Casdo-Scythic").
2. The Turanian of the second column of the Persian inscriptions (Oppert's "Medo-Scythic").
3. Susianian, in the early monuments of Susiana, before the date of the Persian inscriptions of Darius.
4. Armenian, in Armenian rock inscriptions.
5. Assyrian, from Nineveh and other Assyrian localities.
6. Babylonian, from Babylon and other Chaldean localities.

A different arrangement is used by Mé-nant in his *Syllabaire Assyrien*, which, however, does not conflict with the above ; he tabulates the signs or syllables partly by their age, and partly by nationality, as

1. Hieratic ; 2. Archaic Babylonian ; 3. Modern Babylonian ; 4. Archaic Ninevite ; 5. Modern Ninevite ; 6. Archaic Susianian ; 7. Modern Susianian ; 8. Armenian ; 9. Scythic.

The comparative nature of the three sorts of writing, literal, syllabic, and ideographic, can easily be seen, and their relative merits and obscurity estimated. In writing English, we use twenty-six letters. But a (practically) accurate English alphabet, such as the phonetic reformers are working for, with good hope of attaining it, would require about the Old Persian number of forty letters, for the sufficient reason that there are (practically) about forty distinct sounds in English, as there probably were in Old Persian. But if we had to use a syllabary instead of an alphabet, we should have to use as many signs as we have syllables. Take, for instance, our three letters, a, b, l. The speakable combinations from these are, besides

their own values, ab, ba, al, la, bla, bal, lab, abl, alb ; in all, eleven. For these, a syllabary must have eleven signs instead of our three ; as if instead of these eleven words we should use these signs : a, b, c, as now, and \* for ab, † for ba, ‡ for al, and so on ; compute the syllables found in English, and of course you find a large number—some hundreds—and so much longer must a syllabary be than an alphabet. Again, if instead of an alphabetic or syllabic system we use an ideographic one, which gives a sign for each word, we should have to use as many signs as there are words in English ; to find which number, "overhaul your dictionary, and when found, make a note of" ; some say there are a hundred thousand. The Chinese is such a language ; and this fact alone accounts for the movelessness of the Chinese mind. When it requires all the strength of a memory to hold on to the mere mechanism of thought, there is none left to get forward with the business itself of thinking. With armor and weapons so enormously massive, the soldier can neither march nor fight.

The languages written in the cuneiform characters were used over a vast tract of country, from the mountains of Armenia and from Elam and Susiana to the borders of Egypt ; and they prevailed during a still more remarkable extent in time, from some period earlier than any settled history, through more than twenty centuries, down to the era of the Sassanide kings of Persia, a few hundred years after Christ ; twenty times the age of our nation ; more than twice the period during which there has been English.

It should be added, lastly, that the researches of M. Terrien de La Couperie have within a few years seemed to point to a common origin for the oldest style of cuneiform letters, and the oldest style of the Chinese letters—a most interesting and curious prehistoric synchronism.

Enough has been said to illustrate the interesting record of learned skill and untiring labor, by which this most modern field of most ancient history has been opened to research, and to indicate what an ample opportunity it still offers for the zeal and ingenuity of scholars.

## KIP.

I MET Shammai Kip for the first time at an art lecture. The little, dingy, ill-ventilated hall where the exponent of a new theory was to lay down its principles and illustrate them by a painting off-hand, was crowded to suffocation with a throng of eager students, of critics, with and without prejudices, and of art patrons, gravely dignified. I had come late, and having wedged myself through the crowd that stood with turned up-coat collars near the drafty door, at last took example of Zacchæus of old, and boldly mounted a bench that leaned its shaky back against the rear wall of the lecture-room, thus securing a vantage ground for sight as well as hearing.

"Strange that tall men always get in the front of short ones," said a squeaky voice just below me, and looking down I saw the man whom I afterwards came to know, to pity, and to mourn.

A sudden spirit of proverbial philosophy seized me, and I bent over and whispered: "Tis the same in art."

A curious look came into the pale blue eyes that were turned to me—a look of indignation, as though there had been a sting in my metaphor, mixed with gratitude that his complaint had been thought worthy of notice. He hesitated an instant, and then stepped up to the higher level of the bench, which soon groaned with the weight of those who followed our example.

I regarded my new neighbor more closely, and with a mild interest inspired by that look. He was less than the average height of man. It would have been hard to tell his age. His face was a net-work of fine lines, and quite colorless, like parchment. His nose was long, with an indecisive waviness of outline, and the nostrils were delicate, but abnormally dilated. His chin was insignificant, and sloped into his neck, making the same angle as the profile of the base of his nose. His mouth was handsome and his teeth regular. His smile was melancholy. He wore little tufts of brownish whiskers,

which made his cheeks puff out like a squirrel's; his straggling locks of sandy hair were already turning gray. One would judge at a glance that he inherited his features from parents of widely different characteristics.

His clothes were decidedly shabby, shiny on all points of salience, baggy at the knees, stained with green and umber, slightly redolent of oil. From the pocket of his sadly-sagging overcoat, yellow from many months of wear and too thin for the inclement season, emerged the frayed ends of a long woolen muffler. No one could doubt that he was a painter. Until the lecture was over, and the specimen of the improved method had been tediously brought from a rudely sketched outline to a state of desperate perfection, which the lecturer modestly said had all the golden quality of Rembrandt's coloring, though he had to apologize for its faults in drawing, he scarcely moved from his posture—his neck craned far forward, his eyes bulging with the earnestness of his gaze, his hands clasped for balance behind his back. I must confess that I was bored, and it annoyed me to see anyone drinking in the lecturer's platitudes as though he were the Gamaliel of art.

The lecture was over, and the people in the hall slowly filed by the canvas, which remained for inspection on an easel.

"It is like a funeral; we are allowed to take a last look at the corpse," I said, flip-pantly enough.

"Why, d—didn't you enjoy it?" said my neighbor, as we dismounted from our shaky and uncomfortable place. My conviction that he stammered was confirmed.

"No," I replied savagely, "I must confess that I did not. I learned nothing new. His ideas were full of fallacies, and he said only one thing worth remembering, and that was a truth, minus a half truth, which, to use a musical metaphor, is a trifle more than a half truth, and so much the more dangerous."



cook. I pretended to evince much interest in the view from his window, and his uneasy motions whilst I descanted on the poetical effect of chimney stacks and the advantage of a north light, told me that he was surreptitiously tidying the disorder behind my back.

"Now show me your sketches," I said abruptly, when he joined me at the low window.

"I d—don't know that I have anything worth showing" he said ; yet he was pleased, and without further ado brought from a dusty corner a large portfolio and untied the rusty strings.

There was no difficulty in seeing why the artist was not successful. Though the pathetic canvasses showed a keen insight into nature and were true up to a certain point, yet there was scarcely one that had not something that detracted from its unity. There was one in particular that struck my attention, because it came so near being successful. It represented a mountain summit, clad in blue-green snow. The rugged rocks peering out were clad in helmets of ice, and over the threatening sides of the mountain shot the last rays of the sun, setting in the far horizon. So far as degrees of cold could be expressed through the medium of color, the artist had painted a scene where reigned an Arctic temperature, a frozen mercury, the very winter quarters of General Morozof, Russian ally, conquerer of Napoleon. "It makes me shiver to look at it ; tell me about it," I said.

"Here is another" was his answer, "and another."

The first represented the advance of a storm. Far up the sky rode the scouts on curvetting horses of cloud ; then came rank upon rank of cirrous masses, the infantry of the winds ; and like a far-shining Xerxes, surrounded by his thousands of Asiatic followers, was the sun, guiding and inspiring the mighty march. The second, which would have been the best of all had it not been for the artist's prevailing weakness, showed a ravine between two escarped precipices. A single solitary shrub rose from the curling drifts of semi-lucent snow, its limbs crusted

with crystal icicles. It was wierdly like a struggling genius of the scene. In the wake of the shrub, if one can thus describe in a word the hollowed depths where the wind had hurled on each side its freight of crystal, stood a huge she-bear. Far down the valley, towards the west, the clouds lay in double strata, like the floor and ceiling of an Egyptian temple, held apart by mighty columns of twisted blue black vapor. An unearthly red gleam shot through this ethereal Karnac and once more the atmosphere told its tale of frightful cold.

Then, while I took up one unfinished sketch after another, Shammai told me how he had one winter joined the Signal Service men on top of the mountain. It was like going to the North pole. Early in September, the first snow storm had suddenly come and drifted about the mountain-top, hiding the red rocks, and piling deep about the hut where the devoted servants of science lived long months, as isolated as though they had been in the moon, except for the single faithful thread of iron which bore them daily messages from the lower world. Here Shammai had made careful studies of Arctic scenery. There came days when not a cloud obscured the sky, when the cold seemed to give additional transparency to the atmosphere, and the low-lying valleys, gleaming with the purest white, seemed to approach nearer to them ; when the sea, miles away, revealed its Sminthean bow, blue as well-tempered steel, and the telescope could pick out the fast-fleeting vessels, like bubbles coming and vanishing. Again, there were days and nights of frightful storm, when the dense clouds came in solid phalanxes, and poured out whole cargoes of blinding snow, till the drifts were half a hundred feet deep, and the wind roared about their hut, and tugged at the iron bands binding it to the everlasting rock, as though it were angry at man's impertinence, and would hurl him from the heights down into the invisible depths below. One storm in particular Shammai described, with epic simplicity. Its approach was illustrated in the sketch which I had first seen. It was a meeting of Titan powers.



The hostile forces stood long opposed without skirmish or even threat. Between them, as through a long lane or rather pillarless hall, for they lay in strata, one could look as far as the eye could reach. Then company after company, as it seemed, engaged in the conflict, till the hall seemed like the temple of Karnac, with mighty twisted pillars. Thus the battle viewed from a distance seemed at first like a vision of peace. But ere long the strife of the elements became general, and embraced the mountain-top as if it were the citadel to be gained. The wind lifted the quadruple thicknesses of carpet from the floor, and rocked the tables and chairs, as though they were on a ship at sea. The solid walls shook; the anemometer, marking the force of the battle, reached a hundred and twenty miles a minute, and broke; the station of the railroad, whereon in summer such fair freight had stood in safety, was lifted bodily and hurled crashing over the brow of the precipice. Such a storm even the experienced officers of the station had never known. For a time it seemed as though they were doomed, and the most self-possessed telegraphed to the under world a few messages of farewell.

The hour which I had to spare with Shammai passed away quickly enough, and I was able to give him a small commission to finish for me one or two studies that had struck my fancy. The grateful look that he gave me as I pressed a small retainer into his hand, amply repaid me for the sacrifice, for I had intended the money for quite a different purpose.

I need not describe all the steps that led to a firm friendship between the artist and myself. By degrees I learned his whole story. He was the only son of well-to-do Quaker parents; his father a stern, uncompromising fanatic, his mother born with an exceptional love for all things beautiful, which, of course, had to be strictly repressed. Shammai, even as a child, had instinctively tried to copy everything that he saw. A pencil, a bit of chalk, a pen, served his purpose, and it was evident that he was a born artist. His father looked upon his attempts

with keen disfavor; he used threats and even punishment to curb the artistic spirit which seemed to him the manifestation of Beelzebub. Shammai thus reached manhood, and every year the struggle between his inclination and his respect for his father's wishes grew more bitter. At last nature conquered, and he went manfully to his father with his decision. The old man refused to listen to him, and gave him the choice between obedience and disinheritance. And Shammai, casting aside the trammels of family tradition, chose poverty and art. Since that day, five years before, his father had not only refused to have anything to do with his outcast son, but even forbade his mother to communicate with him. Shammai was not fitted for battle with the world; he was gifted, but he was too old to take up with advantage the serious study of his profession, and he was obliged to earn his own living besides. He who had been wonted to the fatted calf of the Quaker cuisine was often obliged to fast on a dry crust; but he told me that the dinner of herbs, with freedom to worship nature, was better than the stalled ox and discontent. He never complained of his father's treatment of him, but he was buoyed up by the pride of having done what he felt in his soul was his highest duty, and by the hope that he would ultimately conquer fortune. He never scorned any honest way of earning a dollar. One summer he became a waiter at one of the mountain hotels, and spent all his odd minutes in daubing canvases with landscapes. An artist who had a rustic studio in the neighborhood gave him a few hints, and some of the summer boarders paid him for decorated shingles, funguses, and other paintings, finished perhaps crudely, but still showing the spark of genius. Thus he earned enough during the season to warrant a term at the art school. Another year he hired himself out on a fishing steamer that was going to the Banks, and bargained to have a certain portion of each day to sketch. His experiences with Newfoundland fogs, bergs drifting down from Greenland's icy mountains, and the smell of fish and the rough fare of Gloucester fisher-

men, did not quench his aspirations, and he brought back a curious sheaf of marine studies. During the next winter he again worked at the art school, and sent in three or four pictures to the Spring Exhibition, but only one was accepted by the committee, and Shammai insisted that this one was by all odds the least original and the worst of the lot. It was hung on the sky line, and came back to him covered with dust. Shammai was not discouraged by this rebuff, and boldly set himself to compete for a grand prize offered by the Academy. He showed me the canvas, and I must confess that I did not much wonder at his failure to obtain even honorable mention. For his subject he had trusted to his imagination and a few studies made during the visit of a circus. The picture represented a sand-hill in the desert. It was night, and the stars glittered with all the fervency of the tropics. The yellow moon was just rising from the sea of sand. Far below lay the winding course of a wady. The foreground was occupied only by a pair of lions, the female curled up for sleep, the male sitting on guard, with head erect, as though he scented danger in the breeze. A Gérôme would have made the conception realistic by putting into the picture the atmosphere of Numidia. Poor Shammai, in spite of the poetry which dominated the painting, showed that he knew the desert only from books, and lions only through the bars of a cage. Yet some committees would have thought that the man's boldness in choosing such a subject, and his very want of success, was a sufficiently promising combination to warrant encouragement to study the East for himself.

Shammai had dreams of studying abroad, and even in his poverty, even when, one winter, he lived in a shanty twenty miles from town, and could not afford to buy a pair of skates, but fashioned them himself from old iron and other materials at hand, he looked forward confidently to the time that he should transfer his studio to the Latin quarter. His dream was destined never to be realized.

### III.

THE winter of the art lecture, when I first met Shammai, he had been turning his hand to portrait painting. That explained, in a measure, his intense interest in the theory of the successful foreigner. Whatever faults the Quaker artist had, he was absolutely free from quackery. He was as honest as the day. I used often to tell him that people loved quacks. "Pretentious meretriciousness masquerades as artistic excellence," said I, in full-mouthed, polysyllabic Johnsonian. "Get a tricky but striking mannerism, and your fortune is made; loud contrasts, æsthetic backgrounds; learn to drape your lady sitters in some kind of pre-Rafaelite costumes; put a sun-flower into the hand of one and three lilies into the hand of another; stretch their necks out of all proportion; write a motto in Tuscan, without any punctuation marks, across the top; put the date in Roman notation; and then get every newspaper man in the city to write you up."

He shook his head. "It's of no use; I must f-follow my own b-bent," he said, in all seriousness, "and I c-can't do such things."

I am happy to say that I persuaded a few friends to have their portraits painted by Shammai. I told him to ask good round prices, and he would soon become the fashion; but he insisted on doing his work for a pittance, and he was so conscientious about it that I wondered how he made enough to pay him for his materials and time.

I happened one day to be calling on a very bright and attractive young lady. She was blessed with piquant features, remarkably bright eyes, a tongue sharper than a two-edged sword, and a small but convenient fortune withal. Many moths had been singed at this flame. On the evening of my call, the conversation turned from a recent visit which she had made in one of the Western cities, to the subject of feet. "If I were a man," she said, "and had very small feet, I would wear long boots, and stuff out the toes. You may be sure that if a man has tiny feet, he has also small wit."

"Small understanding, you mean," I suggested.

She went on, taking no manner of notice of my attempt to show that if I did wear a number six shoe, I was not devoid of the commodity she had mentioned.

"I have noticed one curious thing, that men with small feet always manifest a tendency to wear patent-leather pumps, and if there is anything I detest, it is patent leather pumps."

"Well!" said I. "I know a man in town, who would suit you in this respect. I don't think he owns more than one pair of boots, and those are far from being patent in any sense except as the word means open."

I then proceeded to tell the young lady about Shammai, and the result was that she was suddenly seized with a philanthropic desire to help him. I suggested that she allow him to paint her portrait. The result was, that that very evening I went round to the sombre purlieu of Folly Court, and mounting to the dimly lighted studio, told Kip of his good fortune. He was to begin his sittings the very next day. "And now you can get a better studio," I suggested as I left him.

The sagacious reader will undoubtedly anticipate the slow process of narration and the slower process of reality. Kip's heart consisted of ventricle and auricle, and when, after half a dozen sittings, he consulted the latter portion of the organ, it was natural that the god that presided over the shrine, answered in no dubious tone. "*Subitoque fragore intonuit lævum*," as, to use the words of Virgil, Kip's portrait of the young philanthropist rapidly became a labor of love. It was certainly his best work, and having received gracious permission to exhibit the picture, he had the additional good fortune to receive the first prize of the exhibition. It was enough to secure him a year's study in Europe, though no condition was attached.

I expected that he would immediately announce his departure, but when I asked him when he would sail, he evaded my question. Perhaps I was not as quick as the sagacious reader; I never suspected that he was in love, and had I known of his aspirations I

should have pointed to the various wings of moth and butterfly (this is a metaphor) scattered around the candle. But Shammai Kip's respectful worship of his heroine was destined to have its reward. Society, of which she was a shining light, the world of art, which had been wondering why he did not improve his chances of foreign study, were alike startled at the sudden news of the engagement and approaching marriage of Shammai Kip to the heiress. Unkind things were said, jibes at his uncouth name were uttered by the envious; but Shammai, who, I really think, never once thought of the small fortune that would come to him, was blissful—and the young lady knew her own mind.

It would be a much more interesting story if I had to tell of an unrequited passion, of recalcitrant parents, perhaps of a broken heart. But there was no obstacle, save the imaginary ones of society—the chained lions, "On dit" and "Who'd have thought"—and I am reduced to the painful necessity of telling the truth. Shammai's obdurate father, who believed much in the policy of making friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, was pleased to revoke his anathemas, and even relented so far as to be present at the simple wedding given by the young lady's aunt. Had he still persisted in hardening his heart, I think the old man's last days would have been brought in remorse to the grave.

A few days later—it was still early in June—Kip and his wife took the steamer for Europe. Of course, I went to see them off. Kip said in a whisper, half in jest: "I have made a will and left thee all my p-paintings," and then the bell rang, and I quitted the ship; he followed me to the gang-way, and with tears standing in his eyes he said: "D-don't forget me, will thee?" Hiding my emotion under the mask of flippancy (alas! that was always my besetting sin), I swore that my right hand would sooner forget her cunning, and my left cling to the roof of my mouth, than forget him. And then the noble ship pushed down the bay, and in half an hour a long, sinuous veil of dark smoke hanging over the sea showed

where it had slipped over the horizon's edge.

WITHIN a week I had a vivid dream. I saw plainly a mighty iceberg, with pinnacles reaching fantastically to the sky. It was like a floating cathedral, but the mist of incense was the dense fog of the chill north. I could see the green waves dashing on its carved pediments, and its translucent foundations vanishing in monstrous depths. I remembered a wierd story of the Eisjungfrau, and I looked to see if I could discover her gleaming draperies, as though she had a throne on the highest battlement. Then, suddenly, there seemed to come, as with the rush of doom, a dark form rising on the swelling wave. I heard no crash, no cry, but as the ship struck head on, the masts went by the board, and there opened a frightful hole in the bow, through which I saw the water pour, as through a mill race. Almost instantly the deck was filled with people rushing about frantically in search of aid. Then having backed away by the rebound, the great ship gave a sudden lurch and plunged into the depths.

At that moment I saw Shammai Kip and his bride go down together, she clinging to him, and his face lighted with the perfect peace of love and courage. Then I woke, with an ill-defined sense that I should hear bad news. They say that no news is good news, but no word ever reached us of the ship that sailed on that perfect June morning; no driving wreck ever floated to the shore to tell its tale of disaster. After weeks of waiting, hoping against hope, relatives at last gave up hope, and confessed that their worst fears were realized; and I remembered my dream, and treasured it as one of those psychic visions which no science has as yet explained.

Shammai Kip told me truly; he had made a will, and left me all of his sketches and paintings. One day, I received a visit from a thin-visaged, melancholy old man. He wore a hat which recalled the style of two generations ago, but it was his quaint Quaker garb that told me at a glance that it was Shammai's father. In broken tones he revealed his errand. Having heard that I was the possessor of all his son's art work, he had come to beg one little memorial of him.

*Nathan Haskell Dole.*

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## CYPRESS POINT.

### *Monterey.*

I hear the diapason of the deep,  
 And, mingled with its swell, the haunting sound  
 Of dying voices from the utmost bound  
 Of hoary Neptune's nereid-guarded keep;  
 The wailing winds make answer as they sweep  
 Through gnarled cypress branches that have frowned  
 For untold ages with a calm profound  
 Upon these wild sea wastes unblest by sleep.

Here all is turmoil—waters in fierce strife,  
 Shrill cries of birds, and echoes like the roar  
 Of wrathful thunder; but far out at sea  
 Are islands kissed by soft waves evermore.  
 'Tis thus beyond the tumult of this life  
 Lie the blest islands of Eternity!

*Clinton Scollard.*

## THE COLLEGE TOWN OF CALIFORNIA.

THE refined and educated tourist in Old England or New England, counts, among the spots he must not fail to visit, the leading university or college towns; and to any one of tastes in the least scholarly, these centers of intellectual activity have a powerful attraction. To one who has lived long in a college town, its atmosphere, at once so quiet and so inactive, its flow and ebb of boisterous young life (the boisterousness tempered by the really arduous occupation of a good college), its interesting society, and its constant advantages of lecture and library, museum and gallery, come to exert such a fascination that any other home seems impossible. The cities seem brawling and tedious, other country towns dull and Bœotian. The attractions of educational advantages and of the good society included among the college people, bring always to such a town the most intelligent and exclusive class of other residents, who in their turn constitute one of the peculiar attractions of its society. They are able to set the standard of manners, and are sure to do it in favor of a certain refined simplicity—a freedom from display and burdensome conventionality.

In Old or New England, the charm of antiquity, and of many noble and stirring associations, has a good deal to do with the attractiveness of "classic shades." It is scarcely possible for anything except sleepy and ruinous old Spanish pueblos to have this charm in California; yet even without this, there is to be found here a *bona fide* college town, possessed of very much of the distinctive advantages of such towns. The tourist, standing upon the upper-deck of the ferry-boat, looking at all closely around the lovely girdle of mountains, can hardly fail to notice, close under the steep slope of the green Contra Costa hills to the northeast, just where they rise in the background to the highest visible point in the salient angle of Grizzly Peak, a considerable cluster of the distant light spots that indicate the

houses of a town—the larger buildings drawn up against the very feet of the hills, and the rest scattering down thence—alternating with dark groves and patches of trees, which give that quarter of the hills a more wooded appearance than is common along these round, bare heights. That, the tourist is answered, is Berkeley, the site of the State University; the larger buildings, conspicuous on the background of mountains (conspicuous, that is, considering the distance, which reduces them to toy-houses), are principally those of the University itself. Here is the college town of California, with not much over a dozen years behind it in which to have gathered memories, and yet a real college town in spirit and character.

The really necessary thing, in fact, for the creation of a college town, is that the institution around which the town gathers should be a real college of high rank. And this the State University of California is. In the face of the general western habit of exaggerating the real merits of local institutions, this University stands better in the comments of university men from abroad than our own community seems to realize. So wide was its original plan, and so high the standard of excellence by which it chose to be judged, that the tone of its own friends is apt to be rather one of deprecation for necessarily imperfect achievement, than of inflated local pride. The fact is that, to begin with, the University endowments come to about three million dollars, an endowment at present exceeded by none of the State universities except that of Michigan. In wealth, soundness of educational ideals, excellence of its instructing corps, and advanced standards, I feel safe in saying that the Universities of Michigan and Wisconsin are the only ones that rank even equal with it. Cornell properly belongs with the State universities, and the four, pairing, probably, by rights, into Cornell and Michigan, Wisconsin and Califor-

nia, stand by themselves among all these. It will be seen that this is a more than respectable position for an educational institution in a new State to hold; for this group of Universities, though differing materially from the older ones of the Atlantic sea-board, are not of the "fresh-water" type. They differ from the eastern sea-board universities chiefly by a development stronger in the direction of technology, and weaker in that of pure scholarship. This has its disadvantages, in strengthening a materialistic, narrowly "practical" tendency; but its advantages, too, in that out of the same radicalism that brought applied science so prominently forward in them, comes a progressiveness that seems likely soon to determine them strongly in the important direction of sociological science. Several highly important lines of study, not technical, have today a stronger hold in them than in the Atlantic universities. By virtue of the same radicalism, they are the four great coeducational institutions of the country. Nor are they "universities" merely by the sort of assumption that makes cheap boarding schools in western States figure as "colleges," or dancing-masters everywhere as "professors": though on a lower level of advancement than universities abroad, they nevertheless, having all the different faculties except the theological, can hardly call themselves anything else. That of California, for instance, has those of law, medicine, letters, and technics, and the name of "college" would describe it very inaccurately.

Such an institution, even when set down in the midst of an uncongenial neighborhood, gradually leavens the whole into something the semblance of a college town. But when it is itself the nucleus, and the neighborhood grows about it, and because of it, much more does the whole community become moulded to it, and share more or less in its advantages. This was the case at Berkeley. For many years, even before the University buildings were placed there, a tract of toward two hundred acres had been the property, first of the College of California, and afterward of the University; so that all the owners of land in the vicinity from the outset, except

a few farmers, bought in the knowledge that here was to be the college town of California, and with reference to that fact. Knowing, too, just where the college would stand in the beautiful triangle, enclosed with its natural plateau and terraces between the two streams that join below the lower terrace, even very early neighbors were able to choose their homes and lay out their grounds with a fair knowledge of what the future grouping of the town must be. Several owners had thus their trees planted and well grown before the first buildings arose on the brow of the lower, oak-skirted terrace of the University grounds, and were ready to join in the building up of the village almost from the first.

There used to be a story told among young aspirants for matriculation in Oakland, that when the committee of the College of California was searching for a permanent site for a college, it explored along the Contra Costa hills for many a weary mile, finding beautiful building sites, but never just the right place, until the pilgrim group—Dr. Bushnell, and Dr. Durant, Mr. Willey, and Frederick Billings, and the rest—came to a narrow stream, flowing down a perfect alameda of oaks and laurels, and crossing its fern-fringed gully, ascended a long slope, and stood where now the South Hall of the University stands, the hill sweeping downward at their feet into a grove of oaks, and northward at a little distance, dropping down to a long hollow, beyond which another laurel-walled stream moved down to join the first; behind them, a sloping campus, an upward terrace, and then the great hill-flank; and in front, beyond the meeting streams and the low ridge that guarded their farther side, a wide, clear plain, spreading down to the shining bay (evidently traversable in future by easy roads for horse or steam from the dark expanse of abundant groves and scanty houses that then made up Oakland), and still beyond this San Francisco on its hills, the wide-open Gate, and the ocean beyond, fading away to the Farallones. The explorers—so ran the legend—looked at one another; the most learned one, presumably

Dr. Durant, broke the silence with the ejaculation, "Eureka"; and the site was found, and named in a burst of enthusiasm after Bishop Berkeley, in memory of his famous ode and his dream of a college in the far West.

This apocryphal anecdote not only bears on its face some traces of legend, and of legend that took its shape in very young minds, but is also at variance with historic facts. When Dr. Horace Bushnell was here, in '56, he presented a report on many sites that he had examined, including that at the foot of Grizzly Peak, which was chosen, after due deliberation, and ample preliminary surveys, by the authorities of the College of California; and some years later, as it still remained without a name, Mr. Frederick Billings, now of Vermont, made the very happy suggestion of "Berkeley"—than which nothing could have been more appropriate. It is rare, indeed, that a tiny village, far off in the West can be named after a distinguished man generations after his death, with the certainty that it would have been a great pleasure to him if he could have foreseen it; but it is not unlikely that this inscription of his name upon the extreme western march of the world's populations, as a dedication of the whole to learning, would have seemed to the good Bishop almost the most pleasing tribute that could ever be paid to his memory. The site was turned over to the State University, with all the property of the College of California, in 1868, and the buildings were opened for recitations in 1873. The town was incorporated in 1876.

Even as a village, it was an unaccomplished fact when Bret Harte, musing over the supposed destruction of San Francisco by an earthquake, summed up the metropolitan estimate of the Alameda shore in the genial sarcasm, that it had escaped a like disaster only because there were "some things that even an earthquake couldn't swallow." It was a bee pasture then, from the hill skirts to the beach; and its rather knobby slopes gave no more indication of its coming intellectual importance than the hairless bumps of infantile innocence foreshadow the glory of its subsequent career.

The first permanent settlers were the coyotes; after them the Mexicans; and later, the students of the University, with their resulting train of boarding houses, billiard saloons, and small stores. In the survival of the fittest, the Mexicans went to the wall first. Their low, adobe ranchos, of whose hospitality in those days more than one pioneer has grateful recollections, have mostly passed away. A few swarthy families still keep a place in the manufacturing districts along the western beach. But the majority of them have emigrated south of the town limits, and pitched their tents at Temescal.

As a matter of course, the coyote too was swept away by the wave of settlement that followed the establishment of the University at Berkeley. But he did not want to go, and to this day still haunts the neighborhood. Almost any still night his sharp, crackling bark may be heard from the hill-side cañons. More than once, in gray mornings, I have seen him slinking swiftly by—a streak of dusty brown—on his belated return from some nocturnal ramble on the lower ground.

For some years after it opened at Berkeley, the University constituted the town. Oakland, the nearest city, was five miles away, and the only means of travel was a "bob-tail" car of funereal pace, that accomplished the distance in seventy minutes time. They may have owned others, but it was a tradition among the students, that the Car Company had only one horse. It did not seem probable that there could be another one that was so thin and so slow, and had so many raw places on him at once. But one day the brake broke on the down grade to Temescal, and not being able to increase his pace to the speed acquired by the car behind him, the horse was run over and permanently disabled. It was feared the Company would have to stop business, but when the track was cleared, traffic was resumed with a new horse, so sorrel, so thin, so slow, and so raw, such an exact counterfeit of his martyred predecessor, that the student mind refused to accept him as a separate identity, and named him "Phoenix"

on the spot. I speak of the Phoenix, not so much to warm the hearts of old graduates with a pleasant recollection, as to illustrate the difficulty that attended reaching Berkeley in those days.

It was this difficulty that obliged most of the Faculty and students to reside on the spot; and a small fungus growth of hotels and restaurants sprang up to supply their needs. Everything clustered about the University grounds, and they became the center of growth for the new town. Later, when other besides educational considerations began to attract immigration, new centers grew up at different points on the slope. Each of these clusters widened gradually, and several of them at first had separate names. The excellent water facilities, and the location of the overland railroad across the low tide lands, centered the manufacturing and large business interests at the western beach. This nucleus took the name of Ocean View; but with the incorporation of the present town, surrendered its name and its identity, and became the West Berkeley of today. Other early centers were Berryman's, on the north, and the group of pretty residences that grew up around Dwight Way Station on the local railroad to the south.

But this growth from many nuclei has given the town a delightfully disconnected irregularity. The streets laid out by one nucleus have a way of running flatly into the fences of another nucleus, and the latter being equally fixed in their opinions, as to the desirability of not having streets at these particular points, the thoroughfares have been obliged either to stop blindly, or turn a corner and go around. A prosaic town council, abetted by the town surveyor, has made repeated efforts to straighten out these kinks. North and south they have fortunately not been over-successful. But east and west a series of noble avenues, wide and breezy, have been made to open clear across the town. They extend, in uniform but gentle slope, for over two miles in distance, and are tree-lined, for the most part, along a moiety of their length.

The amount of ground included within the

Berkeley limits would give house room to a population several times as great as the town now has. It is rectangular in plan, and between two and three miles on the side. It is being made into a compact town, much on the principle used to turf the intractable sand dunes of the San Francisco side. Here and there a bunch of houses has been set out, and these growing, by accretion, have joined into one another, until the gaps between have disappeared. But nature is slower in "taking her course" in town building, than she is in the matter of grass growing on the dunes. And while the sand hills have long since become smooth sheets of green, Berkeley has still broad, houseless spots in every part of town.

The greatest of these spots, and one which will always remain unbuilt upon, is the tract that forms the University grounds. It is a comfort to think, that when all the surrounding land shall be occupied, this beautiful park will remain as a convenient breathing place for the town. It is planted with shade trees and shrubbery; and about the buildings and in the neighborhood of the lower entrance, there are wide stretches of well-kept lawn.

On the south side of the grounds is a small stream of living water, that issues from the largest of the cañons to the east, and pursues an uneventful course through the falling ground, till it finds an outlet in the Bay. Ten years ago it was an innocent, shallow stream, that a team might cross at any point. There was more obliquity in its course of life than might seem proper to a moralist, but nothing really harmful to the neighborhood. It was the contaminating influence of man that developed the evil of its disposition. In a playful winter rising of that year, it overflowed its banks on one of the longest curves, and washed away the cow of a local restaurateur, besides threatening his dancing floor and house. As a suggestion to it to pursue a straight line of conduct in the future, the restaurateur dug a trench across the neck of the main curves, and turned the water from its original course. The creek having accepted the new line of



conduct, followed it with such ascetic vigor, that in a year or so it tore out the whole road-bed twenty feet deep, and went clear out of sight at the bottom. This lively policy it has since continued, in spite of the dams and other energetic remonstrances of the property owners along its banks. There is a moral to be drawn somewhere from this condition of affairs, but I cannot exactly put my finger on it. It may be the suggestion that when a man has made up his mind to follow a line of conduct, he ought to go ahead with it, no matter what he smashes. This would be the New England idea. Or, perhaps, that a prodigal who wakes up to the fact that the community has drawn a line for him, will find it best to adopt it, and sink down; and get out of sight as quick as possible. But I do not feel called on to really point the illustration, because it was the æsthetic and not the moral side of it that brought it into this article.

For, æsthetically, nothing could be of more advantage to the scenery than this deepening of the creek has been. It furnishes at once the most beautiful and romantic spots of Berkeley. The deep cuts, with the noise of water at the bottom, the fern-grown banks, the tangles of blackberry and rose, the cool stones around which the current flows—when it does flow,—the smell of laurel leaves, the low, wide-spreading branches on each side, and the perpetual shade, all combine to render the creek line picturesque and pleasing to the recollection.

The live oaks scattered along the line of this stream are also worthy of special mention. There seem to be no young trees among them. The youngest is full grown, and they range from that age to the hoary decrepitude where propping is necessary to keep them from falling down. They are green all the year, only that in the spring-time the color is fresher, and the gray moss less conspicuous than at other seasons. Their low, smooth trunks and clear-cut branches make them great favorites with artists; and the ladies from the San Francisco Art School sometimes block the travel on the plank-walk for half a day, by sitting on it while

they make sketches of them in charcoal, from different points of view.

There are broad, sweeping drives leading up toward the college buildings, and, in a great hollow, the campus, with the cinder track at its foot, where of afternoons a game of football is commonly in progress. The University Eleven has held the Coast championship against all comers for the last three years, and, having a goodly number of victories to its credit, bids fair to win the trophy for the present year. East of the campus, on the higher ground, are the buildings belonging to the institution. The original plan called for four, standing at the corners of a rectangle, with a fifth one in the center. But, so far, only four of these have been built, the southeast corner of the rectangle being vacant.

With the exception of the North Hall, all the buildings are of brick and stone. They are imposing in appearance, and of good architectural design. The two on the west side of the rectangle, known respectively as the North and South Hall, are the oldest buildings of the group. They are very similar in plan, three stories in height, and face both east and west with such similar façades that it is difficult to determine which side was intended as a front. The North Hall has always been, and is, the seat of University administration. Under its roof are the offices of the President and Dean, the Faculty room, the Recorder's office and the University bulletin boards. There being no dormitory system in the University, and no general assemblies of the students, these bulletin boards play an important part in University affairs. All communications between the different members of the student body, as well as between the Faculty and students, appear in some form upon their surface. Notices of books lost or wanted, programmes of literary societies and entertainments, lists of delinquents posted for extra drill, announcements of rushes and athletic games; and quite commonly the terse formula, "Mr. — will please call on the President today," are a few of the items that it holds. Once a day, at least, every student makes it a point

to consult its contents, making note of such items as relate personally to him.

The University being still in its teens, has as yet few memories that require watering to keep them green. Its graduates have not had time to attain that brilliant distinction which reflects a halo over the places where their foliage was pruned, and their sap first directed to the nourishment of a symmetrical growth. Like the man who had the splendid answer if some one would only find him the conundrum that it fitted, the University has numberless memories stored away against the time when its graduates shall have become famous, and people therefore curious concerning the wherefore and the why of their success. Now, all that can be said is, that the air about the old North Hall is heavy with recollections dear to the student heart, which would not stir that of the general reader, because the object of them is to him obscure. Having the Faculty room as a nucleus, it is natural that the prevailing color of these memories should be somber. And more than one visiting graduate has felt a melancholy satisfaction in finding the same lot of nervous undergraduates tramping aimlessly about the door, on the other side of which their fate was being decided, and endeavoring, with the same gloomy eagerness as in his own time, to pump information from each professor coming out, as to what was happening in their case.

At the other side of the building is the Assembly Hall, so called, with a comfortable seating room of four hundred. This was formerly the scene of Commencements and other public exercises; but the increase in numbers of students and spectators early obliged a removal of such entertainments to the Harmon Gymnasium, which, with a seating capacity of as many thousands, is now equally strained to accommodate the crowds. Under earlier administrations, the Assembly Hall was, once a week, filled by a general assembly of the students, on which occasions, some member of the Faculty or distinguished stranger delivered a popular address. Noted scientific and literary men made up the latter list, and their lectures

drew the attention of many people to the young institution. The vacant space in the hall was always filled by people from the neighboring cities; and it was through these means, rather than an appreciation of its excellent courses of study, that the institution became popular in the State.

Of late years, however, this usage has been abandoned, and the hall stands unoccupied, except on the occasion of some unofficial entertainment. It is still worth a glance, however, for the portraits in oil that line its walls. These consist, primarily, of the presidents of the institution. Bishop Berkeley, having lent his name to the town, has his position among them by brevet.

In the basement of this building is the University printing office. The presses and material belong to the students, and the University provides a foreman, whose duty it is to teach any and all students applying the mysteries of the art preservative. Two weekly papers are issued from this press, the work on them, financially, mechanically, and editorially being performed by the students alone. They are often as bright as if handled by professionals, and there are few papers in the field of college journalism that compare with them in literary excellence. Many of the keenest young newspaper men in the State first learned to use their pens in this office. But the most excellent thing about the department is the pecuniary aid it furnishes to poor students. The University, as yet, has practically nothing in the way of scholarships, with which to help worthy but needy students. But the indigent man who is willing to work, finds the printing office always open. He receives instruction gratis, either in press work or at the case, and as soon as he is fitted to do work on the papers that can be utilized, he is paid for that work at current rates. Thus, after a few weeks' practice, the student's leisure hours become a source of income, which has enabled more than one aspirant to hold on till his sheepskin was safely in his grasp. And, further, the technical training is such that, when the graduate gets out into the world, he has a trade he can depend on for a living, while

working off his conviction that he is fitted to begin at the top of business life.

The remainder of the North Hall is taken up with classrooms, waiting-rooms, the armory, and divers professional sanctums. The roof is flat, and at certain seasons it is common to find the incipient mining engineers, with their steel tapes, transits, and levels, running lines down through the sky lights into the lower halls, on the assumed theory that the roof is the surface of the ground, and the interior the shafts and chambers of a mine.

In the South Hall there is an easy gradation from the Chemical and Agricultural Departments below, through the Zoölogical and Geological Departments, to the museum and the fossils on the second and third floors. The museum is much cramped for room, and some day is to occupy another building. The bulk of the collection is mineral, and has the reputation of being the largest and most complete in the United States. It is especially rich in local ores and specimens, and is used constantly by the students in the Department of Mines. Besides the minerals, the museum embraces a fine collection of native woods, the usual quota of butterflies, stuffed beasts and birds; and in the hall near the entrance, a barbarous series of relief maps in colors, which in the half light are frequently taken for a collection of old masters. The only live stock in the museum is a hybrid collection of snakes, which the Curator extracts from a can with his bare hand, for the delectation of lady visitors. One of the latter inadvertently overturned a box with an eleven-ringed rattlesnake in it, one day, and it was forty-eight hours before the reptile was recaptured. The students absented themselves from recitations in the building during this period. There is a State law forbidding the selling of whisky within two miles of the University grounds, and the boys naturally felt timid about incurring danger with no remedy on hand in case of accident.

Facing the two western buildings, on a gentle slope above, is the Bacon Library and Art Building—the central building of the primal plan. This, together with many

of the books and art treasures it contains, was the gift of H. D. Bacon, of Oakland, from whom it takes its name. It is built of pressed brick and iron, with a Gothic façade eighty-seven feet in length, which culminates in a quadrangular tower one hundred and four feet above the base. The library is a circular room some sixty-five feet in diameter, with an airy dome measuring fifty-four feet to the iron lantern-ring. This circular portion stands behind the main building, which is rectangular, and opens directly into it. Both are finished in modern Gothic style, and frescoed. The library is arranged with iron galleries reached by spiral stairs, and has rows of walnut book-cases running in from the circumference toward the center, like the spokes of a wheel. Between them are narrow alcoves. The present library numbers about thirty thousand volumes, and the building will comfortably accommodate about forty thousand more. It is not so large as some other libraries on the Coast, but it is so well selected and arranged that it is of more real value to students than any other this side of the Rockies. It is constantly growing, the munificent bequest of the late Michael Reese (\$50,000) giving it a regular income for the purchase of new books.

The whole floor of the rectangular portion opening into the library is reserved for reading rooms. These are three in number, and all furnished with chairs and long tables, whose scratched foot-bars and legs speak eloquently of their intimate acquaintance with many generations of students' feet. Here and there on the walls are hung isolated objects of interest; the original crayon sketch of Horace Vernet for the Battle of Constantine; a rare drawing of San Francisco in pioneer days; a few fine line etchings; and the original manuscript and corrected proof sheets of Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee." This last is interesting, because it shows how carefully the author went over his work, correcting and changing, striking out whole lines where a different shade of meaning seemed more felicitous, and telling what a bug-bear he must have been to the poor typo who had to make the "revise." The title

as finally published was a third change from the one first sent in as copy, and the famous line, "We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor!" was a happy afterthought, interlined in place of "Is our civilization a failure?" which appears in both manuscript and proof.

Over the reading rooms is the Art Gallery. It is practically one room of eighty-seven feet in length, but for the sake of breaking the monotony, two arches have been thrown across at equal intervals, supported by groups of pillars, which give it the appearance of three separate chambers. The light is well managed, coming from sky-lights in the ceiling, which is domed up in each compartment to a height of thirty feet. While the pictures that hang on the walls of this room are only sixty-five in number, they represent a value in art that is unusually great. Among them is a good example of Cimabue, and an undoubted Rembrandt head; poorer examples of Rubens, Guido, and Claude de Lorraine; an "Adoration," by Dürer, as faulty in perspective as the famous one in the Tribuna—and therefore I suppose, as valuable; examples of Nicholas, Poussin, Teniers the younger, Brill, Correggio, and excellent copies of Murillo, Albani, and others. Of later work, Bierstadt's Yosemite landscape is worth more than casual notice. The largest, as well as the most notable of the modern pictures, is the famous "Washington at the Battle of Monmouth," by Leutze, which occupies the whole south end of the gallery. It is an imaginative work, fresh in coloring, and wonderfully vigorous in treatment.

In front of this painting is the gem of the whole University, a marble replica of Dannecker's "Ariadne on the Panther," the only other being at Leipsic, Germany. Opposite this, at the other end of the room, is Halbig's "Genius of America." The remaining group, "Nymphs Bathing," is also by Halbig. There is a little incident that illustrates better than anything else could do the value set on these statues by the University. When they were first received, it was feared that their combined weight would be too great for the floor of the gallery to bear. To test this point, a platoon of students equal

in weight to the statues was told off from the battalion and marched up to the gallery floor. The floor not bending under the pressure, they were marched off again, and the statues in time triumphantly set up. The principle, I suppose, was that the University could get more students should any accident occur, while it could not replace the statues if they were sacrificed instead.

In and about this building is perhaps the best place for studying the student in his native wilds. There are more of him together here than could be found at any other point; and being free from professorial restraint, his natural manner is more marked than in the class room. Perhaps the first thing noticed would be, that on an average he is younger than the students in Eastern colleges. In early days, this was not so; but the rate has been steadily falling, till now the majority of graduates reach Commencement at twenty-two. This sinking of the average is more curious, in that each year has seen a lifting of the standard of admission on the part of the University. Increase in preparatory school facilities, throughout the State, so that the matriculation grade can be mastered by students in less time than of old, is partly responsible for this fact. And no doubt, the climatic conditions of California tend to mature the young at an earlier age than in the East. They are bright, manly looking fellows, though, and do not appear to be over-abashed by the literary shadow that is over them. The freshmen are easily distinguishable from the older men, because the consciousness of their newly acquired importance sits on them like a fresco on a wall. It takes about two years to get enough culture rubbed in to give them a smooth surface of polish, and in some cases it never appears at all. Be it said to their credit, however, that they are less given to college pranks than are their Eastern brethren. If more of them lived in Berkeley, as of old, the nights would probably be more tuneful, and fraught with more strange events. But they scatter before darkness, and are very decorous by day. Their fun when indulged in is above

board, and they are so temperate that the majority even eschew the "student's beverage," beer.

A strong feature of the University is its young women. No restriction as to race, sex, or previous condition of servitude was imposed by the State on applicants for admission to its walls. But when the first girl matriculates presented themselves for examination, there was a feeling among both instructors and male students of grave opposition and distrust. It was openly prophesied that their admission would "lower the tone of the institution." Today, the admission of female students is no longer an experiment. It is an established and successful fact. They rank as high as their masculine co-workers in the college studies, and by their good qualities and tact have shown conclusively that there is no danger, either to them or to the boys, in the mingling of the sexes while in class. A number of them have formed a club, and occupy a cottage on the University grounds, filling vacancies caused each year by the going out of graduates with new members from the lower classes. They have naively chosen for a motto the well-known lines:

"Men may come, and men may go,  
But we go on forever,"

and so far they have proved true prophets. There is no club among the male students that has lasted so long, nor been so successful, as this organization of the girls.

While the University grounds and buildings must occupy a large part of any description of Berkeley, they do not, as formerly, constitute the entire town. The natural beauty of the situation, the advantages in the way of drainage afforded by the steep slope, the superior elevation that relieves it from Oakland's curse of fogs, and the sheltered location under the Contra Costa hills, have brought crowds of settlers with no direct interest in the educational opportunities it affords. Its growth was hastened by the introduction of steam on the street car line, and the building of the local railroad connecting with the San Francisco boats.

This railroad forms a social line, too, that

as a rule is a strict barrier to familiar intercourse between its sides. It runs about a mile below the first steep hill-rise, and the people living above it are supposed to be chary of association with those who live below. Whether it was this feeling or the nature of the slope that determined the matter, I do not know, but the fact remains that the most beautiful and the richest part of Berkeley is that above the track.

The steepness of the ground makes the roads in this section discouraging to heavy teams, and though closely built, it has all the staid, quiet character of the country. On many of its streets, there are few, if any, teams passing in a day. It is a mystery where the students have their rooms. The Greek Letter Fraternities own one or two club houses, where there are enough of them together to make the fact appreciable. But they are so scattered, for the most part, in lots of one and two, that though two houses out of three all through this neighborhood have them as lodgers, their presence collectively is not felt.

There are not many old houses in Berkeley, but there are some new ones sentimentally planned to look old, so the picturesque proprieties are preserved. All new houses are so quickly covered with shrubbery and vines, that they look as if they belonged to the town much sooner than houses accommodate themselves to the landscape in other places. The streets run along like lanes between close hedges of cypress and wild cherry, and almost every house has a garden at its front. The houses are mostly large, and are as individual in architecture as the characters of the owners are varied. I think any one would know that the professors lived in this part of town, by the dreamy, bookish atmosphere of their homes.

Near the "dummy" terminus is a low, one-story building, that gets more blessings and anathemas than any other place in Berkeley. This is the restaurant called "French Charlie's." Like the birth of Charles James Yellowplush, the origin of this name is shrouded in mystery. It has borne it from the time when the student memory runneth not

to the contrary, but to student knowledge the proprietor has never been of that name. The first in my recollection was named Felix, and he kept the most famous student hostelry of that time. He had a cheerful habit of entering the billiard hall when drunk, and startling strangers by making passes at them with a large dagger drawn suddenly from his vest. I have the artist's delight in old places of entertainment, and French Charlie's is the only institution of the sort that has survived the change of the times. Felix was discovered dead in his bed, and his administrator found his accounts carefully kept, with eleven dollars charged to "the student with the light pants"; four, seventy-five, to "the Jew with red hair," and other entries equally available for collection. The next owner was less popular, and finally committed suicide on the front porch. Since then the restaurant has passed through several hands, and has degenerated so that few go there now except the Faculty.

Berkeley is almost entirely a residence town. There are a few stores along the local railroad track; and at West Berkeley there are manufacturing interests that employ many hands. But the prevailing tone is free from business color. The majority of house owners have their employment in Oakland, or in San Francisco, and a steady crowd drifts toward the stations at the hours for morning trains, and drifts away from them again as the trains come in at night. There is no other point that combines its natural advantages for residence with the beauty of its view. From the higher slopes there is the full sweep visible, from Benicia on the north to the low lying Alameda shore on the south. It is admirably situated in the matter of healthfulness. The strong, vigorous breezes that sweep in from the bay for half of the twenty-four hours, and out again for the other half, look carefully after that. For several months, picturesque gangs of laborers have been digging up the streets for sewers, and more are constantly being laid.

The society of Berkeley is strongly tinged with the college hue. This is not because

the students are in the majority, for so many of them live in Oakland and San Francisco that it is difficult to gather more than a score or two on an ordinary evening. It is rather because, as I suggested at the beginning of this paper, the University, planted on unoccupied ground, attracted to its neighborhood a large number of families, to which the atmosphere of books was congenial, in many cases because of having lived in college towns in the East. The professors and their families do much in the way of heightening this color, and all Berkeley people can recall delightful evenings at the houses of the Le Contes and other members of the Faculty. There are several organizations in which the students are brought into direct social contact with the townspeople. The Berkeley Choral Society is one of these. On the occasions of its concerts, a trained chorus of fifty voices renders classical music in good style. It meets and gives its concerts in the University buildings. Another such society is the Longfellow Memorial Association, composed of students and citizens in equal proportions. Its membership is limited, because of the necessity of keeping it from outgrowing the parlors of the ladies of Berkeley that entertain it. At its meeting a professor or other person of ability reads a paper on some literary topic, which is afterward discussed in the most informal, and often in the most delightful, fashion. Nobody that has heard Professor Joseph Le Conte and Professor Howison measure swords in debate of some deep question, is ever likely to forget it. These exercises are lightened by singing and followed by social chat. The Political Science Club meets for similar debate of subjects in its chosen field at the hospitable home of Professor Moses.

Below the railroad the houses are more of them one storied, and less artistic in design. Along University Avenue, the great artery that connects East and West Berkeley, there are many beautiful places. But further back there are whole lines of plain, box-like houses, of the primitive American type, with their ugliness apologized for by a cupola or bay-window tucked on at improper

points. But, as if they recognized their deficiencies, almost all of these have drawn up a green drapery of roses and jasmine about them, covering their homeliness as far as lies in their power.

In fact, the gardens of Berkeley are one of its strongest points. There seems to be nothing semi-tropical that will not flourish there. Palms, willows, acacias, lilacs, cypress, and the different varieties of pine do duty as shrubbery; and at Christmas the roses, geraniums, pinks, and other flowers are still in bloom. Probably the greatest enemy of these gardens is the picknicker. I have said that the San Franciscan looks down upon the Berkeley shore, because it is not sufficiently metropolitan. It has been a trying moment for the metropolitan temper to find itself at noon in Berkeley, face to face with the problems of a bucolic restaurant. But even this does not justify them in letting loose their picknickers upon the town. There are two classes of these picknickers. The first may be characterized as the "Frenchwomen who steal your flowers." A Frenchwoman may have a conscience, but there is a blind spot in it on the side toward another's garden. She will strip a whole yard of its blossoms, without seeming to notice a disapproving owner in the window; and not only that, but calmly pull up whole rose bushes and carry them away. This variety generally comes in families, who eat their lunch on the grass. The other variety are Sunday visitors, and are technically "the fellow and his girl." They do less damage to other men's property than the former class, for as a rule they are cognizant of nothing but each other, and so the flowers escape. They seem to feel that the country means absolute seclusion, and frequently make the local on-looker feel that he is an intruder for being there at such a time.

Most short-comings, however, are forgiven the San Franciscan who appreciates the view. There are few views except the Bay of Naples, and Constantinople from the sea, that can be compared with it. The long

stretch of gently sloping ground, the occasional streak of gray along the surface, that marks the neighborhood of the passing trains, the water, with its changing colors and ever-moving sails, the blue-ridged outlines of the western hills beyond; the dull cloud of smoke on the southern peninsula that defines the outlines of the city, the Oakland church spires, rising like monarchs above the sea of fog, are off there all together toward the sea, and behind, in a green arc, are the Contra Costa hills, with great purple shadows on them from the passing clouds, and in the cañons still other purple shadows that are really hillside thickets. Among these in the spring months, in strongholds accessible only to the real lover of the woods, scarlet columbines swing on their slender stems, and the ground underneath the bushes and shrubs is almost carpeted with ferns and yerba buena. A most delicate, star-like saxifrage sprinkles the edges of the thicket, which in March, and April, and May goes aflower itself in great patches, with ceanothus and briar-rose, and the large white thimble-berry blossoms. Above the edges of these thickets, on the round hill shoulders, come crowds of azure nemophilas, ragged pink mallows, and purple larkspurs; and, rarely, a scant sprinkling of the shell-pink mariposas, or "butterfly lilies." Still beyond, the breezy summits, where sometimes white forget-me-nots grow thick, and sometimes only the wild grasses, and whence one gets the best possible view of the pretty town. Seen thus from above, with minor irregularities smoothed out, it lies scattered across the gentle incline in which the hills slant upward from the plain, until they suddenly lift their giant walls up behind. Beyond this incline, which is varied here and there with ridge, and stream, and grove, and everywhere with houses and gardens, the plain seems a rapid slope to the beautiful bay, which from this height lies far spread out, north and south; while even over the heads of the San Francisco hills, the great ocean lies along the horizon, broken farther north by the long, sharp line of Tamalpais.

*Francis E. Sheldon.*

## EARTH-BOUND.

Sole watcher in the solemn shrine of night,  
 While in primeval innocence of sleep  
 The world lies hushed with folded sense and sight,  
 And wind and wave their wards of silence keep,  
 I stand beneath the splendor of the stars  
 That crowd the illimitable courts above,  
 Like one who dreams behind his prison bars  
 Of dim, delicious scenes of peace and love.

The links of care that fetter my worn feet,  
 The load of life, the tyranny of time,  
 The vain desire, the sorrow, the defeat,  
 Have fallen from me as in a trance sublime ;  
 And to my raptured spirit, winged with light,  
 The power of my exultant wish seems given  
 To rise beyond the shadowy realms of night,  
 And pierce the radiant mysteries of heaven.

Vain thought ! afar, where in the dusky plain  
 The hamlet clusters round the ivied tower,  
 I hear an infant's fitful wail of pain,  
 And slow and deep the church clock toll the hour ;  
 And from the cold abstraction of the stars,  
 Those voices summon me to earth again,  
 Bid me reclusp my chain upon my scars,  
 And lay me down among my fellow men.

Ay, vain the restless yearning and the dreams,  
 Vain the rebellion and divine despair !  
 Drawn ever toward those beautiful faint gleams,  
 Which are the glimpses of some state more fair,  
 The baffled spirit still returns to earth ;  
 For brighter are the splendor of love's eyes,  
 And the dull embers on the lowly hearth,  
 Than all the silent glory of the skies.

*Charles L. Hildreth.*



## COMANCHE.

## I.

COMANCHE was a mule, and the property of the United States.

Such, at least, was his status on the returns of public animals, for which the post quartermaster at Camp Wright, in Northern California, was responsible: but however positive I may be as to his having been an article of public property, my experience with him was calculated to produce considerable doubt in my mind as to the first part of the assertion, hence I qualify it with a reservation.

Camp Wright was situated in one of the largest of many small valleys formed by the windings of the Eel rivers among the foothills of the Coast Range in Mendocino County, and within a mile or so of the old Nome-cult Indian reservation, over which it was expected to keep watch and ward. It was abandoned some three years since, and the echoes of Mount Ethel, which formed its western background, and behind which the sun sinks to his rest in the waters of the Pacific, are no longer awakened by its bugles sounding the brisk and cheerful reveille in the early morning, or the sweetly-sad, half-solemn notes of taps at eventide.

The government transportation at the disposal of the quartermaster, consisted of some twenty hybrids, known far and wide in all the country thereabouts, under the generic designation of "the Henley mules"; all of which were noted among the settlers generally as the worst set of bronchos ever palmed off on Uncle Sam. They were all bad—morally and physically bad—for, with but one exception, they were all as ugly as sin inside and outside.

The exception was Comanche. He was by far the best looking mule I have ever seen, before or since; but in accordance with that law of compensation which runs throughout nature, his good looks were more than coun-

terbalanced by his innate rascality. Common report quoted him as a case of total depravity, and his general reputation among the soldiers, settlers, and Indians who knew anything at all about him, was that of an unmitigated scoundrel with whom the less one had to do the better—a reputation of which, until fate in the shape of duty introduced him to me, I was in blissful ignorance.

I had been serving for some months in the capacity of a subaltern officer in the company of regular infantry stationed at Camp Wright, when I received orders from division headquarters at San Francisco, to proceed with a mounted squad to Ukiah, the county-seat of Mendocino, some sixty miles further south, to meet the paymaster with the public funds in his charge for the payment of the troops in his district, and escort him thence to the camp; with special instructions to keep a sharp look-out for some road-agents supposed to be "laying out" for him and his greenbacks at some one of the many crossings of Tomkye Creek, a little more than mid-way between the two places.

A trip to Ukiah from Camp Wright and back, in early March, was no joke in those days, whatever it may be now. Round Valley, in the northern extremity of which the post was located, is almost entirely surrounded by the Eel rivers and their numerous branches, or forks, as they are called by the matter-of-fact inhabitants—who, eschewing all romance in their practical view of life and its surroundings, have carefully eliminated from the geographical nomenclature of the country such sweet sounding Indian names as Cla-sa-ta, Eko-no-mo and Ounaouino, with their no less sweet meanings; and rough-hewed them over again into chips of the same block as the North Fork, the South Fork and the South-east Fork of the North Eel, the South Eel and the Middle Eel, and so on after almost every point of the compass. These rivers and their feed-

ers, the almost innumerable smaller mountain streams and streamlets emptying into them from every side, form one of the most intricate and interesting of the many water-systems of Northern California; as well from the nature of the romantic and almost inaccessible wilderness through which they course, as from the many Indian legends located on their banks or in their immediate vicinity, by the last remnants of a fast disappearing race, who have enclosed the whole section in a network of superstitious lore. When the hot summer sun dries up the surrounding country, the Eel rivers are a mere succession of deep, dark, trout-haunted pools lying *perdu* among gigantic gray boulders, and connected with each other at more or less short intervals by murmuring rills of clear, light blue, overflowing water, running merrily over the pebbles and gravel on its way to the sea, between banks overgrown with green grass and wild flowers; with the gentle summer breezes sighing overhead among the lofty pines, and above them the deep fathomless blue of the California skies. But the scene changes with the opening of the rainy season, which begins in the latter part of November and lasts until the end of April. The bright and laughing skies become a dark pall-like canopy, freighted with the accumulated moisture of a whole summer, which from latent has become almost painfully positive. Swollen by the constant rainfall, whose monotonous drip is heard unceasingly day and night for weeks at a time, each and every streamlet becomes a raging torrent, overturning everything before it as it comes tearing down the mountain slopes to add its quota of watery power to the already bursting rivers; which, becoming truly terrific in the almost irresistible might of their sweeping onward rush to the Pacific, carry destruction and death everywhere before them. Travel, at first merely impeded, soon becomes difficult and then impossible. The mails, carried on horseback, become fewer and fewer, and like angels' visits, far between, until, finally, they stop altogether, to await the return of spring, and the country becomes absolutely cut off, as it were, from

the rest of the world—except for a few daring spirits whose necessities compel them to be abroad, and encounter almost at the risk of their lives the perils of the Eel rivers and their larger tributaries, whose tales of disaster and death increase year by year.

The most dangerous of these streams, at this season of the year, had to be crossed between Camp Wright and Ukiah. First in order came the Middle Eel, some nine miles from the post, and just beyond the foothills bounding the valley southward. Then, after crossing a high divide, came the descent into Eden Valley, from the upper end of which began the ascent of the Sanhedrim, the highest mountain in that part of Mendocino, and in itself no mean obstacle to travel in winter; for it is a day's ride across, and its northern slope and summit are crowned with snow, varying from six to sometimes twelve feet in depth. The South Eel, the most serious of all, had to be encountered at the foot of its southern declivity, always slushy and slippery when its other side lies under the snow; and then came the several crossings of the Tomkye and of the Russian River, without taking into account, besides, a multitude of smaller intervening creeks and streamlets, whose magnitude, however unimportant in the dry season, was now increased a hundred fold by the countless swollen brooklets pouring into them from all sides. With all these difficulties, of which I was fully aware, it was with no little apprehension that the evening before starting on my journey for the paymaster, I cast many an anxious glance at the dark nimbus overhead, which, however, gave no signs of relenting.

The morning broke out dismal and murky, with the promise of a still heavier and more cheerless day, if possible, before it. As booted and spurred, and wrapped into as many waterproofs as I could lay my hands on, to keep out the ceaseless downpour, I came out of my quarters, equipped for the road, with a glance of lingering regret at the cheerful wood fire in my sitting room—which, in all probability, I should not see again for a week, at least—I met the quartermaster;

and, while we crossed the parade ground together on our way to the Company quarters, from whence the start was to be made, and where the escort consisting of ten men already mounted stood waiting, I bethought myself to ask him some questions about my mount.

"By the way, Jim, what animal have you picked out for me to ride on this trip?"

"Hobson's choice, my boy,—old Comanche."

"Comanche! It seems to me that I've heard something of that brute before. Will he do for such traveling as this is likely to turn out to be?"

"Well, his reputation is none of the best, but he is the only mount available. I'd think twice before letting one of the men ride him, even if any of them could do so, at all; but with such a rider as you, he'll be as gentle as a lady."

With the inherent vanity of human nature, of which fate gave me more than my share, I swallowed the bait, hook and all, and bowed like a goose at the implied compliment.

"All the same, though," added the quartermaster, thoughtfully looking down at my heels, "if I were you, I would take off those spurs. He's not used to spurs!"

"Oh, well," I replied, "they are on, and they may as well remain. In all likelihood, judging from this knee-deep mud and the snow on the hills, he'll get used to them before we are half way to Ukiah."

"Suit yourself, old fellow, but pray be careful. It is but seldom that any one rides him, and he has been cooped up in the corral all winter, doing nothing but eating up the fence and laming the rest of the outfit. He'll be rather skittish at first, I suspect, but,"—reflectively, and with a smile at me that like the Chinaman's, was childlike and bland in its friendly good faith—"he'll soon find out who's on him;" and, patting me gently on the back, he emphasized his confidence in me with the California clincher, "You bet your sweet life he will."

We had, by this time, approached near enough to the barracks to see that quite a

crowd had assembled to see us off. The whole Company with the commanding officer, and even the laundresses with their numerous unwashed progeny, had gathered together, despite the rain, to give us, as I thought, a good send-off, that would cheer us on our way and bring us back the sooner.

As we came nearer, the crowd parted to make way for us, and I beheld Comanche, bridled and saddled, tied with a log chain to an enormous live-oak; while two men, carefully hidden and sheltered by the trunk of the tree near his head, held on with might and main to half a dozen lengths of brawn, half inch rope, with which they had farther secured him; although, as far as I could see, he was as quiet as Mary's little lamb, and, to all appearances, fast asleep.

Turning with some surprise in my looks to the quartermaster, I was about to ask him if Comanche was a man-of-war riding at anchor, when he anticipated my question with the half apologetic remark that the mule was rather hard to mount at first, hence these precautionary measures, but that he would soon get over it—it was a mere question of time and practice; that was all!

The whole thing had such a suspicious appearance, however, that I wished myself well out of it. But it would never do to show the white feather before all these people (although, in those days, that somewhat incongruous and apt-to-be misconstrued military ornament was part of the uniform of our branch of the service, before the dress hat was superseded by the spiked helmet) and nerving myself for the coming strife between man and beast, which I felt assured was about to ensue, I decided to make the best of a bad job; and, keeping well out of reach of his heels, I walked up to Comanche, rubbed him gently once or twice, with a few kind words thrown in soothingly, and, with my heart absolutely in my mouth with apprehension, vaulted into the saddle. My feet were no sooner in the stirrups and my seat firmly secured, than the quartermaster shouted "Let go," the log-chain dropped to the ground with a clang, the hawsers were hauled in hand over hand, and Comanche,

with a gentle sigh and a shake to wake himself up, slowly got under way, and quietly walking up towards the escort, took the head of the column as his proper place by right, and, without even a backward glance, proceeded proudly and sturdily on his forward way as if he carried Cæsar and his fortunes.

A more disappointed looking crowd I never saw in my life; and I must confess, that after all the hullabaloo, and my consequent trepidation, I felt about as badly sold as any one in it, my friend the quartermaster possibly excepted.

We had not proceeded very far, however, when my second in command, an old gray-headed sergeant, who generally knew what he was talking about, rode up as close to my side as he dared—for Comanche brooked no close familiarity—and gave me due warning.

“Sir, you had better keep an eye on that mule; he is the biggest scoundrel on the Pacific Coast.”

But it so happened that instead of my keeping an eye on him, it was Comanche, who, just then, had his eye on me. Arching his neck without changing his gait, he had brought his head to the left and was quietly engaged in investigating my left boot. Reversing the operation he did the same with the right one, and then turning up the white of his eyes, he calmly and reflectively surveyed my *tout ensemble*. Then with a twist and a shake he brought his head back to its original position, and wagging it up and down in a cogitating manner, he proceeded musingly on the even tenor of his way.

I felt intuitively that I knew just what that mule was thinking about as well as he did. He had satisfied himself by actual observation that I wore spurs, and as that particular pair were long and rusty, they were made for use and not for show, and that I would use them on him at the very first opportunity. His mind was of the inquiring kind, hence, necessarily, to some extent logical. By a process of comparison which he probably had established between myself and some poor unfortunate whom, at some time or other, he had brought to grief, he had taken my measure. He was reasoning from

analogy, and I felt morally sure and certain that he was then and there solving to his satisfaction a logical problem which he had tackled before. His premises were fixed:

“All men are mortal;  
Cæsar is a man;  
Therefore Cæsar is mortal.”

And by the time he had reached his conclusion I had come to mine, too, which was that that mule would bear watching—and lots of it.

We had by this time got as far as Covelo, a little village about a mile from the post, where Nordhoff, while gathering information for his “Northern California,” was laid up one Fourth of July, and where the natives taught him to construct *secundum artem* the celebrated “toddy time-table,” which he has since published to the world in general, and dedicated to the American toper in particular. His impression was that the bar rooms of Covelo sold more strong drinks in one day than he had ever seen elsewhere, and the day we passed through the town was not an off one, by any means, but rather more so. The sheep-herders—the predecessors and the equivalent of the more modern cowboys—had come down in crowds from the adjacent mountains to purchase strychnine to poison coyotes with, and more whiskey to do the same for themselves by a slower process, and by the time we debouched upon the main street, they were ready for any fun that might turn up.

“By the holy, jumping Moses, boys, if here ain’t old Henley Comanche with a Yank on his back! I say, Mister, is your life insured? Hope you’ve remembered me in your will! Come down, youngster, and nominate your poison—mine is greased lightning with red pepper thrown in. Hurrah for Jeff Davis and General Jackson and the boys in blue! Whoop! set ’em up again, who cares for the expense.”

Wishing to get rid of them as peaceably and as fast as I possibly could, I laughingly waived them off, and giving the escort orders to close up, I spurred Comanche onward. In a flash, cowboys and escort were scattered like chaff before the wind, and I was on Co-

manche's neck, holding on for dear life with teeth and toe nails.

Never in my life before had I seen or heard such kicking, biting, and shrieking. The mud, which was knee-deep, flew about as if a dozen geysers had sprung into full activity right in the middle of the street, and in less than a minute no one but myself could have told which was Comanche and which was me, for we had become one mass of liquid mud, revolving with almost inconceivable velocity around a central point. I was astraddle of a cyclone, and the world was coming to an end.

When things in general resumed once more their normal condition in my mind, I found myself still on Comanche's back, and jogging along quietly in the middle of the road, at some distance from the town, with the escort a hundred yards behind, catching up on the run, and beyond them, the roofs of Covelo covered with cowboys trying to see if there were any pieces of me still left together.

I felt pretty well battered all over, but especially so from my knees downward; and remembering sundry kicks which had reached that part of my anatomy, during my involuntary evolutions, I looked down at my heels. Both spurs were gone, and not only the spurs, but my boot heels also!

I was so astonished that I halted Comanche right in the middle of the road to think the matter over. That mule, besides being the fortunate possessor of a logical mind, was evidently a strategist also, and, I felt assured, would develop before long into a tactician. He had, by assuming the offensive at the beginning of hostilities, placed me at once on the defensive, and by depriving me of my weapons of attack, had me, in one sense, already at his mercy. I began to feel something like respect for him; a respect not unmixed with considerable misgivings as to what he might do next.

He did not leave me long in suspense, for he resumed offensive operations just as soon as he had fully recovered his wind. The road leading out of Covelo in the direction in which we were going was lined for some dis-

tance on each side with a rail fence of the snake order. By the time we came to the end of it, not one panel in ten remained standing. He had run into and through every one of them, in trying to shake me off.

The fence failing, he took to the trees with the same purpose, but there I had the best of him. As soon as we came near one, I would quietly pull my foot out of the stirrup on the side of the tree, and at the right moment a quick upward jerk would bring my endangered leg well up on his croup, while his side would come against the tree with all the momentum he could gather, and the old bark fairly flew off in pieces. It was awfully tiresome, but as it was a losing game with him, he soon had enough of it, and entirely changed his plan of action. He backed, kicked, and bit, until the escort were afraid to come within a hundred feet of him, and then, sullenly quieting down, he took the bit between his teeth, and absolutely refused to budge an inch.

The men, dismounting, tried to shove him along with fence rails and poles, but he remained rooted to the ground, as immovable as the Washington monument. He wouldn't even kick. His reasoning powers had been at work again, and he had evidently made up his mind that, so far as our joint trip to Ukiah was concerned, only one personal equation should be allowed to enter into its management. My judgment was to be carefully eliminated from its consideration, and he was to have his own way in everything therein.

From his standpoint, that was the *sine qua non* between us. From mine, patience and forbearance had ceased to be virtues, and had become crimes against humanity, as represented in me; and as a preliminary to eradicating all differences of opinion between us, I directed the sergeant to dismount, and cut me the biggest club he could find.

By the time I was half through with the castigation his refractoriness had brought down upon himself, and which, in justice to us both, I tempered with all the good advice I could think of, it is pretty safe to assert that, being, as I have stated, of a logical turn

of mind, he had a tolerably reasonable glimmering of the two great laws which, between them, control all animated nature, whether human or mulish: the physical law that this is a world of toil, in which sustenance and preservation must be earned by labor of some kind, the constraint of which comes from without, as exemplified in his case by the club; and the moral law that this is a world of duty, in which honor and rest are won by allegiance and work, the constraint of which comes from within, and of which, I hoped, the good advice I had given him would be the exponent.

The logical tendency of that mule's mind again shone forth in the fact that he no sooner had sufficiently digested the great truths just enunciated—and which, owing to his former associations, he probably had never heard of before—than he gave himself a couple of good earnest shakes, which made me feel as if I had the breakbone fever over again, and, having thus leveled off the indentations made by the club in his hide, he proceeded, almost cheerfully, on his forward way, with a loud snort of acquiescence and appreciation. But, all the same, I caught a sidelong glance from his bloodshot eye, which warned me that his compliance with my wishes was qualified with a mental reservation, and that he would get even with me at the very first chance.

Swimming the Middle Eel without mishap, we dismounted on the other side, and there being a lull in the rain for the time being, I gave orders to the sergeant to have the men gather sufficient drift-wood and build a fire as best they could, so as to dry ourselves somewhat before proceeding farther, as the weather had turned much colder, and we had still many miles to cover before reaching our stopping place for the night—a small weather-boarded, white-painted tavern, with a homelike look about it, resting among the redwoods at the foot of the northern slope of the Sanhedrim, and kept by a Mrs. Wilson, a kind old busy-body, as ready with her advice on all subjects, as with her good and still better offices at all times; a combination of excellent things to be had for the

same price, and of which the weary wayfarer was duly notified as soon as he came within sight of the house, by a big sign-board which bore, in large black letters upon a white field, the legend: "Live and let live; Entertainment for man and beast."

Comanche was decidedly of the opinion that a bright idea had struck me when I ordered that fire to be made, and it was no sooner well under way than he appropriated the best part of it to himself, to the detriment of all the rest of the party. As soon as one side would begin to feel comfortably warm and dry, he would turn the other to the blaze, with a whirl that would scatter us all right and left out of his way; and both sides being steamed and done to his satisfaction, a right-about face on his fore feet as a fixed pivot would bring either end of his long body alternately in such close proximity to the heat that I began to think that, at one time or other, fire had been his native element.

Indeed, his appreciation of it, at this particular time, was so great that, when I thought it time to resume our march, he absolutely refused to leave it, and it took the combined efforts of the whole command to drag him away from it. And then I ascertained by personal experience that, sure enough, he was, first and last, "rather hard to get on"; for as soon as he found out my object, there was no such thing as getting near him. We had to pull him after us for at least half a mile before we found a tree, to which we tied him with all the halter-straps in the party, and finally, after a great deal of trouble, I got on him once more.

The snow was rather deep going up the north side of the high divide between the Middle Eel and Eden Valley, but most of it had disappeared from its southern and more gradual slope as we went down it, and long reaches of greenish, water-soaked soil, out of which the early spring grass was already sprouting, showed from among the drifts where the snow yet lingered. Scattered over these, like grains of wheat from the sower's hand, and showing white on the dark green background, were the rotting carcasses of

hundreds of young lambs, killed by the last storm for the want of shelter. It was a pitiful sight, as well as a sad loss to the owners, for wool-raising is the principal industry of the country, and the yearly increase of the stock on hand is a material part of future profits.

In the comparatively short time that I had been stationed in Northern California, I had, in one way or another, but mostly after a desultory fashion, and at such time as I could spare from professional duties, paid considerable attention to sheep-farming generally, for which these hills are especially adapted; and the result of my observations had been such as to convince me that with energy and perseverance, together with a small capital and some patience to begin with, it was a royal road to competence, if not to wealth. As a matter of fact, I had about made up my mind to hang the trappings of war, which were beginning to chafe, on the first convenient hook or bush, and go into the business of sheep-raising myself. The cause of the chafing was a controversy which had sprung up between the then Secretary of War and myself, in regard to some compensation due me by the State, and already drawn by me as of right, and which had resulted in my being placed temporarily on half-pay by that official, until the Attorney General could give an opinion on the subject, and Congress legislate in the matter—which both did eventually in my favor. But, however pleasing the final upshot was to me, large bodies proverbially move slowly, especially the collective wisdom of our great nation; and in the meanwhile, being under some hardship on account of my reduced salary, I was far from being satisfied with things in general, and the military profession in particular. Following the train of thought generated in my mind by the sight of the dead and frozen lambs, I gave free rein to my imagination, which at once went wool-gathering together with my wits. Why not hang my martial harp on a weeping-willow tree to mourn, if so minded, for past fame and present unappreciated merit, and withdraw at once from this military slavery?—this

trade of greatness and servitude, as a celebrated writer puts it, in which the servitude was in the ratio of a thousand to one of the greatness. Had I not read somewhere that patriotism is the virtue of fools? especially patriotism at sixty-four dollars per month, with a wife and small children on my hands to support, for my country's future good. Had nature created me for nothing better than to ride half frozen, at the risk of my life, over these bleak and rugged hills, on the back of a cranky government mule, and escort paymasters?

And what a blanked idiot I was to undergo all this on starvation wages, with untold wealth lying latent on sheep's backs all around, and only awaiting my energetic touch to turn into positive blessings, not only to myself in particular, but to humanity in general; for how much good I would do to others with plenty of money at my command. And, forthwith, sweet fancy began to paint in her brightest colors the picture of the coming prosperity that was to bring it to me. My winter and summer ranges contained thousands of acres, all fenced off into lots, and provided with sheds for sheltering my ewes in lambing time, and protecting them against fierce winds and cold rain storms, such as those which had caused the whole scheme to spring forth in my mind. The low-lying pastures and the upland feeding grounds, selected with special reference to difference of season, were well watered, and covered with sweet, nutritious bunch-grasses, on which fed thousands of South-downs and Cottswolds, Leicesters and Merinoes, with white, well-kept, bur-less fleeces, who roamed at their sweet will on hill and dale, with nothing to do in life but increase and multiply according to law and precedent. The gentle ewes, their duty fulfilled, peacefully reclined under the shade of the live-oaks and madroñas, and chewed their cud contentedly, while watching with meditative tenderness the gambols of their frisky lambkins upon the grassy slopes. My herd-ers and shearers were hardworking teetotalers, who, under my teaching and with my example continually before them, had forgotten

how to gamble and swear, and for whom toil had become pleasure. My interest was theirs, and together we had made my wool-brands the most celebrated in the State, for they headed the quotation list, and brought their own prices. The Golden Age had come again, and it had brought me the Bank of California, for my money doubled itself as it turned over.

And how they did grow and multiply—my illusory twenty-dollar gold pieces—as I rode down those lonely, wind-swept summits, with my head glowing among the clouds, and my feet half-frozen in the stirrups. I must have been worth well on in the hundreds of thousands, for it is astonishing how quickly this sort of Analschar process piles up the dollars; when all at once, and without the slightest premonition, I felt myself flying through the air like a projectile with a high trajectory, and after describing a parabolic curve of such magnitude that I thought it would never come to an end, I came down, doubled up like a jack-knife, with a shock that made me feel as if I had dropped from a balloon, in which all my wealth and influence had been left behind. Comanche and I—voluntarily on his part, but decidedly the reverse on mine—had for the time being parted company, and he stood fully fifty feet above me on the top of a high incline, down which he had pitched me heels over head, peering down at his former rider with an indescribably comical expression in the drawn-up corners of his wicked eyes, as if asking confidentially if any of my sheep-shearers had been around lately.

It was some time before I could summon resolution enough to try and get on my feet once more. I felt terribly shaken up, and I was afraid that when I rose, some parts of my anatomy might remain behind, for it was a wonder that I was not killed outright. After several trials, and many sighs and groans, I succeeded, at last, in regaining my perpendicular; but it required as much courage and fortitude as going to a dentist and having a tooth pulled, after having once gone through that operation.

Catching Comanche, who all this time

had remained quietly watching the outcome of my struggles, which to him were sweetness long drawn out, I tried to mount him once more; but as I had more than half expected when I discovered that he was a strategist, I now ascertained, for a fact, and much to my discomfiture, that he was too much of a tactician to give up the fruits of a victory after having won one. He protested with teeth and heels, and most successfully, against being made a beast of burden so soon again after routing me, horse, foot, and dragoons; and there being no tree at hand to tie him to, and the escort having passed on ahead while I was herding the imaginary sheep on which my wealth had been based, nothing remained but for me to trudge on through the mud down the hill, and pull him after me; which I did for some miles, and nearly half way up Eden Valley, where I met the escort coming back full tilt after me, for they rightly surmised that Comanche had been at his tricks again, and victimized their commander.

It was nearly dark when we came in sight of Mrs. Wilson's advisory sign-board, but I did not make much of a show at disposing of her hospitable fare at supper, and, acting on her advice, retired early, with a couple of hot poultices which she had prepared for me. To say that I was stiff and sore all over, would give but a poor and altogether inadequate idea of my state of feeling. I felt as if I had been taken to pieces, put together again, and then ground through a coffee mill; and, to make matters worse, Comanche, Nemesis-like, rode me all night in the worse night-mare I ever had in my life.

The morning of the next day dawned at last, and with it a snowstorm, which gave every promise of turning out before night into a regular Dakota blizzard. Mrs. Wilson strongly advised us not to attempt to cross the Sanhedrim while it lasted; but I did not wish to delay on the way if I could help it, and soon after breakfast gave orders to saddle up; and with a cheerful good-bye and "God speed you" from our kind landlady, we rode on up the mountain.

The ascent of the Sanhedrim from the



north is much more abrupt than from the other side, on which, owing to its southern exposure, the snow soon melts away and disappears, while it lingers for weeks at a time on the side up which we rode. The old snow, through which the scant travel going on at this season of the year had cut a trail which followed the windings of the road underneath it, was still over two feet deep, and its depth increased as we mounted higher toward the summit. By the time we were half way up the mountain, the thickly falling snow-flakes, which now obscured the air all round us, had, while adding to the original thickness of the snow, obliterated all marks of a path through it; and our party becoming scattered in our efforts to recover the trail, which we had lost for the third time, at least, since we began the ascent, we were soon wandering far apart from each other over the dreary, arctic-like waste, each one for himself, and almost out of sight of one another. The animals, which had before this begun to show signs of distress, now absolutely refused to go any farther up; and reluctantly giving up all hopes of crossing the mountain that day, I signaled to the men to turn about and go back to Mrs. Wilson's as best they could, while I prepared to do likewise.

Comanche, girth-deep in the fast packing snow, was as badly off as any mule in the outfit. For some time back, each and every forward step he had taken had been accompanied with as much groaning and puffing as a locomotive getting up steam, and every once in a while he would come to a standstill to recover his fast failing wind, and shake his head in a portentous, deprecating manner, as if to decline all responsibility for attempting farther progress in the face of almost unsurmountable difficulties. Despite the bitter cold, I had retained a tolerably large part of the animal heat with which I started, and, as of his own volition he came once more to a halt to bewail his fate and my obstinacy, the thought struck me that now or never was the time to give him, before turning back, and with some prospect of success, a lesson in the noble art of equitation.

Dismounting on the right side, I remounted him again and again without the slightest objection on his part, for he was too much fagged out to kick, and he was snow-bound besides. Then I stood up on his croup like a circus rider, and danced a *pas seul à la Franconi*, and he took it all as a matter of course. The lesson was progressing splendidly, and to make it more complete, I undertook to repeat it from the off-side. But there I found myself out of my reckoning, for in dismounting I sank nearly to my armpits through the thick snow, and into a deep hole in the ground which it had hidden.

The more I struggled and floundered, the deeper I sank in it, and I soon found myself worse snow-bound than Comanche. Not being accustomed to dismount from the off-side, I had, in getting off, thrown my left foot much farther back than was necessary or usual, so that the stirrup-straps with which I could have raised myself out, were fully four feet off, and completely out of my reach.

Everything considered, I was in a bad fix; especially so if that scoundrel Comanche, who, by this time, had begun to take considerable interest in my actions, and who would soon, I feared, arrive at a correct understanding of my predicament, took it into his head to go on without me and leave me in the lurch. None of my men were in sight, for by this time, barring accidents, they must have been well on their way back to Mrs. Wilson's; and I was alone, up to my neck in the snow, on that bleak, storm-swept mountain, with no one to help me out of my dilemma, which was fast becoming a real danger, for the weather rapidly grew from bad to worse. The storm, which had lulled considerably while I was performing my antics on the back of Comanche, had now returned with increased fury. The wind, shrieking fiendishly through the pines overhead, blew a gale which caught up the snow as it fell and whirled it through the air with blinding intensity. The bitter cold had grown more bitter, freezing the snow-flakes into icicles as they fell, which cut like pieces of broken glass as they struck the skin wherever exposed.

My extremities were becoming benumbed,

and I had almost given up all hope of ever getting out of my hole alive, when all at once I saw a way out of my difficulties. Comanche, at first absolutely bewildered and cowed into immobility by the howling, arctic-laden tempest—a fact which probably accounted for his being still near me—in trying to protect himself as best he could from the frozen blast, had humped himself almost into a knot, and was now gradually edging his quarter towards me, in order to turn his flank away from the wind, and secure the storm upon his stern. I doubt if ever any ship-wrecked mariner adrift on his raft and half dead with the pangs of hunger and thirst, ever watched an approaching sail with more eagerness and anxiety than I did that mule's rearend. The slightest change in the direction of the wind would have been as fatal to me as to the cast-away. But on it swung, slowly but surely, and his tail no sooner came within reach of my hands, than I made a grab for it, and holding on to it for dear life I started Comanche onward with a yell that would have done no discredit to the fiercest of his Indian namesakes.

Mules, as a rule, are dangerously skillful in the use of their heels, and Comanche was especially so; but he never thought of kicking—probably because it was a matter of utter impossibility for him to do so at the time. But the way he forged on ahead through the snow with me dragging on behind him was a caution. It reminded me of a freeze-out on the Union Pacific, with a passenger train headed by a couple of powerful locomotives and snow plows butting against the snow drifts on the Nevada sage-brush plains.

Sheer astonishment, as much as fatigue, soon brought him to a stop, however, and grasping the stirrup-straps with one hand while I still held on to the tail with the other, for fear of accident, I gradually worked up to the bridle-rein, and with a sigh of intense relief and devout thankfulness, got into the saddle once more, and rode on down the mountain towards the tavern, which I reached without further mishaps, in a couple of hours, a most miserable and demoralized looking being, but only too glad to follow

implicitly the advice of its monitory sign-board.

The next day's dawn found us in our saddles, preparing to face once more the wintry terrors of the Sanhedrim. The storm had died away during the night, and peace and quiet reigned once more over the face of nature, although the sky was still overcast with low-hanging, threatening clouds, pregnant with dire forebodings of further mischief. The depth of the snow had been more than doubled by yesterday's storm, and our upward progress was exceedingly difficult and tiresome. We rode in single file, and as soon as the leading mule, whose task of breaking a path through the thick snow for the rest of the party was very exhausting, would begin to look distressed, the rear man would ride up to the head of the column and make his animal forge his way forward until relieved by another; and so on, turn about, until after hours of hard work, and well on into the latter part of the day, we at last stood upon the hard-won summit, and dismounted to give our animals a breathing spell.

Had we performed the irksome and tedious ascension merely to enjoy the prospect from that elevated standpoint, our trouble in so doing would have been more than repaid by the wonderful vista unrolling itself everywhere before us. Near by, extending to the right and left, spread the level park-like summit-ridge of the Sanhedrim, with its ever-green trees and shrubbery thickly covered and weighed down with snow, whose immaculate whiteness was brought into strong relief by the dark olive-green of the pine-needles and manzanita leaves underneath it. Here and there, scattered over the wintry landscape as if to brighten it and make it less dreary, grew huge madroñas, with their smooth delicately-tinted yellowish bark showing its polished mahogany hues bright and clear, through a coating of transparent ice; while from among the cedars and the pines, and above the clusters of manzanita, arose some gaunt annual, whose bare branches, all silvered over by the frost, made beautiful tracery against the distant sky. Beyond—stretching away all

around into almost boundless immensity—an endless jumble of hill and dale, mountains and valleys; a chaotic mass, wrapped in snow and ice, over which silence reigned supreme. The world, frozen and snow-bound, lay at our feet, and as spell-bound we gazed down upon it, there crept over us all a feeling like awe, for it seemed to us, for a moment at least, as if we were the only living beings left in the universe. How utterly insignificant in the grand scheme of nature would man feel himself to be, when brought face to face with scenes like these, were it not for the reasoning intellect within him; which warns him that, weak and erring as he knows himself to be under the conditions of his present existence, he is still an important, conditionally progressive, part of a sublime and eternal whole.

But evening was coming on apace, and whether or not, in this incomprehensible infinite, the merits or shortcomings of his free agency here below may affect man's standing in the ascending scale of the hereafter, this was hardly the place to remain long, at this especial time, to admire and moralize over the beauties of nature, and man's present and future place in it. Tightening my saddle-girth, I was about to straddle Comanche once more, when Klassen, one of the soldiers, who, owing to the fact of his acting as my body-servant in exchange for a small remuneration, was on more or less familiar terms with me—came up to me with a broad grin on his cheerful Dutch face.

"Dot mool goes pully now mit de Lieutenant, ton't it?"

"He goes well enough, but it's a tiresome thing to have to watch him all the time."

"Vell, I dells you vat, Lieutenant, I shust veel as if I dries him a vile, und mit your permission, py Cott, I vill."

Certainly, Klassen could not have said anything just then which would have given me greater pleasure than his proposition to exchange animals for a while; for by this time I was tired to death of keeping an eye on Comanche. At no time since we started on our journey, notwithstanding the decided improvement in his conduct which had result-

ed from the wholesome discipline to which he had been subjected, had there been the slightest approach, in either of us, to that close communion which is so soon established between a good rider and his equally good steed, when they are thoroughly *en rapport*. My riding Comanche had been uphill work all the time, and he had taken good care that there should be no relaxation in it as long as I was on his back. It was a constant treadmill of apprehension, for there was no telling when and how he would begin his tricks, although by this time I had succeeded after much patience and study, together with some hard-bought experience, in establishing a tolerably reliable system of warnings between myself and coming danger, by using his long tapering ears as cautionary signals to place me on my guard. As long as they worked backward and forward in a kind of uniform see-saw motion, one could feel mid-dling safe on his back, given a firm seat to begin with. When either the right or left ear got behind the other, and they ceased to jog along together back and forth in concert with the motion of his feet, it was a sign that he was thinking, and as he never thought of anything else but deviltry, it was time for his rider to take off the velvet glove and make him feel the iron hand, or prepare himself as best he could for whatever fate might have in store for him. If the warning was allowed to pass unnoticed, either through preoccupation or otherwise, and both ears and tail pointed straight in opposite directions, his perverse ingenuity had matured some devilish scheme, sure to bring his ill-starred rider to inglorious, if not dangerous grief, the instant execution of which it was too late to prevent.

Warning Klassen to keep wide-awake, and not to trust Comanche too far, despite his present subdued bearing, I saw him safely into the saddle, and we started to catch up with the rest of the escort, which, while we were re-adjusting the stirrup-straps to suit our respective length of leg, had got some distance ahead. Klassen rode in advance, while I brought up the rear some twenty yards behind him, and every once in a while

he would turn around towards me, and shout exultingly,

“Dot mool goes nice mit me, Lieutenant. Dot mool goes nice mit me. He goes pully, py Cott!”

He appeared to relish the swap amazingly, and he certainly had the best of the bargain as far as looks were concerned; for Comanche had a very showy appearance, while his proxy was about the most forlorn and dejected looking jade in the whole outfit—a regular Mexican plug in mourning.

For some distance down the southern side of the Sanhedrim, the wintry scenery formed by the snow-laden and ice-bound trees and shrubbery was even more beautiful and varied than on the summit of the mountain. The clumps of manzanita had become snowy, fairy-like grottoes and arbors, among which the escort, in their black campaign hats and long blue overcoats, wound in and out, their uniforms throwing here and there, as they passed, warm, bright tints over the cold, white prospect. The leafless shrubs and their ramified branches, encased in a coating of transparent ice, and bent nearly to the ground with its weight, looked like crystallized weeping willows mourning for departed summer; while from every twig and bough underneath the snow resting upon the evergreens, hung crystal pendants formed by the rain and frost.

Right ahead below me, and so near the trail that I saw the escort leave it and go around the tree in order to avoid stooping while passing under its low, overhanging, snow-laden branches, grew a magnificent specimen of the *Abies Douglasii*, with its frozen top looming far up into the sky, and its lower growth so symmetrical and pyramidal in its natural shape and added covering of snow, that it looked like a gigantic Brobdingnagian sugar-loaf. While I was estimating its magnificent proportions, so as to form some idea of its size, my attention was called away from its contemplation by Klassen's oft-repeated refrain: “Dot mool goes pully mit me, Lieutenant. Dot mool goes pully mit me”; and looking down from the tree to the mule, I saw Comanche with

his ears and tail pointing straight forward and backward like a red Irish setter at a quail, and before I could call his rider's attention to this signal of immediate danger, he had gathered himself together so as to obtain all the impetus possible, and with his head down between his forefeet, had made a rush straight for the tree.

I saw a cloud of snow, out of which came a yell of anguish, rise far up into the air; and when it settled down, Klassen, covered with snow and broken icicles, was sitting on the ground holding his half-broken neck with both hands, and moaning to himself in a pitiful, heart-broken way; while Comanche stood quietly watching him from the other side of the tree, probably very much surprised that the poor devil was not killed outright, for the thickest, strongest limb of them all had caught him right under the chin, and wiped him off the saddle like a fly from a piece of toasted cheese.

Dismounting as fast as I could, I ran up to Klassen, to see if I could be of any use to him, and after awhile he stood upon his feet, looking about him in a half-dazed condition and feeling, as he expressed it, “as if he was dead a little.” But he had lots of pluck left in him, for when I offered to give him back his old plug, who, if she was ugly, was at least safe, he indignantly refused point-blank, and with great determination announced his decision of trying Comanche once more if it killed him, and—picking up and brandishing the club over his head—“Und dis time, I dells you vat, Lieutenant, I minds my peesness, and Comanche he goes along mit his peesness, and if he ton't, py Cott, I shust clubs him dead mit de club!”

We got underway once more, Klassen in advance and I behind as before, and getting below the snow line we soon struck into the road, which, winding along the sinuosities of the mountain, gradually leads down to the crossing of the South Eel. The further down we got, the more slushy and miry it became, and our downward progress was necessarily slow. I was riding along, half dozing in my saddle, and in excellent condition to build some more air castles, pro-

vided the right kind of material turned up, when I was startled into full wakefulness by a terrific yell, and on looking up, half alarmed at I knew not what, what was my astonishment to see that both Klassen and Comanche, but a moment before jogging along quietly together in peace and amity, had disappeared completely out of sight. Far down below me, I could see the escort creeping slowly along on an outlying spur, on their way down towards the river, but between them and me, of Klassen and Comanche not the least sign in the world.

Riding forward as fast as I could, I soon had the explanation of this wonderful disappearance. The road crossed many hillside gullies more or less deep and wide, in the beds of which wooden box-culverts had been laid, so as to lead off the water from the upper side of the road and conduct it under it to the lower side, whence it diffused harmlessly. At one of the largest of these, the volume of the outpouring water had been so great during the last storm and freshet, that it had washed away fully three-fourths of the road-bed on the lower side, leaving in its place a large hole fully twelve feet deep, above which, jutting out like a twelve-pounder gun in bar-bette, loomed a wooden culvert, over the upper end of which some two feet of the road, still remaining intact, formed a tolerably safe pathway, over which the escort had passed without mishap. Not so with Klassen, however; for as I came up he hung in mid-air, like Mahomet's coffin, with both arms thrown around the muddy culvert in a loving, protection-seeking embrace—unable to come up and afraid to drop down—looking down over his left shoulder with apprehensive dread at Comanche, coiled up, open mouthed, at the bottom of the hole, and waiting for him like an alligator for a nigger.

Jumping off my mule, I took off her halter, and with it, fastened around his body under his arm-pits, I extricated Klassen from his unpleasant position; and then, together, we proceeded to do the same for Comanche—who, Klassen was positive, had bounced him head-foremost into the hole in order to commit manslaughter, and then had jumped

in after him to see how he had succeeded, and to finish the job if necessary; which he certainly would have done, if it had not been for that blessed culvert.

He was so far down that we could not reach him with our hands; although, as far as that was concerned, he could have gotten out without much trouble, had he been so minded—which, however, he did not appear to be. We coaxed and scolded, chided and admonished in turn, without producing the slightest effect on him. Then we pelted him with mud and stones—anything, in fact, in the shape of missiles that we could lay our hands on; but there was no getting him out of his hole, to which he seemed to have taken a decided liking, and at the bottom of which he looked, for all the world, like a black hen laying an egg. I had noticed, while coming down and nearly a mile up hill, a pile of newly split fence rails, and there being nothing at hand to pry him out with, Klassen and I trudged back up the hill on foot, through the mud and slush, and brought down a couple each. Having gotten everything in readiness, after much toil and bother, we were about to begin our hoisting operations, when Comanche, having probably thought the matter over and made up his mind by this time, gave a few heaves, with which he got upon his feet, followed by a good shake to wake himself up thoroughly, and then, disdaining our help altogether, scrambled up out of the hole without more ado, and as easily as rolling off a log. All our labor had been in vain, and for all the good it did, we might just as well have remained with our hands in our pockets, waiting for that mule's good pleasure, and whistling Yankee Doodle to keep ourselves warm in the meantime.

Klassen threw down in disgust the rail which he held, and with a muttered imprecation gazed with astonished, corrugated brows at Comanche, as if he had just discovered something about the mule of which he knew nothing before. His survey over he folded his arms across his chest, and bowing his head down upon them, he remained for some moments as if absorbed in

deep thought. Then raising his head and looking at me confidentially, as if to impart some great secret, he expressed, with the earnestness that comes from deep conviction, his private opinion of the whole matter :

"Dot mool vas no mool, lieutenant ; he vas von tam tevil from hell, py Cott!"

And taking hold of Comanche's bridle-rein, he pulled him down after him until we reached the river, whose roar had been plainly audible from where we stood.

The South Eel, as we came to it, had a decidedly angry and forbidding look about it. It was flood-high, and its swift current, dashing against the huge boulders and ledges which rose here and there above water in the channel, roared, boiled, and foamed in impotent rage, and finally swept away from them in black, whirling eddies with a ponderous, plunging sound. Had the means of camping on the side we were on been at hand, I certainly should have done so and waited for a fall in the river in preference to crossing at once ; but as the only place men and animals could put up at for the night was a house and barn just on the other side, I decided, bad as the outlook appeared to be, to attempt it at once, and before night, which was fast coming on, made our difficulties worse. Ascending a short distance up the river, I selected a place where the width of the stream was greater than usual, and the bed free from rocks and boulders, with a hard gravelly point of egress some distance down stream from that of ingress, in order that we might have the advantage of the current. The men were then ordered to take off their long woolen overcoats, which, in the event of their being thrown or washed off their animals, would become soaked at once and pull them down with their weight, and to tie them in front across the pommels of their saddles ; and, when mounted, to cross the stirrup-straps over them so as to be foot-free. The halter-straps were then unbuckled, with directions to each man to hold one end in his right hand and leave the other end free, so as to be able to throw it at once as a life line to any of the others cast off their animals into the flood.

Mules are splendid swimmers, unless, by

accident, they get water into their ears. When this happens they cease to move, and drop their ears, and unless gotten out of the water at once they will drown. I took especial care to impress this fact upon my men, with the repeated caution to hold their animals' heads well up, and enter the water slowly and without crowding, so as to avoid, as much as possible, their submerging their heads.

Everything being ready, I was about to mount Comanche and lead off, when Klassen, who, despite his simple and somewhat stupid looking phiz, was so far from being a fool that he had the reputation among his comrades of being even wise in his generation, came up to me with another of his broad, insinuating grins, and, after a thoughtful inspection of our respective animals and the roaring river in front, imparted the, to me, just then unwelcome fact—for, in my opinion, Comanche was, by far, the safer animal of the two to swim on—that he was willing to "try dot tam mool vonce more" if the Lieutenant had no objection ; which, of course, before all the escort, I had not, as the crafty rascal very well knew. We entered the water in single file, I leading, and I soon had about as much as I could attend to, to hold my own against the roaring rapids which swept down my animal like a cork ; but I kept his head well up above water, and in a few minutes landed safely on the other side.

I had scarcely done so when I heard cries of warning and alarm among the men behind me, and on looking back I saw Klassen, who happily could swim a little, and who was a very powerful man besides, struggling dismounted against the raging current, while the man who rode behind him was doing his best to throw the loose end of his halter-strap within his reach. This, fortunately, he succeeded in doing, after several ineffectual casts, and with it grasped despairingly in both hands, poor Klassen was dragged out and landed safely, but more dead than alive.

We soon had him all right again, however, and then we bethought ourselves of looking around for Comanche, who was nowhere to

be seen, and whose drowned carcass the swift current had probably carried far below us by this time—a probability which we finally assumed to be an accomplished fact, for not the least sign of him could we see anywhere after a careful and somewhat prolonged, but fruitless, search. As he had been an article of public property in my charge, and therefore to be accounted for by me, I naturally felt somewhat worried over his loss; but Klassen, who swore that the four-legged scoundrel had tried to drown him by purposely diving from under him in mid stream, proposed to settle matters in short order, and forthwith announced his decision on the subject, as soon as he had recovered sufficient breath to do so.

“Neffter mindt, Lieutenant, I vill make von alfid-davis, und svear dot de vater got in mit his ears py von accident, und dot he got dronded accidentissmally—of vich I am tam glad, de son of a gun!”

But his veracity under oath was not put to the proof, for as we came near the house where we proposed to put up, we heard a terrific yelling and swearing, braying and kicking in the barn; and rushing up to see what was the matter, we perceived that Comanche, if ever drowned, had most indubitably come to life again, as bad as, if not worse than, before; for there he stood, with open jaws, making away with the provender of an old, blind horse, whom, as a preliminary, he had kicked out of his stall; while the owner stood by, pitchfork in hand, afraid to come within reach of the heels of Comanche, who—he was swearing even before he saw us rushing up to his aid—must be one of those — Henley mules from Camp Wright.

The next morning, while saddling up, I threw out several hints, in a general kind of a way, so as to give the escort to understand that a voluntary offer on their part to give Comanche a trial, turn about, during the day, would be most welcome to me; but a more obtuse set of men in that respect I never saw. Each and every one became all at once very busy at something or other about his saddle, which demanded all the attention he could spare, and my skillful sug-

gestions were so much labor lost. Klassen, my old ally and fellow-victim, made wiser by experience, was the busiest of them all, and as deaf as an anvil—but not dumb by any means, for I heard him assert in a loud aside to the man next to him, that

“No mool vas a mool dot didn’t got dronded ven vater got in mit his ears, as de Lieutenant said, and dot Comanche vas von tam Schinderhannes come to life again—and he wanted no more of him, if he could help it.”

And so, there being no help for it, and my command, to a man, being utterly impervious to the advisability of divided labor and risk in riding Comanche, I, perforce, managed to get along tolerably well with him throughout the entire day; but I was glad when night came, and with it, the much needed rest required to recuperate from the constant fatigue and watchfulness absolutely necessary to keep from being lamed or killed by that slippery rascal.

### III.

THE Sunday morning that brought us within sight of Ukiah was clear and bracing, and the church bells, calling people to worship, rang merry peals, which, mellowed by the distance still intervening, filled the fresh, frosty air with sounds of far-off melody. It was one of those calm and beautiful Californian winter days, when the crisp air, slightly laden with the aromatic scent of the pines, is so pure and health-giving that one inhales life with every breath, and the mere sensation of living becomes a blissful enjoyment of all bodily faculties, for which the soul feels like returning thanks to the great Giver of all good. The gloomy and overcast skies of the last few days, at times as icy and drifting as a dead man’s pall, had gradually passed away with the ragged skirts of the last storm, and the face of the earth was fair and smiling once more with renewed beauty and freshness; while all animated nature, revived and exhilarated by the soft breath of the now fast returning Spring, felt the balmy influence of the peace-breathing, holy Sabbath

morning, and with a rhythmic hum attuned to the voiceless anthem of the universe, sang a hymn of praise and thanksgiving, in which Comanche himself, like the kingly harpist of old, joined in with dance and song, as soon as we entered the long main street of the town.

Ever since starting he had shown himself—besides numerous other accomplishments of the same nature, which would have been appreciated by the torturers in ordinary to the Spanish Inquisition—especially addicted to a fashion of side-winding traveling, which consisted in cavorting sideways on three legs from one side of the road to the other, and back again, whenever fancy prompted him, and which, whatever it might have been to him, was exceedingly unpleasant to his rider, upon whom it had the same effect as going through an earthquake experience in the early days of San Francisco. Comanche's propensity for this erratic mode of procedure was strong at all times, but his passion for it became intensified as soon as we came to the very first house of the long double row before us. He chasséd to and fro, across and back, in a manner so wonderful to behold, that a small urchin who came out on the porch of his home to see us pass by, ran back again as fast as his short legs could carry him, shouting in great glee and joyful anticipation, "Mamma, mamma, come out quick; circus's coming! circus's coming!" and before we had proceeded very far on our way down the street, the windows of the houses on each side were crowded with smiling faces, watching eagerly and laughing uproariously at the ridiculous antics of that audacious animal—which, having unluckily thrown away my club upon entering the town, I was utterly unable to prevent.

As we came opposite a church, the sight of the congregation coming out after services in their Sunday faces and clothes appeared to impress him with the fact that this was no ordinary day, and, ceasing abruptly his side-waltzing, he took the middle of the street, and proceeded slowly down it as grave and sedate as a chief mourner at a funeral. This would have been a change for the better, had

it not been that, unfortunately for me, many of the church-members being non-residents, and living in the country outside, had ridden into town to church, some in carriages and others on horseback, and their vehicles and animals were now hitched upon each side of the street in the immediate vicinity of the church. Comanche not only appeared to know intimately each and every one of these, but from the way he hailed and saluted them all around, one would have thought that they were dear friends whom he had not seen for years. Certainly, such hearty, deafening braying had never before been heard in the streets of Ukiah. It was hee-haw to the right; hee-haw to the left; hee-haws everywhere, enough to make one wish for a cotton bale in each ear.

The outcoming congregation began to stare at the strange cavalcade and its more than strange looking leader; then sounds of half-suppressed mirth were heard to mingle with Comanche's hee-haws; and finally, after a second look at the mule and his now absolutely miserable rider, with the escort coming up in serried ranks behind him, riding straight and soldierly in their saddles, but every man of them all grinning like baboons despite their efforts to look solemn and sympathizing, the whole church-membership broke out into a unanimous and irresistible burst of merriment. The pastor happening to be coming out of the church at that very moment, and looking about him, surprised and half vexed at this unseemly mirth, the whole outfit just as suddenly quieted down, as if remembering all at once that it was Sunday, and that they had but now listened to a very edifying sermon on the awful sin of Sabbath-breaking; and then, with faces drawn out, every man, woman, and child in the crowd began to look at me, rebukingly, as if it was my fault that the moral sense of the community was being outraged by this infernal scoundrel of a government mule, whom I wished with all my heart and soul in the bottomless pit, even if he took me with him.

But all things come to an end here below—and a very good thing it is too—and just



when I was about to jump out of the saddle and hide myself somewhere out of sight, Comanche happened to see, looming up across the street, the big sign of a livery stable with a mule painted on it. Stopping abruptly, with his long ears pointing straight forward, in the middle of one of his most lively heehaws, which terminated in a joyful shriek, he astonished the town by cutting with his heels in the air, by way of a parting salute, the most wonderful pigeon-wing that its inhabitants had probably ever seen; and scattering them right and left with a right-about whirl in the direction of the stable, he made for its wide-open door like a streak of lightning. The next thing I knew, I found myself with two hostlers bending over me, stretched out on the floor of the stable, with my jaws feeling as if I had been chewing ten-penny nails for a week, just outside an open stall, whose low-hanging top entrance beam had caught me across the lower part of the face and cleaned me out of the saddle; and in which Comanche, whisking his tail with long delayed pleasure, was snugly ensconced, with his nose in the feeding-trough, and barley up to his ears.

The paymaster and his clerk arrived from below during the day, and having procured suitable mounts for both, we started on our way back the very next morning, which broke out clear and bracing like that of the day before. The new additions to our party were both characters, each in his own way, especially Tim Timmey, the clerk, whose alliterative cognomen his friends had affectionately transformed into Timothy Tugmutton the Blessed, in order, perhaps, to save time in a new way. Each, in every way, was the opposite of the other, and they differed and joined issue on every known subject but one; that of the Governors of the Carolinas, on which they generally agreed, in and out of place. But despite this one common failing, which stood like a bond of union between the two, and which, it must be stated in justice to both, was never allowed to interfere with duty, they were, both of them, old coons at mountain traveling—the paymaster especially. No one, unless personally acquainted

with the—at all times except then—polished and courtly gentleman, meeting the purposefully slouchy, uncouth, and almost disreputable looking stranger at any of the rag-tag and bob-tail hostleries of his paying district, would ever have taken him for an army paymaster.

He generally traveled on duty with two satchels—one large and handy, made of Russia leather, with something respectable about it, and containing a change of linen and other necessaries; and the other, a small, ragged, mangy-looking seal-skin grip sack, as disreputable in appearance as its owner, in which he carried the government funds required for the payment of the troops in his circuit. His manner of handling the appurtenances was somewhat peculiar and deceiving. On arriving at an inn or other stopping place for the night, he would throw the seal-skin satchel carelessly in the corner of the room, together with his saddle bags, and hand the other carefully to the hotel clerk, or take it up himself to his room with the same amount of care; and the chances were ten to one that the one containing the valuables was the safest of the two.

But if the paymaster's general appearance when on the road was not calculated at times to impress any one with a very great idea of his importance in the social scale of life, that of Timothy Tugmutton was just the reverse always. I doubt if Solomon in all his glory was ever arrayed like him, and, for my part, I never could look upon his carefully oiled and perfumed carrotty hair, parted with mathematical accuracy exactly in the center, his flaring red necktie and sunflower *boutonniere*—whenever he could get hold of one—without being reminded of a gorgeous sunset and the golden glory of the dying day. He took a great fancy to Comanche on account of the mule's showy looks, and, despite my warning, insisted on riding him in preference to the safe animal I had selected for him, and he finally prevailed on me to let him do so, at least for some distance out of the town, in which he informed me confidentially he knew lots of pretty girls, who were already half sweet on him, and whom he wanted to introduce to

his fine horsemanship—which he certainly did—one of them at least. And it must be acknowledged that his appearance on Comanche's back, when he did get on him, was absolutely radiant. Indeed, the combination reminded me of a highly colored picture I had once seen of Phaeton, the son of Phœbus and Clymene, driving the chariot of the sun athwart the heavens; and the similitude was closely verified very soon thereafter. We were about half way out of town, when he happened to see a very pretty young lady standing near a pole-well, with a pitcher in her hand which she had just filled. Tim, in order to strike up an acquaintance with her, at once determined to play Jacob and Rachel, and urging Comanche towards her, he politely raised his derby and asked her for a drink of water, to which she smilingly replied by holding the pitcher towards him. But she was a little too far off, and Tim, unable to catch hold of the pitcher from where he stood, drove his heels into Comanche's flanks to make him go nearer the well.

Up went the mule's heels viciously, and away went Tim, struggling, into the air, with both arms extended before him; and meeting with the bucket chain which hung from the small end of the long pole, then high up, he grasped it with both hands, and held on to it as a drowning man to a straw. The big end, with a large stone tied to it to make it heavier, pulled up by the greater weight of his body, rose into the air with majestic gravity, and like the old oaken bucket, down went Tim into the well, straight as a plummet, with plenty of gravity but no majesty at all, and his yell when he struck the cold water could have been heard a mile off.

The wonder-struck girl caught hold of the chain as fast as she could, and before we could dismount and come to her assistance, she had him safely out of the well; but the purple glory of the setting sun had disappeared in cold Amphitrite's bosom, and poor Tim scrambled up out of the well looking like a half drowned red cat. But the flame of his gallantry had not been wholly extinguished in his involuntary cold bath;

for he managed, between the gurgles caused by the water which he had swallowed, to express his thanks to the girl for "saving his life," as he called it, until his chief, tired of his bows and smirks, which, owing to his spasmodic shivering and teeth-chattering, were absolutely ridiculous, positively ordered him not to delay the party any longer, but to mount and go back to the hotel, and exchange his wet clothes for dry ones, and then catch up again—all of which he did, but not on Comanche, for he had had enough of him already.

We stopped about midday for an al-fresco lunch, and tying our animals to convenient bushes and trees, we proceeded—the paymaster, Tugmutton, and I—to discuss the bread, cheese, and cold meat the hotel cook had put up for us, while the escort did the same with their rations. As usual, Tim and his chief soon got into an argument and at loggerheads about something or other, and both being on duty, and John Barleycorn necessarily absent, there was no point on which they could agree and patch up a temporary peace, and the dispute waxed hot and fiery between the mouthfuls of bread and cheese. This wordy warfare between the two suited me very well just then, for, like the lawyer with his two clients in the fable, I was in a fair way of getting by far the lion's share of the lunch, when Tugmutton, happening to look towards Comanche, whom Klassen had tied with the horses belonging to the paymaster and his clerk to the same scrub-oak and close together, abruptly changed the subject of discussion, and went off on another tack.

"Hello! if that mule Comanche isn't eating a rabbit, I hope I may be shot!"

"Now, Tugmutton," put in the paymaster skeptically, and joining issue at once, "whoever heard of a mule eating rabbits? That's another one of your assertions that you can't prove."

"I can't, hey!" shouted back Tim spitefully, "look for yourself, then!"

The paymaster did look, and he no sooner did so than he jumped to his feet with a yell, and made a rush for Comanche as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Shoo! you scoundrel! Shoo! drop that!"

But the mule did not drop it, and jerking his head back he broke the halter strap with which he was tied to the tree, and keeping well away from the enraged and now thoroughly frightened officer, he playfully, but most tantalizingly whirled about his head the ragged remnants of the mangy and now empty seal-skin satchel, which he held between his teeth, until he grew tired of the fun, and then throwing the dilapidated concern contemptuously away over his head, he quietly trotted back towards the rest of the animals, while the paymaster went down on both knees to look for his assets, which—what was left of them—were scattered here and there all around. For Comanche had not placed himself on a nitrogenous diet, as Tugmutton thought, when he took the sealskin bag for a rabbit. He had simply been engaged, in a quiet way, in contracting the currency of the United States by chewing into pulp and swallowing as fast as he could that part of it for which the paymaster was responsible; and when Tim saw him at it, he had already made away with more than his chief could pay back in a year out of his salary.

And such a time as we had for nearly two hours afterwards, in gathering and patching up as best as could such *débris* as we could find! When, after counting and recounting the salvage a dozen times over, at least, the paymaster reckoned up his loss, he found himself some fourteen hundred dollars short, among which were some sixteen twenty-dollar gold pieces, of which we could find no traces whatever, and which we assumed, compulsorily, in the absence of any other conclusion, must have been swallowed by Comanche, on the ostrich's plan of improving his digestion with hard substances.

It became an open question with the paymaster, whether he would go on to camp with the funds he still had left on hand, or go back to San Francisco for more; but another computation demonstrated to his satisfaction that by leaving the officers out until he could go back and mail them checks for their pay, he had just about cash enough left to pay off the enlisted men at Wright and Gaston, and he therefore decided to keep on.

The question of responsibility for the de-

fiency in the paymaster's funds is still unsettled. We all made affidavits at the proper time, as required by law; but the Congressional Committee having the investigation of the matter in charge held, that while there existed no reasonable doubt but that one article of public property had swallowed the other, the fact remained that the paymaster should not have forgotten to close and buckle up again his saddle-bags after taking out his lunch parcel, so that the mule could not have gotten at the sealskin bag; and as that officer, not long thereafter, was transported to a higher sphere, where, let us hope, there are neither accounts to make up nor Comanches to ride, it is doubtful whether the matter will ever progress much farther in the way of final adjudication; and all the papers in the case are filed away at Washington among the archives of the United States, probably on the same shelf as those pertaining to Mark Twain's beef contracts.

But retributive justice overtook Comanche the very next day, and came very near taking me with him. We had reached the windings of the Tomkye, and I was riding in the middle of the road, between the paymaster and his clerk, both busily engaged in one of their never-ending arguments, when Tugmutton gave up his point temporarily to ask his chief, who was smoking, for a light from his cigar. In passing it over across my mule's neck, the paymaster's reach fell short; and Tim, in leaning over to grasp the burning stump, lost his grip on it, and down it dropped, straight into Comanche's left ear.

With a shriek that made my heart stand still, for it was absolutely fiendish with the pain that made him raging mad, he bounded into the air, and then flew down the road with the speed of the wind. I knew that my only chance was to keep him as straight as I could in it until the burning pain was assuaged by time, and his strength and speed became reduced; and with teeth clenched together and the reins held in both hands, I tried my best to do so; but only for a time. At one of the crossings of the creek, he swerved abruptly to the right and sprang from a high bank over the creek, which he cleared safely;

but just as he landed on his forefeet on the other side, I heard a shot, and Comanche, rearing straight, gave one mighty bound, and fell with a crash, with me under him, at the water's edge.

When I regained consciousness—for I got an ugly fall which knocked me senseless—I found myself supported by the paymaster and Tim, who were bathing my face with cold water; while some distance away from us, on the top of the nearest ridge, the old sergeant was recalling his men, deployed in skirmishing order, with revolvers still smoking. Near by, on the other side of the creek, under the high bank, and not far from the road, were the still burning embers of a small fire sheltered by it, and nearer, between the creek and us, lay poor Comanche, as dead as a door nail.

When the sergeant returned with his men, and made his report, he reconstructed the scene and the event with a few concise words. Six men, despite their inferiority to us in numbers, a fact of which they were probably not fully aware, had ambuscaded themselves under the high bank of the creek, with the evident purpose of taking the paymaster and his party by surprise, and making away with the government funds in his possession. It is more than doubtful, however, if they would have succeeded in jumping us unawares; for in order to prevent just such an occurrence, I had, ever since leaving Ukiah, kept two of my men well in advance, so as to give us timely warning of such a design;

but Comanche, in his desperate, headlong flight, had scattered them right and left, and got far beyond them when he jumped so suddenly over the bank, and turned the tables on the robbers by surprising them. Thinking themselves discovered, and hearing the clatter of the escort charging after me, they first wreaked their spite on me—for the bullet that found its billet in Comanche was evidently intended for his rider—and jumping on their horses were just getting over the hill, when the sergeant, coming up, realized the situation at a glance, and started after them with his men; with what success we never knew, for, being better mounted, they got away.

And so, after all, Comanche died in the path of duty. Notwithstanding that redeeming fact in his otherwise reckless career, we did not bury him with the honors of war. But, before leaving his bones to bleach in the sun and rain on the lonely banks of the Tomkye, Klassen, whimsically, but none the less truthfully, expressed, in his quaint vernacular, my opinion of my late mount, and Comanche's epitaph:

“Dot mool vas a good mool—if he vas not von tain devil!”

For I had seen enough of Comanche during our short but eventful acquaintance, to know that he had in him magnificent possibilities for good and evil; and, since then, I have ridden many a government mule, but my eyes have never looked upon his like again.

*A. G. Tassin.*

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## FOR MONEY.

### XVII.

FOR the next two or three days, Louise went about like a woman in a dream. A great pause seemed to have come in her life, and she could look neither backward nor forward. Her faculties themselves were as if paralyzed. She was conscious of one thing only—that she had ceased to struggle against her destiny, that henceforth life to

her meant renunciation. A colorless life it looked to her, who had fancied, as others had fancied for her, that it was to be all brightness. Her mood had already changed so far, that she felt there was less pain in brave endurance than in vain beating against the bars of the inevitable.

After a little, she allowed herself to wonder what Eugene Fleming could want of her—what that pressing business could be of

which he had spoken to her on that memorable night she heard Aida.

If her mind had been in its usually healthy state, she would have tried to reason out his borrowing that money of Jack Percy; but she knew herself well enough now to see only too plainly that all her efforts at reasoning would only dissolve into a passionate protest to herself that it was impossible for him to do anything willfully mean or cruelly selfish; to dwell on that would be to break her promise to her father, to be guilty of deliberate treachery to her husband, whom she had determined to make her first object; so she resolutely refused to let Fleming enter her thoughts, except vaguely, as she might remember any one coming to talk to her on business.

She made herself Frances's shadow, and by her companionship tried to nerve herself for gathering up the threads of her existence in order to weave a new fabric out of the old materials. She knew that Frances watched her closely, though not curiously, and although formerly it would have fretted her, in her present dulled state of feeling it had no effect on her. She did not notice that Mr. Waring was watching her with equal closeness. He talked more to Frances than he did to her, and she felt grateful for the chance that made him choose her sister for his interlocutor; not dreaming it was done with the design of sparing her silent suffering.

One evening—it was the day before that appointed for Fleming's visit—she left Frances alone in the library, and went to her husband, who was busy with his cigar over some papers in the smoking room. A dread of Fleming's presence had been hanging over her all day, and finally she had taken a sudden resolution. She must have a settled plan of action before she saw him; she must not be drifting in this aimless way. Her father had advised her to consult with her husband, and what time was better than the present? She would do it tonight, this very moment.

She had tried to prepare something to say, but her mind was a blank as she tapped at the door, and, heard him say "Come in."

He looked up surprised as she entered. She was not in the habit of seeking him, and he wheeled round a chair for her with a questioning look, as he said in his ordinary manner: "Coming to keep me company?"

"Are you *very* busy?" she asked deprecatingly.

"Nothing that can't wait for you," he answered good-humoredly, and pushed back the papers.

She sat silent for a little, revolving what to say and unable to find any opening. At last she asked quickly, as if she feared to lose all her courage by waiting any longer: "What is your favorite charity, Marion?"

And he responded with the query born on the lips of every good American: "Why do you want to know that?"

She hesitated again, and then came the thought that if she intended to act on her father's counsel and make a friend of her husband, there should be no petty concealments or reserves between them about anything so simple as her motive for the question, so she answered frankly:

"I have seen lately that I have been leading a useless, selfish life, and I should like to begin doing good in some way. I was sure you knew about the best way of going to work, although you never have told me any of the kind things you do. So I thought I would ask you, if you didn't mind."

"If I didn't mind?" repeated Mr. Waring. "I'm delighted to tell you anything that will help to amuse you, my dear. I don't know much about those things myself. People generally come to me for money for their institutions, and I give them what they want. You go to Mrs. Ripley. She is the head and front of all these charities, and she is a great friend of mine. Only don't let her run you off your feet, for I warn you she's pretty enthusiastic, and she never gets tired herself. If you don't like it, don't you do it."

"But Marion, Mrs. Ripley!" said Louise in a disappointed tone.

"What of her? She's the salt of the earth, and not a grain of ostentation about her," said Mr. Waring heartily. "You know her, don't you?"

"She called on me and I was out, and I returned the call and she was out. I was glad, too," answered Louise.

"Why?" asked Mr. Waring. "What have you against Mrs. Ripley?"

"Oh, Marion! We own her house"

"Well what of that? Does buying another man's house make an enemy of him?" said Mr. Waring, amused.

"No; but—" a long pause. Then Louise added in a sort of desperate, final charge: "Marion, would you mind telling me what you paid for that place in San Manuel?"

"Bless her soul, how curious she is tonight. Well, never mind about the dollars and cents; I paid the price she set on it. Everybody said she asked too much, but I wanted the place, and I wasn't going to quarrel with the widow of an old friend of mine for a few thousand dollars that I shouldn't miss, when she had two little daughters to bring up. The place was mortgaged for half its value; she paid that, and now she lives very comfortably on the other half. And when I look at all I got out of buying that place, why I don't consider," he added, smiling at her, "that I paid too dear for it."

Louise rose, trembling a little, and her voice was a trifle unsteady as she said: "Thank you; thank you very much. Forgive me," and turned to the door.

"Don't go. Anything else?" he asked, patting her shoulder as he stood behind her.

"Yes," she answered, suddenly wheeling round and looking into his face with her frank eyes. "Mr. Fleming is coming to talk to me on business tomorrow morning. What do you advise me to say to him?"

"I don't know what his business is, my dear—"

"Neither do I," she interrupted quickly.

"So I have nothing to advise. I trust you absolutely, Louise," Mr. Waring continued quietly.

A sudden impulse made her lay both arms gently around his neck, then she ran out of the room, doubly fortified against tomorrow.

Her pallor was noticeable as she entered the room to receive Eugene Fleming the next day, but Eugene was absorbed in his

errand, and did not observe his hostess very attentively. He was slightly embarrassed, too, a peculiarity which she had never remarked in him before. In any one else this would have set her at her ease, but in him it had the effect of depriving her still further of her self possession.

"You told me you wished to see me on important business," she said, after a few indifferant remarks had passed on either side.

"I did, and I hardly know exactly how to put it, because you may think me a little peculiar. I am sure if you think, you will see that I cannot act otherwise under the circumstances."

"You rouse my curiosity," said Louise with a shadowy smile.

He answered with another smile, which she could not but notice was forced; all the sunniness was gone out of it. Usually, where he asked a favor he seemed to confer one, with his jaunty air of good-fellowship, and his assumption of the trifling nature of the obligation. But on the favor he had come to beg of Louise so much depended that it weighed on him heavily, and prevented his finding the best method of preferring his petition to her.

"The fact is, Mrs. Waring," he said finally, "you know I have been always more or less interested in politics. I may say that is my profession. I have made a close and careful study of it, and I pursue the career in a scientific manner; I am satisfied that is the only way. Now—you don't mind my explanation being a little long-winded?—my party was beaten at the last election, and I lost my office. It was a small one, to be sure, but then we must begin with small things as stepping-stones to greater. I am confident that my party is coming in again this next election, and the convention will meet before long."

He made another long pause, as if trying to find words to come to his climax. Louise was puzzled and chilled. Was the favor he had asked simply that she should constitute herself an audience of one to listen to a political dissertation, and a very uninteresting one at that? There seemed to her something

insincere about his tone, too, that she had never noticed in it before—a sort of striving for effect—and she had a glimmering fancy that he did not quite know, himself, what he meant when he talked of pursuing politics as a science.

“Mr. Waring says politics makes a very precarious living, if a man has only that to depend on,” she said presently, to break the silence, during which she had waited expectantly.

“Now, Mrs. Waring,” he went on, taking no notice of her little remark, “I am very anxious to be a candidate for some office before the convention; and relying on our friendship, which has always been such a comfort to me—why, I look on this house as a haven of rest; a place where I can forget all my trouble, and shake off all my blue moods—.”

“You are very kind,” said Louise, with her heart in her mouth. Had it indeed been all that to him in his desolate life? Then she had not lived in vain. “If you rely on my friendship, though, you must tell me what you expect from it.”

“I should like to ask you if you will use your influence with your husband, which I know is so great, to get me a nomination in the convention,” said Eugene, coming to the point without further temporizing.

“I have never meddled in Mr. Waring’s political affairs, Mr. Fleming. I beg your pardon, I don’t wish to appear to advise you, but I am sure you would do better to go to him directly yourself. Tell him what you want, and he will help you as far as he is able.”

“My dear Mrs. Waring, must I explain to you that in matters like these, influence is absolutely necessary? I have no claim on Mr. Waring. How can I go to him and say, ‘Give me your support in getting this office,’ without assigning some reason for it?”

“Tell him your qualifications,” said Louise simply. “Show him that you are the best man for the place, and he will stand by you to the end, I know.”

Her ignorance of matters political forced an unwilling, bitter laugh from Eugene.

“I cannot imagine why you are disinclined to help me in this matter,” he said impatiently. “I think I am at least entitled to hear your reasons.”

Louise blushed furiously all over her face and neck, then as rapidly turned ashy white.

She could not bring herself by any force of reasoning or emotion to request her husband’s influence in favor of this man for her sake. She felt that it would be the basest falseness to the man who trusted her, and to her own better nature; but could she tell Fleming so? He knew on what terms she stood with her husband; and what sort of man must he be who would take advantage of her husband’s love for her, and presume on her indifference to him and her indiscreet betrayal of it?

“If you do not see the impossibility of my doing what you ask, yourself, I cannot explain it to you,” she said icily.

“I do not see it,” he answered earnestly. Look here, Mrs. Waring, everything depends on my getting this. You don’t know how hard up I am. I haven’t any money to run this election with myself, and I must have the influence of a man with money and position—political position, I mean, of course—to back me. Your husband’s candidate would be sure to be elected, but as I told you before I have no hold on him but you. I swear if you fail me, there’s nothing left for me to do but to cut my throat. To think that after all we have been to each other, you should throw me over like this! It shows how much heart a woman has! I’ll never believe another.”

He fixed his eyes on her face half reproachful, half angry. If she had been the woman he took her for, this last ejaculation would have brought her to terms. She would have burst into tears, and declared she would do anything for his sake, rather than have him think her heartless, and withdraw the friendship that had become a necessary part of her existence.

Not so Louise. Ever since her father’s revelation of Eugene’s conduct toward Rose, her eyes had been ready to open; and now she saw that from the beginning he had made

use of her youth and impulsiveness as a lever to work upon her husband in furthering his own political schemes. She wondered if any feeling of personal sympathy or attachment to her had actuated him at all, and she was furious at his assumption of her regard for him.

"I don't see any necessity of prolonging this discussion, Mr. Fleming," she said, rising and standing very erect, with a haughty face. "I will mention to Mr. Waring that you are in search of political advancement, but I still advise you to have a personal interview with him."

With an inward oath, Eugene rose too. He saw that in some way he had managed to offend her. He knew from her manner that she would speak of him to Mr. Waring in just those words, neither less nor more, and as he was quite aware what Mr. Waring's opinion of him was politically, he had nothing for it but to acknowledge his defeat to himself. For the moment, anger at her overpowered every other feeling. He did not know where to turn next; he had absolutely no resource left—but it was all swallowed up in the sole desire to unpack his heart with words at her who had played with him so skillfully, only to leave him in the lurch at last.

"I congratulate Marion Waring on his wife," he sneered impudently, as he left her. He was not afraid of the effect of any remark he chose to make to her now, for though she might be a rich woman, and an influential one, his power to move her was over, and whether he spoke or not made no difference in his prospects now.

She made no answering sign that she ever heard him, though that insulting speech was the last blow his own hand gave to dethrone himself in her imagination. If she had been older, or better used to the ways of the world, she would have given him no chance to retort, but would have swept from the room after her own last remark; but she was young, inexperienced, and she had cared for him. She had not believed him capable of forgetting either himself or her.

When the door finally closed on him, her

tottering limbs took her to her own room, and there with locked door and closed curtains she fought out her agony alone. What a fool, what an egregious fool she had been! how worse than blind and deaf. She had deliberately shut her ears to every one's judgment. She had taken beauty for character, a smooth tongue for a good heart, and fine manners for a fine soul. Sham politician, sham husband, sham friend—for him she had been ready and willing to wreck her own life and Marion Waring's peace of mind. She wondered how she had ever constructed such a monster as she had fancied her husband out of the materials before her. Everybody who knew him had had a word of praise for him; for his talents, his kindness of heart, his generosity, of which she had had abundant proof. Everybody with any knowledge of the world had spoken slightly of her idol; and yet out of sheer willfulness she had closed her eyes to the true, and chosen the false. She had needed this rude awakening to show her that her idol was clay, and not only clay, but a poor semblance of an idol at that, all distorted and deformed in shape.

She writhed with mortification at her self-deception. There is a savage pride in most women, which feels it a direct loss of personal dignity to confess love asked or unasked. This feeling is at the bottom of a good deal that the world and the victim of it call coquetry; and when Louise discovered that she had humiliated herself by loving not only where she had no right to love, but where there was nothing to love, she felt that she could kill herself for very shame.

And how to atone to Marion for not loving him when he so well deserved it; for letting her fancy stray away into forbidden paths? Dear, good, unsuspecting man, how could she repay him for his unflinching love and trust when she deserved it so little? Not by loving him. She thought with a shudder that love was not for her. She had given all she had to an unworthy object, and she could not take it back in a moment and bestow it where it was due. She must mourn not the loss of what she loved, but its total



blotting out—it never had existed, and all her capacity for love had left her when that annihilation had been forced upon her.

Respect and admiration—these she could give her husband heartily; live to make him and others happy, as her father had said. It seemed a consolation to her now that she might so spend her valueless life. And yet was it valueless? She had the love of her parents and brothers and sisters—and Marion. It soothed her broken spirit to think that she was still necessary to them, though to herself she had proved so weak and worthless. Could she not, ought she not, to live to prove that she deserved the affection and confidence of the two men who believed in her power for good—her father and Marion? And she thanked God with tears that the timely knowledge of her own weakness and Fleming's worthlessness had saved her from deeper sorrow, the sorrow for sin.

She was lying across the bed, exhausted with all she had gone through that day, when she heard a step in the room; and lifting her heavy head, she saw her husband standing beside her, with some alarm in his face.

"Are you sick, Louise? What is the matter?"

"Nothing—my head aches miserably," she answered, slipping to her feet and clinging to him as if giddy with pain.

"Poor little head," he answered, gently stroking it.

"Mr. Fleming was here today on that business I spoke to you about," she went on in a clearer voice, as if inviting comment.

"Well?" he asked gravely.

"He came to ask for political advancement. I said I would mention the fact to you, and advised him to have a personal interview with you," Louise replied in the mechanical way one repeats a business conversation.

Mr. Waring held her off for a moment, and looked into her eyes that met his without droop or flutter. "I will see what can be done for him," he said in a quiet matter-of-fact way.

"I wouldn't trouble myself if I were you," returned Louise coolly. "I don't think he will be of any special benefit to the State or the city, and I know you think so too." She was quite reckless of Fleming's having told her that office stood between him and starvation.

A sudden gleam shot up in Mr. Waring's keen eyes, but he said nothing more, and went down to dinner with his arm around his wife, apparently all unconscious of her white face and red eyes, which were causing Frances many an anxious mental comment in connection with Fleming's visit, and Louise's consequent disappearance. Before the evening was over, the worried younger sister had matured a plan which in her imagination was to bring future happiness to the sister that she idolized, and the brother-in-law that she adored.

#### XVIII.

"WHY Georgie, what brings you over here to the city on Saturday morning?" inquired Phil Carter, as Georgie Carolan emerged from the San Manuel ferry landing, and he stepped from a street-car.

"Mrs. Waring asked me to drive with her in the park today, either in the morning or afternoon," answered Georgie. "In the morning I could have still, pleasant weather, and in the afternoon I could see all the people, so with my usual lack of wisdom in your eyes, I chose the morning."

"No lack of wisdom, my friend," replied Phil, smiling; "only I am snob enough to like the world to see you in Mrs. Waring's carriage."

"Question for question," said Georgie, "what brings you down among the ferries?"

"Going to Oakland on business. On what boat are you going back to San Manuel?"

"Father is not so well, and I must go back in the early afternoon, so we are to have lunch in town, and Mrs. Waring will drive me directly down here from the café. Why?"

"I only get such glimpses of you here, now, and you won't let me go over to San

Manuel any more. I want to have a long talk with you."

"There you are," said Louise, making her way among the people crowding the ticket-office. "You must let me have her now, Mr. Carter."

Phil bestowed them both safely in the little phaeton, and handing the reins to Louise, betook himself to the Oakland ferry.

"It is so long since I have been to the park that I have really forgotten how it looks," said Georgie, as they clattered along the lower part of the city, eager enough to escape the cobble stones, the heavy, lumbering trucks, and the frequent rattle of the street-cars.

"This is a perfect day; I am so glad we were lucky about it," returned Louise.

As they drove through the park gates not a breath stirred the tops of the pine trees that pointed the little candles of their branches straight and still against the deep, cloudless, enamel-like sky which when it is clear looks as if its brittle surface could be broken with a blow from a hammer. Before long the pine avenue branched into the park itself. The horses flew along the elastic road, on either side of which the fresh green turf lay sunning itself, while here and there clumps of cypress and eucalyptus in sharp contrast made delightful dark shadows. The hills lay beyond, and to the right rose Lone Mountain, with the sun shining on its great cross, and on the still, white city of the dead about its foot.

Masses of bright flowers in beds by the edge of the road, and the lawn and groves themselves, presently gave way to thickets of scrub oak with a cypress or pine here and there, and the wild lupine loaded the air with a fragrance like hyacinth. Now and then the edges of the road shelved down to shallow dusty ravines; in front lay yellow sand dunes, ribbed black with wrinkled iron lines, and beyond these the green distant hills, again just beginning to be tinged brown with the fierce, scorching sun. They caught sight of the conservatory below, rising from a little valley like a great glass bubble; then they came upon more sand dunes covered with more lupine sown to reclaim the soil.

The bare patches of sand were so frequent, and the lupine was so vigorous and full of bloom, that it was difficult to tell which was encroaching on the other.

By the roadside now the lupine looked down on the uncompromising dusty yarrow, and gay eschscholtzias turned up their glowing cups to the sun and reveled in it. Looking off to the left there intervened a wide purple plain of lupine, and as they passed a curve the sea lay before them, an expanse of moveless azure, smooth as a lake. The heat had caused a haze to settle across the horizon, and through the misty purple gleamed white one solitary sail, the very ghost of a ship.

"It's the ocean!" exclaimed Louise, with awe in her voice at the sight that was old yet always new. She stopped the horses, and she and Georgie sat silent, looking out at the limitless stretch of shining waves.

"And leagues beyond those leagues there is more sea," murmured Georgie, softly.

Louise turned quickly. "I wish I were on that ship, sailing forever," she said. "Don't you get very tired sometimes, and long to be anywhere but where you are?"

"Not today," said Georgie, laughing. "But yes," she added hastily, seeing Mrs. Waring's face change. "I know the feeling you mean. It seems as if under different skies we might get rid of our old selves. Only we never do. I get tired of myself, and long to have different feelings often; I know myself so well. Oh, you can easily let yourself get morbid if you keep yourself under a microscope all the time."

"What do you do when you want to get out from under the microscope?" inquired Louise urgently.

"Go to work as hard as I can, and forget my little, insignificant, ridiculous self," answered Georgie, with hearty emphasis.

"I'm going to ask you a very impertinent question," said Louise; "but don't you enjoy your work very much? Don't you revel in the thought of the independence it gives you, for all it wears you out mentally and physically?"

"There is nothing impertinent in that

question," answered Georgie. "I am very fond of my work, and the thought that I am able to earn my own living exhilarates me often when I get droopy and inclined to pity myself a little. And then, do you know, I enjoy a thing so much more that I have had to economize and plan for."

Louise could appreciate that; but the question on her lips had really been, "And are you willing to give up the freedom and the pleasure of gaining your own money for Phil Carter, who is not worth the sacrifice?" She did Phil great injustice, but she was unnaturally over-wrought at this time, and inclined to undervalue most things and people.

She did not dare, however, to put the question to Georgie. Much as they had talked together, and various as the subjects had been, Louise had never quite mustered her courage to talk with Miss Carolan about her engagement, except to congratulate her once, after she knew that Phil had mentioned his conversation about the matter to his future bride. Naturally, she could not put her query in just the form it had entered her mind, let her be ever so intimate with her companion. If a woman is really in love, there is nothing she resents so much as being told that she is throwing herself away, though the remark may be meant as the essence of flattering sincerity.

"I suppose it will not be very long now before we shall hear of your wedding," continued Louise, as they drove on with a backward farewell look at the spot they were leaving.

"Oh, I never can tell about that," answered Georgie, a slight shadow settling on her bright face. "So many things have to come to pass before I can even think about it."

"It is very hard for you, this long waiting," said Louise sympathetically.

"Yes, but waiting has its compensations. We feel that we know each other better and better all the time, and we shall begin our married life, if it ever comes, on a more solid basis of knowledge and forbearance than if we had been married at once when we were all romance and enthusiasm, and had

each to find out the other was human after we were married," said Georgie, philosophically.

"Do you find that you like people worse or better as you know them more?" was Louise's next inquiry. She knew that Georgie had had a pretty hard struggle with the world, and if she would impart some of her experience, Louise felt it would be of great benefit to her. Should she like her husband better, anxious as she was to like him, by becoming more intimate with his thoughts and feelings, as she was going to try to become? All the horrible, cynical remarks she had ever heard about the wickedness and unlovability of the inner life of the human being, such as that no man could look into the depths of another human heart without horror at what he would find there, came to her mind, and clung to her thoughts with pitiless tenacity. Had not she had late terrible proof of the truth of that? She waited for Georgie Carolan's answer, as if it was to be the oracle of her fate.

"I like people more," said Georgie emphatically. "Of course, certain people are uncongenial, but in the long run when you know a person well, very well, you will find something about him to love, especially if you have to—I mean" she added quickly, "that if you were teaching like me, you would find it necessary to love the children and make them love you, in order to do your best by them; and after a while even their little peculiarities grow dear to you for their sakes—unless they are naturally false and cold-hearted, but you don't find so many of those fortunately."

"Yes, children—" said Louise hesitatingly. "They are always lovable."

"Well," answered Georgie, "I have found it pretty much the same with grown people too. If I disliked them for certain little superficial traits, I could almost always find something about them, as I knew them better, that made me forget all about their funny little ways. Of course, some people are highly objectionable and perfectly detestable, but then we can forget them. It is so much pleasanter to like than to dislike."

"Don't you believe in a good, hearty dislike?" asked Louise meditatively.

"Indeed I do, if people are worth it. I'm afraid I'm not one of the forgiving kind; but I don't believe in going about wasting valuable emotions on insignificant specimens of humanity, or in encouraging prejudices against people to show how fine our perceptions are. It's so easy to fall into that carping habit, I find from myself. So I try to store up my capacity for hating the wrong person and turn it into loving the right one, because, as somebody says, love is so much the stronger force. Have I bored you with my preaching? That is only a hobby of mine."

"No indeed; I wish you would go on," said Louise sincerely.

"I was only going to say, that if you are working for somebody besides yourself, you have twice the strength and twice the courage; and mostly, loving means working for."

Louise looked at her watch, and found that they would have just time to drive back to town, lunch comfortably, and get to the boat Georgie wished to take. She kissed her good bye warmly as they parted, promising to take her driving soon again, and often when they should leave town to spend the summer in San Manuel.

As the boat started, Phil Carter appeared on the deck and took his seat beside Miss Carolan.

"Where did you come from?" she inquired, startled a little at the unexpectedness of the apparition.

"From below. I have just got back from Oakland, and I walked right over to this landing to wait for you. I knew if you saw me before the old thing cast off, you would send me back. You don't treat me a bit well, and I think I stand it beautifully. No other man with half my temptations to disobey your orders would deny himself the sight of you as I do, just to please you, because you say I waste your time."

"Oh, now you have begun to wheedle," said Georgie, laughing. "What do you want? I know you of old."

"I wish you would give a man the satis-

faction of freeing his mind in compliments. You always turn them off as if you thought I didn't mean them," said Phil in an aggrieved tone.

"Tell me what you want of me, and I promise not to speak a word from here to the landing. Now!"

"I want you to set the wedding day."

"Phil! Are you crazy?"

"Remarkably sane, I assure you. I never was so clear-headed in my life. See here, Georgie; listen to me, won't you? I am getting ahead at last, thanks to Waring and one or two other friends of mine, and I see my way to our setting up for ourselves, pretty soon, too."

"I'm glad you do, dear, but I don't."

"Why not? What's the matter?"

"Why, Phil, you know as well as I. You shouldn't force me to say it."

"My dear girl, you shouldn't shut me away from bearing your burdens with you, now that I am able to come to your help. Which of us is better fitted, do you think, to take care of your father, you or I?"

"It's my duty, Philip. You are not called upon to do anything of the kind."

"I never saw such morbid conscientiousness in my life!" exclaimed Phil angrily. "Georgie, you are not going to spoil both our lives by waiting an indefinite number of years, because Prov—"

"My dear, don't go on. You don't mean to say what you were going to. You wouldn't say anything to hurt me, I know. You never have, so far."

"Don't you think you owe me anything after your promise, Georgie?"

"If there were any one who could take better care of him than I, it would be quite another thing," said Georgie, as if arguing with herself. "But there is no one else. He is old, sadly broken, and—unfortunate. You don't know what you are asking to undertake—and I do."

Her voice was low and husky, and her lips trembled, though she bit them to keep them still. He touched her hand gently, as it lay between them on the bench.

"Don't, Georgie. I'm sorry I said any-

thing to wound you. If I promise not to torment you at all for a year, but just let things go on in the old way, will you promise to let me speak to you again about this at the end of it?"

She lifted her steadfast eyes and said slowly, "When my father does not need me any more I promise to listen to you, Phil; and it shall be the effort of my life to repay you for your forbearance now."

She turned away her head and looked at the water, while he sat silent beside her. She loved him dearly, loved him as she had never loved any one else, loved him as only a woman of her strong, deep affection can love; yet she knew that in marrying him she was sacrificing a great deal. She had been independent for years, she was just beginning to make a little name for herself in the direction that ambition had always led her, and she was to exchange independence for dependence, and name and fame for an occasional song to an occasional friend. She made the sacrifice willingly, because she loved him and felt that he was worth it, but she knew that it was a sacrifice for all that; she knew what she was giving up, and she hoped that in that unknown land of matrimony she should never regret it. She believed she should not; still, she was not a young girl in the first flush of romance, but a rather weary woman, who had seen something of life, and did not expect unalloyed happiness under any circumstances. During these dragging years, too, her love for Phil had settled into the calm devotion of a wife, while Phil still kept the ardor of a lover. A year seemed an easy thing to say and to live through now, when four years ago it had set her chafing against its length and dreariness with all the strength of her strong soul.

"Aren't you going back?" she asked in astonishment, as he not only guided her from the ferry to the train and found her a place, but quietly took his seat beside her.

"No, not till Monday morning," he answered, easily. "The fact is, you have kept me on such short allowance of yourself ever since last summer, when I lived over here and you couldn't help yourself, that I'm go-

ing to break rules and bore your life out to make up to myself about my giving way on our little compact just now."

She gave him a look that certainly was not one of unappeasable anger, and they proceeded amicably toward their destination.

"That was young Mrs. Percy that just came out of our house, and there is Doctor Jack's carriage!" exclaimed Georgie in alarm as they hurried up the street. Phil entered, and waited below, while she rushed up stairs to her father's room. He was just beginning to grow very impatient, when Doctor Jack came slowly down the stairs, and met him.

"What is it? Anything serious?" inquired Phil, hastily.

"No. I was afraid it was going to be, when the woman that takes charge of him came flying over for either my father or me, but he has rallied, and he's good for two or three months more, I should say."

"Is it as near as that?" said Phil, with a great throb of joy at his heart in spite of himself.

"It may be less—I shouldn't imagine he could last much longer," said Jack, in the impersonal, judicial manner of doctors discussing such probabilities with outsiders.

"She'll miss him and grieve for him more than he deserves, the old brute!" muttered Phil under his breath. "Have you told her? or does she guess?"

"I don't know that it's necessary for her to know," answered Jack. "I don't imagine there's anything to be done in a business way, and if there were, he's too far gone now to be of any use. If you think it's better, though, you can tell her."

"Is there anything I can do by waiting here?" inquired Phil, waiving a decision on the last proposition advanced.

"No, nothing. There, she is coming now. You can tell her if you like. Good bye," and Jack sprang into his buggy and was gone.

"Phil, dear," said Georgie coming towards him with a strained look about her face, "I shall have to send you away now. Father needs me by him. You can come tomorrow, early in the afternoon." Her anxious head

dropped against his shoulder for a moment, and she added in a lower voice: "I am so glad to think of you here in the village, near me."

As Phil walked on to the hotel, he deliberated whether or not he should tell her of her father's short lease of life, and made up his mind that it would be better for her not to know, certainly not from him, after their conversation on the boat; for she sometimes took such strange fancies that she might, perhaps, fancy it incumbent on her not to marry at all, for fear her happiness should be a lack of respect to her father's memory, and should seem like rejoicing in his death.

### XIX.

As soon as Frances heard of Louise's design to drive Georgie Carolan through the park, and learned what day had been decided on, she put into execution her plan for straightening out the tangle in which Louise had involved her own and her husband's domestic affairs.

She dispatched a little note to Eugene Fleming, devised in the third person, asking him to call at Mrs. Waring's on Saturday at one o'clock. She debated within herself whether or not to name an earlier hour, but she knew him to be unfortunately a man of leisure, and as she had vague ideas that many men of that class never appeared until twelve o'clock, and then had their breakfast, she judged that he would be in a better frame of mind to take kindly what she intended to say after rather than before that important event of the day. She was aware that it was inhuman to expect any man to be amiable before breakfast.

Eugene was much perplexed on receiving the note. He did not know either Mrs. Waring's or Frances's handwriting, and after puzzling over the situation for some time, wrote to say that he would keep the appointment punctually, coming to the final conclusion that Louis had relented and repented, wished to talk over his prospects like a sensible woman and the friend he had always thought her, and was desirous of making some atone-

ment for her extraordinary and unlooked-for behavior on the occasion of his previous visit.

As the hall clock chimed one, Fleming was ushered into the Waring library, still deep in speculation as to what this strange message might portend. His surprise was by no means lessened by seeing Frances enter, and shut the door behind her with a positiveness and defiance on her small white face that he had never seen on it before."

"How do you do, Miss Lennard," he said with enthusiasm. "Am I to have the pleasure of a visit with you as a preliminary, or do I see Mrs. Waring by proxy? You don't always favor me so highly.

"It was I that sent for you," said Frances hurriedly, trying to control the breathlessness that was caused partly by earnestness, partly by fright at the magnitude of her undertaking now that she was face to face with it. "My sister does not even know that I expected you today. She is not in the house."

She shot out the sentences at him with growing insistence on the absence of all complicity on Louise's part; and Eugene, feeling that he had been betrayed a second time, and wondering more and more as to what Frances meant by demanding the interview, simply said "Ah!" and waited for further developments. He waited for some seconds while Frances sat nervously clasping her hands and frowning, in the effort to concentrate her strength and nerve herself for the attack.

"I don't suppose," she began at last, drawing a deep breath, "that you could be appealed to on any ground of honor or morality."

"Miss Lennard!" ejaculated Fleming, springing to his feet. "You are a woman and I am a man, but you must remember that I am human, and not presume on your sex too far."

"I thought men prided themselves on being wicked," said Frances, waving him to his chair again; "but if you are sensitive to such motives, so much the easier for me to discuss the subject I must speak of to you. Mr. Fleming, I sent for you today to ask you to go away—to leave the city."

"I certainly have the right to know the

reason why you make such an extraordinary demand," replied Fleming, his coolness coming back as her agitation visibly increased. "All my interests, personal and business, are here, and I don't see—pardon me—why I should give them up at the simple request of a young lady whom I scarcely know."

"What was your business with my sister the last time you were here?" inquired Frances, evading his question by putting another.

"I don't know that I am called upon to account to you for the methods I choose to pursue in my private affairs," answered Eugene, imperatively. "I understand that you are a good deal in your sister's confidence, and if she did not tell you the object of my last visit, it shows that she considered it a matter entirely between herself and me—as I certainly did."

"It was something, then, that she did not dare to speak of," cried Frances, showing distress in her voice. "What was it that she could not speak of to me, and perhaps not to Mr. Waring."

"You would set my mind at rest on a subject that causes some anxiety now, if you could tell me whether she did speak to him on that occasion or not."

"You are not a good man!" cried Frances vehemently. "You came into this house, and you set yourself to work from the first, deliberately, to break up the peace and happiness of the best man I ever knew."

"Suppose I had harbored the very melodramatic design you impute to me; have I succeeded?" asked Eugene with a sneer.

"I cannot say that. How can I? But it is because I wouldn't have him dream of such a thing, that I beg and implore you to go away from here," said Frances, pleadingly.

"You seem to take your brother-in-law's discomfort to heart more than your sister's possible unhappiness," remarked Eugene, tranquilly.

"Will you leave the city? Yes or no?" exclaimed Frances, starting from her chair and stamping her foot.

"I cannot answer that question, Miss Leonard—at least, not at the present stage of the proceedings. If I am all that you accuse me of being, and your sister is what you make her out, and Marion Waring is the unsuspecting old fool you have indicated, there is no immediate cause for my exiling myself."

"If his eyes should be opened, he would throttle you with one turn of his hand," said Frances, triumphantly.

"Then it is my personal safety you are concerned about," rejoined Fleming. "You flatter me."

Frances wrung her hands. She could make no impression on him. He was only playing with her, that she saw; and he was thoroughly angry, and would stop at nothing. It might have been politic to hold his tongue, but men are not always politic when they are roused, and Eugene was reckless now.

"But," he added, "you have not yet told me to what his eyes are to be opened."

"To this," said Frances desperately. "That you are a dangerous and unprincipled man, and you are amusing yourself at my sister's expense. She is a clever girl and an unusual one, and she interests you; so that you have chosen to carry on one of your married flirtations that mean nothing to you, but to people with any principle they are horrible. If you have any feeling that I can touch," she continued passionately, "I do beg and beseech you for the sake of my sister's happiness, for the sake of her good name, for the sake of that wife you say you love still and of all she was to you, go away and let Louise forget you."

"Your views are singularly flattering to my vanity," returned Fleming. "I suppose you are not aware that every word you say is more compromising to your sister than any boast I could make."

Frances pressed her hand against her side, and looked at him with dilating eyes. Some feeling of pity for her evident suffering stirred about Eugene's heart, furious as he was, and his impulse was to tell her the matter exactly as it stood; but he was by nature cru-

el to what was unable to retaliate, and the thought suddenly crossed his mind that the worst punishment he could inflict on her, for her impertinent and unwarranted interference in his affairs and her sister's, would be that same plain, unvarnished statement of facts.

"The truth is," he added, after this rapid mental survey of the situation, "you and your sister are delightfully unworldly, and perhaps you have both taken a few warmly expressed words of friendly interest for something of a different character. I had not dreamed until you spoke just now that your sister had done so. I took her for an adept in society platonic, and I sincerely regret whatever sorrow or pain I may have ignorantly caused her. I did not know that I was dealing with such exquisite sensibilities."

"You are cruel and ungenerous!" exclaimed Frances, quivering from head to foot. "You have no right to assume that my sister takes the slightest interest in you. I made the mistake of supposing that you were trying to create an interest in her, and I appealed to you—quite uselessly, as I see—to go away before any mischief was done."

"Set your mind at rest," answered Fleming, calmly, resting his eyes on her excited face. "My political chances have gone by, for the present, and Mr. Birnie has offered me the charge of his sugar plantation in the Sandwich Islands. As I saw nothing better, I accepted it, and I shall start by the steamer this afternoon; but if your sister had been able to interest Mr. Waring in my election, as I requested her to do the last time I was here—the visit you were so worried about—and as I supposed she had, when I got your note, I should have declined Birnie's offer, and even have thrown him over at this last moment. As it stands, I am going. Good bye, Miss Lennard. Will you give my love and farewell messages to my cousin Rose? I haven't had time to go over there. Mrs. Waring I don't venture to ask to be remembered to. She would scarcely thank you for this betrayal to me of your observations on her conduct. Once more, good bye, for some years, I believe."

At last even his fluency had come to a pause, which was none of Frances's making. She had been unable to stop him by word or sign, and he had said his say. He was gone and she was alone, standing where he had left her. Her brilliant stroke had been quite in vain. Fleming was utterly impervious to her appeals to his better feelings; he had made her understand how completely he was master of the situation, how inadequate her powers were to cope with him, how young, and simple, and altogether useless and meddlesome she had been. If it could only be undone! She had compromised Louise, as he had said. Louise's dignity was dearer to her than her own, and all she had accomplished had been to give this man an opportunity to triumph over them both.

She grew almost frantic as she thought over the interview; frantic with regret, with the desire to call him back, and say that there was no necessity for his going away, and he must forget all she had been mad enough to say; frantic at the occasion she had let slip of saying all the hard and sarcastic things that came crowding into her mind now that it was too late; frantic with rage at the words he had applied to Mr. Waring, at the skillful way he had twisted all her words to his own advantage and her confusion. Her head began to spin. She heard Louise's voice on the floor above; she had come in and was asking for Miss Lennard.

"Here I am, here, Louise," she cried, half beside herself, and rushed to the stairs.

"Frances! Frances! for Heaven's sake stop!" called Louise. "You will kill yourself if you run upstairs like that!"

But Frances was already half way up, when Louise with the words still on her lips hurried down to meet her and caught her in her arms.

Frances clung to her hands and panted out, "He has killed—" That was all. She fell full length on the landing, dragging Louise to her knees by her weight.

"She has fainted," said Louise to the frightened maid. "Help me to lift her to



her room, and telephone for a doctor— any one.”

They worked and strove to restore her to consciousness without success until the doctor arrived. He lifted the passive hand, listened at the poor heart that had throbbed so painfully and uncertainly through its nineteen years, examined the eyes grown suddenly awfully wise with the first flash of immortality ; and as he turned to Louise, she knew that henceforth she was to walk alone the rest of her journey, without the sister-love that for all these years had been half her life. And her first thought was: “It has been as she wished. My hands were in hers at the last, as she has always prayed !”

She was brought back to the realities of this world by the maid asking in a tone of respectful sympathy if she might help Mrs. Waring take off her bonnet and cloak, which she did **not even** know she was still wearing. Then **it came** to her with sudden force that her life **must** be lived, and her father and mother must learn of their bereavement through her.

“Tell the coachman to drive straight to the bank and ask Mr. Waring to come home to me,” she said, after a moment. “And he is to tell my brother there to telegraph to San Manuel, to Mr. and Mrs. Lennard, that Miss Frances is very ill, and they must come over by the next boat. As soon as Tom has brought Mr. Waring home, he must go back to the ferry and wait for the San Manuel boat. And get a room ready for my father and mother.”

Louise gave her orders with quiet rapidity, and then went back into the room where Frances lay, and shut the door. She was too much stunned by the suddenness of the shock to realize it. She had never come near to the presence of death as she had come now, and she stood absorbed, looking at the dear face stamped forevermore now with the seal of innocence, over which, already, death was spreading that serenity of everlasting rest and peace that makes the features of our best-loved and dearest-known strange and stranger to us in this world of restlessness and strife during the short hours

we may study them for ourselves before they become but a memory.

The awfulness and the mystery overcame her, not the grief as yet; and she sank on her knees with folded hands, as if praying the still form to give her some knowledge of that beyond she had reached so soon and so safely. She was roused by the opening door, but she did not stir nor look round, until she felt herself lifted from the floor by her husband, who said, in a shocked whisper, “I have no words for you, Louise. No one can say anything.”

She shook her head. “I am all alone— all alone, now,” she said in a low, monotonous tone, her head still turned toward her sister.

Then the sound of her own voice startled her, and the slow tears welled up in her eyes.

“Come, Marion, come away,” she said in a hurried whisper. “I must not cry where she can see me. It seems wrong, when she looks so happy.”

She controlled herself presently, but another ordeal awaited her in meeting her father and mother. She silently kissed them as they entered ; her mother in the wildest agitation, her father quiet as ever, but looking ten years older. She took them to Frances’s room without trusting herself to speak, and then, when Harry would have followed, she drew him back.

“Wait, dear,” she said, gently. “She is their child. We don’t know what that grief is, and we have no right to see it.”

Mrs. Lennard was completely prostrated by her grief, and her only consolation during the three or four days she spent with Louise was to touch her, to cling to her, to have her constantly in sight. Louise begged them both to stay, but her father was persuaded that the place for him was in his own home, among his own duties, and Mrs. Lennard could not think of him and the little ones alone without her. It seemed too like a frightful breaking up of the family.

“But, Louise, I cannot do without you,” she said, emphatically. “Come back to your old home for a while. I’m sure Mr. Waring

will let you go for a few weeks, when I need you so. Ask him, dear. He will do anything you ask him, if he knows you really want it."

"I cannot promise you, mother. You know how dearly I should love to go back with you, if I can be any comfort to you; but I don't know whether it would be right or not. I will try, though."

She was watching in the hall when Mr. Waring came home from his business that day, and she let him in herself—an unusual demonstration of devotion on her part. She drew him into the music room—the library was too full of associations with Frances—and seating herself near him, she began:

"I want to discuss something with you, Marion. Mother wants me back again at San Manuel."

"A very natural wish, all things considered," he answered. "When is your mother going back?"

"Tomorrow. Father thinks he ought not to stay away from his duties any longer, and mother thinks Rose has been taxed with the charge of the little ones long enough."

"Tomorrow? Well, I should think perhaps by the end of the week we could arrange to move back to San Manuel, don't you? Though it seems almost a pity, as we are going East so soon."

"Mother means for me to make her a visit," explained Louise, forlornly.

"Oh," said Mr. Waring, thoughtfully. "How long a visit?"

"She didn't specify," answered Louise with a sinking heart.

"I shall look forward every day to seeing you back again, of course," said Mr. Waring, getting up and going to the window. It was merely habit. He could see nothing. The curtain was pulled down, and he made no move to raise it. "If you really wish to go, my dear, I couldn't say no at such a time. Follow your own inclination."

Her mother had Harry, and Rose, and Gilbert, and her husband, and the two younger children. Marion had only herself. She thought of his coming home night after

night to the solitary, echoing rooms, and her heart smote her. She went to him and slipped her hand through his arm.

"Marion, don't tell me I may go. I would rather stay here with you," she said, bravely.

Her very heart cried out to be with her people while it was sore and bleeding with their sorrow and hers, but she knew if she once went with them they would not be satisfied with a visit of days or weeks, and she should so change and grow back into the old life that Marion would suffer as well as herself in the return to the new. It was better to accept the facts as they were. Her marriage had altered the objects of her responsibilities, and she must not act as if she had forgotten, or as if those responsibilities had ceased, because he was generous enough not to put his own claim into competition with her mother's.

Mr. Waring passed his hand across his forehead, and pushed back his hair as if he were tired.

"I wish I could help you in any way to bear your grief," he said with a sigh, and turned away.

"Oh, Marion! Don't speak like that, please! I do try; indeed I do try." Her voice broke, and she tried vainly to recover herself.

"Poor little girl!" he said, soothing her; "poor, unhappy little girl. Don't cry so bitterly, my child. I know how hard it is for you."

"It isn't for Frances I am crying," said Louise, struggling to regain her composure. "I couldn't wish her back. I never have, not for one instant. She looked too happy and restful. I am crying for myself. I always have been selfish, and I am afraid I always shall be. But, Marion, I want to do right."

She told her mother what her decision was, and found it one of the hardest tasks she had ever performed. Mrs. Lennard had grown utterly unreasonable through grief, and she shared the peculiarity in common with many other people, of only being able to see one side of a question.

"You were *my* child before you were his wife," she repeated again and again.

"But, mother," pleaded poor Louise, "he never made any objection to my going with you. It was only as he spoke that it came over me that you have all the others, and he has only me. I will come over and stay with you every day, but it would *not* be right to leave him alone. Don't you see it wouldn't?"

Mrs. Lennard was convinced at last that further argument would be useless, and had the wisdom not to allude to the subject again; but she realized for the first time fully that she had lost her control over her daughter. She wanted a thing which Mr. Waring was perfectly willing to grant, and Louise had decided against her.

"You must not think for a moment, that I don't long to be with you, mother," said Louise, tearfully, as she bade Mrs. Lennard good-by on the threshold of the little house in San Manuel, to which she had accompanied her father and mother on the day of their return. "It is a question of duty with me, and I think I am right."

"You are right, my child," said her father, significantly, "and you will be all the happier for it."

The trite remark brought no comfort with it to Louise, however, as she took her solitary way back to her city home, where there was no Frances to greet her now. The very day seemed in harmony with her mood. The sky was gray and cold, the water gray, an angry wind was sweeping the dust before it in clouds, as she drove along the streets, and caught and flung about her long black veil savagely, as she went up her own steps.

Once in her own room, she tried to imagine some reason for Fleming's visit on the day that Frances died. That the two events had any connection, she had mercifully no idea. The violent exercise was sufficient to account for Frances's sudden death. She only knew, as all the others did, that Mr. Fleming had called, as he said, on business, that he had been admitted, and that Miss Lennard had said she would see him. Louise had never thought to issue orders against

his admission, because she had not imagined that he would have the audacity to present himself at her house ever again.

Not a single longing to see him again, not a single regret that she had not seen him then, stirred her now. All that part of her life, though it was so short, was too full of fatal mistakes, and ended in too bitter humiliation, for her to be in danger of indulging in any useless and worse than useless sentimental repinings. Her revulsion of feeling was as violent as it was final. The man's name was hateful to her, the thought of him filled her with shuddering disgust, and the grief for her sister, which followed so hard upon her other trouble, blotted it out of her mind as a subject for brooding upon. It was a great wound that she did not dare to look at, that only time could heal, and not without a scar; but still she wondered if he had planned or expected to meet her and speak to her again after all that had passed, only as she might wonder if a snake that had crossed her path once, might suddenly appear farther on in her journey.

She was so absorbed in her thoughts that she did not notice that Mr. Waring had come in, until she felt his hand on her hair. He was something human in the big, still house. He seemed so strong, so unshakable, so powerful to stand as a shelter between the world and what he loved, that she looked at him with real pride in his strength and protection.

He was quieter and more listless than was habitual with him, and dropped into her comfortable arm chair with an air of relief, as she smoothed away the heavy gray hair from his forehead, and told him with a smile that he was not as energetic as usual.

"I have a little headache and all-overish feeling that has troubled me for some days," he answered. "I shall be all right tomorrow, I guess. When do you think you would like to go back to San Manuel?"

"Why Marion, have you given up the Eastern trip?"

"No, I have to go on business, pretty soon, but I thought of going alone. You

want your visit with your mother, and she wants you, so I thought of arranging it that way."

"Would it be more convenient for you to travel without me?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Convenient, little woman? It's more convenient for me to have you with me wherever I am; but I thought this would be pleasanter for you, that's all. Then, when I come back, you will feel brighter, and we can begin over again together at San Manuel, where you will feel more at home."

"You are always thinking of me, Marion. You make me feel thoroughly ashamed of myself," she answered, remorsefully. Then she added more playfully, "You are not going to get rid of me so easily, though. I mean to go with you. Perhaps mother will miss me less when I am so far away from her that she can't see me, than she does now, when I am just near enough to be tantalizing."

But he knew her so well that he felt sure she was sacrificing her real inclination for what she believed to be her duty to him, and it was rather a chilly substitute for the spontaneous affection he wanted, and had never won from her yet. But he said no more on the subject, and let things quietly take their course.

It was only the next day that Louise was seized with one of those sudden fancies peculiar to some women of high nervous organization, that it was not right for her to go over to San Manuel to visit her mother that day. Twice she had begun to make arrangements for leaving the house for the day, and twice some irresistible impulse had compelled her to stop short. She laughed at herself, but finally yielded to the instinct, saying to herself that the next day she could explain it to her mother, who would not be too hard on her for giving way to a presentiment, because she had often felt the same mysterious prompting herself.

She was too restless to read, so she got out some handkerchiefs that she was embroidering for Marion's birthday, and soon became absorbed in her work.

She had stitched away silently for an hour or so, when she was disturbed by a commotion in the lower hall, and going to the stairs she met Harry face to face.

"Don't be frightened," he said in a quiet voice. "Nothing very alarming has happened; but we found Mr. Waring in a faint in his room at the bank, and we have brought him home."

Louise grew white, and threw out her arms.

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed under her breath. "Not him, too!"

"Don't look like that," said Harry miserably. "We brought him to directly. He can walk, but he is weak and giddy. A day or two in bed will set him all right again."

Just then Mr. Waring made his appearance, and smiled at her frightened face.

"Never mind, Louise," he said, as he was slowly helped upstairs to his room. "They've sent for a doctor, and he will tell you there's nothing to be alarmed about."

And yet, her visible anxiety and distress about him soothed him greatly as he lay waiting for the doctor, who made his appearance after a sufficiently maddening delay. Louise listened with all her ears as he asked questions and wrote prescriptions, which she immediately dispatched to the apothecary by the impassive Jenkins; but she was no wiser than before he came, for he made no comment, and never changed his expression.

"Louise, go out of the room, dear," said Mr. Waring, as the doctor rose to go and he detained him. "I'm going to ask some questions, now; I don't mean to do all the answering."

They talked together some minutes, and then the doctor came out, to be waylaid by Louise in the hall.

"Well, doctor, what do you think is the matter?"

"Little touch of typhoid. It's been coming on for some time, I find; but he has a fine constitution, and we shall have him about in no time," answered the doctor cheerily. "I'll send you a professional nurse as soon as I leave here. He will be up here in

an hour or two. Good nursing is the main thing."

"Can't I nurse him?" pleaded Louise, all the pathos nature had given her coming into her wonderful eyes as she lifted them to the doctor's face. Very few men were able to resist her demands when she looked at them like that, and the doctor was not one.

"Of course you may; but you are not strong enough to do it all. You've got to sleep at night, do you understand, or else I shall have you on my hands, too." He was going to add something about inexperience, but relented, and left the words unspoken.

"He says I may help to nurse you, Marion," said Louise, going back into the sick-room. He smiled contentedly, and then took the hand with which she was smoothing his forehead in both his.

"I find I'm pretty sick, from what the doctor says," he remarked. "Of course, I don't doubt that I shall be up again to bother you for years to come; but still, in case anything should happen, I want to tell you about a few things now, while my head is tolerably clear."

She dropped on her knees by the bedside, looking so white and stricken, that even with all the dullness and indifference that fever brings with it, he felt touched, and glad, and sorry.

"As far as business is concerned," he continued, "I think your money is safe. You are perfectly sure to have everything you want, all your life, and Birnie knows everything about my investments. He has my will too, by the way. You must go to him for everything in the shape of advice about money matters. You will be very young to be left alone—if you are—and you can rely on Birnie absolutely. You may have a little trouble, but I don't think you will find as much as women generally do under such circumstances."

A chill hand seemed to have closed over Louise's heart, stiffening her as she knelt, rendering her unable to stop him or to protest by word or sign.

"And remember that I tell you while I have my senses about me, that I lay abso-

lutely no restrictions whatever on your future actions, my dear. I wish you to do exactly as your heart prompts you, and not to make any sacrifices to a mistaken idea of duty to me. I have never wished to stand between you and happiness, and don't let any memory come between you and a genuine love—only be sure that it is genuine, child, and that the man is genuine, too."

"Will you promise me never to speak of this again?" said Louise, when she could force her stiff lips to articulate. He smiled and moved his head on the pillow. "Then," she went on, rising and kissing him on the lips, "I promise to forget every word that you have said, and to carry out all the doctor's orders so carefully and precisely that you will have nothing for it but to get well." But many weary days and nights intervened, when Louise's soul sank within her as she saw the fever eating away his strength, that had seemed proof against every shock.

In the early days of her trial she learned how kind and thoughtful and sympathizing the world can be, in spite of the sneers of cynics, real and would-be, against its trampling heartlessness. The first morning after Mr. Waring was known to be ill, Lily Swift—nobody could think of her as Mrs. Cruden yet,—sent a basket of fresh roses to Mrs. Waring with her love, and a little note asking if she could be of any service, and hoping that, if she could, Mrs. Waring would not hesitate to call upon her for anything. The note was unmistakably sincere in the expression of the writer's honest wish to help her sometime rival, and Louise never could think of her afterwards with anything but kindness.

Inquiries from every quarter poured in upon her; but the act that most touched her came from Mrs. Valentine, whom all the world called worldly and self-seeking. When she heard of Mr. Waring's illness, she was in the midst of preparations for packing up and closing her house for her usual summer visit to San Manuel. She suspended operations at once.

"Nobody can see to these things but me," she announced, much to Mrs. Hattie's dis-

gust, for she felt quite equal to the occasion, "and I sha'n't be here to finish. Hattie, you'll just have to wait another month. It won't hurt the children. I'm going over to Mrs. Waring's, to take care of that poor little thing's affairs until she's ready to see to them herself again."

Louise was very much relieved when Mrs. Valentine explained her determination to stay and help her through this new experience. The old lady knew just how to make herself valuable, and never to intrude. She answered the constant inquiries; saw every one that wished to come in and gossip over the illness and its probable results; kept Louise cheerful by her own good spirits and her belief that "it was all coming out right," and by her very presence at the meals that otherwise would have been solitary, and in consequence dyspeptic; and finally took charge of the house and servants, much to their disgust, for they considered her an interloper; and altogether, she felt in her element.

Louise was learning something more during these anxious weeks that the fever was running its course, than merely how to be an efficient sick-nurse. There was something inexpressibly touching to her in her husband's weakness, in his dependence on her, in his constant thoughts of her and her comfort, even when his mind was wandering. Slowly but surely her heart was turning towards him, now that he was brought so low, and was so near to taking the last awful step that would divide them forever in this life, and she knew that if he did leave her alone in this world, to the end of her life she would be a widow indeed. She did not realize how strongly she hoped for his recovery, until the agonizing thought swept over her that perhaps he might never hear her tell him that he had become her all in all. That was the time when the physicians were there night and day; when the nurse refused to speak or do anything but watch the sick man and the clock; when she herself never left his bedside, and her whole being was one concentrated agonized prayer; when even Mrs. Valentine lost faith in her doctrine of things turning out as they ought.

But when slowly and surely the sick man's strength returned, when the fever was broken, and Louise was almost ill with the violence of the reaction, Mrs. Valentine sturdily protested that she had never believed for a moment that he was not going to get well.

"Wasn't typhoid all a matter of good nursing? and hadn't he the best? and the best doctors, too, that money could buy? Well, then! And there was his wife. Never saw such devotion. Cooked for him and fed him herself, like a baby; always on hand if she heard her name—and he was always talking about her. Don't tell me that was a mercenary marriage. It was a love-match, if I know any thing about such matters—and I rather think I do."

It was a joyous day for Louise when Mr. Waring was able to walk into the next room leaning on her shoulder, when the nurse was dismissed, and when the doctor came only once a day. At last, on the day that he was able to sit up all day, she made a dining room out of the dressing room, got out her prettiest china and her wedding silver, filled the room with flowers, and made a little celebration dinner. She had been hovering about him with unusual tenderness all day, and was so gleeful when she led him into the improvised dining room, and behaved altogether so much like a child giving a doll's tea party, one moment, and the next so like a shy, deep-souled, loving woman, that Mr. Waring was completely puzzled, and gave up trying to make her out.

"Just our two selves all alone; not Mrs. Valentine nor any body," she had said as she went with him to the table.

Back again in the room where he had spent so many weary hours, with his chair drawn up to the window, looking out on the Mission hills grown purple in the twilight, he took Louise's face in his hands as she knelt beside him.

"I've been a great care to you, haven't I, dear?" he said. "How thin you have grown! Why, Louise, you are trembling. What's the matter?"

"I'm so glad you're well," she answered in a quivering voice.

"So am I. Yes, I'm good for twenty

years or so, yet," he remarked, with a trace of his old joviality. "And so you're glad to have me back again?"

With a sudden, impulsive movement, Louise sprang to her feet, and throwing her arms passionately round his neck, she laid her head against his breast and whispered: "Only love me a little again, Marion. Only think of me as you did at first, and—"

"Why, Louise!" was all her husband could say, as he lifted her tear-flushed face. "I have never loved you less, my child; how could I?"

"Ah, but you ought to know," said Louise, rapidly. "I want you to know, because I want to tell you how utterly it is all past and gone. After we were married, there came to be some one else, I imagined, and I made you and myself very unhappy over it by my unkind ways. I thought I could not bear it all, life seemed so long and cruel to me, and I was false to you in my thoughts every hour. But he wasn't worthy to be mentioned in the same day with you, Marion; I found that out before Frances died."

Mr. Waring sat quiet, making no move to interrupt her nor answer her when she paused a moment.

"And now," she went on, "can you forgive me and take me back again, because I have found out how wicked, and vain, and selfish I have been, and—" her voice sank to its lowest whisper, "because I love you, Marion."

"Dear child," he said, with his arm around her, "I knew I could trust to your honor and your pure heart, but for a long time past I have not hoped to win what you have given me today. And Louise, as you have been so frank, I'm going to be frank, too, and tell you that I suspected something of this, and I took the man out of your way. I knew the infatuation wouldn't last long, but I thought it might be as well to cut it short."

"What did you do?" she asked, tremulously.

"I made Birnie send him to the Sandwich Islands to take charge of a sugar plantation of his there. He's incompetent enough, but he can't do very much harm, because he has to work under orders. He left the day that—"

"Marion, I never shall forgive myself. How can you be so generous?" cried Louise. "Oh, if Frances were only here! She saw your value from the first; she and my father kept me in the right path. Help me to make it up to you, that I ever came near slipping out of it."

"Today is worth it all, my dear. Let us put all the past behind us. The doctor tells me I must leave here as soon as I am strong enough to travel, and we shall have our Eastern trip, after all."

"And, Marion," added Louise, as she lay on his breast, "that will be our real wedding tour."

*Helen Lake.*

[THE END.]

## THE FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE UPPER COLUMBIA.

PREVIOUS to 1859 the Columbia River from the Dalles upwards had been navigated only by the Indian canoes, the Hudson Bay Company's batteaux, and for a short time immediately before, by a few flat bottomed sailing craft, freighting to Wallula. This is a point on the river twelve miles below the junction of Snake River, and is the embarcadero for

Walla Walla. In 1859, a stern-wheel steamboat, the "Colonel Wright," was built, and as she was successful, navigation was established permanently. The route was from Des Chutes to Wallula—a distance of fifteen miles—and the business, while limited in amount, was rendered exceedingly profitable by enormously high prices for transportation.

It was the fortune of the writer to make a voyage on the first trip of the "Colonel Wright," up the river to Wallula, a feat which was generally supposed to be impossible, and in fact, most people with any knowledge of the rocky, rapid, and dangerous character of the river, believed the projectors of the enterprise were simply throwing their money away in building the boat. The reasoning of the promoters was, that steam should go where sail would take a boat; if not, then steam and sail together ought: and therefore they put a mast in their steamboat, which carried a huge square sail; this proved a material advantage during the season of winds, which are regular trades up the river. Subsequently it was ascertained that a little greater steam power was ample without sail, and thereafter no steamboats were built with masts.

The question of fuel was a grave one. The country about the upper Columbia is almost absolutely treeless. Its sources are well wooded, and on various bars along the river were considerable deposits of drift-wood remaining from former years, and annually reinforced, to some extent, each season of high water. Efforts were made to increase this supply by catchment, and for the first season the boat was supplied in great part, by drift-wood. Evidently, however, this supply could not be depended upon, and eventually the boat was compelled to take with her, from her starting point, wood for fuel for the entire round trip—this comprising in its bulk and weight the principal part of her cargo. Fuel was also expensive, wood costing \$10 per cord.

The "Colonel Wright" was under the command of Captain Len White, an experienced stern-wheel steamboat man. He had spent some months in navigating and studying the river in a batteau, for the purpose of learning its intricacies and dangers before assuming charge. While noted for certain eccentricities, Captain White will long be remembered as a bold and skillful pioneer navigator on the Columbia and Snake Rivers.

The steamboat was named after the popular and distinguished Colonel of the Ninth

United States Infantry—afterwards General—who was lost on the ill-fated steamship "Brother Jonathan," which foundered at sea.

A notification that the "Colonel Wright" was completed, and would start up the river on a trip in April, 1859, determined the writer to be one of a party of observation. About a dozen passengers for the upper country availed themselves of the opportunity to go, and the steamer carried a cargo of about fifty tons of freight. Leaving Des Chutes in the morning of a bright, clear day, the boat's head was turned up stream, with a cheer from the few attending spectators, who had assembled to witness the departure. There was present but one dissenter to the general hilarity prevalent—the Honorable Victor Trevitt, the late well-known and much-lamented "Vic," the keeper of a toll-bridge across the Des Chutes River, whose business would be very seriously affected by the success of the boat. He created a sensation by offering to bet five hundred dollars that the boat would never make the trip. Luckily for him, his banter was not accepted. He displayed his usual sagacity and foresight, however, by disposing the next day of his bridge property, even before he knew of the result of the trip.

After we started, a mile or two showed some defect in the steering gear, to remedy which a stoppage of an hour was made at anchor, after which the voyage was resumed.

On board, the spirit was generally cheerful. The owners of the boat were there, carefully watching the outcome of their enterprise, and were hopeful thereof. The captain was confident and buoyant, as in his shirt sleeves, in the pilot house, he manipulated the wheel, not neglecting, however, any opportunity to get up an argument in favor of the advantages of phonetic spelling—his pet theory—whenever he could find a listener, even in the most dangerous places on the river. The steward was a model of accommodation. Our fellow passengers were generally acquaintances and congenial; and everything being new and neat and clean, I made up my mind for an enjoyable trip.

The Columbia, from Des Chutes to Priest's



Rapid, the head of navigation up to the present time, is a broad and deep-flowing river. At intervals it is interrupted by reefs of rocks, which confine the waters to narrow bounds, through which they flow with tremendous force, the damming up also producing considerable fall. These rapids, as they are called, are numerous, but in ordinary stages of water, only two are considered especially difficult—the “John Day” and the “Umatilla” Rapids, both named after streams entering into the Columbia in the vicinity of the rapids. In very low stages of water in winter there are a dozen other equally dangerous places, but these two maintain their questionable dignity of danger at any and all times of the year. In extremely low water, a reef, not known in ordinary stages, completely shuts off navigation above Wallula.

For forty miles above Des Chutes the river scenery is bold and startling. The mountains come abruptly to the water's edge, and in many instances, the banks are perpendicular walls of columnar basaltic rock, many hundred feet high. The puff—puff—of the steamer between these high walls created an echo, which intensified and reverberated in every direction. Farther on the banks became flattened, the scenery changing to pastoral; peacefully stretching to the far distance, it seemed to lack only the element of human occupation to become a land of promise. Had the hills been dotted with herds of cattle or chequered with fields of grain, as is now the case, the view would have been entrancing. But then, all was lifeless. An occasional Indian hut, near the rapids, on the bank of the river, with, perhaps, a slouching Indian lounging about a fishing trap, or herding a few ponies among the rocks, was the only sign of life from one end of the trip to the other. Not a settlement of any kind, nor the house or home of a white man, was visible from the river, until we reached the terminus at Wallula, where stands an old adobe fort, erected years ago by the Hudson Bay Company. This was now occupied by Higgins, the agent for the Army Quartermaster, who occupied the building as a warehouse and depot. Higgins reigned here,

solitary and alone, and like Robinson Crusoe, monarch of all he surveyed.

On our trip, the first obstacle was met at John Day's Rapids, a narrow, rocky passage with an island in the center of the river dividing it in two. Either side was passable for the small sail boat—but for the larger steamer was yet to be tested. The Captain chose the right hand—but it was a failure. The way was too narrow, the turns too short, and the current frightful. We bumped severely against the rocky bank; but fortunately, the point of contact was above the water line. Finally, he dropped the boat back and below, to try again, or, as he said, to find a “softer spot.”

This time—taking the left hand channel and advantage of all the eddies—we succeeded in surmounting first one and then another of the short, sharp pitches in the stream, until finally, the last was conquered—and the victory celebrated by a prolonged toot of the steam whistle, which would have produced a sensation among the warlike tribes who here, formerly, opposed the passage of the fur trader and explorer of early days.

Just at the head of the rapids the John Day River, named in honor of one of the renowned hunters and scouts attached to the expedition of Lewis and Clarke in 1804, debouches into the Columbia. Indian and Rock Creek Rapids, Squally Brook and other strong points were vanquished in succession as we came to them; and now a long stretch of placid river intervened, comparatively clear of obstructions—or, as the Captain remarked, of a “civilized” character. Our speed was fair and the weather charming. A good breeze kept the sail distended, and the ever-varying panorama was delightfully interesting. The Captain kept the lead line going almost constantly—an operation which compels the close attention of even the most indolent and unobservant passenger, there being a hint of danger, or risk, or want of knowledge suggested thereby; and a sort of summing up in thought what we shall do if an accident *should* happen, seems to follow instinctively. You may be sure, every passenger knew where the life preserv-

ers were to be found, and I fancy knew well how to use them.

Darkness found us within sound, if not within sight, of the famous Umatilla Rapid, the last and most formidable obstruction on the river. Hunting for a smooth and quiet place, we came to anchor for the night, as it was impossible to ascend the rapids except by daylight. The continuous roar of the cataract just above us was a lullaby which ushered in a slumber as sound as it was refreshing. At daylight the next morning, we were awakened by the noise of preparation, the escape of steam, the "Cheerily, heave O!" of the sailors getting the anchor home, and, finally, the clear sound of the engineer's gong, to go ahead. Every body was up and dressing, for the chief interest was centered in the struggle to be undertaken. If the Umatilla Rapids can be passed, success for the enterprise and for the country is assured—otherwise failure.

The rapids are formed by reefs extending completely across the river. There are three separate reefs—each about half a mile apart from the other. These reefs rise as they approach the shore, consequently, the water is more shallow there. The passage through the reefs must be made through narrow openings or breaks, which are near the middle of the stream. The volume of water passing these breaks is enormous, and it shoots through with fearful velocity. The openings are not in line with each other, so a boat is compelled to pursue a zigzag course in ascending or descending. It was ascertained subsequently that in consequence of the irregular openings, it was safer to ascend with a steamboat than to descend. Of late years, the United States has spent much money and labor in removing rock and improving the channel here—all of which has been of decided benefit at certain stages of the river. But a difficult and dangerous place it will always be.

The fierce running waves swept up and against our boat's bow, as if protesting against any intrusion. As fast as they were swept aside, others took their place. Still we advanced, until we got up to and under the

lee of the lower reef. Here the Captain decided upon an opening which he thought large enough for our boat, and accessible.

Jamming her nose with all speed into the fall, she nobly breasted the waters, which thundered around and poured over the bow upon the deck in profusion. Trembling and creaking in every part, she rapidly shoved herself bodily over the fall—but the rise of the boat on top of the fall lifted the stern wheel out of the water, and she hesitated—then lost headway—then went astern. "More steam," cried the Captain, but we still went back—until striking slacker water, we regained steerage-way.

"By mighty," says the Captain, "she *must* go through."

Again she rushes, and again she is baptized; but the Captain, having found a "little softer" place, holds her firm—until the wheel as well as the boat surmounts the fall—then, all at once, she shoots ahead over and away from the rapids, into broad water, with a dignified air of superiority, which is wholly excusable under the circumstances.

In the comparatively quiet, yet still strong, water between the reefs, we now seek a passage through the middle reef, and, as if the boat had gained strength and courage, the attack on the next strong water was successful at the first attempt.

These two victories had a corresponding effect on the passengers and crew, who loudly cheered the second passing; and as we headed for the third and last reef, seemed to think, as the party said to Noah in the ark, "Well, it's not going to be much of a shower anyhow." And so it proved. The experience at the upper reef was similar to that at the middle, and we glided into the clear, open river again, just as the welcome breakfast bell recalled us to more material things than the wars of giants, of which we had just been deeply interested spectators.

General congratulation followed around the breakfast table. The owners looked pleased and happy. The passengers who were to go on, expected to be on the outside of a mule or a pony in a couple of hours,

and to sleep in Walla Walla that night. The boat was to return to Des Chutes that day. The cautious Captain interposed, however: "Well, boys, we are up, but we haven't got down yet."

To us, who were to return, this was an intimation of more trouble, and, perhaps, a new experience. However, our faith in the boat and her commander had now risen to that elevation at which we were prepared to believe she could perform any wonder, and we were disposed to scoff at any doubter.

We arrived at Wallula at nine o'clock. Higgins, the solitary inhabitant, came forth to take our lines and bid us welcome. Soon a messenger was sent to an Indian ranch for ponies, and presently a small band was driven into a corral, and the passengers engaged themselves in the selection of riding animals. Wallula is situated at the mouth of the Walla Walla River, and is a bleak, barren, and desolate-looking place. Opposite and across the river are high grass hills, sloping away gently into the Yakima Valley on the north. The post and town of Walla Walla is situated thirty miles inland, at the head of the lovely valley whose wonderful fertility begins some miles inland from this point. The interval is sand hills and plain, clad with sage brush.

Now that our passengers are mounted and gone, the boat unloaded, we make ready to return. Two hours' time has been consumed here, when we cast off, and are

headed down stream. The difference in speed of the boat was astonishing. We seemed to fly. We could hardly recognize the prominent points we had so carefully scanned in our laborious upward trip. We ran the Umatilla Rapids without accident, notwithstanding the premonitory warnings of our Captain. Thence on, with full head of steam, our way was made as rapidly as possible, for we wanted to reach Des Chutes before night.

It was quite dark when we reached John Day Rapids, but still we could plainly see the threatening rocks rising out of the boiling and seething water; we passed them in close proximity, yet escaping them. From here it was plain sailing, and we arrived at the landing—our starting point of yesterday—just as the steward was lighting up the cabin for supper.

Not anticipating so quick a return, we had made no provision for riding into the Dalles—fifteen miles overland. But we soon found a teamster, whose freight wagon, filled with straw, would make a comfortable conveyance, so we concluded to complete the trip by a ride to town.

Bidding good-bye to our genial Captain, we ensconced ourselves in the wagon, which, in about four hours, landed us at the hostelry, where we toasted in champagne the success of the steamboat, and the inauguration of one of the greatest enterprises of the Northwest.

*L. W. Coe.*

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## JUNE.

### A FLORIDA STORY; IN TWO PARTS.

#### I.

SHE weren't much lighter complected than I wor, 'n' I'll never forget the fust time I see her, the pretty, delicate little darlin'! Charley Mott 'n' me, both Florida born, had just been offered farly good places in Everton, a town in Alachua County, and were on our

way dar. We had stepped off de cars while de freight was taking off, 'n' dar she sot at one end of the depot, wid sich a sadness in her great dark eyes!

Lord! but ef she didn't take me all aback, as it wor! I hadn't give but one look, neither, not that fust time, but that one jest took my breath clear away. Charley went

right on talkin', too, but as to what he wor sayin', I don't know to this day. I didn't like to stare, but I got crost de station quick as I could, an' back to whar I could see her face again.

Such a chile! not more'n fourteen or fifteen; but de sun were shinin' on her har, wid its glossy curls, 'n' her great, soft swimmin' eyes. Clar to Moses! I never saw such eyes! She sot side of a dark girl who seemed to hev de charge of her, an' kep sort'r grabbin' her han's as ef she wor afraid of losin' her.

Well, I don' guess I knowed 'zactly what I wor about till I'd got inter de car again. I felt kind o' skeered an' shook up, as if I'd lost every friend in de world. Charley never noticed, for Charley's one of dem sort dat's taken up wid deirselves more or less, an' mos' of de time consid'ably more; an' he kep' on bout de ole man he war goin' to live wid, and de work he war goin' to do, while I couldn't say nothin', only keep thinkin' 'bout dat gal's face, till my head got dizzy like, an' I lain back, an' 'fore long I'd fell asleep.

Well, we'd got to Manipan, whar dar's a lot of de wust niggers under de sun. I know's 'em, an' I was always mighty car'ful when I went dar, specially Saturdays, when dey'd been spendin' deir week's wages fer whiskey. Dey'll pick a quarrel wid a man, den, no matter which side he goes on, de right or de lef. Dey don' respec' nobody's 'pinions, not eben dar own, an' ef dey can't find any opposition niggers to fight wid, dey fight darselves.

De noise was enough to wake de dead, for ef a cage load of ebil spirits had been sot loose out of de hol' of one of Belzebug's ships, dey couldn't 'a' behaved worse. Men, women, 'n' children crowdin' an' jostlin' an' laughin' an' swarin', some a swingin' deir lanterns, an' some, great pitch-pine-knots all ablaze, some a dancin' Juba, an' suddently, right in der mi'st dat innicent angel-face so frightened an' pale, and dem swimmin' eyes filled wid tars and terror! I couldn't stan' it, but swinged myself right off de cars.

"Hello! whar's you gwin'?" called Char-

ley. "Cars'll start in a minute, an' you ain' nowhar."

"I ain't a goin' no fuder," ses I, hollerin' back.

"Don't be a fool," says Charley. "Got your ticket to Everton 'n' you'll lose your chance. You're crazy as a loon."

"Den I lose it," says I. "Dar's fun goin' on here, 'n' I'm goin' to see it out."

"Thought you'd guv up fightin'," says Charley, as the cars 'gan to move. "Well, git your neck broke ef you want to. I wouldn't be in yo' shoes. I'm goin' straight to Everton, 'n' you'll find me thar ef you git thar alive," and he bobbed his head inside de winder, lookin' mad as a March hare.

Well, here I war, all fur the sake of a little gal's face, stended, so to say. I'd lost her, too, an' it wor dark 'cept when de torches flashed inter yer face, an' lighted that instead of de darkness. Presently, I got in the mi'st of a lot o' folks, an' bad as dey wor, dey seemed better dan de rest. Dar war a gran'ther, a granny, two young women, two men, an' I didn't count de babies, on'y I knowed dar were plenty of 'em by de noise. An' in der mi'st, dar was de gal, a lookin' so grieved an' wonderin' dat I couldn't seem to stand it, but jest wanted to tar her away. The dark gal was called Hanner, an' de rest war askin' her all sorts o' questions, an' lookin' over de other gal, sometimes a turnin' of her roun', an' a laughin'.

"When de ole woman die?" ask one of 'em, wid a baby in her arms an' two twins a hangin' to her dress.

"Sat'day," say the gal, "an' I'm glad she gone out of her troubles."

"Didn' she habe no clothes nor nothin' Hanner?" ask an ugly ole woman wid two teeth dat come down mos' to her chin.

"'Deed no, not a rag," say Hanner, "nothin' 'cept dis yer baggage, 'n' I had to bring her 'long 'cause she made me promise. She don' eat much 'cept corn 'n' hominy, 'n' I guess she'll pay for her keep. Yo' can make her, anyway."

Den de little one she 'gun to cry. It sort o' made my blood run all on fire when I see de tars fall from dem beautiful eyes. I jest

wanted to step up to her 'n' take her long o' me 'n' kerry her off, but what could I do? I hadn' no home 'n' no trade, 'n' I couldn't earn enough fer two, waitin' on de hotel table down to Everton. I'd always been an idle, car'less, good for nothin' reg'lar Tom-fool-nigger, spendin' 's fast as I got, 'n' throwin' away money reg'lar, when I might 'a' had somethin' in de bank that would 'a' just met dis case. For I knowed dat ar chile was goin' 'mong teetotal strangers, an' her little heart wor almos' broke.

"Git de hosses," says de ole man to one of de young fellers as stood grinnin' an' lookin' at de pore gal. I jest drawed off, an' ef he hadn't started jest that minit, I'd got into a mess myself through a hot temper.

Presently dey brought roun' two of de spavindest mules I ever sot my two eyes on, an' lashed 'em to de brokendownest ole wagin dat ever went on wheels, an' dey all tumbled in, de pore gal wid her white face, an' har all a sof' shiny tangle, gittin' in last, 'long o' Hanner. 'N' Hanner, she seem kind, an' made a sof' seat fer her, but I heard her say to one of de ole ones :

"I's gwine to take good car' o' her, she'll be wuth somethin' as soon as her folks come for her."

Well, I jest kep' fer enough ahind dat air wagin, wonderin' all de time who 'her folks' could be, 'n' if she wor white. I didn't lose sight of 'em, 'n' I couldn't 'a' lost hearin' ef I'd been a milé away. Reckon 'twas 'bout de middle of de night when dey stops at a shanty, a heap o' huts, like, tumbled down together in de middle of a cornfield. De moon had rose den, white 'n' clar, an' I jest hid side of a big gum tree, to see 'em git out. De babies wor all asleep, an' didn't seem to min' bein' tumbled an' tossed about. Dey jest rolled on de groun', where dey lay on der backs wid der mouths wide open, for all de worl's if dey wor drinking moonshine. I wor waitin' fer de little girl to git out, so to be sure she wor going to stay. Presently, after all de ole folks had managed to git down, Hanner come roun', fer she had been de fust one to jump out, 'n' seemed to have keer of de children.

"Come, June!" say she, takin' hol' of de gal, "wake up, chile, we's got yar, so use you feet spry, gal."

"June" thinks I, "dat's a mighty queer name—but it's mighty sweet, too."

An' June, she say somethin', but her voice wor so sof' 'n' little I couldn't make it out. But jest den she come inter de moonlight, an' 'fore heaven, she look too harnsem for dis yearth.

I couldn't think o' nothin' but a sperit, or a rainbow, for de blue eyes 'n' yellow har 'n' white skin, mellowed in dat lovely light, jes' made my heart beat an' beat, so dat my breath mighty nigh gone. I could 'a' cried to see how dead tired she wor, 'n' I tried to har her when she spoke to Hanner.

"O! do you live *here*?" she ask, lookin' all about her. "Aint it c' dreadful lonesome?"

"Well, I reckon," said Hanner, "but when we all git togedder, 'n' de folks is laughin', an' de brats hollerin', I 'spect yo' wont hab no time to git lonesome."

And den de gal give a little sigh, and say, "Dear me!" an' dey all went in de rickety ole gate, all but de two ole men who stay behind to git some truck out'n de wagin.

Then I comes along, car'less, like, 'n' 'quired ef I wor on de road to Everton, an' dey say it were on'y two miles to de Everton House, ef I kep' straight on: so thar was whar I wor boun' fer, 'n' I set off at once.

Dat night, or rather dat mornin', I slep' in an ole shed not fur from de hotel, an' 'fore any body wor up but de waiters, I got into de Everton House, 'n' tuck my place, soon as I got cleaned up.

I wor mighty happy, too; I don' know as I wor ever happier—on'y two miles from de place where I'd lef' my heart, 'n' feelin' dat I could go dar any day. Charley 'lowed, when he see me, I hadn't lost any time, an' made me tell him what I'd acted dat curus way fer, an' when I tol' him he laughed de biggest kind o' laugh.

"Wish yo' joy o' yo' sweetheart, Dan," says he, "I'm goin' to wait till mine grows up."

Fust money I got, I sent fer my banjo. It wor an ole thing, but drew yo' heart out wid

its sweetness. My ole gran'ther made it out o' seasoned wood, 'n' he wor counted a pretty smart man in his time, 'n' had a right good genius fer music—make songs hisself, an' de tunes ter 'em. So I goes on my half holiday, de fust one I had, to de cabin whar June wor, 'n' pertends to want a drink of water. Den I touches de strings of de banjo, 'n' Lord, how it did tickle 'em! Dar dey wor, all c'lected roun' me like de chicks of a cluckin' hen. On'y one face I missed, 'n' seems ef I couldn't half pick de strings till I saw har.

Presently Hanner cry out:

"Ho, yo' June, needn't put de pork on yet—come out har 'n' har de music."

An' she come, June did, 'n' stood in de ole doorway. De glory of her har were all under a cotton handkercher, but I declar' to Moses ef she didn't look harnsomer dan eber! I jes' couldn't keep my eyes off her sweet face dat was 'ginnin' to look sad, like. I seed her little fingers go, 'n' says I to her, "Yo' can play, miss."

She hung back, but Hanner laughed.

"How did yo' know she could? Why, she'll beat de debbil's tattoo on dat ar! She picked it up at de ole kunnel's, didn't you, honey? Jest you gib me dat ar, an' you'll har somethin'."

De gal draw back again, but presently her little face light up like de mornin', when de sun takes his fust peek ober de hills. Den she sets down on a stool dat Hanner gits her, an' don't see nothin' or har nothin' any mo'; but my Hebenly Fader! how she make dat ar ting talk! 'Clar to Moses, yis, yo' could har it a sighin' 'n' groanin' an' a laffin' like any human, an' then a singin' de tars in yo' eyes.

"Now, honey," says Hanner, "sing us one ob yo' little songs, gal, jes' one."

But de gal hang back agin, 'n' shook har head, 'n' den she put de banjo in her lap, 'n' lif de handkercher off her forehead a little, 'n' dar wor a line ob gold, so to say, jes under it, like a frenge. Lord, my heart wor in my mouth, 'n' I hed a chokin' that made me strangle, almos'. But I got up, 'n' yanked my throat har 'n' dar, 'n' walked off a little

way, 'n' by de time I'd come back, she wor singin'.

Jest a clar, little, soft, birdy voice, it wor, chock full o' music as a mockin' bird's thropple, 'n' I held my breath to har; when all to once she stop, 'n' de tars roll down her cheeks as she say:

"O, what did I sing dat for?" 'n' de banjo roll down, 'n' up she spring, jest sobbin' like her pore little heart a breakin', 'n' runs into de house.

I could 'a' killed myself to keep her from dat sorrow, whatever it wor, but dey didn't seem to notice. Dey all crowded 'bout me to git me to play for 'em, an' de black babies dey dance de fandango de way niggers wor born to dance, I b'leeve, fer I never saw de white folks 't could do it.

By 'n' bye, I gits a word wid Hanner, 'n' I ask:

"Is dat gal yo' sister?"

"Looks like it, don't it?" says Hanner, laffin', "why, don't yo' see she's *white*?"

"I didn't know," I said, slow like. "Yes, I see de difference, but dar wor a look in de eyes like her, and de turn of de face," 'n' lots ob oder nonsense I got off, 'n' 'pears if she liked it.

"To tell de truf, she am a stranger har," said Hanner, a little while after. "She ben in de kar of an ole woman, who wor paid to car' for her, 'cos her folks wor travelin', but de ole woman come unfortnite like, 'n' wor burned out, 'n' de money stop comin' long ago, an' den she go out nursin' to de las', to take ker of dis chile. Reckon she's ob some consequence," say Hanner, "or I wouldn't adopt her. She's a cute young un, 'n' it don't cost much to keep her, so she stays on."

"She don't seem happy," I venture to say, when de res' ain't listenin'.

"Lord, she don't know what's good for her, I reckon," say Hanner. "She jest as well off as we uns—git's 'nuff to eat, 'n' a kiverin' fer her head."

"I've a great min' to leave de banjo har," says I. "I don't git no time to use it. Ef yer thought 't would make her happier, why, I'll do it, ef so be she take good car' ob it."

"I'll see to dat," says Hanner, 'n' so I lef'

my banjo to keep company wid my heart, 'n' so 'muse de pore chile.

It wasn't a bit cunnin' of me, tho' Charley declared dat I beat de Dutch for cunnin'. I jest did it out o' kindness, 'n' I kept follerin' it up. By 'n' by, June she seemed to be kind o' pleased to see me, 'n' de ole folks dey liked my music, 'n' didn't 'pear to think June wor anythin' but a chile, so dey lef' us together, 'n' sometimes I'd took har to ride. Well, I don' know whar heaven is 'zactly, but ef it ain't whar de gal of yo' heart is snuggled down aside o' yo', turnin' up her sweet face when you speak, an' blushin' 'n' smilin', den it hadn't ought to be nowhar.

I got to love dat chile as de apple of my eye. I love her dat much so I dassn't touch de tip of de end of her little finger, 'cause it seem so sacred like. I knowed she wor good, 'n' innercent, 'n' sweet, 'n' I hedn't been any of it. But I never went anear her that I didn't seem to be lifted up into purer air, 'n' I never thought of her that I didn't swar I'd be good for her sake.

"You call me 'June,' too, don't you?" she say one day, when we wor walkin' roun' by de house in de corn field.

"Yes, isn't dat your name?" I say. "It ought to be, 'cause de birds sing 'n' de flowers blossom dat ar month."

She blush 'n' laugh.

"No, it's not my name exactly," says my little lady.

"Den what is your real name?"

"Won't you laugh if I tell you? Everybody does—I mean among these people—so I keep it to myself."

"Of course, I won't laugh," I say.

"Well, then, my right name is Juliette Seraphina. Old nurse told me it was—for my mother 'n' my grandmother. She always called me June, and so they did at school. Now, everybody does; I suppose it's well enough, but it's queer."

"It's pretty," I said. "Then you have been to school, honey."

"O, yes. I can read 'n' write; can you?"

Most proud and happy was I to be able to answer "yes" to that question.

"But, then," she went on, "I was taken

away so young, and sent off with nurse. I never went again," she said, in a sorrowful voice, "but the dear old Colonel taught me right along, not only one thing, but music and dancing."

"An' who might the old Colonel be?" I ask, wantin' to get at her history.

"He lived in the big house, where my nurse staid, and was somebody who knew my folks. He had a housekeeper and a great many servants, but nurse and I were his favorites. We didn't need to work, and could go where we pleased. Then he died suddenly, and left nurse a little house and some money, which she put in the bank. The bank failed, and her house burned down, and that just seemed to ruin everything. For a whole year after that, poor nurse struggled to get a living for her and me, and then she was taken sick, and died so soon! The family where we were staying were very good to her, but they couldn't keep me, and nurse was almost wild. Then Hannah came to visit there, and after a good deal of talk, and after nurse had begged her, she said she would take care of me."

"Hanner is a good girl," I said; "you are glad she took you?"

Her eyes seemed lookin' miles away.

"What could I do?—but I don't feel a bit at home—it's all so different. It isn't because they're black—I'm used to black people, and probably I'm one of them myself—but they're not like nurse. She had the manners of a lady, and she had some education, too. She taught me a great many nice things—but here!" Suddenly her head fell, and she burst into tears.

I don't know what I said. We were behind the big gum tree, nobody but our two selves, 'n' the first thing I knewed, her glory of a little head was on my bosom, 'n' I hed my arms round her, holdin' her tight as if I'd never let her go.

"June," say I, all tremblin', an' whisperin', "I'll take yo' away!"

"O, will you? will you?" she cried, looking up into my face with dem hebenly eyes.

"If—if—you think you can like me, June

—if—if—you think you are one of *us*, you know. I'm not a white man—yo' can see dat."

"O! but you're so good, 'n' so handsome," she cried, "an' so kind to me! I think of you all the time; it is all that makes my life endurable."

I've hear folks talk of walkin' on air, but I think dat minit I walked on de stars—the air wor too common-place; I wor jest raised bodily. I've kep de feelin' in a measure ever since, 'n' I don' think I shall lose it—not even when I lose dat part o' myself dat is give to my keepin'.

"Den you love me!" I said.

"Indeed, I do love you, with all, all my heart!" an' she said it solemn like; yes, she said it with dem honest, beautiful eyes lookin' into mine, 'n' then she slid inter my arms, as if she never cared to leave 'em again.

"June," I said, "I'll take you away, 'n' soon. I'm savin' a little money, 'n' I've got an ole aunt, who tole me if ever I married to come right dar, for she means me to have de little house 'n' farm she own, 'n' it would do her good to hev my wife 'n' me 'round a little while 'fore she died."

"O, goodness!" she half scream, "I should have to be married?"

"Why, yes, in course," I said.

"Yes, yes, I see," she said, noddin' her pretty little head, "but I'm only a child, you know; I'm not sixteen yet; please wait till I'm sixteen. Nurse said my mother was married when she was sixteen."

"How long will that be, honey?" I ask.

"You know I can't deny you nothin'."

"Why, let me see; I was fifteen last March; can't you see?—it will be six months. Where will you take me to, for all that time?"

Well, I wor staggered, for what could I say? She wor that childish and innercent! Besides, I'd promised to take car' of her.

Lot's o' plans come inter my head, but none of dem would seem fer to do, 'n' I got mo' 'n' mo' perplexed, tryin' to think.

"Ef I on'y had a mother or a sister!" I said, thinkin', as it wor, out loud.

"You're as poor as I am," she said, smilin'. "I haven't got anybody, either—not even an aunt."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said; "I'll write to Aunt Lucy. She hasn't got a chick or a child, 'n' I know she would love you for your own sake as well as mine. She's on my father's side, 'n' near as white as I am. 'N' after I've writ, 'n' she's decided, I'll lay my plans to git you thar. I don't expect but what they'd make a big fuss har, but yo' don't b'long to 'em; they haven't no rights to hold you."

"No," say she, "they on'y give me a home, 'n' they're not a bit nice, specially the big boys."

I'd seen that myself. I'd hern dem joke her, 'n' talk 'n their miserable lingo 't she didn't understand; but I'd held in fer her sake, fo' I knew if I got thar ill will, I couldn't come ther any longer as a friend, 'n' I'd hev to give up June, 'less I could meet her somewher else, 'n' as long as they kep' good-natured, why, I 'lowed things to pass that wor disagreeable. But one thing wor certain, June mustn't stay thar any longer 'n could be helped; I'd got to set my wits to work.

I went home dat day, happy as a king. Wasn't nothin' didn't suit me, 'cept when Charley called out when I were goin' pas' de forge:

"Hello, Dan! when's de weddin' comin' off? I wants ter kiss de bride."

Kiss de bride! he!

"No man kisses my wife," I says back; 'n' he yells after me, laffin'.

"Wait till yo' gits her!"

*Mary A. Dennison.*





SYMPNEUMATA.<sup>1</sup>

THE influence of Emmanuel Swedenborg's revelations and doctrines on the world's ways of thinking has been so silent that we can almost liken it to the wind, whose sound we hear, although we cannot tell from whence it came nor whither it goes. Like the wind, too, it has blown away chaff and has brought seed. Swedenborg's scientific labors led him, a man of pure science, to consider the relation between the soul and the body, and in doing this to abandon scientific methods, so called, although he constantly kept in view the plane on which scientific *results* lie. It may be said of him either that he was in the current in which the world was going to move, or that he made that current. It is quite certain that orthodox divines can and do assent to many of his doctrines now, without at all recognizing the current which has brought such doctrines to them. The remarkable thing about his mysticism, and perhaps the sign that his purpose was truth for truth's sake, is that he made absolutely no attempt to found a school. He simply put his writings forth for the use of those who might remain in the churches, and still add his spiritual and celestial meanings, in their degrees, to the literal degree in which they were. So far as we know, he not only founded no school, but had no formal church until comparatively recently. The New Jerusalem Church of England and America simply takes his doctrines and interprets them, without adding to them in the least. No single priest of this church has claimed celestial illumination like his own. Blind faith in him is as characteristic of the New Jerusalem Church, as blind faith in the Fathers was of the Romish church in the middle ages. Yet he very especially disclaimed being a finality, and declared himself merely a revealer of certain truths.

There was no reason why these truths might not have even further and higher meanings, above the celestial ones apparent to him. His doctrines are simple and straight, and appeal to the plainest persons; but naturally their intellectual attraction is chiefly for subtle and philosophic minds. We see their hold, for instance, on a mind like Balzac's, in the novel of "Seraphita," one of the most subtly thoughtful of books.

Precisely because Swedenborg founded no school nor sect, and because he disclaimed being a finality in himself, it seems strange that so far as we know, no follower, claiming to carry on and ultimate his doctrines, should have arisen until comparatively lately. The succession, however, has not remained un-filled. Thomas Lake Harris has taken up, in this country, Swedenborg's mystic doctrines, and has developed them still further. He is, perhaps, the leading mystic of the age. He has attempted to embody his mysticism in a community which had its seat first in New York State, and more recently at Santa Rosa, in California. After a series of very remarkable sermons, which he preached in various parts of England, he attracted to himself several English men and women, who followed him to America. The first among these were Lawrence Oliphant and his mother and wife. The son now gives us in serious form the result of a discipleship of the thirty best years of his life, spent in the pursuit of spiritual truth and personal development; a pursuit which he became convinced, after trying the highest prizes set up by the world, was the only one worth entering the lists for. We know Mr. Oliphant on this side the ocean as a disciple of Mr. Harris; but on the other, when he obeyed the call "Leave all and follow me," he was known as a brilliant and successful diplomatist and man of the world, in the intimacy of princes and palaces. But the nets of diplomacy are not more engrossing to the man who has once

<sup>1</sup> Sympneumata, or Evolutionary Forces now Active in Man. By Lawrence Oliphant. London. 1885. 8 vo.

gazed on the supreme fascinations of occult knowledge, than were Peter's fishing nets, when the voice and magnetic presence drew him from his "all" to become a fisher of men.

What has the apostle found in this, the most dangerous career a man can enter? In the career which, if not ending in martyrdom, as in the early ages, has wrecked many a man in madness and folly, fanaticism and insanities, or, at least, in things called such by a world perhaps not altogether sane itself. It is a question of the highest interest to those who saw him set forth—just as men watch for the return of a North Pole explorer, or of the leader of a forlorn hope. Has he discovered anything in these unknown regions that may be vital to mankind, or that will inspire us to take the same voyage? The answer to this, each man will make according to his own genius, after reading in *Sympneumata* the account of the new country discovered, and the course to be taken to reach it. But he brings back accounts which, if true, are more important to the race than the discovery of the North Pole or of the sources of the Nile.

The first step to take is one which Bacon describes thus: "Were there a single man," he says, "to be found with sufficient firmness to efface from his mind the theories and notions regularly received, and to apply his intellect free and without prejudice, the best hopes might be entertained of his success." Thus the very first step consists in throwing away, or at least in ignoring, that accumulated physical and mental experience of the race which we call its reason, and in substituting an individual reason based on individual experience. Mr. Oliphant has made this desperate leap for us, and his report is that the way is still a pilgrim's progress sustained by heavenly aids, and that the end is the redemption of the world from sin and misery, and the return of the race to the original intention of its being—close union with the Divine.

He says in his preface that he is only the editor and amanuensis to the writer of the pages to follow, although they embody strictly his own convictions and experiences. Since

the writer shrinks from publicity, the incognita must be respected, and the matter treated as Mr. Oliphant's own.

He takes us through nineteen chapters in the development of the new faith. These chapters bear the following headings: The Earthly Malady; The Divine Descent; The Invisible Battle; The Testimony of the Ages; The Messianic Presence; Love; The Sub-surface World; The Revelation of Secrets; The Call to Woman; The Response of Woman; Intellect; The New Sociology; The New Faculty; Spiritual Phenomena; The Latent Manhood; Christ; God with Us; The Freedom of the Enslaved; The Work of the Free. We can compliment the careful editing of the book, as the heading of each chapter is an effectual and telling index of its contents, and under each heading is a careful analysis of the particular content. In addition to this, at the top of each page, is its leading idea, resumed in two or three words. It would be well if as much praise could be given to the language of the book itself. This abounds in involved sentences, sometimes a page long. The convictions and ideas are presented in terms which, perhaps of necessity, assume a sort of technicality repellent to the student of the exact sciences, who requires his definitions of terms at the very outset, and is not prepared to learn them in the effort to penetrate into the spirit of the ideas they convey.

The title of Mr. Oliphant's book is its text, as it should be, and the book is the development of the text. The leading thought is that the world is entering an advanced evolutionary period, psychic as well as material. The leading doctrine is the *Sympneuma*.

The advance of the age in scientific discoveries, in their uses, and in their applicance to material life, is the forerunner of the advance of the age in the knowledge of the eternal mysteries. Mr. Oliphant speaks of the ebb and flow of divine vitalities upon earth's shores, of periodic accessions of moral power which break at long intervals upon the history of the world. When he adds that each such period has invariably been recognized by the highest natures of the

preceding age, we are reminded of the Buddhistic theory of the structure of the world, as interpreted to the western mind in Mr. Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism." One thinks of the world-periods of that system, of its sixth-era men who are found in the preceding world-period, of Mr. Sinnett's description of the rush of the inflowing tide, its ebb and its rest before a fresh influx. Mr. Ruskin, another seer, constantly refers to the possibility of some new vital energy developing itself under the conditions of modern human life. It is a striking thought, and one in support of Mr. Oliphant's general theme of the immanence of spirit throughout each age, that similar ideas should reach the world's ears at the same moment from such dissimilar sources. They suddenly appear, without apparent origin, until first the minds of men and then of nations are penetrated with them. An instance of this is the idea of the Virgin Mother, the Child, the Savior; ideas which are found in some form in the religions of almost all nations.

The century in which we live witnesses, according to Mr. Oliphant, the development in man of an acute sensitiveness for perceiving the finer sensations of his own physical organism. This is the result of a silent evolution, and the present is the *end* of a period whose beginning disappears in the infinite remoteness of time. Special evolutionary forces are now for the first time specially active in the human race. A return to the conditions under which divine vitalities influence the human organism is now first possible. Thus, the return of the faculty and the power to test and perceive it are coincident. These forces are the efforts of a high order of spiritual beings, who made one with the human race when it existed in its original intention, before the so-called "fall of man." These beings are, each one, the spiritual sex-complements or mates of each man, with access to his soul, body and mind, inspiring him with more vitality, and unfolding to him new senses and finer activities within the old ones. Such a being is called the "Sympneuma," a Greek word signifying "breathing with" or "in conjunction with";

but Mr. Oliphant gives for it the various synonyms of spirit, angel, the love, or the inspiring soul. He declares that he speaks from personal experience of union with his own celestial mate, as well as from the experience of the band who were with Mr. Harris in California, and who are now carrying on their psychical development in the Holy Land, under the leadership of Mr. Oliphant, who dates this volume from the slopes of Mount Carmel.

I will quote a passage in which, although Mr. Oliphant does not appeal to tradition as authority, he uses it to show that the germ of this doctrine has always been latent in the world.

"Among the most fundamental of the occult doctrines which were gathered by the Kabbalistic teachers, is the one which asserts that every soul, like God, is androgynous in its original state, though it now separates on its approach to the earth into a male and female part; but that the reunion of these parts, either by marriage on the earth or after death, is its destined consummation. The Sohar maintains distinctly that this united condition belonged to the unfallen race—the protoplasts whose truly human and perfect bodies partook of none of the gross matter which constitutes ours, but were of a perfectly fluid and ethereal substance, possessing the capacity of permeation throughout the spaces of other human beings and of nature. The statement is attributed by Clement of Alexandria, a father of the second century, to Christ, that the divine Kingdom would come, 'when two should be one, and that which is without as that which is within, and the male with the female neither male nor female.' In later times the idea has reappeared in the form of doctrine under the impulse of various teachers, of whom Emmanuel Swedenborg, of the last century, and Thomas Lake Harris, of this, may be mentioned as the most recent and remarkable."

The consequence to the race of this sympathetic union is its gradual regeneration. Each man who lives in the sphere of the *sympneumata* is, as to his own soul and body, in the joys and satisfaction of a perfect love. Life has for him no other unrest than the fact that he is his brother's keeper, and that so long as sin and sorrow remain anywhere, each man must bear the burden of the all. The first chapter of *Sympneumata* treats of man at his creation and fall. The literal belief in the words of the first of Genesis, that the whole creation was finished

and rounded off in six of our days, and that our first mother brought simple ruin to the human race from the act of eating an apple that was not ripe for her, Mr. Oliphant would interpret as the direct consequence of the gross materiality that arose from man's fall. The theory he advances is deeply interesting, but I must refer the reader to study it for himself; only remarking that in close connection with this chapter is the seventh, which continues and develops the theory, and describes the properties of the original human organism and the cause of the gradual loss of these properties. This theory explains the position of woman on the earth as it has been, and predicts her future. Mr. Oliphant says that up to the time of Christ, "the whole understanding of life is a male understanding of a male world." He looks for the partial and gradual cessation of race reproduction as the human race is now constituted, and he foresees the formation of a new race, which shall not be part human and part brute, as now, but wholly human. He also anticipates a much longer duration of life on earth for each man than he now enjoys. I will quote a few thoughts from the eighteenth chapter, which have almost the form of apothegms:

"The legitimate claim of each person, the claim most difficult to exact of modern society development, is to be himself. This is the only basis of that perfect altruism which would redeem society."

"There are two tendencies among those who lead progress: one to develop higher and subtler qualities painfully, because of impressions stamped on mentality from without, social prejudices, religious formulæ, rationalistic dogmatism, and all the rest of the material which man might dominate, but which controls him; and the other tendency, to grasp pleasure in recklessness of pure and noble sentiment, which corrupts and degrades, urging a limited set of faculties to hyperdevelopment, and leaving in absolute atrophy the larger wealth of others with which they are endowed."

"Highest growth would transcend pain, and keenest pleasure must be free of debasement. Whatever in man is pure, true, human, divine, is essentially both progressive and delightful."

"That man will escape the degradation of false pleasure and the slow development by false pain, who will turn faithfully to the gathering ground of all essential forces within his own soul. He will find

that he belongs to a new race, and his pain and weakness and folly come from not knowing this."

"One claim appears itself in holiest lawfulness—the world's cry for redemption—and lo! the God that meets you in the eternal sanctuary of yourself comes but for that."

Specially noticeable is the moderate tone of the last chapter, "The Work of the Free." One dreads lest it should offer fanatical promises of immediate settlement of the thousand-sided social and political problems of the age. But their resolution is to come gradually, through the soul's growth into new faculties. The absolute incapacity of man's *mind* for devising any fixed plan for such solution is declared. The principle denied by the world, that man should live simply for God and for man, is the very life principle "of the scattered members of this inseverable fraternity," who believe as Mr. Oliphant believes.

No one can deny that this is a noble conclusion. As to the method of developing the general theory of the diffusion of divinity into mankind through the *sympneumata*, and many other interesting points, the inquirer into such matters is recommended to a perusal of the book itself. It touches among other points upon Darwin's theory of the evolution of man from a lower order of animal, and shows how far and why this theory is true, and where and why it meets its impassable limitations. Perhaps the presidents and members of psychical societies, who seem to be turning with some impatience from their present methods and lines of investigation, might take some valuable hints from Mr. Oliphant. They may unexpectedly find themselves in the presence of the Darwin of the science of the soul, the master of the great psychical opportunity which Miss Phelps has lately held out as the great vacancy of the age waiting to be filled.

Mr. Oliphant presents the problems of life, and death and love in a new and suggestive way. Whatever objections may be made to his theories, as not proven (and only a life lived can prove them), no doubt can exist that if his theories result as he prophesies, their tendency is ennobling in the highest degree to the human race.

*Sara Carr Upton.*

## RECENT VERSE.—II.

IN continuing our review of recently issued verses, we must needs drop the adjective "minor" from its title, in deference to a small volume of Mr. Whittier's latest poems, which comes under our notice this month. Although this volume contains no poem of great significance, it is impossible to class any work from the hand of a major poet as minor verse. With this one exception, we have to notice this month, as last, only the work of novices, or of authors very slightly known.

*Beyond the Veil*,<sup>1</sup> is a mere pamphlet slip, containing, in verse by no means devoid of a fair amount of dignity and grace, a plea for faith in universal salvation. The form is that of a parable, and may be fairly indicated by a couple of extracts :

Poor soul ! and didst thou think that little space  
Of time on earth was all wherein the grace  
Of God was open to thee ?—that the tomb,  
Sealed once, for good or ill, thy final doom ?  
And were that like to One whose tenderness  
Is infinite as His Almightyness ?  
Didst thou not dream that in the outmost part  
Of all, His voice divine might reach the heart,  
And draw thee, ever nearer, on and on,  
Unto himself ?

Not here the end—not here !  
Infinite tenderness  
Hath infinite ways, we know,  
To save and bless.

Nor dooms to eternal woe  
The soul that learns—  
Through sin (if it must be so)  
That sears and burns.

Since all Shadow comes from Light,  
Having æons to bud and grow,  
Surely Good from Sin, at last,  
Shall spring also.

*Consolation and Other Poems*<sup>2</sup> is for the most part entirely commonplace. It dips

<sup>1</sup> Beyond the Veil. By Alice Williams Brotherton. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 1886.

<sup>2</sup> Consolation and Other Poems. By Abraham Perry Miller. New York: Brentano Bros. 1886.

below the commonplace occasionally by virtue of a defective sense of humor, which makes possible, for instance, a parody of *The Raven*, in which a "fair ghost" takes the place of the raven, and is questioned and answers as follows :

"Spirit," said I, "maid immortal ! sent this night  
through Heaven's portal,  
Tell me, is our love eternal?" "Yes," she said,  
"forever sure ;  
And it cannot swerve or vary, for I am thy true  
love, Mary,  
And, though seeming light and airy, I am real as  
of yore."

Or again, the poet condoles, with the utmost fervor and good faith, with a friend, also a poet, who has apparently been refused by a lady whom he expected to find unable to resist his poetry, but who, on the contrary, refused him on account of the poetry !

How didst thou look to this high gift of song,  
To win thee triumph over every wrong,  
While in thy heart forever rose the thought  
That this high power would bring thee love unsought ?  
O, misplaced love ! Her heart, unskilled and hard,  
O'erlooked the man because she scorned the bard.

On the other hand, there is occasionally some spirit and color, rather above the commonplace, especially in descriptions of nature ; and there is here and there a rather happy stanza, as

The golden sun goes up the sky,  
The blue dome bends above ;  
"Dull life," he says, "that has no grief ;  
"Dull life that has no love."

Finally, we come to the smallest and simplest of all these volumes of minor verse, and incomparably the best, *A Book of Verses*,<sup>3</sup> by Augustus Mendon Lord. Indeed, it impresses us as by far the most good and hopeful book from a new poet that the OVERLAND has ever yet had occasion to review. We do not know that we can give the reader

<sup>3</sup> A Book of Verses. By Augustus Mendon Lord. Cambridge, 1886.

adequate reason for the strong impression these simple poems have made upon us—an impression renewed as we take up the book for a second reading. They have no striking conceits, no new or wonderful thought, no very great amount of lyric or descriptive beauty, no deep thrill of emotion; yet, as the jaded reviewer turns over the pages, there steals upon him from them the almost forgotten breath of "*der ew'ge alte Lied*"—the old, everlasting charm of Poetry, almost vanished from books of verse in this "twilight of the poets." Healthy, noble, genuine, Mr. Lord's little poems set one searching in Longfellow's and Whittier's young work for their prototypes; yet there is no echo of these poets in them—they are only inspired by the same sort of mind and motive. It would be very premature to say that possibly they may promise some large development—indeed, we do not see in them power or originality enough to make this probable—but they are growths from the same root that sent up such poetry as Longfellow's. The author, too, must be young; for it cannot be much more than half-a-dozen years since we read in some one of the college papers the following, which we now meet again in the little book.

*Free Lances.*

A-riding, a-riding, i' the growing morning light;  
The bugles blow, and all a-row our lances glitter bright.

Along the winding river, beside the beachéd sea,  
By lonely tower or high-walled town, or heathy waste of lea;

Where'er we go, whate'er good cause our strong right arms may claim,

God guide us, merry gentlemen, and keep our swords from shame!

We cater for no lady's whims, we serve nor church nor lords,

But worship upon God's green hills, and love our own bright swords.

Let friars pray and striplings love, and courtiers bend the knee,

While blood is hot and muscle firm, our hearts and hands are free.

A-riding, a-riding—the east is all aflame!

God guide us, merry gentlemen, and keep our swords from shame.

The spirit, the lyric dash, the phrasing of

this are very unusual in college poetry. Again, we quote a few brief poems to illustrate especially the moral insight of the book:

*Aurea Mediocritas.*

To fawn and pander to our own conceit,

In guise of search for truth or love of beauty,

To warp the soul's growth in the wasteful heat

Of passion for some vague ideal duty—

Is this life's best aim?—nay, then, yield the prize

To short-lived pains, and joys that cannot bless,

And blind the spirit's upward-looking eyes

With petty dust of little meannesses!

In God's world we must live, and not in one

Made up of our own dreams and whims, nor shun

Its hopes and doubts, its erring love and hate.

"Yes," said a voice, "thy anger is half just;

Yet, in that higher vision keep thy trust;

Work in the small, inspired by the great!"

Again, a stanza from another poem:

And even the weakest in the fight

Wear valor's noblest charm,

Who pray, not for a sword more light,

But for a stronger arm.

And here are two poems illustrating the descriptive side:

*The Dark Day.*

A low, gray sky, a freshening wind,

A cold scent of the misty sea;

Before, the barren dunes; behind,

The level meadows far and free.

And hark! from o'er the bleak sea-wall,

A muffled intermittent roar;

The swinging surf's slow rise and fall

Around the desolate, kelp-strewn shore.

*Bald Head Cliff.*

The dark rock lifts its monolith gigantic

In mighty stairs, clear cut against the sky,

And sudden falls to where the cold Atlantic

Welters and whitens ineffectually.

First, a long hush, as if the smooth waves, scheming,

Whispered some secret watchword down their line;

Then in close ranks, with wild foam-banners streaming,

They dash clear up the boulders' black incline.

In vain—the upper wall with front reliant,

Unyielding, meets their onset's crushing roar,

And the green waters, routed but defiant,

In maddened circles backward crowd and pour.

Hour after hour I watch them falling, lifting,

And hear the crisp splash of the whirling spray;

Or turn to see the half-lights strangely shifting

Along the cliff's far heights and hollows gray;

The storm-stained heights where loving eyes discover  
Soft mingled colors delicately laid,  
And tufts of furze where white-winged sea-birds hover,  
Flashing across the purple depths of shade.

So, mid the surf's hoarse war and strife impressive,  
The great crag stands in awful loneliness,  
While gently round its peaks and ledges massive  
The lingering summer folds its last caress.

One more, and this, to our mind, the  
best, artistically speaking, in the book :

*A Breath of Fresh Air.*

So from the crowded rooms, from the giggling, and  
dancing, and singing  
(Singing Italian, of course, and dancing one long  
weary waltz),

Into the cool Spring night he passed with a deep  
breath of freedom;

Broad on his eager sight broke the blue reaches of  
sky,

And from the budding trees and the newly turned  
loam of the farm lands,

Fresh to his nostrils came the scents of re-vivified  
growth.

Grateful the stillness was, unbroken save by the  
piping,

Rhythmic and softly clear, of frogs in the river be-  
yond ;

Only on crossing the bridge, when he stopped to lis-  
ten more closely,

This, too, suddenly ceased—dead silence in water  
and air;

But as he turned away and left the river behind him,  
Lo ! the soft piping began, rhythmic and clear as be-  
fore.

We are all on the lookout for the new po-  
ets, and we risk discomfiture whenever we fix  
on this or that young writer as one of them.  
Whether Mr. Lord can keep up to the mark  
of this little volume—still more, whether he  
can improve upon it—we cannot hazard a  
guess. Comparing his work, however, with  
that of one new writer who has, perhaps,  
more than any other, been fixed upon  
as destined to greatness, Miss Edith Thom-  
as, we do not hesitate to say that in our  
judgment Mr. Lord's verses have beyond  
comparison more vitality and promise than  
hers. The book appears to be privately  
published, and may not be easily accessible,  
but we should advise those who are inter-  
ested in new poetry to try to see it.

We have said above that Mr. Whittier's  
new volume contains no poem of great sig-

nificance. It is, however, most interesting  
to note how unquestionably one changes  
one's clime, in turning from even the best  
work of "the minor poets" to the lightest  
work of a poet of real rank and long literary  
training. Just what place Mr. Whittier may  
occupy among the poets of all time, we are  
not curious to question here ; undoubtedly,  
one very much less than that which he oc-  
cupies in the eyes of his cotemporaries—  
not because he is over-rated, but because he  
is local and limited : but, great or small, it  
must be a very real and worthy place. Many  
poems by obscure poets are really better—  
naming, one by one, the qualities of good  
poetry, and comparing—than any one in  
this book ; we should say, for our own part,  
that several in Mr. Lord's virgin collection  
are better : yet no one can turn over the  
pages and read carefully a stanza anywhere  
without knowing that it is the work of no  
novice, but of a veteran poet, who may fail  
to interest, may fall into repetition, but never  
into crudity or inadequacy. It is perfectly  
evident, for instance, in this last volume,  
that Mr. Whittier is subordinating the poet  
to the preacher not a little ; but never does  
the thought fail to be important enough to  
justify the expression, nor the expression to  
be dignified enough to fit the thought. It  
is hardly possible to realize sufficiently how  
admirable and rare a thing it is to thus write  
with adequacy—thought adequate to the ex-  
pression, and expression adequate to the  
thought, and both worthy of existence at all  
—except by comparison with most contempo-  
raneous verse ; say with the magazine verse of  
the day. The names so lavishly catalogued  
in the concluding chapter of Mr. Stedman's  
"Poets of America" are a fair index to this ;  
and it is to be remembered that it is a body  
of verse far superior to that which does not  
get into the magazines. Already the fair  
and simple melodies of Whittier have become  
the poetry of an elder day. Where, except  
from him, could we find such lines as

As with grief his grave they made,  
And his bow beside him laid,  
Pipe, and knife, and wampum-braid,—  
On the lodge-top overhead,



Preening smooth its breast of red  
 And the brown coat that it wore,  
 Sat a bird unknown before.  
 And, as if with human tongue,  
 "Mourn me not," it said, or sung ;  
 "I, a bird, am still your son,  
 Happier than if hunter fleet,  
 Or a brave, before your feet  
 Laying scalps in battle won.  
 Friend of man, my song shall cheer  
 Lodge and corn-land ; hovering near,  
 To each wigwam I shall bring  
 Tidings of the coming spring ;  
 Every child my voice shall know  
 In the moon of melting snow,  
 When the maple's red bud swells,  
 And the wind-flower lifts its bells."

So perfectly straightforward and unaffected is such poetry, that it must seriously puzzle many an aspirant to understand why this is poetry and his own is not ; why this is simplicity and his is baldness. To write with natural, instead of artistically acquired, simplicity, and yet to write well, is rare enough. Whittier is, perhaps, the only poet we have who does it in an absolute, not a comparative, degree.

The leading poem in the collection is "St. Gregory's Guest"; "The Wood Giant," "The Homestead," "How the Robin Came" (an Algonquin legend, from which we have quoted above), "The Two Elizabeths" (St. Elizabeth of Thuringia, and Elizabeth Fry),

and three "Hymns from the Brahmo Somaj," are the most characteristic of the following poems. Of all these, "The Wood Giant" is, to our mind, the most like the author at his best. It is too long to quote, and has, besides, become somewhat familiar from magazine publication and newspaper reprinting. Two of the "Hymns of the Brahmo Somaj" (paraphrased from Mozoomdar's account) we quote :

## I.

Thy mercy, O Eternal One !  
 By man unmeasured yet,  
 In joy or grief, in shade or sun,  
 I never will forget.  
 I give the whole, and not a part,  
 Of all Thou gavest me ;  
 My goods, my life, my soul and heart,  
 I yield them all to Thee.

## II.

We fast and plead, we weep and pray,  
 From morning until even ;  
 We feel to find the holy way,  
 We knock at the gate of heaven !  
 And when in silent awe we wait,  
 And word and sign forbear,  
 The hinges of the golden gate  
 Move soundless, to our prayer !  
 Who hears the eternal harmonies  
 Can heed no outward word ;  
 Blind to all else is he who sees  
 The vision of the Lord !

## RECENT FICTION.—I.

AMONG the novels of the quarter, a considerable number are in the convenient paper-bound form of the various "series," now much favored by the leading publishing houses, each one of which has its own particular style, most of them pretty and appropriate. It is evident that this form of publication for light novels, especially pirated ones, and for very cheap editions of the lighter class of old standard works, is increasingly popular ; and it deserves to be. Most of the series are in as good type, as convenient pages, and as handy shape, as the cloth-bound vol-

umes of the same houses. They thus escape on the one hand the extreme fragility, bad type, and inconvenient shape of the "Franklin Square" and like cheap forms. On the other hand, they have all the permanency that is desirable for unimportant novels, and cost as much as ought to be paid for these ; while the form when used for cheap editions of standard books, serves a really missionary purpose in bringing these within reach of very many who can not afford them in any better form.

We have said that the type is generally

excellent, but we must except that of the Harpers' Handy Series, which is very small, though reasonably clear; and we have said that they are generally pretty and appropriate in style, but we must except a new series, begun by Cassell & Company, under title "The Rainbow Series." Its appearance is inferior, and even vulgar, the light covers being broadly smeared across with coarse red, green, and blue, while the titles of the two numbers received, *A Crimson Stain*,<sup>1</sup> and *Morgan's Horror*,<sup>2</sup> would seem to indicate that the sensational is expressly intended in the series. *A Crimson Stain* confirms the suspicion, for its intention is evidently to be quite luridly sensational, with blood avengers, secret rooms, abductions, villains, and like paraphernalia; it is too weak, however, to be anything but tedious, and is, besides, grotesquely ignorant. *Morgan's Horror* is not so bad as its companion, and not so bad as its name, being much like the usual commonplace English novel, except for the addition of a few amazing incidents, such as that of the hero's being picked up by his rival and dropped from the balcony of a lighthouse upon the rocks, and turning up in good health and spirits a little later, in time to carry off the bride at the last second of the last minute. This capacity to go through death uninjured appears to be a usual quality with the author's heroes and heroines, for they had similar experiences in the two novels from the same hand that we have previously reviewed here—"Sweet Mace" and "The Parson o' Dumford."

*Mauleverer's Millions*,<sup>3</sup> *Griselda*,<sup>4</sup> *Hur-rish*,<sup>5</sup> and *Until the Day Breaks*,<sup>6</sup> are also, so far as literary merits go, commonplace English novels, of a somewhat better type. They are pleasant enough and have no seri-

ous vices, and two or three of them are not without some significance, as indicating currents of popular thought in England. *Mauleverer's Millions* is chiefly a detective story, and contains a heavy villain; not of the black-browed sort, but one who smiles and smiles in the most winning manner. The device by which Mr. Mauleverer was murdered for his millions could not have failed to occur to any ingenious person, but in the story no one thinks of it at all. The proving of it, however, would have been another matter, and it is rather unimaginative to do this by so simple a method as capturing the murderer's written confession, in a cipher journal. *Griselda* has an exceedingly unamiable hero, and an amiable heroine; and one sign of the times is that this young lady reads Latin, and helps her father in writing a learned book—she, instead of her brothers, having inherited the family tendency to scholarship.

In *Until the Day Breaks*, this sign of the times is repeated, not incidentally, but with intent and emphasis; for one of the minor characters is a young girl who has inherited her father's scholarly bent, and, to his anger and disgust, passes the Oxford examinations, and tries to borrow his copies of Greek authors, while his son, to his disappointment and mortification, proves absolutely unfitted for a scholarly life. The story, crudely enough but emphatically, holds up to detestation the disappointed vicar as a domestic tyrant, no less for repressing his daughter than for forcing his son; and also, as a ridiculous one, berating the one in one breath for reading, the other in the next breath for not reading, Greek. Considering the wide circulation that novels of this sort appear to get, both in England and here, it is not a little significant to see the question of women's education taking the aggressive in them thus; nor can it be without effect upon opinion. But this particular book is radical in every respect. The young lady who reads Greek, being refused permission to take herself from the family strain to keep up appearances and catch husbands, by teaching in a girls' high school, serenely announces her intention to do so as

<sup>1</sup> *A Crimson Stain*. By Annie Bradshaw. New York: Cassell & Co. 1886.

<sup>2</sup> *Morgan's Horror*. By George Manville Fenn. New York: Cassell & Co. 1886.

<sup>3</sup> *Mauleverer's Millions*. By S. Wemyss Reid. New York: Harper Brothers. 1886.

<sup>4</sup> *Griselda*. New York: Harper Brothers. 1886.

<sup>5</sup> *Hur-rish*. By Hon. Emily Lawless. New York: Harper Brothers. 1886.

<sup>6</sup> *Until the Day Breaks*. By Emily Spender. New York: Harper Brothers. 1886.

soon as she is of age, and scoffs at the idea that her father can have any moral right to coerce her, against her best judgment, when once his legal right is over; she declines to think of marriage, explaining, that as there are one million surplus women in Great Britain, it is just as well for such as can take care of themselves, and be happy in single life, to withdraw from the market; and the destiny in which she disappears to be "happy ever after," is that of a high school teacher, without even the shadow of matrimony in the distance. The author repeatedly takes occasion to emphasize the hardships and injustice of the matrimonial situation—a country, that is, in which a million women must always remain unmarried, and yet girls must be trained for marriage as the one end of existence, made incapable of occupying any happy or useful place in society, and despised as failures, if they do not marry, yet reproached and satirized as husband-hunters, because as a class, they try strenuously (as they have been taught), to escape being among the unprovided-for million. For class distinctions too, the author evidently has little respect, and her principal heroine expresses theological convictions to the effect that she sees no ground logically possible between Romanism and Rationalism—she herself being no Romanist. The principal radical tenet of the book, however, is an unreserved sympathy with the Irish Nationalist cause. The hero is a Fenian ticket-of-leave man; the heroine, an English sympathizer, who counts herself happy to have a chance at last to "die for Ireland." We should think the novel would be considered dangerous in many an English vicarage; but it seems to us a significant one, because when new theories have reached the light novel, they must be becoming pretty widely spread.

*Hurrish*, while of no more significance in a literary way than "Until the Day Breaks," calls for attention also as a political "straw." It is not, however, apparently written by an English sympathizer with Ireland, but by some one familiar with the Irish peasantry. Its strongest sympathies appear to be with the perplexed proprietor class, so far as this

consists of genuine Irishmen; but it is exceedingly tolerant toward the peasant, even the moon-lighter, extenuating nothing, yet seeming to regard his moral condition as inevitable, and in no wise his fault. There is no smoothing over whatever of the dirt, indolence, and brutality; the local color is strong, and the story leaves one impressed with the hopelessness of mending matters under the present *régime*. The author herself attributes the state of affairs unhesitatingly to the effect on the people's minds of the English government, and looks to autonomy as the only cure; yet she has not much faith in the "new kind" of Irish leaders, whom she regards as self-seekers, after what she calls the "American fashion," in a matter of course manner, not at all flattering to the political pride of the American reader.

*Adam Hepburn's Vow*<sup>1</sup> is worth still less, as a piece of literature, than the preceding, but it falls outside their class. It is not a novel at all, but merely a religious story of the Covenanters. It is, indeed, properly a Presbyterian Sunday-school book, and would be a fairly good one, were it not somewhat intolerant. It can only confuse a child's moral sense, for instance, to represent a preacher arrested because he refused to move outside his own parish, as suffering for his religion. When they refused to adopt Episcopal forms in their services, when they held conventicles after exclusion from their pulpits, they were defying the government for the sake of their faith; but when they insisted upon remaining within certain limits, they were defying it for the sake of liberty—no less a sacred cause, it is true, and one which has doubtless been the real motive of many who supposed they were fighting or going to martyrdom for religion. It is a pity, however, to write historical stories in such a way as to give children the impression that the right and wrong of the struggle lay between the Covenant and the prayer-book, instead of between liberty of conscience and tyranny, between loyalty to conviction and interest.

<sup>1</sup> Adam Hepburn's Vow. By Annie E. Swan. New York: Cassell & Co. 1886.

*Ashes of Hopes*,<sup>1</sup> *Without Blemish*<sup>2</sup> and *Jacob Schuyler's Millions*,<sup>3</sup> are fair American types of the same sort of commonplace novel that we have noticed above in its English form. *Ashes of Hopes* is quite crude, and could not give pleasure, even as the means of whiling away a vacant or tedious "hour," to a critical person; but it is entirely harmless, and has a sort of sincerity about it. It has an ornate cover, and occasionally drops into an ornate style, of a sort that betrays a Southern hand; and some local details confirm the suspicion that it is Southern, though the "local color" is so trifling that one has to look a little for these. *Without Blemish* is also Southern—at least in its location and its moral, but not in its style, which is simple and satisfactory. It is mildly interesting, touches lightly, but not without judgment, on a few of the problems of the "New South," defines and describes its characters agreeably and clearly, and "comes out right." *Jacob Schuyler's Millions* has like virtues, with the addition of a little more originality of setting. The characters are all of the old Dutch families of New York and New Jersey, and the author seems to be conversant with their ways. The story turns on the question who shall inherit Jacob Schuyler's millions, and a lost will and genealogical complications serve to mystify the matter quite successfully. The characters are really well bred, and the book falls into no lapses of taste.

As much can scarcely be said for Miss Green's latest detective story, *The Mill Mystery*.<sup>4</sup> The mystery is an ingenious one, and the mystification—as usual in Miss Green's books—well kept up. But there were elements of really tragic power in the materials which she has used, and it seems a pity to have them wasted on so trivial a

piece of work as this is. Had there been the higher artistic motive of the novel writer—the feeling for human nature and human experience—instead of the mere intent to construct an acceptable story—had the author been artist instead of artisan—the whole spirit and treatment would have been different. Miss Green keeps always above the vulgar, or even the strictly sensational, in her stories, which seem to be modeled after what is really best of their class; but in this last one she seems to have become a trifle tainted with the Florence Warden manner, in the treatment of the love affair.

Some one who is said to be a young lady, but who poses as a cavalry officer over the signature of "J. S. Winter," has written several clever stories of barrack life, which not only show close familiarity with their subject, but were liked for some really good pathos and fun. One of them, "Houp la," we have already reviewed here. A number of brief sketches and stories are now issued by the same author, under the title of *Cavalry Life*.<sup>5</sup> They are almost exclusively devoted to the love affairs and horse-play of the subalterns. They are decidedly bright, but very much less agreeable than the author's previous work. The young officers have some engaging qualities; but there is in many of the love affairs an element of the second-rate, and the horse-play, at least in one case, reaches the disgusting. There is, moreover, a tone, very unpleasant to one's sense of justice, of contempt for, and hardness to, the inferior in rank. Beauty and rank entitle the possessor to succeed in love, and altogether to be a person to be approved of; the uncouth in person, the tradesman, the attorney's daughter, may be tricked, defrauded, or ridiculed, without any one's sympathy. One feels that the author has copied from life in these matters, but his—or her—own sentiments appear to flow with those of the characters in the stories.

Two English books and two American ones that are not commonplace, each of

<sup>1</sup> *Ashes of Hopes*. By Julia A. Flisch. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1886.

<sup>2</sup> *Without Blemish*. By Mrs. J. H. Walworth. New York: Cassell & Co. 1886.

<sup>3</sup> *Jacob Schuyler's Millions*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White.

<sup>4</sup> *The Mill Mystery*. By Anna Katherine Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

<sup>5</sup> *Cavalry Life*; or *Sketches and Stories in Barracks and Out*. By J. S. Winter. New York: Harper & Bros. 1886. For sale in S. F. by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

which has had more intelligence than the average put into its composition, come before us in a group. With them we should class another; Scotch in subject, and, if our impression is correct, by an American author. This is *The Last of the MacAllisters*,<sup>1</sup> and this, together with *Primus in Indis*,<sup>2</sup> is several degrees better than commonplace. *For Maimie's Sake*,<sup>3</sup> on the other hand, is worse than commonplace; and the two American novels, *A Conventional Bohemian*,<sup>4</sup> and *A Desperate Chance*,<sup>5</sup> are both worse and better. *The Last of the MacAllisters* is a pretty, appreciative story of the last days of the old clan system, and the last Jacobite rising of the clans; and *Primus in Indis*, as it chanced, is also a Jacobite story, of a west-country gentleman who adhered to the fortunes of the Stuarts, but ended as a soldier in India, and came to honor under the Whig government, without treason to his Jacobite principles. The MacAllister and the English Jacobite are alike fine, honorable men—the latter a little in the Thackeray fashion. He tells his own story, and gives it a quaint, last-century flavor; has terrible vicissitudes in the course of his relations with his “dear lady”; and remains a gallant and loyal lover in the good old fashion.

*For Maimie's Sake* is a story of a very different sort. We have repeatedly in these pages remarked, that, instead of being the easiest form of composition to a novice, the novel is peculiarly dangerous to reputations, and those fairly won in other departments—even in other departments of authorship—may break down in an attempt upon this slippery field. The novel is peculiarly able, moreover, to make a man ridiculous, and re-

<sup>1</sup> *The Last of the MacAllisters*. By Mrs. Amelia E. Barr. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1886.

<sup>2</sup> *Primus in Indis*. By M. J. Colquhoun. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1886.

<sup>3</sup> *For Maimie's Sake*. A Tale of Love and Dynamite. By Grant Allen. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White.

<sup>4</sup> *A Conventional Bohemian*. By Edmund Pendleton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White.

<sup>5</sup> *A Desperate Chance*. By J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U. S. N. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

veal all his secret follies and unrefinements. If his ideals of womanhood are low, his heroines, whom he has committed himself to considering charming girls, will behave like kitchen-maids; anything of the cad that is concealed in himself, will declare itself loudly in his heroes. Has he a dull sense of humor, not betrayed by his style of conversation—it is laid pitilessly bare before the world in the speeches of his humorous characters. Is he ignorant of the ways of the best society, and unaware of his own ignorance—he will inevitably premise that his heroine is of the most refined and exclusive set, and then put speeches into her mouth that contain some unmistakable shibboleth of a totally different set. Do the girls from whom his ideas have been drawn include the kiss within the lines possible to self-respecting flirtation—the fact is proclaimed from his pages. Are his tastes in art crude and sentimental—the picture which he describes as the gem of his connoisseur's collection betrays him. Professor Grant Allen steered through the straits of his first novel, “*Babylon*,” without any serious exposure of weak points; but not even Dr. Hammond or Admiral Porter appeared to worse advantage in their novels than he in his second. With his scientific writings in mind, it is hard to be compelled to say of *For Maimie's Sake* the only thing that can candidly be said of it—that it is very weak, and coarse to the point of disgust. It is evident that the author's intention was a bold, strong, somewhat shocking, highly emancipated book, after the French or Russian model. He intended to portray sincerely certain possibilities of human nature not recognized by the rules of English fiction, or else treated with entire conventionality. This was a legitimate enough purpose; but Professor Allen is not a Frenchman, nor a Russian, and in consequence, he begins more than he dares to carry out to its legitimate conclusions, ventures to be vulgar, and does not venture to be bad, and succeeds in being as unreal as the most conventional prude, and a great deal more unpleasant. “*Maimie*” is “absolutely natural” in indulging her impulses—that is, she makes love to ev-

ery man she meets, begging them to embrace and kiss her upon the smallest encouragement ; suggests to one, who says that his wife does not like it, that he shall leave his wife and go off with her ; she shoots her husband, of whom she is rather fond, in order to marry a man she liked better, but who had not succeeded in killing his wife in time to prevent her marriage. The others are likewise all very emancipated. The artist who declines to continue his love affair with her on his wife's account, has already told his wife that it is merely an English prejudice on her part, but that if she is not yet fully free from the English way of looking at things, he will conform to it rather than hurt her feelings. The shot husband—who does not die at once—upon his wife's explanation that she shot him in order to marry the other man, affectionately blames her for not having told him, so that they could arrange his death more skillfully ; as it is, she has involved herself in danger of being hanged for murder by a Philistine British jury ; he manages, however, to pass it off as a suicide ; when he fails to die, after all, he hides himself, and allows her to marry the other man, and finally drowns himself, finding she is annoyed at the discovery of her bigamy. Now it is entirely possible that people should be as emancipated as all this—history is not without examples of it. But that they should be as much so and no more, is absurd. The author himself is as firmly in the grasp of his "English prejudices" as any one, and though his lovely heroine may cheerfully shatter every command in the decalogue but one, it does not seem to occur to him or to her as a possibility that she should touch that one ; though he lingers over scenes of kissing and embracing, emphasizing disagreeably the non-Platonic nature of these scenes, and the beautiful creature's readiness to encourage them with any one, never once does he appear to cast even a glance toward the kind of social customs to which such behavior naturally points. It is mere folly to give us disagreeable books, in execrable taste, and yet shirk the full conditions of the problems they undertake to handle.

*A Conventional Bohemian* brings us back to good society again. It is a refined and intelligent book, decidedly dull, and without imperative reason for existence. It has had more favorable reviews than it deserves, so far as we have seen ; but then it is no slight merit in a novel to be intelligent and refined, to catch the tone of the society it represents, and to have described its heroine with as much clearness, precision, and comprehension as it does. Mrs. Frère is a thoroughly possible woman ; and there is an excellent moderation in the account of her virtues, which leaves her unidealized, yet a good woman, and a sweet woman. The plan of the story is, however, rather absurd ; and it is overloaded with society trivialities, and superfluous figures and conversations. *A Desperate Chance* is still more intelligent and refined, and still more absurd in its plot. It is a curious story, with no narrative flow at all about it, but instead, a succession of episodes, each one very effective in itself, but not woven into the current of the story in such a way as to leave any impression of a complete whole on the mind. It is really strong, however, excellent in description, and excellent in style.

*Snowbound at Eagle's*,<sup>1</sup> Bret Harte's latest story, is of as little value as anything he has ever written. Regarded as a story, it is worthless. Regarded in detail, for its bits of description, keen conversations, witty sayings, it has the excellences that everything from the same strong hand has. Harte never makes a slip in turning a sentence, or a paragraph, or a brief episode ; but when the story is nothing, and in his excellent handling of details he still does not make any strikingly brilliant or humorous points, readers will not care much for the book ; there is nothing in it but the *technique*, and that interests only the specialist in literary criticism. In *Snowbound at Eagle's*, as in everything of Harte's, the external sincerity, the careful truth to nature, as far as her sights and sounds go, is constantly marred

<sup>1</sup> *Snowbound at Eagle's*. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

by an unreality, a theatrical insincerity, even a defect of observation, in dealing with human nature.

Leaving out of account several translations, of which we shall speak next month, the most important novels that come under our notice are Mrs. Jackson's unfinished story, *Zeph*,<sup>1</sup> Frank Stockton's *The Late Mrs. Null*,<sup>2</sup> and Mrs. Foote's *John Bodewin's Testimony*.<sup>3</sup>

A good deal of personal interest attaches to *Zeph*, as the last considerable work from Mrs. Jackson's hand. It breaks off in the middle of a sentence. As a brief postscript tells us, it was begun in Los Angeles during the winter of 1884-'85, and put by to be finished on Mrs. Jackson's return to Colorado Springs. As will be remembered, she came from Los Angeles to San Francisco, and there died in August, 1885. The letter to her publisher, which accompanied the manuscript, is dated August 7th, and leaves it to his judgment whether to publish it as it is, or not. A short outline of the plot of the close of the story, however, accompanied the letter, and is appended to the volume. *Zeph* cannot be called equal to "Ramona," as a story, but that is more because of a less happy subject than because there is much inferiority in workmanship; and its superiority to Mrs. Jackson's earlier novels is great. There is an impalpable, annoying crudity in all her fiction, short stories and long (excepting a very few of the Saxe Holm stories, and these may not have been her work), up to the period of Ramona. Remembering how serene and strong her poetry is, and how admirable her descriptive sketches, one does not know how to account for this weakness, both in thought and expression, that crept into her story writing. It does not appear to any extent in *Zeph*—one who had not already noticed it in the earlier books would not catch the accent of it in this at all. Nevertheless,

it is there: an over-subtlety in describing people's traits and qualities; a lack of real penetration into, and sympathetic perception of, character, veiled by the use of earnest and accumulated observations; an inability to catch dialect or a personal manner, in spite of evident study. So careful a student of her art was Mrs. Jackson, and so much knowledge had she of how to study it wisely, that in the few years between her beginning to write fiction and her death, she had already so far overcome the more superficial natural defects in her fiction, that few readers would notice them at all in *Zeph*. The plot of the story seems to us incongruous, artistically speaking. It begins with one motive, and seems to be ending with another. *Zeph's* devotion to his wretched wife is the theme at the outset, and it foreshadows a story of tragic loyalty, unchangeable to the end. Yet soon we find this wife passing very easily out of his life, and after his divorce, his relation to Miss Sophy becomes the theme; nor does the assurance given by the sketch of the intended close, that the story was to be brought back to its original theme by the death of the first wife, entirely meet this objection. One cannot quite avoid the suspicion that some tender-heartedness on the author's part toward her characters interfered with the carrying out of the tragedy to its legitimate end.

*The Late Mrs. Null* has been hailed with curiosity and high expectation, as Mr. Stockton's first venture at a real novel. It cannot be said that it does not fulfill such expectations; but it does not at all surpass them. It is very bright and ingenious, and is highly readable. As regards any of the more grave or intense aspects of human life, it is nothing; in the matter of unexpected situations, quaintly humorous style, and every possible ingenuity, it is excellent, yet not equal to the author's best short sketches. Every reader of this delightful writer will understand that when we call his novel "ingenious," we do not mean ingenious with an ordinary ingenuity, but something altogether beyond that; that the book is full of the most unheard of combinations of circumstance, bold flights of fancy, turns of sentence, of chapter, of

<sup>1</sup> *Zeph. A Posthumous Story.* By Helen Jackson. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

*The Late Mrs. Null.* By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

<sup>3</sup> *John Bodewin's Testimony.* By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

episode, so original that the reader can never wonder enough what puts such things into the writer's head. So innocently and gravely are Mr. Stockton's points made, that a mis-giving sometimes comes into the mind, whether he knows, himself, the full humor of his matter and method, or whether it is purely accidental, and the author, so to speak, not entirely in the joke of himself. We cannot say that we fancy most of the characters in *The Late Mrs. Null*—indeed, Mrs. Null herself is the only one we find really agreeable (and she is evidently her creator's favorite, too). But they all are very real and alive, and even when they do the most unheard of things, one is disposed to believe that they really would act just so.

With *John Bodewin's Testimony* most people are already pretty familiar, through its publication as a magazine serial. We should call it quite up to the level of Mrs. Foote's work, and an especially graceful and artistically constructed story. It is very pleasant to find words used with so good a sense of their value as here; conversation at once so real, so agreeable, and so thoughtful; so good a constructive ability, which keeps the narrative flow even and perfect from the first. Read apart from its serial form, its chapters all fall into a symmetric whole. It is possible that many critics would consider it overwrought in its moral ideas, and sentimental, with the old device of martyrdom for the hero; but it is too simple and modest—even reticent—in its account of his vicissitudes to merit any such criticism. A high and delicate sense of honor is, most happily, possible to a good many men in this world; and it is

always possible that if one will follow this absolutely, it will take him into trouble and personal loss, even disaster. Yet the world is not without men who would incur such results; and, there being such, it is well to put them into books sometimes, instead of always choosing the weak in the interest of realism. So quiet, so unostentatious, is the good writing in Mrs. Foote's story, that we fear its readers have not noticed sufficiently how free it is from the usual faults—from obscurity or sentimentality of language; from overloading with detail; from incongruous and unnecessary characters. It is very rarely, too, that people talk as well in books. They are bright people, thinking people, and they talk and behave as such people do. Josephine, especially, is far less a fair ideal, and more a genuine nice American girl, than often happens in books. Hillbury's characterization of her as making him think of "a preposterously handsome boy," very happily expresses the candor and directness which the author is trying to bring out. When she teases and caresses her father, when she plays with the baby, when she engages in eager discussion with Bodewin, she behaves as nice girls of her style do behave. We are not disposed to praise the book indiscriminately, for no novel that never once causes a stir of the deeper feeling, nor flashes some new realization of a truth into the mind, nor in any way—either by humor, or wisdom, or pathos—adds something real and permanent to the reader's mental experience, is to be praised with abandon: but it contains many merits, and all but no faults, and is more likely to be underrated than overrated.



## ETC.

DURING the past month the two party machines in this city have been engaged in a series of maneuvers too complicated, and, for the most part, too contemptible, to excite the smallest interest on the part of bystanders. The ends in view relate to State politics, but the means and the material used are essentially those of city politics, and city control is involved in the fortunes of the struggling factions. Were there any spirit in behalf of non-partisan reform abroad in the community, there would be some encouragement in the amount of wrangling and internal hostility that marks this spring's politics; but, unfortunately, instead of taking advantage of this state of affairs to "cut the whole thing," and lead a movement for an honest non-partisan government, good and respected men have been hard at work trying to patch up the difficulties. However patriotically intended, efforts for "harmony," and even for "reform within the party," tend in the long run only to put ward-politics into control of our homes and their property again; because the principle of national party in local government is fundamentally unbusiness-like and anti-reform.

NOTHING is more mysterious, in this preëminently practical community of this preëminently practical country, than the indifference of sound business men to business methods in governing the city. Everybody knows that there are good people enough in San Francisco to disable both the machines, if they put their minds on it. A degree of unanimity and enthusiasm equal to that displayed over a frolic, like the Knights Templars' or the Grand Army's visit, would accomplish wonders. Of course, it would be necessary to ignore party lines. We are in the habit of believing, however, that Californians are a rather intelligent and independent sort of people; and it is not conceivable that such people really believe it better to have their streets lighted, and their criminal cases looked after, and their money handled, by representatives of the saloon and ward caucus, who lay claim to the same opinions as themselves upon the line between Senatorial and Executive rights over documents, than by honorable and sensible men, their partners in business, their guests at dinner, their sons-in-law or brothers-in-law, who may chance to hold different opinions upon these topics. Yet, while it is not conceivable that sensible people really hold this belief, they act precisely as if they did; and it is a grotesquely melancholy fact, that if one party in this city should, at any election, put in nomination as mayor a man whom any member of the other party would gladly go into partnership with in business, trust his most important affairs to

with perfect confidence, give his daughter to, the very great majority of that other party would go to the polls to vote against him; and very likely for some man in whose face the door would be shut if he ventured to ask for business or family connection. Of course, the excuse in such cases, is that, though the man be good, a bad lot stand behind him; and it is perfectly sound sense to believe that a good man with a bad lot behind him is apt to be of very little use. But we have yet to find a party man of good sense in either party who does not cheerfully grant that a bad lot stand behind the nominees of both parties. Indeed, we do not now recall such a man who has ever gone so far as to assure us that the professional city politicians of his party are a little better, but only that those of the other party are a little worse.

THE experience of Eastern cities has shown plainly enough that the plan so strongly urged at the beginning of the city reform movement—viz: that good men should attend the caucuses and vote at the primaries—has long ago proved inadequate. One hears it in conversation here urged chiefly by young men, with sincere desire to see reform accomplished, but neither well-read in the experience of Eastern cities, as students are, nor convinced by general business experience and knowledge of their San Francisco, as older men are. The fatal difficulty about the caucus and primary system is, that a worthy, and therefore a busy, citizen, whose time must be mostly given up to his private affairs, is naturally unable to compete in running a caucus with a ward politician, whose whole time is given up to politics. Moreover, the ward politician has the same advantage over him that the dynamiter has over civilization—he can strike with weapons that civilization cannot strike back again with, without ceasing to be civilization. The respectable citizen, if things are not going to his notion, cannot have the lights put out, and the benches overturned, and the meeting dissolved into a free fight. He is booked for defeat, when he enters into conflict with the system on its own ground. At the polls, however, his vote is as good as any one's; and though he cannot vote as early or often as the politicians, he has the enormous advantage that they are doing this about equally on both sides, which tends to give him the balance of power, as is not the case in the caucus or primary. Thus a few thousands of him are able to consistently defeat the worse of two nominations. Where both are bad, this is no great gain; but it involves a consequence which is an immense gain—it compels the politicians on each side to try to put up a man a little better than on the other side, and some-

times, in close elections, to try the experiment of bidding high for this independent vote by putting up a real reformer. Nor has this always proved, for the reason that the best man is unable to govern honestly because of the politicians behind him, a partially barren victory. New York and Boston have both had the experience of mayors nominated by political rings in order to catch the independent vote, elected by the help of that vote, and governing with independence and honesty.

STILL, the limitations of the method of "defeating bad nominations at the polls" are very considerable. In the first place, its chief use is in its effect on nominations; and this can be strong only in case the punishment for bad nominations is sure. But as yet no community has been found in which the independent vote is large enough and unflinching enough to administer this punishment sternly, unfailingly, invariably, election after election. The politician always has the hope that he may get it counteracted by spending a little more money, or making another deal, or attracting a little more of the unthinking floating vote through the arts of campaign excitement, or may frighten off some of it by complications with State or national questions, or other maneuvers. And, in fact, it is only once out of several times that it does succeed in defeating the bad nomination; and when that is done, even when the alternative man, instead of merely a little better, was a really good one, it is by no means always that he proves able, as in the present experience of New York and Boston, to defy the bad influences behind him. And still, again, it is only upon the mayoralty that it has hitherto proved possible to mass the independent vote to any extent, and both New York and San Francisco prove that good mayors may be compatible, under present city charters, with most discreditable city governments.

OF course, a partial relief from the abominations of city governments is better than none; and the "defeating at the polls" method has proved partially successful. But the idea of doing it has taken no root here, outside of the minds of students, small knots of civic reformers, men of thought rather than men of action. The path that men of thought discern is very apt to be the one that men of action will take later; but nothing can be expected to actually move and take shape, in our American business communities, until the business men have hold of it. And so peculiarly and essentially is civic reform a business proposition, to the interest of business men, that it would be simply incomprehensible why they so neglect it, were it not for their inability to directly control nominations, and their sense of the very limited efficiency of the effort to control them indirectly at the polls, the good to be gained appearing to them not sufficient to balance the confusing effect of civic independence upon State and national matters.

IN this matter of the connection between city and State or national politics, doubtless lies the explanation of the unbusinesslike party fealty of business men, in such a purely business concern as city government. While it is inconceivable that any sensible person can really care whether his purely municipal affairs are managed by his party associates or not, many sensible people do care very much which party holds the State government and the national government; and they know that the cranks of these larger political machines are to a great extent turned in the city organizations. They fear, therefore, to exercise much independence in local voting, for fear of damaging their party in its larger plans. THE OVERLAND has consistently held that the party machines have no sacred claims even in national matters, and that even in national elections a voter should hold it his duty to defeat his party when it deserves defeat; but this is not nearly so obvious good sense, so completely the only practical view, as that party should have no place in local administration. Therefore, as long as State politics are so rooted in city politics, we cannot expect party men to feel much willingness to help the opposing party machine and cripple their own, even in the interest of good city government. For complete reform in the city, they would probably be willing to run very heavy risks with their State party, especially if doing it once, twice, or three times would answer; but to do it year after year, with persistent agitation, for the sake of only partial success, requires the courage and patience of real reformers, not merely that of the ordinarily sensible and worthy citizen, well disposed to reform. Yet if San Francisco is like other cities, by such patient and persistent means alone is municipal betterment to be achieved.

WE are not, however, so certain that San Francisco is like other cities. She has once already found a short road to complete and efficient reform. As lately as 1877, she showed signs of still possessing the qualities that made that reform possible in 1856,—the capacity of prompt and strong voluntary rallying, voluntary submission to discreet leadership, sinking of differences of opinion and of party distinctions, and united, well-disciplined action, pure from excesses. The very men of '56 are some of them still in the city. The Vigilance Committee, history has pretty thoroughly decided, has but one side that was not praiseworthy—and that is, that its members did not act very much earlier, at a time when they could have prevented, by perfectly legal means, the state of affairs that later justified them in illegal means. Could the respected citizens of San Francisco who now allow themselves to be dragged behind one or the other of the party machines by ward-politicians, once find the daring and the enthusiasm to throw themselves upon the people by a well-judged call to rise against machines and misgovernments, from the bottom up, with independent nom-

inations, made through the appliances always used in times of public emergency, mass-meetings, enrollment, and citizens' committees, as far as possible along the lines that the vigilance committees have already shown to be adapted to the spirit of the San Francisco people,—it is at least within the limits of permissible speculation that they might obtain a sufficient response from the people. The fact that such a movement would need a newspaper organ, devoted unreservedly to non-partisan municipal reform (even in the strenuous times of '56, and under the intolerable provocation of that date, it might have proved impossible to organize and carry through action without such a paper), seems for the present an insuperable difficulty; but it need not forever remain so. It is also possible that human nature is not capable of vigorous, united, and patriotic action in sufficient numbers, except under pressure of an immediate, sensational excitement. Our speculation is merely whether San Franciscan human nature might not prove a little exceptional in this respect, by virtue of being less conventional and less conservative than most Anglo-Saxon communities. If it did prove so, it would bring undying honor to its record. Supposing, for instance,

the business men of Cincinnati, instead of allowing their city to become a sink of political corruption, joining a howling mob for a few hours, excusing themselves on the ground that they could not stand their city government any longer, and then sitting down acquiescently again under the rule of one of the worst political gangs that disgraces any city of the country, had utilized that popular indignation to organize an army instead of a mob, pledged to drop party names and appliances, make their own nominations and ignore caucus ones, and stand by them at the polls?

#### High Noon.

What if thy life,  
Now coming to its prime,  
Should gladden in its strength  
And prove more rich and sweet  
Than all youth's promise time.  
What if high noon,  
With light serene and fine,  
Should glorify life's length,  
And show thee, made complete,  
Life's best in its decline?

Lillian H. Shuey.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

#### What Does History Teach?¹

Two Edinburgh lectures by Professor Blackie—"The State" and "The Church"—are published together in a "Harpers' Handy Series" volume, under the above title. They both have reference to present issues, the one to the extension of the suffrage, the other to the disestablishment talk. They were delivered last December; and considering the intense irritation of the minds of people in both parties over the elections then lately concluded, and over the discussion of these two questions that attended them, it is pleasant to find the Scotch professor speaking of both in a tranquil and temperate manner. This was, no doubt, easier to a Scotchman, who is presumably a Whig Liberal, than it would have been to an English Tory; and the moral of the lectures is an essentially Whig one—namely, that the lesson of History, in State and Church, is "*All extremes are wrong.*" Professor Blackie does not take up avowedly and directly these two current topics, of suffrage and disestablishment. He reviews the history of the development of governments out of the germ of the family, through patriarchal and tribal systems, in such a way as to bring out especially the conflict there has been between popular rights and oligarchic aggression, between popular lawlessness

and just conservatism; follows especially the History of Rome—the encroachments of patricians upon popular rights, the uprising of the people to demand justice, the terrified concession to them of more than equal rights in some respects, and—so Professor Blackie holds—the consequent fall of the Roman Republic. "The authority of the Senate" (which, "for independence, dignity, patriotism, and sagacity," he apparently agrees with Mommsen and Freeman in calling "the first political corporation of all times") "was antagonized by the coëqual authority of the *Comitia Tributa*—an assembly as open to any agitator . . . as a meeting of a London mob in Hyde Park—a mere mass-meeting, in fact, yet with power to pass decrees, ready at any moment to give the solemn sanction of a national ordinance to any act of hasty violence or calculated party move which might flatter the vanity or feed the craving of the masses. But this was not all. The tribunate, originally appointed simply for the protection of the commonalty against the rude exercise of patrician power, had now grown to such formidable dimensions that the popular tribune of the day might . . . only require reflection to constitute him into a king, whose decrees the consuls and the senators must humiliate themselves to register. . . . Furthermore, let it be noted that this people or populace, tied down to meet only in Rome . . . was called upon to deal with the administration of countries as far apart and as diverse in character

¹ What Does History Teach? Two Edinburgh Lectures. By John Stuart Blackie. New York: Harper & Bros. 1886. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

as Madrid and Cairo, or Bagdad and Moscow, are from London." As if a mass-meeting in New York, called perhaps by Rossa or Martin Irons, was empowered to pass laws for the United States. Thus balancing the terrors of an unbridled democracy against those of an oppressive aristocracy, in a perfectly temperate and considerate way, he comes from Rome down through history, until the reader finds that he has imperceptibly glided into consideration of the danger or safety of universal suffrage in England. "The fundamental postulate of extreme democracy, that the majority have everywhere a right to govern, is manifestly false. No man, as a member of society, has a right to govern; he has a right to be governed and well governed; and that can only be when the government is conducted by the wisest and best men who compose the society. If the numerical majority is composed of sober-minded, sensible . . . persons, who will either govern wisely themselves, or choose persons who will do so, their democracy is justified by its deeds; but if it is otherwise, and if, when an appeal is made to the multitude, they will choose the most . . . ambitious and the most unscrupulous, rather than the most sensible . . . and the most conscientious, then democracy is a bad thing. . . . Of all forms of government, democracy is that which imperatively requires the greatest amount of intelligence and moderation among the great mass of the people, especially among the lower classes, who have always been the most numerous; and as history can point to no quarter of the world where such a happy condition of the numerical intelligence has been realized, it cannot look with any favor on schemes of universal suffrage." "Let it never be forgotten—that minorities have rights as well as majorities; nay, that one of the great ends to be achieved by a good government is to protect the few against the natural insolence of a majority, glorying in its numbers and hurried on by the spring-tide of a popular contagion." Of the three notable modern democracies—Switzerland, France, and our own—he says: "These must be regarded with curious interest and kindly human sympathy, as great social experiments, by no means to be prejudged and denounced by any sweeping conclusions made from the unfortunate downbreak of the two ancient republics." Switzerland, he thinks, with its small population well trained to self-government, the most likely to survive as a republic; France the least likely; our own, an open question, serious causes of disintegration being visible, yet our system of checks upon popular haste or selfishness, excellent.

In the lecture upon "The Church," he beguiles the reader in the same unconscious manner, through a general account of the rise of the Church, and discussion of the counterbalancing good and evil that has flowed from state alliance, to a protest against disestablishment, based on the same motto, "*All extremes are wrong*," and hence, we should have both

established and disestablished churches, that each system may work out its benefits. There is much to be said for Professor Blackie's view, but he does not give proper weight to the evil effect socially of giving one of several religious bodies an artificial advantage over others. It brings fashion to bear upon religion to a very injurious extent. The experience of the Roman Catholic church shows that even the most consolidated and hierarchical religious body can hold its own without establishment, when once it has to.

It is very rare to find a résumé of any subject through all historic time, anything but dull and trite. These lectures are, on the contrary, highly readable and suggestive.

### Madame Mohl.<sup>1</sup>

MADAME MOHL began life in England as Mary Clarke, in the year 1790. In the memorable year 1793, her mother, a widow, removed with her two children to Paris. Henceforth that city was always her home, and was also that of her daughter until her death, in 1883, after she had well rounded her ninetieth year. This volume does not fulfill the promise of its title, in being a study of social life in Paris, to any considerable extent, but it does recommend itself as a pleasantly written sketch of the character of Madame Mohl, who reigned for more than half a century in a Paris salon, as a fit and admired successor of women whose names have hitherto been more widely known. The salon is an institution peculiar to French society. It is an invention possible to such a city as Paris, but its exact counterpart seems never to have existed in any other city of the enlightened world. Its source was a woman's want, and its existence dependent upon the presence of a cleverness of mind with which women have been very rarely endowed. Its existence did not depend upon noble birth, but it required a love of good conversation, a capacity to be the center and source and continuation of it, and to gather about one the best men and women of the day, who could add a flow not merely of pleasant conversation, but of bright thoughts, or a contribution of valuable knowledge. The beginning and assurance of the success in the conversational circles of Paris is thus noted by the writer of this book: "Madame Récamier not only selected her company, but took pains to direct their conversation with a view to amusing M. de Châteaubriand; and yet, in spite of that perfect art, which, M. de Tocqueville says, '*elle portait jusqu'à l'infini*,' her efforts sometimes failed to lift the cloud from the brow of the tired god. No one, therefore, could do her a greater service than to coax the wearied poet to smile, while to rouse his fastidious language to the vulgar relief of a laugh was to call out her deepest gratitude. This feat was one day per-

<sup>1</sup> Madame Mohl: Her Salon and her Friends. A Study of Social Life in Paris. By Kathleen O'Meara. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

formed with signal success by an English girl, Mary Clarke, afterwards Madame Mohl, whose position as a welcome recruit to her brilliant circle was forthwith definitely established.'

Her intelligence and kind disposition were the only credentials she carried into society. They were all that were needed in the circle in which she moved. Beauty, or any of the personal graces of manner which go so far to make a position in society today, were not hers. "She was a singularly lively child, and grew up to girlhood with a sort of mercurial activity of mind and body that kept every one about her in perpetual motion." And it is further said of her: "Mary's presence was death to *ennui*. One could not be dull where she was: she might displease or exasperate—she very often did both—but she was incapable of boring any one." And Ampère said of her: "She is a charming combination of French sprightliness and English originality: but I think the French predominates."

Close companionship with Madame Récamier and those she met at that salon, developed a love for society, and it became her ambition to establish a salon of her own. That was henceforth the business of her life, and therein no one reaped greater success. "In her time," says the author, "the salon was a sort of benevolent institution, a refuge for homeless literary men, who, as a rule, are bachelors, and generally poor, especially the noblest of them—those who devote themselves to the service of science and humanity."

Before her marriage, some of the most noted men of the day were habitués of her salon. "Thiers," says the author, "had been intimate with the Clarks from the prehistoric times of Bonaparte." He was twenty-five in 1821, and was by the Clarks first made "known to Marmel, the editor of the 'Constitutionnel,' who at once discerned the value of the young aspirant to journalistic service, and put him on the staff of the newspaper." Before the marriage of Mary Clarke, we find among the frequenters of her salon the names of many of the most noted littérateurs of France. "Merimée used to go there frequently to practice his English, at which he was working hard. . . . M. de Tocqueville was another of their habitués, as well as Guizot, Cousin, Augustin Thierry, Benjamin Constant, Miguet, Bonetty—in fact, the cleverest men of the day. Fauriel, Roulain, and Julius Mohl often dined there.

Julius Mohl, the friend of Ampère, was a distinguished Oriental scholar, and was made professor of Persian at the Collège de France. He was married to Mary Clarke in 1847, when she was fifty-seven years old. A charming and *spirituelle* Frenchwoman said of him that Nature, in forming his character, had skimmed the cream of those nationalities to which he belonged by birth, by adoption, and by marriage, making him deep as a German, *spirituel* as a Frenchman, and loyal as an Englishman."

As Madame Mohl, she presided over and made attractive the salon which had already more than attained its majority, for more than thirty years, until the death of her husband in 1876. After her marriage, the company at her salon was enriched by scientists and literary men of Germany, attracted by the name of her husband, and among them we find the names of Wolfgang Müller, Raumer, Ranke, Tischendorf, and Helmholtz.

The characteristics of the woman who could for so long maintain a salon of such eminent habitués would not seem of themselves to prophesy great success. Madame de Rambouillet, with beauty and rank, remained at the head of a fastidious and exclusive coterie. Madame Geoffrin, by force of personal charms, tact, wit, or rather, *esprit*, formed a salon crowded eagerly by not only men of letters, but by all the aristocratic women of the day. Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, poor and plain, but ambitious, and with abundant *esprit*, first attracted the notice of Madame de Deffaud, in whose salon she found a place; but having quarreled, withdrew from the salon of the latter and formed one of her own, drawing to her the habitués of the older salon, with D'Alembert at their head. Mademoiselle Contat's salon was established by her beauty and song, where people crowded to meet and hear such song-birds as Malibran and Sontag. Madame Récamier's beauty first attracted the world to her, but it was her tact and fine intelligence that kept it there. "She was the most entertaining person I ever knew," wrote Madame Mohl. "I never knew anybody who could tell a story as she did—*des histoires de société*. She had a great sense of humor, and her own humor was exceedingly delicate, but she never said an unkind thing of any one." Madame Mohl had no personal beauty to allure one. Her hair was always tangled and frowsy; she had no manners to commend her, for she had never sacrificed to the Graces. But she had a mercurial gayety and a sparkling wit, was audacious in her fun, and original almost to eccentricity. "She was the delight of the *grand ennuyé* (Chateaubriand); her expressions entirely her own, and he more than once made use of them in his writings." And Chateaubriand said of her: "*La jeune Anglaise* is like no one else in the world." She had the fascination which comes from entire naturalness, a habit of saying whatever was uppermost in her thoughts, and a veneration of almost nothing except intellectual greatness, of which Chateaubriand in her youth was the highest living representative, to whom she yielded ungrudging homage.

The volume which sketches lightly the life and character of such a woman, introduces you in pleasing way to many of her friends, entertains you now and then with a piquant anecdote worth remembering, and leaves your mind in the healthy repose which seems to come from a quiet hour of entertainment in the most delightful society.

### Movements of Religious Thought in Britain.<sup>1</sup>

HARPER BROTHERS issue in their cheap Handy Series, *Movements of Religious Thought in Britain during the Nineteenth Century*, a series of eight lectures by Principal Tulloch of St. Andrews.

The eight lectures are: Coleridge and his School, of which Hare and John Sterling were the chief disciples; The Early Oriol School and its Congeners, Whately being here the most influential figure, and Dr. Arnold, Hampden, Thirlwall, and Milman closely connected with him; The Oxford and Anglo-Catholic Movement—Newman, Pusey, and Keble; Movement of Religious Thought in Scotland—Erskine, Campbell, and Irving; Thomas Carlyle as a Religious Teacher; John Stuart Mill and his School, Grote and Lewes being the chief successors; F. O. Maurice and Charles Kingsley; F. W. Robertson and Bishop Ewing. Over this wide ground the lectures merely skim, and are a little confusing in consequence of the ground they cover. We cannot say, either, that we find in them any clear, consecutive thread of analysis, showing the tendencies that ran through the successive movements—any tracing of the “evolution” of nineteenth century theology. They are, however, very suggestive and interesting, and their spirit is definitely liberal. So far, indeed, as there is any connecting line of thought, it is the crumbling away of theologic dogma under repeated attacks from widely different directions. The influence of Coleridge and his school, says Dr. Tulloch, was to create a reaction against the earlier evangelicalism, with its repudiation of all philosophy and implicit acceptance of dogma (to the alienation of the most intelligent) by putting his theology upon a philosophical ground, basing everything upon the intuitive perception of the Divine by the human consciousness. This, of course, lessens the weight with which the whole theological structure must rest upon a literal faith in an infallible scripture; and his sympathy with Coleridge’s view on this point is plainly expressed by Dr. Tulloch: “The notion of verbal inspiration . . . could not possibly continue after the modern spirit of historical inquiry had begun. . . . To him [Coleridge] belongs the honor of having first plainly and boldly announced that the Scriptures were to be read and studied, like any other literature, in the light of their continuous growth. . . . We should not make a fetch of the Bible, as the Turk does of the Koran. . . . There is much in the Bible that not only does not ‘find’ us in the Coleridgean sense, but that seems full of contradictions, both moral and historical. . . . According to the old notion of its infallibility, such parts of Scripture, no less than its most elevating utterances . . . were to be received as dictated by the Holy Spirit. . . . Coleridge rightly enough emphasizes this view as that of

Fathers and reformers alike; but he no less rightly points out that not one of them is consistent in holding to their general doctrine. . . . He no less forcibly points out that the Scriptures themselves make no such pretension to infallibility. . . . ‘On the contrary, they refer to older documents, and on all points express themselves as sober-minded and veracious writers under ordinary circumstances are known to do.’ The usual texts quoted, such as II. Tim. iii. 16, have no real bearing on the subject. The little we know as to the origin and history of many of the books of the Bible, of ‘the time of the formation and closing of the canon,’ of its selectors and compilers, is all opposed to such a theory.” “Historical criticism has precisely the same task in reference to the Bible as any other collection of ancient and sacred writings.”

Indeed, Coleridge’s service to the Church was probably preëminently what Dr. Tulloch sets it down as in part—to bring it back to an intellectual footing. Whately, by means of a system of purely rational apologetics, continued the same service as Coleridge by his mystic philosophy—both practically asserting the same thing, that faith must rest on the approval of reason, and thus striking heavily at the supremacy of dogma. Dr. Arnold, likewise, by his fervor for the practical and ethical side of Christianity, helped to undermine dogma, by lessening faith in the supreme value of mere theological “soundness.” The chief service of Arnold, however, Dr. Tulloch considers, was as “a critical and historical student of Scripture.” “He recognized clearly that Scripture is not to be regarded as a Koran or infallible code, composed at one time; but as a literature of many fragments and times, and of divers authority. . . . These difficulties must be faced in the same manner and by the very same processes as we must face similar difficulties in the works of Plato or Aristotle. . . . In the strict sense, indeed, dogma is not found in Scripture at all.”

Again, in speaking of the Oxford reaction (“My battle,” said Newman, “was with Liberalism; by Liberalism I mean the anti-dogmatic principle.” “From the age of fifteen, dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion. I know no other religion—I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion.”) Dr. Tulloch says of Keble’s and Pusey’s historic arguments, “It is curious, in looking back . . . to notice how entirely uncritical they are. The Fathers were taken without question. Neither chronological order nor historical method regulated their selection. A heap of documents of varying authority, or of no authority, were cast before the reader. . . . No movement ever started with a larger *petitio principis*.”

Coming to Carlyle and the Mills, Dr. Tulloch—while not for a moment admitting any compromise between their views and any possible Christian theology—still says in effect that they supplied by their lofty moral fervor an ethical impulse to the whole

<sup>1</sup> *Movements of Religious Thought in Britain During the Nineteenth Century*. By John Tulloch, D.D., LL.D. New York: Harper Bros. 1886.

thinking world, which indirectly affected theology strongly; while the stinging attacks of the elder Mill upon the least tenable church dogmas, and still more the perfect absence of any hostility in the spirit with which Carlyle and John Mill expressed powerful intellectual convictions at variance with church dogmas, compelled something of an intellectual renaissance, in order to meet the rivalry of these two great schools of thought. He quotes with admiration Mill's "famous passage" ("which," he says, "sent a thrill through many Christian hearts"); "If instead of the 'glad tidings' that there exists a Being in whom all the excellences which the highest human mind can ever conceive, exist in a degree inconceivable to us, I am informed that the world is ruled by a Being whose attributes are infinite, but what they are we cannot learn, nor what are the principles of his government, except that the highest human morality of which we are capable of conceiving does not sanction them—convince me of it, and I will bear my fate as I may. But when I am told that I must believe this, and at the same time call this Being by all the names which express and affirm the highest human morality, I say in plain terms that I will not. Whatever power such a Being may have over me, there is one thing which he shall not do. He shall not compel me to worship him. I will call no Being good who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and if such a Being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go."

### Rachel.<sup>1</sup>

IF a woman's genius has moved our interest, most people are eager to know everything concerning her, whether it be of doing noble deeds, or the leading such a life as the drop curtain had better hide from view. Their curiosity is intrusive and insatiable, and they seem to claim that the woman who shares a part of her life with the public by devoting herself to its entertainment and amusement, must consider the world as her intimate and confidante, and make known all the rest of her life, which to her is private and sacred. Rachel was a victim of people who held such views, and was the victim of the merciless few of people who set themselves up as her friends, but who were weak and inconsiderate, and in consequence unkind. This sketch of the life of Rachel has been written by the author from a desire to save her from such friends, and with the hope "to engender a kindlier and more charitable view of her stormy, unhappy life."

Strong action comes from strong feeling. The pencil that produces pictures of deepest tints has been dipped in pigments of deep native hues. The power to depict great feeling comes only from a nature capable of great feeling, noble personations from natures of possible nobility, and pictures of

great, dark actions from natures that by instinct may slay all the virtues and be repulsively vicious. Rachel was not an exception to these statements of general truths. She was the depicter of great virtues and great vices before the eye of the public, and the world followed her from the stage into her private life, and told of her private virtues and exaggerated her private faults. "To the outside world," says this writer, "she was a Fury, a Pythoness, almost superhuman in her passion and her genius. To her intimate friends, she was a lovable, fascinating woman in spite of all her faults. At times generous, loyal, and devoted; mean, jealous, and vindictive at others. To her family and children, she was ever an affectionate, self-sacrificing daughter, sister, and mother." It is to such natures that temptations are strongest. Early education is the chief safeguard of virtue—the helm to guide the vessel. But if the sea of life is stormy, and one has no rudder, where is there greater peril?

Rachel, whose full name was Elisa Rachel Félix, was born in the Soleil d'Or, an inn of the village of Munf, Switzerland, on the 24th of March, 1821. Her parents were Jews; her father, said to have been superior in intellect to his station, "had studied in his youth with the intention of becoming a rabbi," but he forsook the church, and "gradually sank into a position not much better than that of a traveling peddler." This condition of life made school education an impossibility. With her sisters, she tried to increase the family means by singing in the streets, and in her later life she narrated how, "when their exchequer was very low, and they were ashamed to go home with so little, she had pretended to faint, hoping thus to work on the pity of the audience," with a success that seemed to indicate the undeveloped faculties which afterwards made her name world-wide.

Her great capacity for the stage was early developed. At seventeen, "she was so small that she was obliged to raise her head to speak to the actors on the stage with her, yet by her air of queenly dignity she gave you the impression of looking down on them. . . . She had caught the sentiment and the tragedy, and one could see the great future in store for this marvelous child." On the 12th of June, 1838, she appeared at the Théâtre Français for the first time, and excited the enthusiasm of Mademoiselle Mars, who had come to see the *débutante*, and who was herself at that time the most celebrated actress of the French stage. Of that performance Dr. Véron, the "Bourgeois de Paris," said: "When the twelve or fifteen hundred men of taste and judgment who constitute public opinion in Paris have heard and passed judgment on that child, she will be the glory and fortune of the Comédie Française."

The story of her struggles, inevitable to every soul, whatever his or her ability, from her earliest efforts to the consummation of her success, is exceed-

<sup>1</sup> Rachel. By Nina H. Kennard. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

ingly interesting. The facts narrated are not many, but the imagination can see the fine growth, the earnest, eager study, the sure and triumphant development. Her struggles at first were with the greatest enemy of mankind—poverty. Her success meant release from that, and might have meant all that any human heart has a right to aspire to. Almost utterly friendless, she began her career; certainly she was not a part of, and could not by experience have any knowledge of, society. But Madame de Girardin says of the social success which she afterwards achieved: "Are these signs of favor that the Parisian world show Mademoiselle Rachel accorded to her talent? to her character? No; they are accorded to her rank. You start! But there are different sorts of rank—social rank and natural rank. Not only does nature bestow by her gifts a rank, but that rank is a vocation." And the author writes: "The great ladies of the Faubourg Saint Germain chose to caress and make much of her, and she who had gone about singing for her daily bread, half-clothed, ill-fed, and who had stood many a night eating fried potatoes under a column outside the Salle Molière, was a match in bearing and manner for any duchess in Paris." She sat at the hospitable board of Emile de Girardin, and in the salon of Madame Récamier she listened to Chateaubriand, reading aloud the chapters of the *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, and the young actress charmed all by her simple dignity, unassuming manner, and ready wit. When introduced to Chateaubriand, the venerable poet said to her in a melancholy tone, "How sad it is to think, Mademoiselle, that such as you should be born as we are about to die." "Sir," she replied, "there are some who never die."

We cannot tell the many facts of interest, cannot illustrate her wit, nor recount her successes here; but can only commend this volume as a pleasing tribute to her genius, and a sketch sufficiently complete to satisfy the natural desire of the intelligent world to know the reason of her great successes, and the characteristics of possibly the greatest actress that was ever upon the French stage. Her stage life was brief—scarcely eighteen years—but in that time she was known to almost all the theatrical world of Europe. The last days of her triumph and of her theatrical life were passed in America. Her last appearance on the stage was as *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, in the city of Charleston, on the 17th of December, 1885. She was then a dying woman, the victim of consumption. She went back to France, and died January 3d, 1858. At her grave panegyrics were pronounced by Jules Janin, Théophile Gautier, and Paul de Saint Victor.

The impression that she had made upon the world that ever called forth eloquence and commendation, came from her public life. Perhaps no one has better appreciated her than Charlotte Brontë, who wrote of her: "Wicked, perhaps, she is, but also she is strong, and her strength has conquered beauty, has overcome grace, and bound both at her side, captives

peerlessly fair and docile as fair. Even in the uttermost frenzy of energy is each varied movement royally, imperially, exceedingly upborne. Her hair, flying loose in revel or war, is still an angel's hair, and glorious under a halo. . . . I had seen acting before, but never anything like this—never anything which astonished Hope and hushed Desire, which outstripped Impulse and paled Conception, which, instead of merely irritating Imagination with the thought of what *might* be done, at the same time fevering the nerves because it was *not* done, disclosed power like a deep, swollen river, thundering in cataract, and bearing the soul like a leaf on the steep and stately sweep of its descent."

### Where Are We, and Whither Tending?<sup>1</sup>

THIS title would lead the reader to expect one of those wearisome treatises, into which great numbers of dull persons are tempted by the fascination of modern sociology—each imagining that he can cast new light upon the mysteries of social evolution, while, in fact, he is only repeating dryly the rudiments of the subject. The title "Reverend," prefixed to the author's name, also seems to announce beforehand what the position taken with regard to human progress and destiny will be. One is agreeably disappointed to find the book a wise and appreciative consideration of the dualistic nature of our present social tendencies, so far as we can now see. Accepting the full evolutionary hypothesis, the upward force that has brought us from beast and man would surely seem to be sufficient to bring us from man to saint; moreover, it is visibly in operation within historic times, and—if not in its old form of natural selection, yet still more vigorously in that of conscious upward effort—is still working strenuously toward the perfection of human kind. Yet, the candid student of society cannot fail to see that, at least in the present, this upward tendency affects only a part of society, while over against it stands a converse tendency, affecting another great section of society. That the condition of large masses of people in the world's great cities is worse than that of the savage, both as to morals and as to comfort, is generally admitted; that it is worse than that of the brute seems to us no indefensible statement. We believe it is Sir George Mivart, in his recent book on the anthropoid apes, who calls attention to the fact that there is no parallel among the non-human animals to the monstrosities of the Inquisition. Torture of slaves, torture of captives, torture of wives, torture of children, is purely human; the brute simply strikes down the rival that stands in his way, or the victim for his needed food, without showing any desire to inflict torture. And while even the most justly-meant judicial torture has become impossible to the rising section of humanity, the records

<sup>1</sup> Where Are We, and Whither Tending? Three Lectures on the Reality and Worth of Human Progress. By Rev. M. Harvey. London: Trübner & Co. Boston: Doyle & Whittle. 1886.



of police courts, with wife-torture and child-torture, show no improvement on the part of the sinking section. It appears plain that only the intensity of human pride in humanity can fail to see that many human beings are in sensuality and cruelty below the brute level. They are also below it in misery of existence. Whether in intelligence, is a more difficult question. Human progress has thrown off the side-shoot of idiots, who constitute at present a larger per cent. of the population than one would, at first thought, suppose, and who are often below the higher brutes in intelligence. If these were allowed to multiply as freely as the morally depraved, there would exist a great and growing mass of them. Indeed, there is a close connection, as Mr. Dugdale and Mr. Galton show, between the moral and mental deteriorations below the brute level.

Inexperienced philanthropists are disposed to charge social arrangements with the growth of this downward-tending mass. But more experienced ones, worn out with the effort to place such upon higher levels, from which they gravitate like lead back to their degradation, understand very well that they were "*born so.*" We have not nearly sufficient data to determine whether the downward process has been of a few generations' standing, and originated in misfortune, whose recurrence can be guarded against; or whether it has been steadily going on since the dawn of society, and is a necessity inherent in the nature of social evolution—one wing of the race progressing steadily and inevitably from savage to brute and fiend, as another moves upward to philosopher and saint. Certain it is that such dualistic tendency is now fairly in operation.

Between that element in society which is clearly rising, and that which is clearly sinking, there lies a considerable portion whose tendency is fair ground for question. Mr. Harvey, tacitly abandoning the worst and most helpless mass, fixes upon these for optimistic interpretation of the outlook; in which he is very possibly correct; at all events, he is intelligent. He does not shirk the population problem, and admits that Malthus touched the heart of the matter, yet does not admit his conclusion. First, because later knowledge shows that Malthus overrated the rapidity with which population increases. This is, of course, begging the question, for it only postpones the time of the earth's overpopulation by some centuries. This he admits frankly. Second, on the ground well stated by Herbert Spencer and others—the tendency of pressure of population to slacken with improvement in civilization, thus promising to establish a perfect balance ultimately. This would be a perfect and highly satisfactory answer, were it not for the fact that, as the upward tendency in civilization exists only in a portion of the race, so this corresponding tendency can come into play only among these; so that we are confronted by the fact of a slow increase of population in the civilized wing of society, parallel with a rapid increase in the worse

than brutalized wing, and the appalling possibility of a final complete outnumbering and overwhelming of the few by the many, whenever the disproportion shall have become enormous, and the time of severe pressure of population, brought about by the one element, shall have come. No adequate protection against this danger to society has yet been suggested by sociologists; it is by no means impossible that such can yet be found. Mr. Harvey does not formulate the danger, but touches upon it by quoting Galton to the effect that Malthus's advice of delaying marriage until able to support a family is unwise, because only the prudent would follow it, while the reckless and selfish would neglect it, and "those whose race we especially want to be quit of would crowd the vacant space with their progeny, and the strain of population would thenceforward be just as pressing as before." This, however, seems to ignore the fact that by acting as the reckless and selfish act, a man becomes himself one of them, and his children the children of recklessness and selfishness. Without admitting that he has thus left humanity between the two horns of a dilemma, Mr. Harvey does admit that he does not consider his optimistic construction of the sociological facts entirely adequate, by concluding with an appeal to Christianity to solve all dark problems otherwise insoluble, and to faith in the divine purpose for satisfaction of misgivings—quoting aptly the well-known stanzas from "*In Memoriam.*"

The lectures are highly suggestive, their data drawn from the best authorities, and their optimisms reasonable; and the one or two points we have noticed, the only ones in which difficult opposing considerations seem to have been given less than their due weight.

### The Story of the Nations.

SOME time ago an extensive series of volumes was announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons, under the general title of "*The Story of the Nations.*" Its plan was one whose happy execution is attended with very great difficulties. It was proposed to present to the young reader "in the story form the current of each national life, and its picturesque and noteworthy periods and episodes, in their philosophical relation to each other, as well as to universal history; to enter into the real life of the peoples, and to bring them before the reader as they actually lived, labored, and struggled." Here is certainly an ambitious project, and not the least ambitious phase of it is, that all this is to be given to the "young reader." The fundamental misconception which underlies this undertaking is, that any subject within the range of human knowledge may be made "easy" simply by a peculiar form of statement, and that all that is necessary to make clear to the miniature mind "the current of each national life and its picturesque and noteworthy periods and episodes, in their philosophical relation to each other, as well as to universal history," is simply to reduce it to the form of a

story. It seems never to occur to the projectors of such plans, that there are some things which from their very nature are difficult of comprehension, and that in order to their comprehension there is required a considerable degree of intellectual maturity. Among these things are the topics which it is here proposed to present to the young reader. The "philosophical relation" of events and epochs in the history of the world is difficult for the immature mind, not because the language of the masters of historical writing presents any special difficulties; the difficulty lies in the conception itself, and no attempt to weave it into the "story form" is likely to make it easier of apprehension.

The volumes on *Greece*,<sup>1</sup> *Rome*,<sup>1</sup> and *The Jews*,<sup>2</sup> possess certain qualities in common, although by different writers. They all lack a simple, plain, and direct style. They contain an abundance of that information which ought very early to find its way to the mind of youth, and the publisher has done his part to make the volumes attractive, but the text does not rise much above the work of literary hacks. But the latest volume, *The Story of Chaldea*,<sup>2</sup> by Zénaïde A. Rogozin, is a meritorious compilation from the writings, Layard, Rawlinson, Lenormant, and others.

#### Briefer Notice.

THE publishers have issued a new edition of the memoir of Ole Bull,<sup>3</sup> published in 1882, and noticed at that time in THE OVERLAND. The present edition is a little more compact in bulk, by means of narrower margins.—Wm. T. Ross, of this city, has published a text-book upon *Voice Culture and Elocution*,<sup>4</sup> which is quite exhaustive in its range, beginning with calisthenics adapted to develop the vocal powers, and ending with selections for use in practicing the art acquired in the preceding pages. Gesture, organs of speech, articulation, and modulation and expression, all receive attention.—Talmage's sermons on marriage, published with the title *The Mar-*

*riage Ring*,<sup>5</sup> between covers adorned by a stony-looking white dove, with spread wings, and a wedding ring the size of a bracelet suspended from its neck, will disappoint any one who buys them in the hope of being either greatly amused or greatly shocked. They consist merely of sensible, but by no means novel, advice on the selection of partners and on behavior in the home, interspersed with a good deal of flippant humor and very ornate sentimental flights. As the subject proper is soon exhausted by these means, some side-issues, such as "Influence of Sisters over Brothers," are introduced. Mr. Talmage prefaces these discourses by a sounding declaration of his intention to plunge fearlessly and prayerfully into a subject other preachers do not dare to talk of, though it is the most vital of all, and gives an impression of being about to say something very startling; but he in no wise does so.—*Catherine Owen's New Cook Book*<sup>6</sup> contains two parts: first, "Culture and Cooking, or Art in the Kitchen"; second, "Practical Recipes." The directions given are very careful and minute. The recipes include many French ones that are not commonly found in books on cooking; also many for sauces and dressings, as, for instance, "Beurre de Montpellier," "Béchamel," &c. Scattered through the book is a good deal of good advice; but on the whole, the cooking is of too elaborate a sort for plain housewives.—*A Troubled Heart*<sup>7</sup> is a personal account, by a convert to Catholicism, of his spiritual experience. With great good taste, it is published anonymously, although the author's name can be no secret to many on this Coast, when they have read the book. The purpose and contents are indicated by the prefatory sentences: "Let it amaze no one that I have at last chosen to unveil my heart to the possibly unsympathetic eye of the general reader. Again and again, and yet again, I have been curiously questioned by those who could not follow in the path which led me away from my kinsmen and my comrades, and to whom the mysterious influences which I found irresistible were unknown, and to whom they were of no avail. What my lips dared scarcely utter—for the decorous recital of an experience so precious to me demanded fit audience and a seasonable hour—my pen in the serene solitude of my chamber has related unreservedly through the pages of the *Ave Maria*. O blessed task accomplished! I have set my lamp, though feeble be its flame, where, perchance, it may light the feet of some bewildered pilgrim."

<sup>1</sup> The Story of Greece. By James A. Harrison. The Story of Rome. By Arthur Gilman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

<sup>2</sup> The Story of the Jews. By James R. Hosmer. The Story of Chaldea. By Zénaïde A. Rogozin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

<sup>3</sup> Ole Bull. A Memoir. By Sara C. Bull. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

<sup>4</sup> Voice Culture and Elocution. By Wm. T. Ross. San Francisco: Payot, Upham, & Co. 1886.

<sup>5</sup> The Marriage Ring. A series of discourses in Brooklyn Tabernacle. By T. De Witt Talmage. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1886.

<sup>6</sup> Catherine Owen's New Cook Book. By Catherine Owen (Mrs. Nitsch). New York: Cassell & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

<sup>7</sup> A Troubled Heart, and How it was Comforted at Last. Notre Dame, Ind.: Joseph A. Lyons. 1885.







